

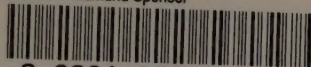


821.31
S748

6601

LIBRARY
College of St. Francis
JOLIET, ILL.

University of St. Francis
GEN 821.31 S748
Spenser
The works of Edmund Spenser



3 0301 00030502 5

This book may be kept

THE WORKS
OF
EDMUND SPENSER





MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
LONDON • BOMBAY • CALCUTTA • MADRAS
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO
DALLAS • SAN FRANCISCO

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
OF CANADA, LIMITED
TORONTO

The Globe Edition

THE WORKS
OF
EDMUND SPENSER

EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS AND MANUSCRIPTS

BY

R. MORRIS

MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY

WITH A MEMOIR

BY

JOHN W. HALES, M.A.

LATE FELLOW OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY

LIBRARY
College of St. Francis
JOLIET, ILL.

61

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON

1929

COPYRIGHT

First Edition, Globe 8vo, 1869.

Reprinted 1871, 1873, 1876, 1879, 1883, 1886, 1890.

Crown 8vo, 1893, with Memoir corrected, 1897.

**Reprinted 1899, 1902, 1904, 1906, 1907, 1909, 1910, 1912, 1918,
1920, 1924, 1929.**

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

PREFACE.

IN the present edition of Edmund Spenser's works no attempt has been made either to modernize the Poet's language or to furnish the reader with an eclectic text. I have been simply content to reprint the earliest known editions of Spenser's various poems, correcting here and there some few errors that have crept into them, by a careful collation with subsequent editions, most of which were published in the lifetime of the poet. For an account of these with their dates of publication the reader is referred to the Biographical Memoir. Appendix I., at the end of this volume, contains all the most important variations from the original editions, and will enable the critical reader to judge favourably or otherwise of this part of my work, in which I have received some assistance from the previous labours of Church, Jortin, Warton, and Todd, as well as from the excellent editions of Professor Child and Mr. P. Collier. This present edition is the only modern one that contains a faithful reprint of the first edition of the *Daphnaïda*, by means of which I have been enabled to present a text free at least from one error that appears in every edition after 1591.*

The prose Treatise on Ireland, as printed by Sir James Ware, and followed by all recent editors, was found on examination to be very inaccurate and incomplete.† It seemed scarcely fair to Spenser's memory to let this single piece of prose remain in so unsatisfactory a state. I have therefore re-edited it from three manuscripts belonging to the library of the British Museum.

* The edition of 1596 and all subsequent ones read—

'I will withdraw me to some darksome place,
Or some *deere* cave.'

Some editors have proposed to read *dreere* for *deere*, but *deepe*, the lection of the first edition, is intelligible enough.

† The *title* itself as given by Ware is incorrectly stated. All the manuscripts, as well as the entry in the books of the Stationers' Company, read 'A View of the PRESENT State of Ireland,' but, curiously enough, the word 'present' is omitted in all editions that I have seen.

The text itself is from the Additional Manuscript, 22022, the oldest of the three manuscripts; and, according to Sir James Ware's account of some of the best manuscripts seen by him, the Ad. MS. is evidently a very good one. Harleian MS., 1932, which very closely resembles, even in its omissions, Ware's text, and Harleian MS. 7388, are very fair manuscripts, and have been collated throughout with the Additional Manuscript and Ware's text.

In compiling the Glossary I have endeavoured to make it as complete as possible; and this, it is hoped, will in some measure compensate for the absence of notes, for which no space could be found in the present volume. I have made free use of the labours of previous editors; Todd's Index, Professor Child's Notes, and the glossaries of Mr. J. P. Collier and Mr. Kitchin have been consulted, and have facilitated and lightened my glossarial work.

In Appendix II. will be found Spenser's Letters to Gabriel Harvey, reprinted from the edition of 1580. They are also to be found, but in a very inaccurate form, in the Folio Edition, 1679, of Spenser's works.

R. M.

AUGUST, 1869.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
MUND SPENSE	xi
LETTER OF THE AUTHORS	3
VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR.	5
VERSES ADDRESSED, BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FAERIE QUEEN, TO VARIOUS PROBLEMS, ETC.	7
THE FIRST BOOK OF THE FAERIE QUEENE, CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE, OR OF HOLI- NESSE	11
CANTO I.	11
" II.	17
" III.	22
" IV.	27
" V.	32
" VI.	38
" VII.	43
" VIII.	49
" IX.	54
" X.	60
" XI.	68
" XII.	74
THE SECOND BOOK OF THE FAERIE QUEENE, CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF SIR ARTHUR, OR OF TEMPERAUNCE	79
CANTO I.	80
" II.	86
" III.	91
" IV.	96
" V.	102
" VI.	106
" VII.	112
" VIII.	119
" IX.	125
" X.	131
" XI.	139
" XII.	145

	PAGE
THE THIRDE BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QUEENE, CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS, OR OF CHASTITY	155
CANTO I.	155
" II.	163
" III.	168
" IV.	175
" V.	182
" VI.	188
" VII.	193
" VIII.	200
" IX.	206
" X.	211
" XI.	218
" XII.	224
THE FOURTH BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QUEENE, CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF CAMEL AND TRIAMOND, OR OF FRIEND- SHIP	229
CANTO I.	229
" II.	235
" III.	241
" IV.	247
" V.	252
" VI.	257
" VII.	262
" VIII.	267
" IX.	274
" X.	279
" XI.	285
" XII.	291
THE FIFTH BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QUEENE, CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF ARTEGALL, OR OF JUSTICE	295
CANTO I.	296
" II.	300
" III.	306

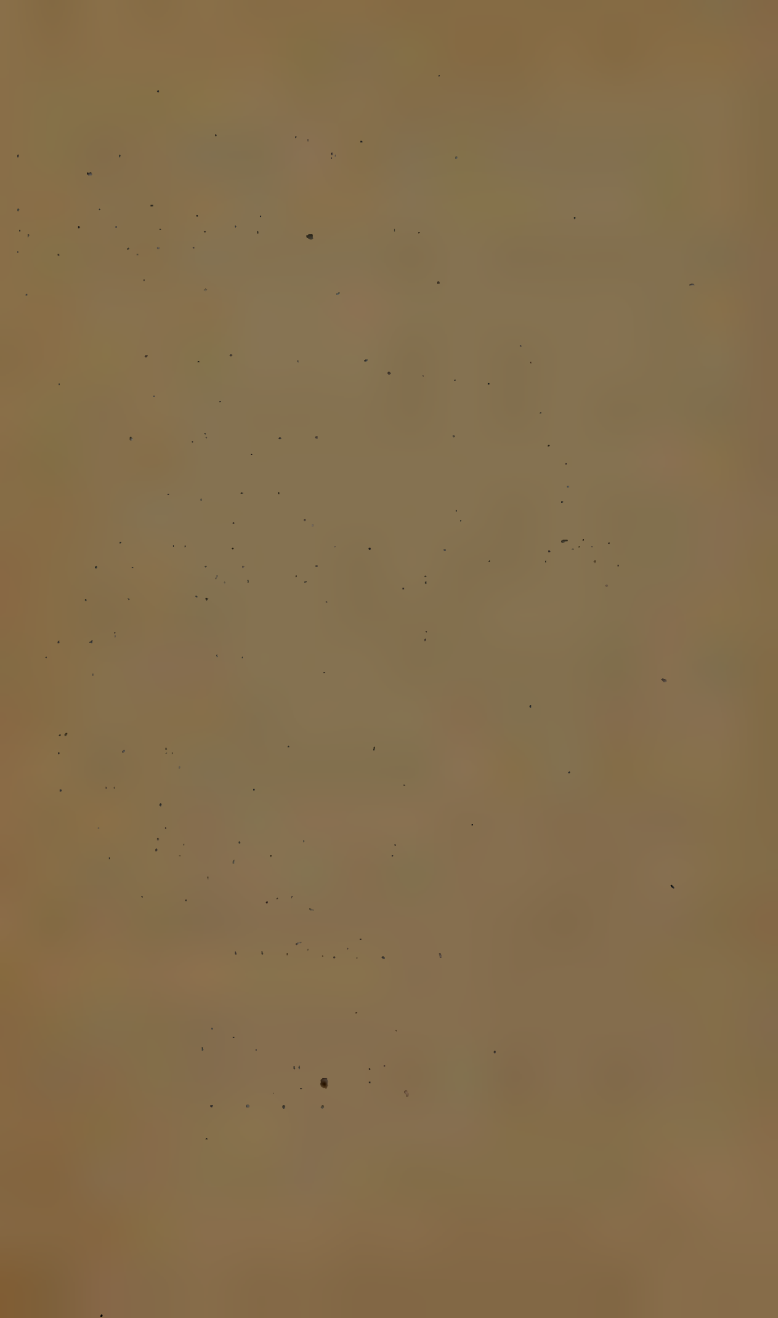
	PAGE		PAGE
CANTO IV.	310	THE VISIONS OF BELLAY	310
" V.	316	THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH	316
" VI.	322	DAPHNAÏDA	322
" VII.	327	COLIN CLOUTS COME HOME AGAIN	327
" VIII.	332	ASTROPHEL	332
" IX.	337	THE DOLEFULL LAY OF CLORINDA	337
" X.	343	THE MOURNING MUSE OF THESTYLIS	343
" XI.	347	A PASTORAL AEGLOGUE ON THE	
" XII.	354	DEATH OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY,	
THE SIXTE BOOKH OF THE FAERIE		KNIGHT, ETC.	
QUEENE, CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF		AN ELEGIE, OR FRIENDS PASSION,	
SIR CALIDORE, OR OF COURTESIE	360	FOR HIS ASTROPHEL	360
CANTO I.	361	AN EPITAPH UPON THE RIGHT	
" II.	366	HONOURABLE SIR PHILIP SIDNEY,	
" III.	371	KNIGHT	371
" IV.	377	ANOTHER OF THE SAME	377
" V.	381	AMORETTI AND EPITHALAMION	381
" VI.	386	EPIGRAMS	386
" VII.	391	EPITHALAMION	391
" VIII.	396	FOWRE HYMNES	396
" IX.	402	AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF LOVE	402
" X.	407	AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF BEAUTIE	407
" XI.	412	AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY LOVE	412
" XII.	418	AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY BEAUTIE	418
TWO CANTOS OF MUTABILITIE: WHICH,		PROTHALAMION, OR A SPOUSALL VERSE	418
BOTH FOR FORME AND MATTER, APPEARE TO		SONNETS	418
BE PARCELL OF SOME FOLLOWING BOOKE OF		A VIEW OF THE PRESENT STATE OF	
THE FAERIE QUEENE, UNDER THE LEGEND		IRELAND, DISCOURSED BY WAY OF A DIA-	
OF CONSTANCIE	423	LOGUE BETWEENE EUDOXUS AND IRENÆUS	
CANTO VI.	423	APPENDIX I.—VARIATIONS FROM THE	
" VII.	429	ORIGINAL EDITIONS	423
" VIII.	436	APPENDIX II.—LETTERS FROM SPEN-	
TO HIS BOOKE	440	SER (IMMERITO) TO GABRIEL HAR-	
THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER	446	VEY	440
THE RUINES OF TIME	489	GLOSSARY	489
THE TEARES OF THE MUSES	497		
VIRGIL'S GNAT	504		
PROSOPOPOIA; OR MOTHER HUBBERDS			
TALE	512		
THE RUINES OF ROME	526		
MUIOPOTMOS; OR THE FATE OF THE BUT-			
TERFLIE	532		
VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE	536		

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

	PAGE		PAGE
GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine	11	DARKE is the day, when Phœbus face is	
gentle shepherd borne in Arcady	559	shrowded	572
harder lesson to learne Continence	106	Dayly when do I seeke and sew for peace	574
shepheards boye, (no better doe him call,)	446	Diggon Davie! I bidde her godday	473
er long stormes and tempests over-blowne	306	Doe I not see that fayrest ymages	580
er long stormes and tempest sad assay	582		
er so long a race as I have run	585		
Colin, whether on the lowly plaine	572	FAIRE Proud! now tell me, why should faire	
for pittie! wil rancke Winter's rage	448	be proud?	577
whither doost thou now, thou greater		Fayre bosom! fraught with vertues richest	
use	429	tresure	584
whither Love! wilt thou now carrie		Fayre cruell! why are ye so fierce and cruell?	580
nee?	596	Fayre eyes! the myrrour of my mazed hart	573
why hath nature to so hard a hart	577	Fayre is my love, with her fayre golden heares	585
is there care in heaven? And is there		Fayre Thames streame, that from Ludds stately	
love	119	towne	5
ye, brave Lord, whose goodly personage	8	Fayre ye be sure, but cruell and unkind	581
on, when, through tempests cruel wracke	578	Firebrand of hell, first tynd in Phlegeton	235
Diane hunted on a day	586	Fresh Spring, the herald of loves mighty king	583
Pilot well expert in perilous wave	112		
then, no winde at all there blew	568		
when a ship, that flyes fayre under sayle	38	GOE, little booke! thy selfe present	440
me! how many perils doe enfold	49	Great God of love, that with thy cruell darts	262
me! to whom shall I my case complaine	562	Great wrong I doe, I can it not deny	577
nought dismayed that her immoved mind	573	HAPPY, ye leaves! when as those lilly hands	573
old! I see the haven nigh at hand	74	Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deeme	274
ng my self captvyed here in care	583	Harvey, the happy above happiest men	607
ng one day at my window all alone	541	Here have I cause in men just blame to find	163
ah for pittie! that I have thus long	285	High time now gan it wex for Una fayre	68
this the Northerne wagoner had set	17	How long shall this lyke dying lyfe endure	576
ME was the day, and through the trembling		I JOY to see how, in your drawn work	583
re	605	I saw, in secret to my Dame	586
u, my deare. when shall it please thee		I sing of deadly dolorous debate	532
ng	480	In brave pursuitt of honorable deed	96
n, well fits thy sad cheare this sad stownd	566	Innocent paper; whoni too cruell hand	580
yn, I see, by thy new taken taske	5	In that proud port, which her so goodly	
ne forth, ye Nymphes, come forth, forsake		graceth	574
our wat'ry bowres	563	In vain I thinke, right honourable Lord	9
aming to kisse her lyps, (such grace I found,)	582	In vaine I seeke and sew to her for grace	575
die, for shame! hold up thy heavy head	476	In youth, before I waxed old	586

	PAGE		PAGE
Is it her nature, or is it her will . . .	579	O GOODLY golden chayne, wherewith yfere . . .	579
Is not thilke the mery moneth of May . . .	458	O hatefull hellish Snake! what furie furst . . .	579
Is not thilke same a goteheard prowde . . .	466	O sacred hunger of ambitious mindes . . .	579
It chaunced me on day beside the shore . . .	489	O what an easie thing is to descry . . .	579
It falls me here to write of Chastity . . .	155	O! What an endlesse work have I in hand . . .	579
It hath bene through all ages ever seene . . .	252	O! why doe wretched men so much desire . . .	579
It often fals, (as here it earst befell) . . .	247	Of all Gods workes which doe this worlde . . .	579
It often fals, in course of common life . . .	347	adorne . . .	579
It was the month in which the righteous Maide . . .	512	Of Court, it seemes, men Courtesie doe call . . .	579
It was the time, when rest, soft sliding downe . . .	538	Of lovers sad calamities of old . . .	579
		Of this worlds Theatre in which we stay . . .	579
		Of, when my spirit doth spred her bolder . . .	579
Joy of my life! full oft for loving you . . .	585	winges . . .	579
		One day as I unwarly did gaze . . .	579
LACKYNG my love, I go from place to place . . .	584	One day I sought with her hart-thrilling eyes . . .	579
Leave, lady! in your glasse of cristall clene . . .	579	One day I wrote her name upon the sand . . .	579
Let not one sparke of filthy lustre fyre . . .	585	One day, whiles that my daylie cares did sleepe . . .	579
Like as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde . . .	418		
Like as a ship with dreadfull storm long tost . . .	377	PENELOPE, for her Uliesses sake . . .	579
Like as an Hynd forth singled from the heard . . .	193		
Like as the gentle hart it selfe bewrayes . . .	391		
Lo! Collin, here the place whose plesant syte . . .	463	RAPT with the rage of mine own ravisht . . .	579
Lo! I, the Man whose Muse whylome did maske . . .	11	thought . . .	579
Loe! I have made a Calender for every yeare . . .	486	Receive, most noble Lord, a simple taste . . .	579
Long languishing in double malady . . .	580	Receive, most Noble Lord, in gentle gree . . .	579
Long-while I sought to what I might compare . . .	574	Redoubted Knights, and honorable Dames . . .	579
Love lift me up upon thy golden wings . . .	599	Redoubted Lord, in whose corageous mind . . .	579
Love, that long since hast to thy mighty powre . . .	592	Rehearse to me, ye sacred Sisters Nine . . .	579
Lyke as a huntsman after weary chace . . .	583	Remembrance of that most Heroicke spirit . . .	579
Lyke as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde . . .	578	Renowned Lord, that for your worthinesse . . .	579
Lyke as the Culver, on the bared bough . . .	586	Retourne agayne, my forces late dismayd . . .	579
		Right well I wote, most mighty Sovereaine . . .	579
		Rudely thou wrongest my deare harts desire . . .	579
MAGNIFICKE Lord, whose vertues excellent . . .	7		
Mark when she smiles with amiable cheare . . .	579	SEE! how the stubborne damzell doth deprave . . .	579
Me thought I saw the grave where Laura lay . . .	5	Shall I then silent be, or shall I speake . . .	579
Men call you fayre, and you doe credit it . . .	584	Shepheards, that wont, on pipes of oaten reed . . .	579
More then most faire, full of the living fire . . .	574	Silence augmenteth grief, writing encreaseth . . .	579
Most glorious Lord of life! that, on this day . . .	583	rage . . .	579
Most happy letters! fram'd by skilfull trade . . .	584	Since did I leave the presence of my love . . .	579
Most Noble Lord, the pillor of my life . . .	8	Since I have lackt the comfort of that light . . .	579
Most sacred fyre, that burnest mightily . . .	168	So oft as homeward I from her depart . . .	579
My hungry eyes, through greedy covetize . . .	578	So oft as I her beauty doe behold . . .	579
My love is lyke to yse, and I to fyre . . .	577	So oft as I this history record . . .	579
		So oft as I with state of present time . . .	579
NE may I, without blot of endless blame . . .	9	So soone as day forth dawning from the East . . .	579
New yeare, forth looking out of Janus gate . . .	573	Some Clarkes doe doubt in their devicefull . . .	579
No wound, which warlike hand of enemy . . .	386	art . . .	579
Nought is more honorable to a knight . . .	300	Some men, I wote, will deepe in Artagall . . .	579
Nought is on earth more sacred or divine . . .	327	Soone as the morrow fayre with purple beames . . .	579
Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollow- . . .	22	Sweet is the Rose, but growes upon a breere . . .	579
nesse . . .		Sweet Smile! the daughter of the Queene of . . .	579
Nought under heaven so strongly doth allure . . .	322	Love . . .	579
Now ginnes that goodly frame of Temperaunce . . .	145	Sweet warriour! when shall I have peace with . . .	579
Now turne againe my teme, thou jolly swayne . . .	402	you? . . .	579

	PAGE		PAGE
ILL me, good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greete?	454	True is, that whilome that good Poet sayd . . .	371
ILL me, Perigot, what shalbe the game . . .	470	Trust not the treason of those smyling lookes .	580
ILL me, when shall these wearie woes have end	578	UNQUIET thought! whom at the first I bred .	573
ILL me, conning Architeet of cancred guyle .	80	Unrighteous Lord of Love, what law is this .	574
ILL me, Mantuane Poetes incompared spirit .	9	Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbring .	586
ILL me, antique Babel, Empresse of the East .	608		
ILL me, Chian Peincter, when he was requirde .	10	VENEMOUS tounge, tipt with vile adders sting .	585
ILL me, doubt which ye misdeeme, fayre love, is vaine	582		
ILL me, famous Briton Prince and Faery Knight .	155	Was it a dreame, or did I see it playne . . .	584
ILL me, famous warriors of anticke world . .	583	We now have playde (Augustus) wantonly . .	504
ILL me, gentle shepheard satte beside a springe .	484	Was it the worke of Nature or of Art . . .	576
ILL me, glorious image of the Maker's beaultie .	582	Weake is th' assurance that weake flesh re- poseth	581
ILL me, glorious pourtraict of that Angels face .	575	Well may I weene, faire Ladies, all this while .	188
ILL me, joyes of love, if they should ever last .	412	Well said the Wiseman, now prov'd true by this	267
ILL me, laurel-leafe, which you this day doe weare .	577	What equall torment to the grieve of mind . .	257
ILL me, love which me so crnelly tormenteth .	579	What-ever man be he whose heavie minde . .	542
ILL me, merry Cuckow, messenger of Spring .	575	What guyle is this, that those her golden tresses	578
ILL me, morow next, so soone as Phoebus Lamp .	211	What man is he, that boasts of fleshly might .	60
ILL me, noble hart that harbours vertuous thought .	32	What man so wise, what earthly witt so ware .	43
ILL me, Panther, knowing that his spotted hyde .	580	What man that sees the ever-whirling wheele .	423
ILL me, paynfull smith, with force of fervent heat	577	What Tygre, or what other salvage wight . .	337
ILL me, prayse of meaner wits this worke like profit bring	5	What vertue is so fitting for a knight . . .	366
ILL me, rolling wheele, that runneth often round .	575	What warre so cruel, or what siege so sore .	139
ILL me, rugged forehead, that with grave foresight sacred Muses have made alwaies clame . .	7	When I behold that beauties wonderment .	576
ILL me, shepherds boy (best knowen by that name)	549	When I bethinke me on that speech whyleare .	436
ILL me, soverayne beauty which I doo admire .	573	When my abodes prefixed time is spent . .	579
ILL me, waies, through which my weary steps I guyde	360	When stout Achilles heard of Helen's rape .	6
ILL me, weary yeare his race now having run .	582	When those renoumed noble Peres of Greece .	579
ILL me, world that cannot deeme of worthy things they, that in the course of heavenly speares are skild	581	Where is the Antique glory now become . .	175
ILL me, this holy season, fit to fast and pray . .	576	Wherefore doth vaine antiquitie so vaunt .	608
ILL me, whenas chearelesse Night ycovered had .	224	Who ever doth to temperance apply . . .	102
ILL me, whenas, why sytten we soe	452	Who ever gave more honourable prize . . .	9
ILL me, those prudent heads, that with their counsels wise	7	Who now does follow the foule Blatant Beast .	407
ILL me, though vertue then were held in highest price .	296	Who now shall give unto me words and sound .	131
ILL me, rise happie she! that is so well assured .	581	Whoso upon him selfe will take the skill . .	310
ILL me, us when Sir Guyon with his faithful guyde .	86	Who so wil seeke, by right deserts, t'attaine .	608
ILL me, all those happy blessings, which ye have .	582	Wonder it is to see in diverse mindes . . .	182
ILL me, looke upon a worke of rare devise . . .	6	Wrong'd, yet not daring to expresse my paine .	504
ILL me, praise thy life, or waile thy worthe death thee, thou art the sommers Nightingale . .	570	YE gentle Ladies, in whose soveraine powre .	396
ILL me, you, right noble Lord, whose carefull brest he it said, what ever man it sayd	279	Ye heavenly spirites, whose ashie cinders lie .	526
		Ye learned sisters, which have oftentimes .	587
		Ye tradefull Merchants, that, with weary toyle .	575
		Young knight whatever, that dost armes pro- vise	27



EDMUND SPENSER.

Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
 Credebat libris ; neque, si male cesserat, unquam
 Decurrens alio, neque si bene ; quo fit ut omnis
 Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
 Vita senis.

Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
 Repairing in their urns draw golden light.

THE LIFE of SPENSER is wrapt in a similar obscurity to that which hides from us his predecessor Chaucer, and his still greater contemporary Shakspeare. As in the case of Chaucer, our principal external authorities are a few meagre entries in certain official documents, and such facts as may be gathered from his works. The birth-year of each poet is determined by inference. The circumstances in which each died are a matter of controversy. What sure information we have of the intervening events of the life of each one is scanty and interrupted. So far as our knowledge goes, it shows some slight positive resemblance between their lives. They were both connected with the highest society of their times ; both enjoyed court favour, and enjoyed it in a substantial shape of pensions. They were both men of remarkable learning. They were both natives of London. They both died in the close vicinity of Westminster Abbey, and lie buried near each other in that splendid cemetery. Their tempers were eminently different : that of Chaucer was of the active type, Spenser's of the contemplative ; Chaucer was dramatic, Spenser philosophical ; Chaucer objective, Spenser subjective ; but in the external circumstances, so far as we know them, amidst which these great poets moved, and in the mist which for the most part enfolded these circumstances, there is considerable likeness.

Spenser is frequently alluded to by his contemporaries ; they most ardently recognised in him, as we shall see, a great poet, and one that might justly be associated with the one supreme poet whom this country had then produced—with Chaucer, and they paid him constant tributes of respect and admiration ; but these mentions of him do not generally supply any biographical details.

The earliest notice of him that may in any sense be termed biographical occurs in the first part of handbook to the monuments of Westminster Abbey, published by Camden in 1606. Amongst the 'Reges, Reginae, Nobiles, et alij in Ecclesia Collegiata B. Petri

Westmonasterii sepulti usque ad annum 1606' is enrolled the name of Spenser, with the following brief obituary :

'Edmundus Spencer Londinensis, Anglicorum Poetarum nostri seculi facile princeps, quod ejus poemata faventibus Musis et victuro genio conscripta comprobant. Obiit immatura morte anno salutis 1598, et prope Galfredum Chaucerum conditur ob felicissime poësin Anglicis literis primus illustravit. In quem hæc scripta sunt epitaphia :—

Hic prope Chaucerum situs est Spenserius, illi
Proximus ingenio proximus ut tumulo.

Hic prope Chaucerum, Spensere poeta, poetam
Conderis, et versu quam tumulo propior.

Anglica, te vivo, vixit plausitque poësis ;
Nunc moritura timet, te moriente, mori.'

'Edmund Spenser, of London, far the first of the English Poets of our age, as his poems prove, written under the smile of the Muses, and with a genius destined to live. He died prematurely in the year of salvation 1598, and is buried near Geoffrey Chaucer, who was the first most happily to set forth poetry in English writing : and on his tomb were written these epitaphs :—

Here nigh to Chaucer Spenser lies ; to whom
In genius next he was, as now in tomb.

Here nigh to Chaucer, Spenser, stands thy hearse,*
Still nearer standst thou to him in thy verse.
Whilst thou didst live, lived English poetry ;
Now thou art dead, it fears that it shall die.'

The next notice is found in Drummond's account of Ben Jonson's conversation with him in the year 1618 :

'Spencer's stanzas pleased him not, nor his matter. The meaning of the allegory of his Fairy Queen he had delivered in writing to Sir Walter Rawleigh, which was, "that by the Bleating Beast he understood the Puritans, and by the false Duessa the Queen of Scots." He told, that Spencer's goods were robbed by the Irish, and his house and a little child burnt, he and his wife escaped, and after died for want of bread in Kirke Street ; he refused 20 pieces sent him by my lord Essex, and said he was sure he had no time to spend them.'†

The third record occurs in Camden's *History of Queen Elizabeth* (*Annales rerum Anglicarum et Hibernicarum regnante Elizabetha*), first published in a complete form in 1628. There the famous antiquary registering what demises marked the year 1598 (our March 25, 1598, to March 24, 1599), adds to his list Edmund Spenser, and thus writes of him : 'Ed. Spenserius, patria Londinensis, Cantabrigienis autem alumnus Musis adeo arridentibus natus ut omnes Anglicos superioris ævi Poetas, ne Chaucerum quidem conceive excepto, superaret. Sed peculiari Poetis fato semper cum paupertate conflictatus, etsi Greio Hiberniæ proregi fuerit ab epistolis. Vix enim ibi secessum scribendi otium nactus, quam a rebellibus è laribus ejectus et bonis spoliatus, Angliam inops reversus statim exspiravit, Westmonasterii prope Chaucerum impens

* Compare 'Underneath this sable hearse, &c.'

† Works of William Drummond of Hawthornden. Edinburgh, 1711, p. 225.

omitis Essexiæ inhumatus, Poëtis funus ducentibus flebilibusque carminibus et calamis in tumultum coniectis.' * This is to say: 'Edmund Spenser, a Londoner by birth, and a scholar also of the University of Cambridge, born under so favourable an aspect of the Muses that he surpassed all the English Poets of former times, not excepting Chaucer himself, his fellow-citizen. But by a fate which still follows Poets, he always wrestled with poverty, though he had been secretary to the Lord Grey, Lord Deputy of Ireland. For scarce had he there settled himself into a retired privacy and got leisure to write, when he was by the rebels thrown out of his dwelling, plundered of his goods, and returned into England a poor man, where he shortly after died and was interred at Westminster, near to Chaucer, at the charge of the Earl of Essex, his hearse being attended by poets, and mournful elegies and poems with the pens that wrote them thrown into his tomb.' †

In 1633, Sir James Ware prefaced his edition of Spenser's prose work on the State of Ireland with these remarks:—

'How far these collections may conduce to the knowledge of the antiquities and state of this land, let the fit reader judge: yet something I may not passe by touching Mr. Edmund Spenser and the worke it selfe, lest I should seeme to offer injury to his worth, by others so much celebrated. Hee was borne in London of an ancient and noble family, and brought up in the Universitie of Cambridge, where (as the fruites of his after labours doe manifest) he mispent not his time. After this he became secretary to Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton, Lord Deputy of Ireland, a valiant and worthy governour, and shortly after, for his services to the Crowne, he had bestowed upon him by Queene Elizabeth, 3,000 acres of land in the countie of Corke. There he finished the latter part of that excellent poem of his "Faery Queene," which was soone after unfortunately lost by the disorder and abuse of his servant, whom he had sent before him into England, being then a *rebellibus* (as Camden's words are) *è laribus ejectus et bonis spoliatus*. He deceased at Westminster in the year 1599 (others have it wrongly 1598), soon after his return into England, and was buried according to his own desire in the collegiat church there, neere unto Chaucer whom he worthily imitated (at the costes of Robert Earle of Essex), whereupon this epitaph was framed.' And then are quoted the epigrams already given from Camden.

The next passage that can be called an account of Spenser is found in Fuller's *Worthies of England*, first published in 1662, and runs as follows:—

'Edmond Spenser, born in this city (London), was brought up in Pembroke-hall in Cambridge, where he became an excellent scholar; but especially most happy in English Poetry; as his works do declare, in which the many Chaucerisms used (for I will not say affected by him) are thought by the ignorant to be blemishes, known by he learned to be beauties, to his book; which notwithstanding had been more saleable, if more conformed to our modern language.

'There passeth a story commonly told and believed, that Spenser presenting his poems to queen Elizabeth, she, highly affected therewith, commanded the lord Cecil,

* *Annales*, ed. Hearne, iii. 783.

† *History of Elizabeth, Queen of England*. Ed. 1688, pp. 564, 565.

her treasurer, to give him an hundred pound; and when the treasurer (a good steward of the queen's money) alledged that sum was too much; "Then give him," quoth the queen, "What is reason;" to which the lord consented, but was so busied, belike, about matters of higher concernment, that Spencer received no reward, whereupon he presented this petition in a small piece of paper to the queen in her progress:—

I was promis'd on a time,
To have reason for my rhyme;
From that time unto this season,
I receiv'd nor rhyme nor reason.

'Hereupon the queen gave strict order (not without some check to her treasurer), for the present payment of the hundred pounds the first intended unto him.

'He afterwards went over into Ireland, secretary to the lord Gray, lord deputy thereof; and though that his office under his lord was lucrative, yet got he no estate; but saith my author "*peculiari poetis fato semper cum paupertate confictatus est.*" So that it fared little better with him than with William Xilander the German (a most excellent linguist, antiquary, philosopher and mathematician), who was so poor, that (as Thuanus saith), he was thought "*fami non famæ scribere.*"

'Returning into England, he was robb'd by the rebels of that little he had; and dying for grief in great want, anno 1598, was honourably buried nigh Chaucer in Westminster, where this distich concludeth his epitaph on his monument

Anglica, te vivo, vixit plausitque poesis;
Nunc moritura timet, te moriente, mori.

Whilst thou didst live, liv'd English poetry
Which fears now thou art dead, that she shall die.

'Nor must we forget, that the expence of his funeral and monument was defrayed at the sole charge of Robert, first of that name, earl of Essex.'

The next account is given by Edward Phillips in his *Theatrum Poëtarum Anglicanorum*, first published in 1675. This Phillips was, as is well known, Milton's nephew, and according to Warton, in his edition of Milton's juvenile poems, 'there is good reason to suppose that Milton threw many additions and corrections into the *Theatrum Poëtarum.*' Phillips' words therefore have an additional interest for us, 'Edmund Spenser,' he writes, 'the first of our English poets that brought heroic poesy to any perfection, his "Fairy Queen" being for great invention and poetic heighth, judg'd little inferior, if not equal to the chief of the ancient Greeks and Latins, or modern Italians; but the first poem that brought him into esteem was his "Shepherd's Calendar," which so endeared him to that noble patron of all vertue and learning Sir Philip Sydney, that he made him known to Queen Elizabeth, and by that means got him preferred to be secretary to his brother * Sir Henry Sidney, who was sent deputy into Ireland, where he is said to have written his "Faerie Queen;" but upon the return of Sir Henry, his employment ceasing, he also return'd into England, and having lost his great friend Sir Philip, fell into poverty, yet made his last refuge to the Queen's bounty, and had 500*l.* ordered him for his support, which nevertheless was abridged to 100*l.*

* Father.

by Cecil, who, hearing of it, and owing him a grudge for some reflections in Mother Hubbard's Tale, cry'd out to the queen, What! all this for a song? This he is said to have taken so much to heart, that he contracted a deep melancholy, which soon after brought his life to a period. So apt is an ingenuous spirit to resent a slighting, even from the greatest persons; and thus much I must needs say of the merit of so great a poet from so great a monarch, that as it is incident to the best of poets sometimes to flatter some royal or noble patron, never did any do it more to the height, with greater art or elegance, if the highest of praises attributed to so heroic a princess can justly be termed flattery.*

When Spenser's works were reprinted—the first three books of the *Faerie Queene* for the seventh time—in 1679, there was added an account of his life. In 1687, Winstanley, in his *Lives of the most famous English Poets*, wrote a formal biography.

These are the oldest accounts of Spenser that have been handed down to us. In several of them mythical features and blunders are clearly discernible. Since Winstanley's time, it may be added, Hughes in 1715, Dr. Birch in 1731, Church in 1758, Tipton in that same year, Todd in 1805, Aikin in 1806, Robinson in 1825, Mitford in 1839, Prof. Craik in 1845, Prof. Child in 1855, Mr. Collier in 1862, Dr. Grosart in 1884, have re-told what little there is to tell, with various additions and subtractions.

Our external sources of information are, then, extremely scanty. Fortunately our internal sources are somewhat less meagre. No poet ever more emphatically lived in his poetry than did Spenser. The Muses were, so to speak, his own bosom friends, to whom he opened all his heart. With them he conversed perpetually on the various events of his life; into their ears he poured forth constantly the tale of his joys and his sorrows, of his hopes, his fears, his distresses.

He was not one of those poets who can put off themselves in their works, who can pre-empt their own interests and passions, and live for the time an extraneous life. There is an intense personality about all his writings, as in those of Milton and of Wordsworth. In reading them you can never forget the poet in the poem. They directly and fully reflect the poet's own nature and his circumstances. They are, as it were, fine spiritual diaries, refined self-portraits. Horace's description of his own famous fore-runner, quoted at the head of this memoir, applies excellently to Spenser. In this account the scantiness of our external means of knowing Spenser is perhaps no less to be regretted. Of him it is eminently true that we may know him from his works. His poems are his best biography. In the sketch of his life to be given here his poems shall be our one great authority.

* *Theatrum Poet. Anglic.*, ed. Brydges, 1800, pp. 148, 149.

CHAPTER I.

1552-1579.

FROM SPENSER'S BIRTH TO THE PUBLICATION OF THE SHEPHEARD'S CALENDAR.

EDMUND SPENSER was born in London in the year 1552, or possibly 1551. For both these statements we have directly or indirectly his own authority. In his *Prothalamion* he sings of certain swans whom in a vision he saw floating down the river 'Themmes,' that

At length they all to mery London came,
To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,
That to me gave this lifes first native sourse,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of auncient fame.

A MS. note by Oldys the antiquary in Winstanley's *Lives of the most famous English Poets*, states that the precise locality of his birth was East Smithfield. East Smithfield lies just to the east of the Tower, and in the middle of the sixteenth century, when the Tower was still one of the chief centres of London life and importance, was of course a neighbourhood of far different rank and degree from its present social status. The date of his birth is concluded with sufficient certainty from one of his sonnets, viz. sonnet 60; which it is pretty well ascertained was composed in the year 1593. These sonnets are, as we shall see, of the amorous wooing sort; in the one of them just mentioned, the sighing poet declares that it is but a year since he fell in love, but that that year has seemed to him longer

Then al those fourty which my life out-went.

Hence it is gathered that he was most probably born in 1552. The inscription, then, over his tomb in Westminster Abbey errs in assigning his birth to 1553; though the error is less flagrant than that perpetrated by the inscription that preceded the present one, which set down as his natal year 1510.

Of his parents the only fact secured is that his mother's name was Elizabeth. This appears from sonnet 74, where he apostrophizes those

Most happy letters! fram'd by skilfull trade
With which that happy name was first desynd,
The which three times thrise happy hath me made,
With guifts of body, fortune and of mind.
The first my being to me gave by kind
From mothers womb deriv'd by dew descent.

The second is the Queen, the third 'my love, my lives last ornament.' A careful examination by Mr. Collier and others of what parish registers there are extant in such old churches as stand near East Smithfield—the Great Fire, it will be remembered, broke out some distance west of the Tower, and raged mainly westward—has failed to discover any trace of the infant Spenser or his parents. An 'Edmund Spenser' who is mentioned in the Books of the Treasurer of the Queen's Chamber in 1569, as paid for bearing letters from Sir Henry Norris, her Majesty's ambassador in France, to the Queen,* and who with but slight probability has been surmised to be the poet himself, is scarcely more plausibly conjectured by Mr. Collier to be the poet's father. The utter silence about his parents, with the single exception quoted, in the works of one who, as has been said above, made poetry the confidante of all his joys and sorrows, is remarkable.

Whoever they were, he was well connected on his father's side at least. 'The nobility of the Spensers,' writes Gibbon, 'has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider the "Faerie Queen" as the most precious jewel of their coronet.' Spenser was connected with the then not unnobled, but highly influential family of the Spencers of Althorpe, Northamptonshire. 'Theirs was the 'house of auncient fame,' or perhaps we should rather say they too belonged to the 'house of auncient fame' alluded to in the quotation made above from the *Prothalamion*. He dedicates various poems to the daughters of Sir John Spencer, who was the head of that family during the poet's youth and earlier manhood down to 1580, and in other places mentions these ladies with many expressions of regard and references to his affinity. 'Most faire and vertuous Ladie,' he writes to the 'Ladie Compton and Mountegle,' the fifth daughter, in his dedication to her of his *Mother Lubberds Tale*, 'having often sought opportunitie by some good meanes to make knownen to your Ladiship the humble affection and faithfull duetie, which I have alwaies professed and am bound to beare to that house, from whence yee spring, I have at length found occasion to remember the same by making a simple present to you of these my idle labours, &c.' To another daughter, 'the right worthy and vertuous ladie the Ladie Carey,' he dedicates his *Muiopotmos*; to another, 'the right honorable the Ladie Strange,' his *Tears of the Muses*. In the latter dedication he speaks of 'your particuler bounties, and also some private bands of affinitie, which it hath pleased your Ladiship to acknowledge.' It was for this lady Strange, who became subsequently the wife of Sir Thomas Egerton, that one who came after Spenser—Milton—wrote the *Arcades*. Of these three kinswomen, under the names of Phyllis, Charillis, and sweet Amaryllis, Spenser speaks once more in his *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*; he speaks of them as

The honour of the noble familie
Of which I meanest boast myself to be.

For the particular branch of the Spencer or Spenser family—one branch wrote the name with *s*, another with *c*—to which the poet belonged, it has been well suggested

* See Peter Cunningham's *Introduction to Extracts from Accounts of the Revels at Court*. (Shakespeare Society.)

that it was that settled in East Lancashire in the neighbourhood of Pendle Forest. It is known on the authority of his friend Kirke, whom we shall mention again presently, that Spenser retired to the North after leaving Cambridge; traces of a Northern dialect appear in the *Shepherd's Calendar*; the Christian name Edmund is shown by the parish registers to have been a favourite with one part of the Lancashire branch—with that located near Filley Close, three miles north of Hurstwood, near Burnley.

Spenser then was born in London, probably in East Smithfield, about a year before those hideous Marian fires began to blaze in West Smithfield. He had at least one sister, and probably at least one brother. His memory would begin to be retentive about the time of Queen Elizabeth's accession. Of his great contemporaries, with most of whom he was to be brought eventually into contact, Raleigh was born at Hayes in Devonshire in the same year with him, Camden in Old Bailey in 1551, Hooker near Exeter in or about 1553, Sidney at Penshurst in 1554, Bacon at York House in the West Strand, 1561, Shakspeare at Stratford-on-Avon in 1564, Robert Devereux, afterwards second Earl of Essex, in 1567.

The next assured fact concerning Spenser is that he was educated at the Merchant Taylors' School, then just founded. This we learn from an entry in 'The Spending of the Money of Robert Nowell, Esq.,' of Reade Hall, Lancashire, brother of Alexander Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's. In an accompt of sums 'geven to poor schollers of dyvers gramare scholles' we find Xs. given, April 28, 1569, to 'Edmond Spensore Scholler of the Merchante Tayler Scholl;' and the identification is established by the occasion being described as 'his gowinge to Penbrocke Hall in Chambridge,' for we know that the future poet was admitted a Sizar of Pembroke College, then styled Hall, Cambridge, in 1569. Thus we may fairly conclude that Spenser was not only London born but London bred, though he may have from time to time sojourned with relatives and connections in Lancashire* before his undergraduateship, as well as after. Thus a conjecture of Mr. Collier's may confidently be discarded, who in the muster-book of a hundred in Warwickshire has noted the record of one Edmund Spenser as living in 1569 at Kingsbury, and conjectures that this was the poet's father, and that perhaps the poet spent his youth in the same county with Shakspeare. It may be much doubted whether it is a just assumption that every Edmund Spenser that is in any way or anywhere mentioned in the Elizabethan era was either the poet or his father. Nor, should it be allowed that the Spenser of Kingsbury was indeed the poet's father, could we reasonably indulge in any pretty pictures of a fine friendship between the future authors of *Hamlet* and of the *Faerie Queene*. Shakspeare was a mere child, not yet passed into the second of his Seven Ages, when Spenser, being then about seventeen years old, went up to the University. However, this matter need not be further considered, as there is no evidence whatever to connect Spenser with Warwickshire.

* It may be suggested that what are called the archaisms of Spenser's style may be *in part* due to the author's long residence in the country with one of the older forms of the language spoken all round him and spoken by him, in fact his vernacular. I say *in part*, because of course his much study of Chaucer must be taken into account. But, as Mr. Richard Morris has remarked to me, he could not have drawn from Chaucer those forms and words of a *northern* dialect which appear in the *Calendar*.

But in picturing to ourselves Spenser's youth we must not think of London as it now is, or of East Smithfield as now cut off from the country by innumerable acres of bricks and mortar. The green fields at that time were not far away from Spenser's birthplace. And thus, not without knowledge and sympathy, but with appreciative variations, Spenser could re-echo Marot's 'Eglogue au Roy sous les noms de Pan et Robin,' and its description of a boy's rural wanderings and delights. See his *Shepherdes Calendar*, December :—

Whilome in youth when flowrd my joyfull spring,
Like swallow swift I wandred here and there ;
For heate of heedlesse lust me did so sting,
That I oft doubted daunger had no feare :
I went the wastefull woodes and forrest wide
Withouten dread of wolves to bene espide.

I wont to raunge amid the mazie thicket
And gather nuttes to make my Christmas game,
And joyed oft to chace the trembling pricket,
Or hunt the hartlesse hare till she were tame.
What wreaked I of wintrie ages waste ?
Tho deemed I my spring would ever last.

How often have I scaled the craggie oke
All to dislodge the raven of her nest ?
How have I wearied, with many a stroke,
The stately walnut-tree, the while the rest,
Under the tree fell all for nuttes at strife ?
For like to me was libertie and life.

To be sure he is here paraphrasing, and also is writing in the language of pastoral poetry, that is, the language of this passage is metaphorical ; but it is equally clear that the writer was intimately and thoroughly acquainted with that life from which the metaphors of his original are drawn. He describes a life he had lived.

It seems probable that he was already an author in some sort when he went up to Cambridge. In the same year in which he became an undergraduate there appeared a work entitled, 'A Theatre wherein be represented as well the Miseries and Calamities that follow the Voluptuous Worldlings as also the greate Joyes and Plesures which the Faithful do enjoy. An Argument both Profitable and Delectable to all that sincerely loue the Word of God. Devised by S. John Vander Noodt.' Vander Noodt was a native of Brabant who had sought refuge in England, 'as well for that I would not beholde the abominations of the Romyshe Antechrist as to escape the handes of the bloudthirsty.' 'In the meane space,' he continues, 'for the avoyding of idlenesse (the very mother and nourice of all vices) I have among other my travayles bene occupied aboute thys little Treatyse, wherein is sette forth the vilenesse and basenesse of worldly things whiche commonly withdrawe us from heavenly and spirituall matters.' This work opens with six pieces in the form of sonnets styled epigrams, which are in fact identical with the first six of the *Visions of Petrarch* subsequently published amongst Spenser's works, in which publication they are said to have been 'formerly translated.' After these so-called epigrams come fifteen *Sonnets*, eleven of which are easily recognisable amongst the *Visions of Bellay*, published along with the *Visions of Petrarch*. There is indeed as little difference between the two sets

of poems as is compatible with the fact that the old series is written in blank verse, the latter in rhyme. The sonnets which appear for the first time in the *Visions* are those describing the Wolf, the River, the Vessel, the City. There are four pieces of the older series which are not reproduced in the later. It would seem probable that they too may have been written by Spenser in the days of his youth, though at a later period of his life he cancelled and superseded them. They are therefore reprinted in this volume. (See pp. 699-701.)

Vander Noodt, it must be said, makes no mention of Spenser in his volume. It would seem that he did not know English, and that he wrote his *Declaration*—a sort of commentary in prose on the *Visions*—in French. At least we are told that this *Declaration* is translated out of French into English by Theodore Roest. All that is stated of the origin of his *Visions* is: 'The learned poete M. Franciscus Petrarche, gentleman of Florence, did invent and write in Tuscan the six firste . . . which because they serve wel to our purpose, I have out of the Brabants speache turned them into the English tongue;' and 'The other ten visions next ensuing ar described of one Ioachim du Bellay, gentleman of France, the whiche also, because they serve to our purpose I have translated them out of Dutch into English.' The fact of the *Visions* being subsequently ascribed to Spenser would not by itself carry much weight. But, as Prof. Craik pertinently asks, 'if this English version was not the work of Spenser, where did Ponsonby [the printer who issued that subsequent publication which has been mentioned] procure the corrections which are not merely typographical errata, and the additions and other variations* that are found in his edition?'

In a work called *Tragical Tales*, published in 1587, there is a letter in verse, dated 1569, addressed to 'Spencer' by George Turberville, then resident in Russia as secretary to the English ambassador, Sir Thomas Randolph. Anthony à Wood says this Spenser was the poet; but it can scarcely have been so. 'Turberville himself,' remarks Prof. Craik, 'is supposed to have been at this time in his twenty-ninth or thirtieth year, which is not the age at which men choose boys of sixteen for their friends. Besides, the verses seem to imply a friendship of some standing, and also in the person addressed the habits and social position of manhood. . . . It has not been commonly noticed that this epistle from Russia is not Turberville's only poetic address to his friend Spenser. Among his "Epitaphs and Sonnets" are two other pieces of verse addressed to the same person.'

To the year 1569 belongs that mention referred to above of payment made on 'Edmund Spenser' for bearing letters from France. As has been already remarked, it is scarcely probable that this can have been the poet, then a youth of some seventeen years on the verge of his undergraduateship.

The one certain event of Spenser's life in the year 1569 is that he was then entered as a sizar at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. He 'proceeded B.A.' in 1573, and 'commenced M.A.' in 1576. There is some reason for believing that his college life was troubled in much the same way as was that of Milton some sixty years later—their there prevailed some misunderstanding between him and the scholastic authorities.

* These are given in the Appendix to the present work.

he mentions his university with respect in the *Faerie Queene*, in book iv. canto xi. Here, setting forth what various rivers gathered happily together to celebrate the marriage of the Thames and the Medway, he tells how

The plenteous Onse came far from land
By many a city and by many a towne ;
And many rivers taking under-hand
Into his waters as he passeth downe,
The Cle, the Were, the Grant, the Sture, the Rowne.
Thence doth by Huntingdon and CAMBRIDGE flit ;
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crowne
He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it
With many a gentle Muse and many a learned wit.

But he makes no mention of his college. The notorious Gabriel Harvey, an intimate friend of Spenser, who was elected a Fellow of Pembroke Hall the year after the future poet was admitted as a sizar, in a letter written in 1580, asks: 'And wil you needes have my testimoniall of youre old Controullers new behaviour?' and then proceeds to heap abusive words on some person not mentioned by name but evidently only too well known to both the sender and the receiver of the epistle. Having compiled a list of scurrilities worthy of Falstaff, and attacked another matter which was anomination to him, Harvey vents his wrath in sundry Latin charges, one of which runs: 'Cætera ferè, ut olim: Bellum inter capita et membra continuatum.' 'Other matters are much as they were: war kept up between the heads [the dons] and the members [the men].' Spenser was not elected to a fellowship; he quitted his college, with all its miserable bickerings, after he had taken his master's degree. There can be little doubt, however, that he was a most diligent and earnest student during his residence at Cambridge; during that period, for example, he must have gained that knowledge of Plato's works which so distinctly marks his poems, and found in that immortal writer a spirit most truly congenial. But it is conceivable that he pursued his studies after his own manner, and probably enough excited by his independence the strong disapprobation of the master and tutor of the college of his day.

Among his contemporaries in his own college were Lancelot Andrews, afterwards Master, and eventually Bishop of Winchester, the famous preacher; Gabriel Harvey, mentioned above, with whom he formed a fast friendship, and Edward Kirke, the 'E.K.' who, as will be seen, introduced to the world Spenser's first work of any pretence. Amongst his contemporaries in the university were Preston, author of *Cambyzes*, and Till, author of *Gammer Gurtons Needle*, with each of whom he was acquainted. The friend who would seem to have exercised the most influence over him was Gabriel Harvey; but this influence, at least in literary matters, was by no means for the best. Harvey was some three or four years the senior, and of some academic distinction. Probably he may be taken as something more than a fair specimen of the average scholarship and culture given by the universities at that time. He was an extreme classicist; all his admiration was for classical models and works that savoured of them; he it was who headed the attempt made in England to force upon a modern language the metrical system of the Greeks and Latins. What baneful influence he exercised over Spenser in this last respect will be shown presently. Kirke was

Spenser's other close friend; he was one year junior academically to the poet. He too, as we shall see, was a profound admirer of Harvey.

After leaving the university in 1576, Spenser, then, about twenty-four years of age, returned to his own people in the North. This fact is learnt from his friend 'E. K.'s' glosses to certain lines in the sixth book of the *Shepherd's Calendar*. E. K. speaks 'of the North countrye where he dwelt,' and 'of his removing out of the North parts and coming into the South.' As E. K. writes in the spring of 1577, and as his writing is evidently some little time subsequent to the migration he speaks of, it may be believed that Spenser quitted his Northern home in 1577, and, as we shall see, there is other evidence for this supposition. About a year then was passed in the North after he left the University.

These years were not spent idly. The poetical fruits of them shall be mentioned presently. What made it otherwise a memorable year to the poet was his falling deeply in love with some fair Northern neighbour. Who she was is not known. E. K. who adored her names her Rosalind, 'a feigned name,' notes E. K., 'which being well ordered will bewray the very name of hys love and mistresse, whom by that name he colourereth' Many solutions of this anagram have been essayed, mostly on the supposition that the lady lived in Kent; but Professor Craik is certainly right in insisting that she was of the North. Dr. Grosart and Mr. Fleay, both authorities of importance, agree in discovering the name Rose Dinle or Dinley; but of a person of a Christian-name no record has yet been found, though the surname Dyneley or Dinley occurs in the Whalley registers and elsewhere. In the Eclogue of the *Shepherd's Calendar*, to which this note is appended, Colin Clout—so the poet designates himself—complains to Hobbinol—that is, Harvey—of the ill success of his passion. Harvey, we may suppose, is paying him a visit in the North; or perhaps the pastor is merely a versifying of what passed between them in letters. However this may be, Colin is bewailing his hapless fate. His friend, in reply, advises him to

Forsake the soyle that so doth thee bewitch, &c.

Surely E. K.'s gloss is scarcely necessary to tell us what these words mean. 'Come down,' they say, 'from your bleak North country hills where she dwells who binds you with her spell, and be at peace far away from her in the genial Southland.' In another Eclogue (April) the subduing beauty is described as 'the Widdow daughter of the Glen,' surely a Northern address. On these words the well-informed E. K. remarks: 'He calleth Rosalind the Widowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a country hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather sayde to colour and conceal the person, than simply spoken. For it is well known, even in spite of Colin and Hobbinol, that she is a gentlewoman of no meane house, nor endowed with any vulgare and common gifts, both of nature and manners: but suche indeede, as need neither Colin be ashamed to have her made knowne by his verses, nor Hobbinol be grieved that so she should be commended to immortalitie for her rare and singular virtues.' Whoever this charming lady was, and whatever glen she made bright with her presence, it appears that she did not reciprocate the devoted affection of the studious young Cambridge graduate who, with probably no apparent occupation, was loitering for a while in her vicinity. It was some other—he is called Menalcas

of his rival's pastorals—who found favour in her eyes. The poet could only wail
 beat his breast. Eclogues I. and VI. are all sighs and tears. Perhaps in the
 se of time a copy of the *Faerie Queene* might reach the region where Menalcas
 Rosalind were growing old together; and she, with a certain ruth perhaps mixed
 her anger, might recognise in Mirabella an image of her fair young disdainful
 The poet's attachment was no transient flame that flashed and was gone. When
 e instance of his friend he travelled southward away from the scene of his dis-
 ture, he went weeping and inconsolable. In the Fourth Eclogue Hobbinol is
 vered by Thenot deeply mourning, and, asked the reason, replies that his grief is
 se

The ladde whome long I loved so deare
 Nowe loves a lasse that all his love doth scorne;
 He plongd in payne, his tressed locks dooth teare.

Shepheards delights he dooth them all forswear:
 Hys pleasant pipe, whych made us meriment,
 He wylfully hath broke, and doth forbear
 His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shepheardes boye;
 Him Love hath wounded with a deadly darte. &c.

memory of Rosalind, in spite of her unkindness, seems to have been fondly cherished
 e poet, and yielded to no rival vision—though there may have been fleeting fits
 ssion—till some fourteen years after he and she had parted—till the year 1592,
 as we shall see, Spenser, then living in the south of Ireland, met that Elizabeth
 s mentioned in the sonnet quoted above, and who some year and a half after
 meeting became his wife. On the strength of an entry found in the register
 Clement Danes Church in the Strand—‘26 Aug. [1587] Florenc Spenser,
 aughter of Edmond’—it has been conjectured that the poet was married
 1587. This conjecture seems entirely unacceptable. There is nothing to
 y the theory that the Edmund Spenser of the register was the poet. It is simply
 ible that Spenser, one who, as has been said, poured out all his soul in his
 , should have wooed and won some fair lady to his wife, without ever a poetical
 on to his courtship and his triumph. It is not at all likely, as far as one can
 from their titles, that any one of his lost works was devoted to the celebration
 y such successful passion. Lastly, besides this important negative evidence,
 is distinct positive testimony that long after 1587 the image of Rosalind had
 en displaced in his fancy by any other loveliness. In *Colin Clouts Come Home*
 , written, as will be seen, in 1591, though not published till 1595, after the poet has
 eeply divined of love and beauty, one Melissa in admiration avers that all true
 are greatly bound to him—most especially women. The faithful Hobbinol says
 omen have but ill requited their poet:—

s supposed description of his first love was written probably during the courtship, which
 s we shall see, in his marriage. The First Love is said to be portrayed in cant. vii., the Last
 x. of book vi. of the *Faerie Queene*. But this identification of Rosalind and Mirabilla is, after
 a conjecture, and is not to be accepted as gospel.

'He is repayd with scorne and foule despite,
That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth heare.'
'Indeed,' says Lucid, 'I have often heard
Faire Rosalind of divers fowly blamed
For being to that swaine too cruell hard.

Lucid however would defend her on the ground that love may not be compelled :

'Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read betimes
How rashly blame of Rosalind ye raise.'

This caution Colin eagerly and ardently reinforces, and with additions. His h was still all tender towards her, and he would not have one harsh word thrown her :—

Ah! Shepheards, then said Colin, ye ne weet
How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw
To make so bold a doome, with words unmeet,
Of thing celestiall which ye never saw.
For she is not like as the other crew
Of shepheards daughters which emongst you bee,
But of divine regard and heavenly hew,
Excelling all that ever ye did see ;
Not then to her that scorned thing so base,
But to myselfe the blame that lookt so hie,
So hie her thoughts as she herselfe have place
And loath each lowly thing with lofty eie ;
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swaine, sith her I may not love,
Yet that I may her honour paravant
And praise her worth, though far my wit above.
Such grace shall be some guerdon for the grieve
And long affliction which I have endured ;
Such grace sometimes shall give me some reliefe
And ease of paine which cannot be recured.
And ye my fellow shepheards, which do see
And heare the languors of my too long dying,
Unto the world for ever witnesse bee
That hers I die, nought to the world denying
This simple trophe of her great conquest.'

This residence of Spenser in the North, which corresponds with that period of Milton's life spent at his father's house at Horten in Buckinghamshire, ended there has been occasion to state, in the year 1577. What was the precise cause of Spenser's coming South, is not known for certain. 'E.K.' says in one of his glosses already quoted in part, that the poet 'for speciall occasion of private affayres have bene partly of himselfe informed) and for his more preferment, removing out of the North parts, came into the South, as Hobbipoll indeede advised him privately. It is clear from his being admitted at his college as a sizar, that his private means were not good. Perhaps during his residence in the North he may have been dependent on the bounty of his friends. It was then in the hope of some advancement of his fortunes that, bearing with him no doubt in manuscript certain results of his life's previous labour, he turned away from his cold love and her glen, and a country, and set his face Town-ward.

is said that his friend Harvey introduced him to that famous accomplished man—that mirror of true knighthood—Sir Philip Sidney, and it would seem Penshurst became for some time his home. There has already been quoted a line describing Spenser as ‘the southern shepherdes boye.’ This southern shepherd is probably Sidney. Sidney, it would seem, introduced him to his father and to his uncle, the Earl of Leicester. If we are to take Irenæus’ words literally—and there is no reason why we should not—Spenser was for a time at least in Ireland, when his father was Lord Deputy. Irenæus, in *A View of the Present State of Ireland*, certainly represents Spenser himself; and he speaks of what he *said* at the execution of a notable traitor at Limerick, called Murrough O’Brien; see p. 636 of this volume. However, he was certainly back in England and in London in 1579, residing in the Earl of Leicester’s house in the Strand, where Essex Street now stands. He was one of his letters to Harvey, ‘Leycester House, this 5 October, 1579.’ Perhaps at this time he commenced, or renewed, or continued his acquaintance with his distinguished relatives of Althorpe. During the time he spent now at Penshurst and in London, he mixed probably with the most brilliant intellectual society of his time. He was himself endowed with no mean genius. He, Lord Leicester, Lord Strange, and others, with whom Spenser was certainly, or in all probability, acquainted, were eminent patrons and protectors of genius.

This passage of Spenser’s life is of high interest, because in the course of it that brilliant era of our literature commonly called the Elizabethan Period may be said to have begun. Spenser is the foremost chronologically of those great spirits who towards the close of the sixteenth century lifted up their immortal voices, and spoke as if to be heard for all time. In the course of this present passage of his life, he finished his first important work—a work which secured him at once the hearty recognition of his contemporaries as a true poet risen up amongst them. This work is the *Shepherdes Calendar*, to which so many references have already been made. It consists of twelve eclogues, one for each month of the year. Of these, three (i., vi., and xii.), as we have seen, treat specially of his own disappointment in love. The other nine (ii., viii., and x.) are of a more general character, having old age, a poetry composed ‘the perfect pattern of a poet’ for their subjects. One other (iii.) deals with lovers. One (iv.) celebrates the Queen, three (v., vii., and ix.) discuss ‘Protestant and Catholic,’ Anglican and Puritan questions. One (xi.) is an elegy upon ‘the death of some maiden of great blood, whom he calleth Dido.’ These poems were ushered into the world by Spenser’s college friend Edward Kirke, for such no doubt is the true interpretation of the initials E.K. This gentleman performed his duty in a somewhat cautious manner. He addressed ‘to the most excellent and learned both orator and poet Gabriel Mayster Gabriell Harvey’ a letter warmly commending ‘the new poet’ to his patronage, and defending the antique verbiage of the eclogues; he prefixed to the whole work a general argument, a particular one to each part; he appealed to every reader in a ‘glosse’ explaining words and allusions. The work is dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney. It was published in the winter of 1579–80. More than once in the course of it, Spenser refers to Tityrus as his great master. The twelfth eclogue opens thus:

The gentle shepherd sat beside a springe
 All in the shadow of a bushye brere,
 That Colin height, which well could pype and singe,
 For hee of Tityrus his songes did lere.

Tityrus, on E.K.'s authority, was Chaucer. It is evident from the language—the words and the verbal forms—used in this poem that Spenser had zealously studied Chaucer, whose greatest work had appeared just about two centuries before Spenser's first important publication. The work, however, in which he imitates Chaucer's manner is not the *Shepheardes Calendar*, but his *Prosopopoia* or *Mother Hubberds Tale*, in which he says, writing in a later year, he had 'long sithens composed in the same concept of my youth.' The form and manner of the *Shepheardes Calendar* reflect not Chaucer's influence upon the writer, but the influence of a vast event which had changed the face of literature since the out-coming of the *Canterbury Tales*—of the revival of learning. That event had put fresh models before men, had greatly modified old literary forms, had originated new. The classical influence impressed upon Europe was by no means an unmixed good; in some respects it retarded the natural development of the modern mind by overpowering it with its prestige and stupefying it with a sense of inferiority; while it raised the ideal of perfection tended to give rise to mere imitations and affectations. Amongst these new forms was the Pastoral. When Virgil, Theocritus, 'Daphnis and Chloe,' and other writers and works of the ancient pastoral literature once more gained the ascendancy, then modern pastoral poetry began to be. This poetry flourished greatly in Italy in the sixteenth century. It had been cultivated by Sannazaro, Guarini, Tasso. Arcadia had been adopted by the poets for their country. In England numerous *Eclogues* made their appearance. Amongst the earliest and the best of these were Spenser's. It would perhaps be unjust to treat this modern pastoral literature as altogether an affectation. However unreal, the pastoral world had its charms—a pleasant feeling imparted of emancipation, a deep quietude, a sweet tranquillity. If vulgar men discovered their new worlds, and trafficked and bustled there, why should not a poet discover his Arcadia, and repose at his ease in it, secure from the noises of the going and coming over the roads of the earth?

That fine melodiousness, which is one of Spenser's signal characteristics, may be perceived in his *Eclogues*, as also a native gracefulness of style, which is another distinguishing mark of him. Perceivable, too, are his great, perilous fluency of language and his immense fecundity of mind. The work at once secured him a first place in the poetical ranks of the day. Sidney mentions it in his *Apologie for Poetrie*. Abraham Fraunce draws illustrations from it in his *Lawyers Logicke*, which appeared in 1588; Meres praises it; 'Maister Edmund Spenser,' says Drayton, 'has done enough for the immortality, had he only given us his *Shepheardes Calendar*, a masterpiece, if any.' It is easy to discern in *Lycidas* signs of Milton's study of it.

During Spenser's sojourn in the society of the Sidneys and the Dudleys, letters passed between him and Harvey, some of which are extant. From these, and from the editorial notes of Kirke, we hear of other works written by Spenser, ready to

See this work amongst Mr. Arber's excellent *English Reprints*.

ven to the light. The works thus heard of are *Dreames, Legends, Court of Cupide, the English Poet, The Dying Pelican, Stemmata Dudleiana, Slomber, Nine English comedies, The Epithalamion Thamesis*, and also *The Faerie Queene* commenced. Of these works perhaps the *Legends, Court of Cupid*, and *Epithalamion Thamesis* were subsequently with modifications incorporated in the *Faerie Queene*; the *Stemmata Dudleiana, Nine English Comedies, Dying Pelican*, are altogether lost. The *Faerie Queene* had been begun. So far as written, it had been submitted to the criticism of Harvey. On April 10, 1580, Spenser writes to Harvey, wishing him to return it with his 'long expected judgment' upon it. Harvey had already pronounced sentence in a letter dated April 7, and this is the sentence: 'In good faith had once again nigh forgotten your *Faerie Queene*; howbeit, by good chaunce I have we sent hir home at the laste, neither in better nor worse case than I founde hir. And must you of necessitie have my judgement of hir indeede? To be plaine, I am shyde of al judgement, if your nine Comœdies, wherunto, in imitation of Herodotus, you give the names of the Nine Muses, and (in one man's fansie not unworthily), are not neerer Ariosto's Comœdies, eyther for the finenesse of plausible elocution, the rareness of poetical invention, than that Elvish queene doth to his Orlando Arioso, which notwithstanding, you will needes seem to emulate, and hope to overgo, you flatly professed yourself in one of your last letters. Besides that, you know hath bene the usual practise of the most exquisite and odde wittes in all nations, and especially in Italie, rather to shewe and advaunce themselves that way than any other; as namely, those three notorious dyscoursing heads Bibiena, Machiavel, and Calpurnie did (to let Bembo and Ariosto passe), with the great admiration and wonderment of the whole countrey; being indeede reputed matchable in all points, both for conceyt and witte, and eloquent decyphering of matters, either with Aristophanes and Menander the Greek, or with Plautus and Terence in Latin, or with any other in any other tong. But I will not stand greatly with you in your owne matters. If so be the Faery Queene be fairer in your eie than the Nine Muses, and Hobgoblin runne away with the land from Apollo; marke what I saye, and yet I will not say that I thought; but there is an end for this once, and fare you well, till God or some good Aungell putte me in a better minde.'

Clearly the *Faerie Queene* was but little to Harvey's taste. It was too alien from the cherished exemplars of his heart. Happily Spenser was true to himself, and went on with his darling work in spite of the strictures of pedantry. This is not the only instance in which the dubious character of Harvey's influence is noticeable. The letters, from one of which the above doom is quoted, enlighten us also as to a grand scheme entertained at this time for forcing the English tongue to conform to the metrical rules of the classical languages. Already in a certain circle rime was discredited as being, to use Milton's words nearly a century afterwards, 'no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the pretence of a barbarous age to set off wretched matter and lame metre.' A similar attempt was made in the course of the sixteenth century in other parts of Europe, with the same final issue. Gabriel Harvey was an active leader in this deluded movement. When Sidney too, and Dyer, another poet of the time, proclaimed a

'general surceasing and silence of bald rhymes, and also of the very best too, instead whereof they have by authority of their whole senate, prescribed certain laws and rules of quantity of English syllables for English verse, having had already thereof great practice,' Spenser was drawn 'to their faction.'

'I am of late,' he writes to Harvey, 'more in love wyth my Englishe versifying than with ryming; whyche I should have done long since if I would then have followed your counsell.' In allying himself with these Latin prosody bigots Spenser sinned grievously against his better taste. 'I like your late Englishe hexameters so exceedingly well,' he writes to Harvey, 'that I also enure my pen sometime in that kinde, whyche I fynd in deed, as I have heard you often defende in word, neither so harde nor so harsh [but] that it will easily and fairly yield itself to our moother tongue. For the onely or chiefest hardnesse whyche seemeth is in the accent; whyche sometimes gapeth and as it were yawneth il-favouredly, comming shorte of that it should and sometimes exceeding the measure of the number; as in carpenter the middle sillable being used short in speache, when it shall be read long in verse, seemeth like a lame gosling that draweth one legge after hir. And heaven being used shorte as one syllable, when it is in verse stretched with a Diastole is like a lame dogge, that holdes up one legge.* His ear was far too fine and sensitive to endure the fearful sounds uttered by the poets of this Procrustæan creed. The language seemed to groan and shriek at the agonies and contortions to which it was subjected; and Spenser could not but hear its outcries. But he made himself as deaf as might be. 'It is to be wonne with custom,' he proceeds, in the letter just quoted from, 'and rough words must be studied with use. For why, a God's name, may not we, as the Greekes, have the kingdom of oure owne language, and measure our accent by the sounde, reserving the quantitie to the verse? . . . I would hartily wish you would either send me the rules or precepts of arte which you observe in quantities; or else follow mine that Mr. Philip Sidney gave me, being the very same which Mr. Drant devised, but enlarged with Mr. Sidney's own judgement, and augmented with my observations, that we might both accorde and agree in one, leaste we overthrowe one another and be overthrowen of the rest.' He himself produced the following lines in accordance, as he fondly hoped, with the instructions of the new school:—

IAMBICUM TRIMETRUM.

Unhappie verse! the witnessse of my unhappie state,
[as indeed it was in a sense not meant]
Make thy selfe fluttring winge of thy fast flying thought,
And fly forth unto my love whersoever she be.

Whether lying reastlesse in heavy bedde, or else
Sitting so cheerelesse at the cheerefull boorde, or else
Playing alone carelesse on hir heavenlie virginals.

If in bed, tell hir that my eyes can take no reste;
If at boorde, tell hir that my mouth can eat no meete;
If at hir virginals, tell her I can beare no mirth.

* *Ancient Critical Essays*, ed. Hazlewood, 1815, pp. 259, 260.

Asked why? Waking love suffereth no sleepe;
 Say that raging love doth appall the weake stomacke,
 Say that lamenting love marreth the musicall.

Tell hir that hir pleasures were wonte to lull me asleepe,
 Tell hir that hir beauty was wonte to feede mine eyes,
 Tell hir that hir sweete tongue was wonte to make me mirth.

Now doe I nightly waste, wanting my kindlie reste,
 Now doe I dayly starve, wanting my daily food,
 Now doe I always dye wanting my timely mirth.

And if I waste who will bewaile my heavy chance?
 And if I starve, who will record my cursed end?
 And if I dye, who will saye, This was Immerito?

Spenser of the sensitive ear wrote these lines. When the pedantic phantasy which for a while seduced and corrupted him had gone from him, with what remorse he must have remembered these strange monsters of his creation! Let us conclude our notice at this sad fall from harmony by quoting the excellent words of one who was a great opponent of Harvey in this as in other matters. 'The hexameter verse,' says he in his *Fowre Letters Confuted*, 1592, 'I graunt to be a gentleman of an auncient lineage (so is many an English beggar), yet this clyme of ours hee cannot thrive in; our language is too craggy for him to set his plough in; hee goes twitching and hopping in language like a man running upon quagmiers up the hill in one syllable and down the dale in another; retaining no part of that stately smooth gate, which hee compares himselfe with amongst the Greeks and Latins.'

Some three years were spent by Spenser in the enjoyment of Sidney's friendship and patronage of Sidney's father and uncle. During this time he would seem to have been constantly hoping for some preferment. According to a tradition, first recorded by Fuller, the obstructor of the success of his suit was the Treasurer, Lord Burghley. It is clear that he had enemies at Court—at least at a later time. In 1591, in his dedication of *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, he entreats Raleigh, to 'with your good countenance protest against the malice of evil mouthes, which are always wide open to carpe at and misconstrue my simple meaning.' A passage in the *Ruines of Time* (see the lines beginning 'O grief of griefs! O full of all good hearts!') points to the same conclusion; and so the concluding lines of the Sixth Book of the *Faerie Queene*, when, having told of the Blatant Beast (not killed as Lord Macaulay says in his essay on Bunyan, but) 'oppressed and tamed' for a while by Sir Calidore, at last broke his iron chain and rushed again through the world, and raged sore in each degree and state, he adds:—

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
 Hope to escape his venomous despite,
 More then my former writs, all were they cleanest
 From blamefull blot and free from all that wite
 With which some wicked tongues did it backebite,
 And bring into a mighty Peres displeasure,
 That never so deserved to endite.
 Therefore do you, my rimes, keep better measure,
 And seeke to please; that now is counted wise mens treasure.

In the *Tears of the Muses* Calliope says of certain persons of eminent rank:—

Their great revenues all in sumptuous pride
 They spend that nought to learning they may spare ;
 And the rich fee which Poets wont divide
 Now Parasites and Sycophants do share.

Several causes have been suggested to account for this disfavour. The popular tradition was pleased to explain it by making Burghley the ideal dullard who has no soul for poetry—to whom one copy of verses is very much as good as another, and a copy good for anything. It delighted to bring this commonplace gross-minded person into opposition with one of the most spiritual of geniuses. In this myth Spenser represents mind, Burghley matter. But there is no justification in facts for the tradition. It may be that the Lord Treasurer was not endowed with a high intellectual nature ; but he was far too wise in his generation not to pretend a virtue he had it not, when circumstances called for anything of the sort. When the Queen patronized literature, we may be sure Lord Burghley was too discreet to disparage and oppress it. Another solution refers to Burghley's Puritanism as the cause of the misunderstanding ; but, as Spenser too inclined that way, this is inadequate. Probably, as Todd and others have thought, what alienated his Lordship at first was Spenser's connection with Leicester ; what subsequently aggravated the estrangement was his friendship with Essex.

CHAPTER II.

1580—1589.

In the year 1580 Spenser was removed from the society and circumstances in which, except for his probable visit to Ireland, he had lived and moved as we have seen, some three years. From that year to near the close of his life his home was to be Ireland. He paid at least two visits to London and its environs in the course of the eighteen years ; but it seems clear that his home was in Ireland. Perhaps biographers have hitherto not truly appreciated this residence in Ireland. We shall see that a liberal grant of land was presently bestowed upon him in the county of Cork ; and they have reckoned him a successful man, and wondered at the querulousness that occasionally makes itself heard in his works. Towards the very end of his life, Spenser speaks of himself as one

Whom sullen care
 Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
 In princes court and expectation wayne
 Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away
 Like empty shaddowes, did afflict my brayne.

Those who marvel at such language perhaps forget what a dreary exile the poet's life in Ireland must in fact have been. It is true that it was relieved by several journeys to England, by his receiving at least one visit from an English friend, by his finding during at any rate the earlier part of his absence, some congenial English friends residing in the country, by his meeting at length with that Elizabeth whose excellences

ty he has sung so sweetly, and whom he married; it is also true that there was him—as in Milton and in Wordsworth—a certain great self-containedness,* that he tried his world with him wherever he went, that he had great allies and high company in the very air that flowed around him, whatever land he inhabited; all this true, but yet to be cut off from the fellowship which, however self-sufficing, he so dearly loved—to look no longer on the face of Sidney his hero, his ideal embodied, his King Arthur, to hear but as it were an echo of the splendid triumphs won by his and England in those glorious days, to know of his own high fame but by report, to be parted from the friendship of Shakspeare—surely this was exile. To live in the Elizabethan age, and to be severed from those brilliant spirits to which the fame of that age is due! Further, the grievously unsettled, insurgent state of Ireland at this time—as at many a time before and since—must be borne in mind. Living there, as living on the side of a volcanic mountain. That the perils of so living were not merely imaginary, we shall presently see. He did not shed tears and strike his bosom, like the miserable Ovid at Tomi; he ‘wore rather in his bonds a cheerful brow, lived, and took comfort,’ finding his pleasure in that high spiritual communion we have spoken of, playing pleasantly, like some happy father, with the children of his train, living in their caprices, their noblenesses, their sweet adolescence; but still it was exile, and this fact may explain that tone of discontent which here and there is perceptible in his writings. †

When in 1580 Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, was appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland, —perhaps through Lord Leicester’s influence, perhaps on account of Spenser’s ready knowing something of the country—made Spenser his Private Secretary. There can be no doubt that Spenser proceeded with him to Dublin. It was in Ireland, probably about this time, that he made or renewed his acquaintance with Sir Walter Raleigh. In 1581 he was appointed Clerk of Degrees and Recognizances in the Irish Court of Chancery, a post which he held for seven years, at the end of which time he received the appointment of Clerk to the Council of Munster. In the same year in which he was assigned the former clerkship, he received also a lease of the lands and tithes of Enniscorthy in Wexford county. It is to be hoped that his Chancery Court duties permitted him to reside for a while on that estate. ‘Enniscorthy,’ says the *Guide to Ireland* published by Mr. Murray, ‘is one of the prettiest little towns in the Kingdom, the largest portion of it being on a steep hill on the right bank of the Slaney, which here becomes a deep and navigable stream, and is crossed by a

* One might quote of these poets, and those of a like spirit, Wordsworth’s lines on ‘the Characteristics of a Child three years old,’ for in the respect therein mentioned, as in others, these poets are ‘as the children:’

As a faggot sparkles on the hearth,
Not less if unattended and alone,
Than when both young and old sit gathered round,
And take delight in its activity;
Even so this happy creature of herself
Is all-sufficient; Solitude to her
Is blithe society, who fills the air
With gladness and involuntary songs.

† See Colin Clout’s *Come Home Again*, vv. 180–184, quoted below.

bridge of six arches.' There still stands there 'a single tower of the old Franciscan monastery.' But Spenser soon parted with this charming spot, perhaps because of its inconvenient distance from the scene of his official work. In December of the year in which the lease was given, he transferred it to one Richard Synot. In the following year Lord Grey was recalled. 'The Lord Deputy,' says Holinshed, 'after long suit for his revocation, received Her Majesty's letters for the same.' His rule had been marked by some extreme, perhaps necessary, severities, and was probably somewhat curtly concluded on account of loud complaints made against him on this score. Spenser would seem to have admired and applauded him, both as a ruler and as a patron and friend. He mentions him with much respect in his *View of the Present State of Ireland*. One of the sonnets prefixed to the *Faerie Queene* is addressed 'to the most renowned and valiant lord the lord Grey of Wilton,' and speaks of him with profound gratitude:—

Most noble lord, the pillar of my life,
And patrone of my Muses pupillage;
Through whose large bountie, poured on me rife
In the first season of my feeble age,
I now doe live bound yours by vassalage;
Sith nothing ever may redeeme nor reave
Out of your endlesse debt so sure a gage,
Vouchsafe in worth this small guift to reccave,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leave
Of all the rest that I am tyde t' account.

Lord Grey died in 1593. Spenser may have renewed his friendship with him in 1589, when, as we shall see, he visited England. For the present their connection was broken. It may be considered as fairly certain that when his lordship returned to England in 1582, Spenser did not return with him, but abode still in Ireland.

There is, indeed, a 'Maister Spenser' mentioned in a letter written by James VI. of Scotland from St. Andrews in 1583 to Queen Elizabeth: 'I have staid Maister Spenser upon the letter quhilk is written with my auin hand quhilk sall be readie within tua daies.' It may be presumed that this gentleman is the same with him of whose postal services mention is found, as we have seen, in 1569. At any rate there is nothing whatever to justify his identification with the poet. On the other hand there are several circumstances which seem to indicate that Spenser was in Ireland continuously from the year of his going there with Lord Grey to the year of his visiting England with Raleigh in 1589, when he presented to her Majesty and published the first three books of the *Faerie Queene*. Whatever certain glimpses we can catch of Spenser during these ten years, he is in Ireland.

We have seen that he was holding one clerkship or another in Ireland during all this time. In the next place, we find him mentioned as forming one of a company described as gathered together at a cottage near Dublin in a work by his friend Lodovick * Bryskett, written, as may be inferred with considerable

* This is the 'Lodovick' mentioned in Sonnet 33, quoted below. It was from him a little later, in 1588, that Spenser obtained by 'purchase' the succession to the office of Clerk of the Government Council of Munster. See Dr. Grosart's vol. i. p. 151.

tainty, some time in or about the year 1582, though not published till 1606. His work, entitled *A Discourse of Civill Life; containing the Ethike part of Morall Philosophie*, 'written to the right honorable Arthur, late Lord Grey of Wilton'—written before his recall in 1582—describes in the introduction a party met together at the author's cottage near Dublin, consisting of 'Dr. Long, Primate of Armagh; Sir Robert Dillon, knight; M. Dormer, the Queene's solicitor; Capt. Christopher Carleil; Capt. Thomas Norreis; Capt. Warham St. Leger; Capt. Nicholas Dawtrey; and M. Edmond Spenser, late your lordship's secretary; and Th. Smith, apothecary.' In the course of conversation Bryskett envies the happiness of the Italians who have in their mother-tongue late writers that live with a singular easie method taught all that which Plato or Aristotle have confusedly or obscurely left written.' The 'late writers' who have performed this highly remarkable service of clarifying and making intelligible Plato and Aristotle—perhaps the 'confusion' and 'obscurity' Bryskett speaks of mean merely the difficulties of a foreign language for one imperfectly acquainted with it—are Alexander Piccolomini, Gio. Baptista Giraldi, and Guazzo, 'all three having written upon the chief part of Morall Philosophie [sic] both exactly and perspicuously.' Bryskett earnestly wishes—and here perhaps, in spite of those queer words about Plato and Aristotle, we may sympathise with him—that some of our countrymen would promote by English treatises the study of Moral Philosophy in English.

In the meane while I must struggle with those bookes which I vnderstand and content myselfe to plod upon them, in hope that God (who knoweth the sincerenesse of my desire) will be pleased to open my vnderstanding, so as I may reape that profit of my reading, which I trauell for. There is there a gentleman in this company, whom I have had often a purpose to intreate, that as his leisure might serue him, he would vouchsafe to spend some time with me to instruct me in some hard points which I cannot of myselfe understand; knowing him to be not onely perfect in the Greek tongue, but also very well read in Philosophie, both morall and naturall. Neuertheless such is my shynnesse, as I neuer yet durst open my mouth to disclose this my desire unto him, though I have not wanted some hartning thereunto from himselfe. For of loue and kindnes to me, he encouraged me long sithens to follow the reading of the Greeke tongue, and offered me his helpe to make me vnderstand it. But now that so good an oportunitie is offered vnto me, to satisfie in some sort my desire; I thinke I should commit a great fault, not to myselfe alone, but to all this company, if I could not enter my request thus farre, as to moue him to spend this time which we have now continued to familiar discourse and conuersation, in declaring vnto us the great benefites which men maye obtaine by the knowledge of Morall Philosophie, and in making us to know what the same is, what be the parts thereof, whereby vertues are to be distinguished from vices; and finally that he will be pleased to run ouer in such order as he shall thinke good, such and so many principles and rules thereof, as shall serue not only for my better instruction, but also for the contentment and satisfaction of you all. For I nothing doubt, but that euery one of you will be glad to heare so profitable a discourse and thinke the time very well spent wherin so excellent a knowledge shal be reuealed vnto you, from which euery one may be assured to gather some fruit as wel as myselfe. Therefore (said I) turning myselfe to *M. Spenser*, It is you sir, to whom it pertaineth to shew yourselfe courteous now to us all and to make vs all beholding vnto you for the pleasure and profit which we shall gather from your speeches, if you shall vouchsafe to open vnto vs the goodly cabinet, in which this excellent treasure of vertues lieth locked up from the vulgar sort. And thereof in the behalfe of all as for myselfe, I do most earnestly intreate you not to say vs nay. Vnto which wordes of mine euery man applauding most with like words of request and the rest with gesture and countenances expressing as much, *M. Spenser* answered in this maner: Though it may seeme hard for me, to refuse the request made by you all, whom euery one alone, I should for many respects be willing to gratifie; yet as the case standeth, I doubt not but with the consent of the most part of you, I shall be excused at this time of this taske which would be laid vpon me, for sure I am, that it is not vnkowne vnto you,

that I haue already vndertaken a work tending to the same effect, which is in *heroical verse* under the title of a *Faerie Queene* to represent all the moral vertues, assigning to euery vertue a Knight to the patron and defender of the same, in whose actions and feates of arms and chialry the operation of that vertue, whereof he is the protector, are to be expressed, and the vices and unruly appetites that oppose themselves against the same, to be beaten down and overcome. Which work, as I haue already well entred into, if God shall please to spare me life that I may finish it according to my mind, your wish (*M. Bryskett*) will be in some sort accomplished, though perhaps not so effectually as you could desire. And the same may very well serue for my excuse, if at this time I craue to be forborne in this your request, since any discourse, that I might make thus on the sudden in such subject would be but simple, and little to your satisfactions. For it would require good aduise and premeditation for any man to vndertake the declaration of these points that you haue proposed containing in effect the *Ethicke* part of *Morall Philosophie*. Whereof since I haue taken in hand discourse at large in my poeme before spoken, I hope the expectation of that work may serue to free me at this time from speaking in that matter, notwithstanding your motion and all your intreaties. But I will tell you how I thinke by himselfe he may very well excuse my speech, and yet satisfie you in this matter. I haue seene (as he knoweth) a translation made by himselfe out of the Italian tongue of a dialogue comprehending all the *Ethick* part of *Moral Philosophy*, written by one of those three he formerly mentioned, and that is by *Giraldi* vnder the title of a dialogue of ciuill life. If it please him to bring us forth that translation to be here read among vs, or otherwise to deliuer us, as his memory may serue him, the contents of the same; he shal (I warrant you) satisfie you at the ful, and himselfe wil haue no cause but to thinke the time well spent in reuiewing his labours especially in the company of so many his friends, who may thereby reape much profit and the translation happily fare the better by some mending it may receiue in the perusing, as all writings may do by the often examination of the same. Neither let it trouble him that I so turne ouer to him againe the taske he wold haue put me to; for it falleth out fit for him to verifie the principall of this Apologie, euen now made for himselfe; because thereby it will appeare that he hath not withdrawn himselfe from seruaice of the state to liue idle or wholly priuate to himselfe, but hath spent some time in doing that which may greatly benefit others and hath serued not a little to the bettering of his owne mind, and increasing of his knowledge, though he for modesty pretend much ignorance, and pleade want in wealth, much like some rich beggars, who either of custom, or for couetousnes, to begge of others those things whereof they haue no want at home. With this answer of *Spensers* it seemed that all the company were wel satisfied, for after some few speeches whereby they had shewed an extreme longing after his worke of the *Faerie Queene*, whereof some parcels had been by some of them seene, they all began to presse me to produce my translation mentioned by *Spenser* that it might be perused among them; or else that I should (as near as I could) deliuer unto them the contents of the same, supposing that my memory would not much faile me in a thing studied and aduisedly set downe in writing as a translation must be.

Bryskett at length assents to *Spenser's* proposal, and proceeds to read his translation of *Giraldi*, which is in some sort criticised as he reads, *Spenser* proposing one or two questions 'arising principally,' as *Todd* says, 'from the discussion of the doctrine of Plato and Aristotle.' This invaluable picture of a scene in *Spenser's* Irish life shows manifestly in what high estimation his learning and genius were already held, and how, in spite of *Harvey's* sinister criticisms, he had resumed his great work. It tells us too that he found in Ireland a warmly appreciative friend, if indeed he had not known *Bryskett* before their going to Ireland. *Bryskett* too, perhaps, was acquainted with *Sir Philip Sidney*; for two of the elegies written on that famous knight's death and printed along with *Astrophel* in the elegiac collection made by *Spenser* were probably of *Bryskett's* composition, viz., *The Mourning Muse* and *Thestylis*, where 'Liffey's tumbling stream' is mentioned, and the one entitled *Pastoral Eclogue*, where *Lycon* offers to 'second' *Colin's* lament for *Phyllisides*.

What is said of the *Faerie Queene* in the above quotation may be illustrated from the sonnet already quoted from, addressed to Lord Grey—one of the sonnets that

modern editions are prefixed to the great poem. It speaks of the great
man as

Rude rymes, the which a rustick Muse did weave
In savadge seyle, far from Parnasso mount.

also the sonnet addressed to the Right Honourable the Earl of Ormond and
Mary.

A sonnet addressed to Harvey, is dated 'Dublin this xvij of July, 1586.' Again,
the course of the decad now under consideration, Spenser received a grant of land
Cork—of 3,028 acres, out of the forfeited estates of the Earl of Desmond.

All these circumstances put together make it probable, and more than probable, that
Spenser remained in Ireland after Lord Grey's recall. How thorough his familiarity
with the country grew to be, appears from the work concerning it which he at last
produced.

The years 1586-7-8 were eventful both for England and for Spenser. In the first
they expired of wounds received at Zutphen; in the second, Mary Queen of Scots
was executed; in the third, God blew and scattered the Armada, and also Leicester
died. Spenser weeps over Sidney—there was never, perhaps, more weeping, poetical
and other, over any death than over that of Sidney—in his *Astrophel*, the poem above
mentioned. This poem is scarcely worthy of the sad occasion—the flower of knight-
hood cut down ere its prime, not yet

In flushing
When blighting was nearest.

certainly it in no way expresses what Spenser undoubtedly felt when the woeful news
came across the Channel to him in his Irish home. Probably his grief was 'too deep
for tears.' It was probably one of those 'huge cares' which, in Seneca's phrase, not
quantur,' but 'stupent.' He would fain have been dumb and opened not his mouth;
but the fashion of the time called upon him to speak. He was expected to bring
himself immortal; so to say, and lay it on his hero's tomb, though his limbs would
scarcely support him, and his hand, quivering with the agony of his heart, could with
difficulty either weave it or carry it. All the six years they had been parted, the
image of that chivalrous form had never been forgotten. It had served for the one
model of all that was highest and noblest in his eyes. It had represented for him all
the knighthood. Nor all the years that he lived after Sidney's death was it for-
gotten. It is often before him, as he writes his later poetry, and is greeted always
with undying love and sorrow. Thus in the *Ruines of Time*, he breaks out in a sweet
recollection of unextinguished affection:

Most gentle spirite breathed from above,
Out of the bosom of the Makers blis,
In whom all bountie and all vertuous love
Appeared in their native propertis
And did enrich that noble breast of his
With treasure passing all this worldes worth,
Worthie of heaven itselfe, which brought it forth.

His blessed spirite, full of power divine
And influence of all celestiaall grace,

Loathing this sinfull earth and earthlie slime,
 Fled backe too soone unto his native place;
 Too soone for all that did his love embrace,
 Too soone for all this wretched world, whom he
 Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

Yet ere his happie soule to heaven went
 Out of this fleshie gaole, he did devise
 Unto his heavenlie Maker to present
 His bodie as a spotles sacrifice,
 And chose, that guiltie hands of enemies
 Should powre forth th' offering of his guiltles blood,
 So life exchanging for his countries good.

O noble spirite, live there ever blessed,
 The world's late wonder, and the heaven's new ioy.
 Live ever there, and leave me here distressed
 With mortall cares and cumbrous worlds anoy;
 But where thou dost that happiness enioy,
 Bid me, O bid me quicklie come to thee,
 That happie there I maie thee alwaies see.

Yet whilst the Fates affoord me vitell breath,
 I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,
 And sing to thee untill that timelie death
 By Heaven's doome doe ende my earthlie daies:
 Thereto doo thou my humble spirite raise,
 And into me that sacred breath inspire
 Which thou there breathest perfect and entire.

It is not quite certain in what part of Ireland the poet was living when the new that Sidney was not reached him. Was he still residing at Dublin, or had he transferred his home to that southern region which is so intimately associated with his name? The sonnet to Harvey above mentioned shows that he was at Dublin in July of the year of his friend's death. It has been said already that he did not resign his Chancery clerkship till 1588. We know that he was settled in Cork county, at Kilcolman castle, in 1589, because Raleigh visited him there that year. He may then have left Dublin in 1588 or 1589. According to Dr. Birch's *Life of Spenser*, prefixed to the edition of the *Faerie Queene* in 1751,* and the *Biographia Britannica*, the grant of land made him in Cork is dated June 27, 1586. But the grant which is extant, is dated October 26, 1591. Yet certainly, as Dr. Grosart points out, in the 'Articles for the 'Undertakers,' which received the royal assent on June 27, 1586, Spenser is set down for 3,028 acres; and that he was at Kilcolman before 1591 seems certain. As he resigned his clerkship in the Court of Chancery in 1588, and was then appointed as we have seen, clerk of the Council of Munster, he probably went to live somewhere in the province of Munster that same year. He may have lived at Kilcolman before it and the surrounding grounds were secured to him; he may have entered upon possession on the strength of a promise of them, before the formal grant was issued. He has mentioned the scenery which environed his castle twice in his great poem

* Dr. Birch refers in his note to *The Ancient and Present State of the County and City of Cork*, by Charles Smith, vol. i. book i. c. i. p. 58-63. Edit. Dublin 1750, 8vo. And Fiennes Moryson's *Itinerary*, part ii. p. 4.

it is worth noting that both mentions occur, not in the books published, as we all now very soon see, in 1590, but in the books published six years afterwards. The famous passage already referred to in the eleventh canto of the fourth book, describing the nuptials of the Thames and the Medway, he recounts in stanzas xl.-v. the Irish rivers who were present at that great river-gathering, and amongst them

Swift Awniduff which of the English man
Is cal'de Blacke-water, and the Liffar deep,
Sad Trowis, that once his people over-ran,
Strong Allo tombling from Slewlogher steep,
And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep.

The other mention occurs in the former of the two cantos *Of Mutability*. There the poet sings that the place appointed for the trial of the titles and best rights of both 'heavenly powers' and 'earthly wights' was

Upon the highest hights
Of Arlo-hill (who knowes not Arlo-hill ?)
That is the highest head (in all mens sights)
Of my old father Mole, whom shepheards quill
Renowned hath with hymnes fit for a rurall skill.

His poem called *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, written in 1591, and dedicated to Sir Raleigh 'from my house at Kilcolman the 27 of December, 1591' *—written therefore after a lengthy absence in England—exhibits a full familiarity with the country and about Kilcolman. On the whole then we may suppose that his residence at Kilcolman began not later than 1588. It was to be roughly and terribly ended ten years after.

We may suppose he was living there in peace and quiet, not perhaps undisturbed by growing murmurs of discontent, by signs of unrepressed and irrepressible hostility towards his nation, by ill-concealed sympathies with the Spanish invaders amongst the native population, when the Armada came and went. The old castle in which he lived had been one of the residences of the Earls of Desmond. It stood some two miles from Doneraile, on the north side of a lake which was fed by the river Awbeg Mulla, as the poet christened it.

Two miles north-west of Doneraile,' writes Charles Smith in his *Natural and Civil History of the County and City of Cork*, 1774, (i. 340, 341)—'is Kilcoleman, a ruined title of the Earls of Desmond, but more celebrated for being the residence of the mortal Spenser, when he composed his divine poem *The Faerie Queene*. The castle now almost level with the ground, and was situated on the north side of a fine vale, in the midst of a vast plain, terminated to the east by the county of Waterford mountains; Bally-howra hills to the north, or, as Spenser terms them, the mountains of Mole, Nagle mountains to the south, and the mountains of Kerry to the west. It commanded a view of above half the breadth of Ireland; and must have been, when the adjacent uplands were wooded, a most pleasant and romantic situation; from hence, no doubt, Spenser drew several parts of the scenery of his poem.'

* Todd proposes to regard this date as a printer's error for 1595, quite unnecessarily.

Here, then, as in some cool sequestered vale of life, for some ten years, his visits to England excepted, lived Spenser still singing sweetly, still, as he might say, piping, with the woods answering him and his echo ringing. Sitting in the shade he would play many 'a pleasant fit;' he would sing

Some hymne or morall lale,
Or carol made to praise his loved lasse;

he would see in the rivers that flowed around his tower beings who lived and loved, and would sing of their mutual passions. It must have sounded strangely to hear the notes of his sweet voice welling forth from his old ruin—to hear music so subtle and refined issuing from that scarred and broken relic of past turbulencies—

The shepheard swaines that did about him play
 with greedie listfull eares
Did stand astonisht at his curious skill
Like hartlesse deare, dismayed with thunders sound.

He presents a picture such as would have delighted his own fancy, though perhaps the actual experience may not have been unalloyed with pain. It is a picture which in many ways resembles that presented by one of a kindred type of genius, who has already been mentioned as of affinity with him—by Wordsworth. Wordsworth too sang in a certain sense from the shade, far away from the vanity of courts, and the uproar of cities; sang 'from a still place, remote from men;' sang, like his own Highland girl, all alone with the 'vale profound' 'overflowing with the sound:' finding, too, objects of friendship and love in the forms of nature which surrounded his tranquil home.

Of these two poets in their various lonelinesses one may perhaps quote those exquisite lines written by one of them of a somewhat differently caused isolation: each one of them too lacked

Not friends for simple glee,
Nor yet for higher sympathy.
To his side the fallow-deer
Came and rested without fear;
The eagle, lord of land and sea,
Stooped down to pay him fealty.

*He knew the rocks which angels haunt
Upon the mountains visitant;
He hath kenned them taking wing;
And into caves where Faeries sing
He hath entered; and been told
By voices how men lived of old.*

Here now and then he was visited, it may be supposed, by old friends. Perhaps that distinguished son of the University of Cambridge, Gabriel Harvey, may for a while have been his guest; he is introduced under his pastoral name of Hobbinol, as present at the poet's house on his return to Ireland. The most memorable of these visits was that already alluded to—that paid him in 1589 by Sir Walter Raleigh, with whom it will be remembered he had become acquainted some nine years before

Raleigh, too, had received a grant from the same huge forfeited estate, a fragment of which had been given to Spenser. The granting of these, and other shares of the Desmond estates, formed part of a policy then vigorously entertained by the English Government—the colonising of the so lately disordered and still restless districts of southern Ireland. The recipients were termed ‘undertakers;’ it was one of their duties to repair the ravages inflicted during the recent tumults and bring the lands committed to them into some state of cultivation and order.

The wars had been followed by a famine. ‘Even in the history of Ireland,’ writes recent biographer of Sir Walter Raleigh, ‘there are not many scenes more full of horror than those which the historians of that period rapidly sketch when showing us the condition of almost the whole province of Munster in the year 1584, and the years immediately succeeding.’*

The claims of his duties as an ‘undertaker,’ in addition perhaps to certain troubles at court, where his rival Essex was at this time somewhat superseding him in the royal favour,† and making a temporary absence not undesirable, brought Raleigh into Cork County in 1589. A full account of this visit and its important results is given in *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, which gives us at the same time a charming picture of the poet’s life at Kilcolman. Colin himself, lately returned home from England, tells his brother shepherds, at their urgent request, of his ‘passed fortunes.’ He begins with Raleigh’s visit. One day, he tells them, as he sat

Under the foote of Mole, that mountaine hore,
Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade
Of the greene alders by the Mullaes shore,

strange shepherd, who styled himself the Shepherd of the Ocean—

Whether allured with my pipes delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right—

and him out, and

Provoked me to plaie some pleasant fit.

He sang, he tells us, a song of Mulla old father Mole’s daughter, and of another lover called Bregog who loved her. Then his guest sang in turn:—

His song was all a lamentable lay
Of great unkindnesse and of usage hard,
Of Cynthia the ladie of the sea,
Which from her presence faultlesse him debarde,
And ever and anon, with singults rife,
He cryed out, to make his undersong:
Ah! my loves queene and goddesse of my life,
Who shall me pittie when thou doest me wrong?

* Mr. Edward Edwards, 1868, I. c. vi.; see also *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, vv. 312-319.

† ‘My lord of Essex hath chased Mr. Raleigh from the court and confined him in Ireland.’—Letter, dated August 17, 1589, from Captain Francis Allen to Antony Bacon, Esq.—Quoted by Todd from Birch’s *Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*.—See Mr. Edwards’s *Life of Raleigh*, I. c. viii.

After they had made an end of singing, the shepherd of the ocean

Gan to cast great lyking to my lore,
And great dislyking to my lucklesse lot
That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,
Into that waste where I was quite forgot,

and presently persuaded him to accompany him 'his Cinthia to see.'

It has been seen from one of Harvey's letters that the *Faerie Queene* was already begun in 1580; and from what Bryskett says, and what Spenser says himself in his sonnets to Lord Grey, and to Lord Ormōnd, that it was proceeded with after the poet had passed over to Ireland. By the close of the year 1589 at least three books were completely finished. Probably enough parts of other books had been written; but only three were entirely ready for publication. No doubt part of the conversation that passed between Spenser and Raleigh related to Spenser's work. It may be believed that what was finished was submitted to Raleigh's judgment, and certainly concluded that it elicited his warmest approval.* One great object that Spenser proposed to himself when he assented to Raleigh's persuasion to visit England, was the publication of the first three books of his *Faerie Queene*.

CHAPTER III.

1590.

THUS after an absence of about nine years, Spenser returned for a time to England; he returned 'bringing his sheaves with him.' Whatever shadow of misunderstanding had previously come between his introducer—or perhaps re-introducer—and her Majesty seems to have been speedily dissipated. Raleigh presented him to the Queen, who, it would appear, quickly recognised his merits. 'That goddess'

To mine oaten pipe enclin'd her eare
That she thenceforth therein gan take delight,
And it desir'd at timely houres to heare
Al were my notes but rude and roughly dight.

In the Registers of the Stationers' Company for 1589 occurs the following entry, quoted here from Mr. Arber's invaluable edition of them:—

Primo Die Decembris.—Master Ponsonbye. Entered for his Copenye a booke intituled the fayre Queene, dysposed into xii bookes &c. Authourysed vnder thandes of the Archb. of Canterbury & bothe the Wardens, vjd.

The letter of the author's prefixed to his poem 'expounding his whole intention in the course of this worke, which for that it giveth great light to the reader, for the better understanding is hereunto annexed,' addressed to 'Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight, Lord Wardein of the Stanneryes and her Maiesties liefetenaunt of the county of

* See Raleigh's lines entitled 'A Vision upon this Conceit of the *Faery Queene*,' prefixed to the *Faerie Queene*.

Cornewayll,' is dated January 23, 1589—that is, 1590, according to the New Style. Shortly afterwards, in 1590, according to both Old and New Styles, was published by William Ponsonby 'THE FAERIE QUEENE, Disposed into twelve books, Fashioning XII Morall vertues.' That day, which we spoke of as beginning to arise in 1579, now fully dawned. The silence of well nigh two centuries was now broken, not again to prevail, by mighty voices. During Spenser's absence in Ireland, William Shakspeare had come up from the country to London. The exact date of his advent it seems impossible to ascertain. Probably enough it was 1585; but it may have been a little later. We may however, be fairly sure that by the time of Spenser's arrival in London in 1589, Shakspeare was already occupying a notable position in his profession as an actor; and what is more important, there can be little doubt he was already known not only as an actor, but as a play-writer. What he had already written was not comparable with what he was to write subsequently; but even those early dramas gave promise of splendid fruits to be thereafter yielded. In 1593 appeared *Venus and Adonis*; in the following year *Lucrece*; in 1595, Spenser's *Epithalamion*; in 1596, the second three books of the *Faerie Queene*; in 1597 *Romeo and Juliet*, *King Richard the Second*, and *King Richard the Third* were printed, and also Bacon's *Essays* and the first part of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*. During all these years various plays, of increasing power and beauty, were proceeding from Shakspeare's hands; by 1598 about half of his extant plays had certainly been composed. Early in 1599, he, who may be said to have ushered in this illustrious period, whose radiance first dispersed the darkness and made the day begin to be, our poet Spenser, died. But the day did not die with him; it was then but approaching its noon, when he, one of its brightest suns, set. This day may be said to have fully broken in the year 1590, when the first instalment of the great work of Spenser's life made its appearance.

The three books were dedicated to the Queen. They were followed in the original edition—are preceded in later editions—first, by the letter to Raleigh above mentioned; then by six poetical pieces of a commendatory sort, written by friends of the poet—by Raleigh who writes two of the pieces, by Harvey who now praises and well-wishes the poem he had discountenanced some years before, by 'R. S.,' by 'H. B.,' by 'W. L. ;' lastly, by seventeen sonnets addressed by the poet to various illustrious personages; to Sir Christopher Hatton, to Lord Burghley, to the Earl of Essex, Lord Charles Howard, Lord Grey of Wilton, Lord Buckhurst, Sir Francis Walsingham, Sir John Norris, Knight, lord president of Munster, Sir Walter Raleigh, the Countess of Pembroke, and others. The excellence of the poem was at once generally perceived and acknowledged. Spenser had already, as we have seen, gained great applause by his *Shepherd's Calendar*, published some ten years before the coming out of his greater work. During these ten years he had resided out of England, as has been seen; but it is not likely his reputation had been languishing during his absence. Webbe in his *Discourse of English Poetrie*, 1586, had contended 'that Spenser may well wear the garlande, and step before the best of all English poets.' The *Shepherd's Calendar* had been reprinted in 1581 and in 1586; probably enough, other works of his had been circulating in manuscript; the hopes of the country had been directed

towards him; he was known to be engaged in the composition of a great poem. No doubt he found himself famous when he reached England on the visit suggested by Raleigh; he found a most eager expectant audience; and when at last his *Faerie Queene* appeared, it was received with the utmost delight and admiration. He was spoken of in the same year with its appearance as the new laureate.* In the spring of the following year he received a pension from the crown of 50*l.* per annum. Probably, however, then, as in later days, the most ardent appreciators of Spenser were the men of the same craft with himself—the men who too, though in a different degree, or in a different kind, possessed the ‘vision and the faculty divine.’

This great estimation of the *Faerie Queene* was due not only to the intrinsic charms of the poem—to its exquisitely sweet melody, its intense pervading sense of beauty, its abundant fancifulness, its subtle spirituality—but also to the time of its appearance. For then nearly two centuries no great poem had been written in the English tongue. Chaucer had died heirless. Occleve's lament over that great spirit's decease had not been made without occasion:—

Alas my worthie maister honorable
This londis verray tresour and richesse
Deth by thy dethe hathe harm irreperable
Unto us done; hir vengeable duresse
Dispoiled hathe this londe of swetnesse
Of Rethoryk fro us; to Tullius
Was never man so like amonges us.†

And the doleful confession this orphaned rhymmer makes for himself, might have been well made by all the men of his age in England:—

My dere mayster, God his soule quite,
And fader Chancer fayne would have me taught,
But I was dull, and learned lyte or naught.

No worthy scholar had succeeded the great master. The fifteenth century in England had abounded in movements of profound social and political interest—in movements which eventually fertilised and enriched and ripened the mind of the nation; but, not unnaturally, the immediate literary results had been of no great value. In the reign of Henry VIII. the condition of literature, for various reasons, had greatly improved. Surrey and Wyatt had heralded the advent of a brighter era. From their time the poetical succession had never failed altogether. The most memorable name in our literature between their time and the *Faerie Queene* is that of Sackville, Lord Buckhurst—a name of note in the history of both our dramatic and non-dramatic poetry. Sackville was capable of something more than lyrical essays. He it was who designed the *Mirror for Magistrates*. To that poem, important as compared with the poetry of its day, for its more pretentious conception, he himself contributed the two best pieces that form part of it—the *Induction* and the *Complaint of Buckingham*. These pieces are marked by some beauties of the same sort as those which especially characterise Spenser; but they are but fragments; and in spirit

* Nash's *Supplication of Pierce Pennilesse*, 1592.

† Skeat's *Specimens of English Literature*, p. 14.

they belong to an age which happily passed away shortly after the accession of Queen Elizabeth—they are penetrated by that despondent tone which is so strikingly audible in our literature of the middle years of the sixteenth century, not surprisingly, if the general history of the time be considered. Meanwhile, our language had changed much, and Chaucer had grown almost unintelligible to the ordinary reader. Therefore, about the year 1590, the nation was practically without a great poem. At the same time, it then, if ever, truly needed one. Its power of appreciation had been quickened and refined by the study of the poetries of other countries; it had translated and perused the classical writers with enthusiasm; it had ardently pored over the poetical literature of Italy. Then its life had lately been ennobled by deeds of splendid courage crowned with as splendid success. In the year 1590, if ever, this country, in respect of its literary condition and in respect of its general high and noble excitement, was ready for the reception of a great poem.

Such a poem undoubtedly was the *Faerie Queene*, although it may perhaps be admitted that it was a work likely to win favour with the refined and cultured sections of the community rather than with the community at large. Strongly impressed on it as were the instant influences of the day, yet in many ways it was marked by a certain archaic character. It depicted a world—the world of chivalry and romance—which was departed; it drew its images, its forms of life, its scenery, its very language, from the past. Then the genius of our literature in the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign was emphatically dramatic; in the intense life of these years men longed for reality. Now the *Faerie Queene* is one long idealizing. These circumstances are to be accounted for partly by the character of Spenser's genius, partly by the fact already stated that chronologically Spenser is the earliest of the great spirits of his day. In truth he stands between two worlds: he belongs partly to the new time, partly to the old; he is the last of one age, he is the first of another; he stretches out one hand into the past to Chaucer, the other rests upon the shoulder of Milton.

CHAPTER IV.

1591-1599.

It is easy to imagine how intensely Spenser enjoyed his visit to London. It is uncertain to what extent that visit was prolonged. He dates the dedication of his *Colin Clouts Come Home Again* 'from my house at Kilcolman, the 27 of December, 1591.' On the other hand, the dedication of his *Daphnida* is dated 'London this first of Januarie 1591,' that is 1592 according to our new style. Evidently there is some mistake here. Prof. Craik 'suspects' that in the latter instance 'the date January 1591' is used in the modern meaning; he quotes nothing to justify such a suspicion; but it would seem to be correct. Todd and others have proposed to alter the '1591' in the former instance to 1595, the year in which *Colin Clouts Come Home Again* was published, and with which the allusions made in the poem to contemporary

writers agree; but this proposal is, as we shall see, scarcely tenable. The manner in which the publisher of the *Complaints*, 1591, of which publication we shall speak presently, introduces that work to the 'gentle reader,' seems to show that the poet was not at the time of the publishing easily accessible. He speaks of having endeavoured 'by all good meanes (for the better encrease and accomplishment of your delights) to get into my hands such small poems of the same authors, as I heard were disperst abroad in sundrie hands, and not easie to bee come by by himselve; some of them having been diverslie imbeziled and purloyned from him since his departure ouer sea.' He says he understands Spenser 'wrote sundrie others' besides those now collected, 'besides some other Pamphlets looselie scattered abroad . . . which when I can either by himselve or otherwise attaine too I meane likewise for your fauour sake to set foorth.' It may be supposed with much probability that Spenser returned to his Irish castle some time in 1591, in all likelihood after February, in which month he received the pension mentioned above, and on the other hand so as to have time to write the original draught of *Colin Clouts Come Home Again* before the close of December.

The reception of the *Faerie Queene* had been so favourable that in 1591—it would seem, as has been shown, after Spenser's departure—the publisher of that poem determined to put forth what other poems by the same hand he could gather together. The result was a volume entitled '*Complaints*, containing sundrie small Poemes of the Worlds Vanitie, whereof the next page maketh mention. By Ed. Sp.' 'The next page' contains 'a note of the Sundrie Poemes contained in this volume:'

1. The Ruines of Time.
2. The Teares of the Muses.
3. Virgils Gnat.
4. Prosopopoeia or Mother Hubbards Tale.
5. The Ruines of Rome, by Bellay.
6. Muipotmos or The Tale of the Butterflie.
7. Visions of the Worlds Vanitie.
8. Bellayes Visions.
9. Petrarches Visions.

In a short notice addressed to the Gentle Reader which follows—the notice just referred to—the publisher of the volume mentions other works by Spenser, and promises to publish them too 'when he can attain to' them. These works are *Ecclesiastes*, *The Seven Psalms*, and *Canticum Canticorum*—these three no doubt translations of parts of the Old Testament—*A Sennight Slumber*, *The State of Lovers*, the *Dying Pelican*—doubtless the work mentioned, as has been seen, in one of Spenser's letters to Harvey—*The Howers of the Lord*, and *The Sacrifice of a Sinner*. Many of these works had probably been passing from hand to hand in manuscript for many years. That old method of circulation survived the invention of the printing press for many generations. The perils of it may be illustrated from the fate of the works just mentioned. It would seem that the publisher never did attain to them; and they have all perished. With regard to the works which were printed and preserved, the *Ruines of Time*, as the Dedication shows, was written during Spenser's memorable visit of 1589-91 to England. It is in fact an elegy dedicated to the Countess of Pembroke, on the death of Sir Philip Sidney, 'that most brave Knight, your most

noble brother deceased.' 'Sithens my late cumming into England,' the poet writes in the Epistle Dedicatorie, 'some friends of mine (which might much prevaile with me and indeede commaund me) knowing with howe straight bandes of duetie I was tied to him; as also bound unto that noble house (of which the chiefe hope then rested in him) have sought to revive them by upbraiding me; for that I have not shewed anie thankefull remembrance towards him or any of them; but suffer their names to sleep in silence and forgetfulnesse. Whome chieflie to satisfie, or els to avoide that fowle blot of unthankfulnesse, I have conceived this small Poeme, intituled by a generall name of the *Worlds Ruines*: yet speciallie intended to the knowing of that noble race from which both you and he sprong, and to the eternizing of some of the chiefe of them late deceased.' This poem is written in a tone that had been extremely frequent during Spenser's youth. Its text is that ancient one 'Vanity of Vanities; all is Vanity'—a very obvious text in all ages, but perhaps specially so, as has been hinted, in the sixteenth century, and one very frequently adopted at that time. This text is treated in a manner characteristic of the age. It is exemplified by a series of visions. The poet represents himself as seeing at Verulam an apparition of a woman weeping over the decay of that ancient town. This woman stands for the town itself. Of its whilome glories, she says, after a vain recounting of them,

They all are gone and all with them is gone,
Ne ought to me remaines, but to lament
My long decay.

To one, she continues, weeps with her, no one remembers her,

Save one that maugre fortunes injurie
And times decay, and enuies cruell tort
Hath writ my record in true seeming sort.

Cambden the nourice of antiquitie,
And lanterne unto late succeeding age,
To see the light of simple veritie
Buried in ruines, through the great outrage
Of her owne people, led with warlike rage,
Cambden, though time all moniments obscure,
Yet thy just labours ever shall endure.

Then she rebukes herself for these selfish moanings by calling to mind how far from solitary she is in her desolation. She recalls to mind the great ones of the land who have lately fallen—Leicester, and Warwick, and Sidney—and wonders no longer of her own ruin. Is not *Transit Gloria* the lesson taught everywhere? Then other visions and emblems of instability are seen, some of them not darkly suggesting that what passes away from earth and apparently ends may perhaps be glorified elsewhere. The second of these collected poems—*The Tears of the Muses*—dedicated, as we have seen, to one of the poet's fair cousins, the Lady Strange, deplores the general intellectual condition of the time. It is doubtful whether Spenser fully conceived what a brilliant literary age was beginning about the year 1590. Perhaps his long absence from Ireland, the death of Sidney who was the great hope of England Spenser knew, the ecclesiastical controversies raging when he revisited England, may partly account

for his despondent tone with reference to literature. He introduces each Muse weeping for the neglect and contempt suffered by her respective province. He who describes these tears was himself destined to dry them; and Shakspeare, who, if anyone, was to make the faces of the Muses blithe and bright, was now rapidly approaching his prime. There can be little doubt that at a later time Spenser was acquainted with Shakspeare for Speuser was an intimate friend of the Earl of Essex; Shakspeare was an intimate friend of the Earl of Southampton, who was one of the most attached friends of that Earl of Essex. And a personal acquaintance with Shakspeare may have been one of the most memorable events of Spenser's visit to London in 1589. We would gladly think that *Thalia* in the *Tears of the Muses* refers in the following passage to Shakspeare: the comic stage, she says, is degraded,

And he the man whom Nature selfe had made
To mock herselfe and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter under Mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late;
With whom all joy and jolly meriment
Is also deaded and in dolour drent.

The context shows that by 'dead' is not meant physical death, but that

That same gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streames of honnie and sweete nectar flowe,

produces nothing, sits idle-handed and silent, rather than pander to the grosser tastes of the day. But this view, attractive as it is, can perhaps hardly be maintained. Though the *Tears of the Muses* was not published, as we have seen, till 1591, it was probably written some years earlier, and so before the star of Shakspeare had arisen. Possibly by Willy is meant Sir Philip Sidney, a favourite haunt of whose was his sister's house at Wilton on the river Wiley or Willey, and who had exhibited some comic power in his masque, *The Lady of May*, acted before the Queen in 1578. Some scholars, however, take 'Willy' to denote John Lily. Thus the passage at present remains dark. If written in 1590, it certainly cannot mean Sidney, who had been dead some years; just possibly, but not probably, it might in that case mean Shakspeare.

Of the remaining works published in the *Complaints*, the only other one of recent composition is *Muiopotmos*, which, as Prof. Craik suggests, would seem to be an allegorical narrative of some matter recently transpired. It is dated 1590, but nothing is known of any earlier edition than that which appears in the *Complaints*. Of the other pieces by far the most interesting is *Prosopopoia*, or *Mother Hubbards Tale*, not only because it is in it, as has been said, Spenser most carefully, though far from successfully, imitates his great master Chaucer, but for its intrinsic merit—for its easy style, its various incidents, its social pictures. In the dedication he speaks of it as 'These my idle labours; which having long sithens composed in the raw conceipt of my youth, I lately amongst other papers lighted upon, and was by others, which liked the same, mooved to set them forth.' However long before its publication the poem in the main was written, possibly some additions were made to it in or about the year 1590; as for instance, the well-known passage describing 'a suitor's state,' which reflects too clearly a bitter personal experience to have been composed before Spenser had grown so familiar with the Court as he became during his visit to England under

Raleigh's patronage. But it is conceivable that his experience in 1578 and 1579 informed the lines in question.

The remaining pieces in the *Complaints* consist of translations or imitations, composed probably some years before, though probably in some cases, as has been shown, revised or altogether recast.

Probably in the same year with the *Complaints*—that is in 1591—was published *Phnaida*,* 'an Elegie upon the death of the noble and vertuous Douglas Howard, daughter and heire of Henry Lord Howard, Viscount Byndon, and wife of Arthurorges, Esquire.' This elegy was no doubt written before Spenser returned to Ireland. It is marked by his characteristic diffuseness, abundance, melody.

Certainly before the close of the year 1591 Spenser found himself once more in his castle of Kilcolman. A life at Court could never have suited him, however irksome to him his isolation in Ireland may have seemed. When his friends wondered at his turning unto

This barreine soyle,
Where cold and care and penury do dwell,
Here to keep sheepe with hunger and with toyle,

made answer that he,

Whose former dayes
Had in rude fields bene altogether spent,
Durst not adventure such unknown wayes,
Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment;
But rather chose back to my sheepe to tourne,
Whose utmost hardnesse I before had tryde,
Then, having learnd repentance late, to mourne
Amongst those wretches which I there descryde.

at life, with all its intrigues and self-seekings and scandals, had no charms for him. Once more settled in his home, he wrote an account of his recent absence from it, which he entitled *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*. This poem was not published until 1595; but, whatever additions were subsequently made to it, there can be no doubt it was originally written immediately after his return to Ireland. Sitting in the quiet to which he was but now restored, he reviewed the splendid scenes he had lately witnessed; he recounted the famous wits he had met, and the fair ladies he had seen in the great London world; and dedicated this exquisite diary to the friend who had introduced him into that brilliant circle. It would seem that Raleigh had caused him of indolence. That ever-restless schemer could not appreciate the poet's sameness. 'That you may see,' writes Spenser, 'that I am not alwaies ydle as yee think, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogether undutifull, though not precisely judicious, I make you present of this simple pastorall, unworthie of your higher receipt for the meanesse of the stile, but agreeing with the truth in circumstance and matter. The which I humbly beseech you to accept in part of payment of the infinite debt in which I acknowledge myselfe bounden unto you for your singular favours and sundrie good turnes shewed to me at my late being in England, &c.'

The conclusion of this poem commemorates, as we have seen, Spenser's enduring

* This poem is in this volume reprinted from the edition of 1591. Mr. Morris thinks that Todd is not aware of this edition. Mr. Collier reprinted from the 2nd edition—that of 1596.

affection for that Rosalind who so many years before had turned away her ears from his suit. It must have been some twelve months after those lines were penned that the writer conceived an ardent attachment for one Elizabeth. The active research of Dr. Grosart has discovered that this lady belonged to the Boyle family—a family already of importance and destined to be famous. The family seat was Kilcoran, near Youghal, and so we understand Spenser's singing of 'The sea the neighbours to her near.' Thus she lived in the same county with her poet. The whole course of the wooing and the winning is portrayed in the *Amoretti* or *Sonnets* and the *Epithalamium*. It may be gathered from these biographically and otherwise interesting pieces, that it was at the close of the year 1592 that the poet was made captive of that beauty he so fondly describes. The first three sonnets would seem to have been written in that year. The fourth celebrates the beginning of the year 1593—the beginning according to our modern way of reckoning. All through that year 1593 the lover sighed, beseeched, adored, despaired, prayed again. Fifty-eight sonnets chronicle the various hopes and fears of that year. The object of his passion remained as steel and flint, while he wept and wailed and pleaded. His life was a long torment.

In vaine I seeke and sew to her for grace
And doe myne humbled hart before her poure;
The whiles her foot she in my necke doth place
And tread my life downe in the lowly floure.

In Lent she is his 'sweet saynt,' and he vows to find some fit service for her.

Her temple fayre is built within my mind
In which her glorious image placed is,

But all his devotion profited nothing, and he thinks it were better 'at once to die.' He marvels at her cruelty. He cannot address himself to the further composition of his great poem. The accomplishment of that great work were

Sufficient werke for one man's simple head,
All were it, as the rest, but rudely writ.
How then should I, without another wit,
Thinck ever to endure so tedious toyle!
Sith that this one is tost with troublous fit
Of a proud love that doth my spirit spoyle.

He falls ill in his body too. When the anniversary of his being carried into captivity comes round, he declares, as has been already quoted, that the year just elapsed has appeared longer than all the forty years of his life that had preceded it (sonnet 60). In the beginning of the year 1594,

After long stormes and tempests sad assay
Which hardly I endured hertofore
In dread of death and daungerous dismay
With which my silly bark was tossed sore,

he did 'at length descry the happy shore.' The heart of his mistress softened towards him. The last twenty-five sonnets are for the most part the songs of a lover accepted and happy. It would seem that by this time he had completed three more books of the *Faerie Queene*, and he asks leave in sonnet 70,

In pleasant mew
To sport my Muse and sing my loves sweet praise,
The contemplation of whose heavenly hew
My spirit to an higher pitch doth raise.

probably the Sixth Book was concluded in the first part of the year 1594, just after long wooing had been crowned with success. In the tenth canto of that book he introduces the lady of his love, and himself 'piping' unto her. In a rarely pleasant scene on a fair wooded hill-top Calidore sees the Graces dancing, and Colin Clout sings merrily. With these goddesses is a fourth maid; it is to her alone that Colin sings:—

Pyke, jolly shepheard, pyke thou now apace
Unto thy love that made thee low to lout;
Thy love is present there with thee in place;
Thy love is there advaunst to be another Grace.

this fourth maid the poet, after sweetly praising the daughters of sky-ruling Jove, sings in this wise:—

Who can aread what creature mote she bee;
Whether a creature or a goddesse graced
With heavenly gifts from heven first enraced?
But what so sure she was, she worthy was
To be the fourth with those three other placed,
Yet was she certes but a countrey lasse;
Yet she all other countrey lasses farre did passe.

So farre, as doth the daughter of the day
All other lesser lights in light excell;
So farre doth she in beautyfull array
Above all other lasses beare the bell;
Ne lesse in vertue that beseems her well
Doth she exceede the rest of all her race.

The phrase 'country lass' in this rapturous passage has been taken to signify that she to whom it is applied was of mean origin; but it scarcely bears this construction. Probably all that is meant is that her family was not connected with the Court or the court circle. She was not high-born; but she was not low-born. The final sonnets refer to some malicious reports circulating about him, and to some local separation between the sonneteer and his mistress. This separation was certainly ended in the month following his acceptance—that is, the June of 1594; for in that month, on St. Barnabas' day, that is, on the 11th, Spenser was married. This event Spenser celebrates in the finest, the most perfect of all his poems, in the most beautiful of all his songs—in his *Epithalamion*. He had many a time sung for others; he now lets the Muses crown their heads with garlands and help him his own love's praises resound:—

So I unto my selfe alone will sing,
The woods shall to me answer, and my echo ring.

Then, with the sweetest melody and a refinement and grace incomparable, he sings of his most happy heart of various matters of the marriage day—of his love's waking, of the merry music of the minstrels, of her coming forth in all the pride of her visible

loveliness, of that 'inward beauty of her lively spright' which no eyes can see, of her standing before the altar, her sad eyes still fastened on the ground, of the bringing her home, of the rising of the evening star, and the fair face of the moon looking down on his bliss not unfavourably, as he would hope. The *Amoretti* and *Epithalamion* were registered at the Stationers' Hall on the 19th of November following the marriage. They were published in 1595, Spenser—as appears from the 'Dedication' of them to Sir Robert Needham, written by the printer Ponsonby—being still absent from England.

Meanwhile the poet had been vexed by other troubles besides those of a slowly requited passion. Mr. Hardiman,* in his *Irish Minstrelsy*, has published three petitions presented in 1593 to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland by Maurice, Lord Roche, Viscount Fermoy, two against 'one Edmond Spenser, gentleman,' one against one Joan Ny Callaghan—who is said to act 'by supportation and maintenance of Edmond Spenser, gentleman, a heavy adversary unto your suppliant.' 'Where,' runs the first petition, 'one Edmond Spenser, gentleman, hath lately exhibited suit against your suppliant for three ploughlands, parcels of Shanballymore (your suppliant's inheritance) before the Vice-president and Council of Munster, which land hath been heretofore decreed for your suppliant against the said Spenser and others under whom he conveyed; and nevertheless for that the said Spenser, being Clerk of the Council in the said province, and did assign his office unto one Nicholas Curteys among other agreements with covenant that during his life he should be free in the said office for his causes, by occasion of which immunity he doth multiply suits against your suppliant in the said province upon pretended title of others &c.' The third petition averred that 'Edmond Spenser of Kilcolman, gentleman, hath entered into three ploughlands, parcel of Ballingerath, and disseised your suppliant thereof, and continueth by countenance and greatness the possession thereof, and maketh great waste of the wood of the said land, and converteth a great deal of corn growing thereupon to his proper use, to the damage of the complainant of two hundred pounds sterling. Whereunto,' continues the document, which is preserved in the Original Rolls Office, 'the said Edmond Spenser appearing in person had several days prefixed unto him peremptorily to answer, which he neglected to do.' Therefore 'after a day of grace given,' on the 12th of February, 1594, Lord Roche was decreed the possession. Perhaps the absence from his lady love referred to in the concluding sonnets was occasioned by this litigation. Perhaps also the 'false forged lyes'—the malicious reports circulated about him—referred to in Sonnet 85, may have been connected with these appeals against him. It is clear that all his dreams of Faerie did not make him neglectful of his earthly estate. Like Shakspeare, like Scott, Spenser did not cease to be a man of the world—we use the phrase in no unkindly sense—because he was a poet. He was no mere visionary, helpless in the ordinary affairs of life. In the present case it would appear that he was even too keen in looking after his own interests. Professor Craik charitably suggests that his poverty 'rather than rapacity may be supposed to have urged whatever of hardness there was in his proceedings.' It is credible enough that these proceedings made him highly unpopular

* *Irish Minstrelsy; or, Bardic Remains of Ireland*, by J. Hardiman. London, 1831.

the native inhabitants of the district, and that they were not forgotten when the of reckoning came. 'His name,' says Mr. Hardiman, on the authority of *Trotter's Walks in Ireland*,* 'is still remembered in the vicinity of Kilcolman; but the people entertain no sentiments of respect or affection for his memory.'

In the same year with the *Amoretti* was published *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, several additions having been made to the original version.

Probably at the close of this year 1595 Spenser a second time crossed to England, accompanied, it may be supposed, by his wife, carrying with him in manuscript the second and three books of his *Faerie Queene*, which, as we have seen, were completed before his marriage, and also a prose work, *A View of the Present State of Ireland*. Collier quotes the following entry from the Stationers' Register:—

Die Januarii [1595].—Mr. Ponsonby. Entred &c. The Second Part of the *Faerie Queene*, cont. the 4th and 6 bookes, vj*l*.

His second instalment—which was to be the last—of his great poem was duly published in that year. The *View of the Present State of Ireland* was not registered till April 1598, and then only conditionally. It was not actually printed till 1633. During his stay in England he wrote the *Hymns to Heavenly Love and Heavenly Beauty*, and the *Prothalamion*, which were to be his last works.

More than four years had elapsed since Spenser had last visited London. During that period certain memorable works had been produced; the intellectual power of that day had expressed itself in no mean manner. When he arrived in London towards the close of the year 1595, he would find Shakspeare splendidly fulfilling the promise of his earlier days; he would find Ben Jonson just becoming known to fame; he would find Bacon already drawing to him the eyes of his time. Spenser probably spent the whole of the year 1596, and part of 1597, in England. In 1597 appeared, as has already been said, the first part of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, and Bacon's *Essays*, and also Jonson's *Every Man in His Own Humour*.

The reigning favourite at this time was the Earl of Essex. In 1596 his successful expedition upon Cadiz raised him to the zenith of his fame. With this nobleman Spenser was on terms of intimacy. At his London house in the Strand—a house which had previously been inhabited by Spenser's earlier patron, the Earl of Leicester—it stood where Essex Street now is, and is still represented by the two pillars which stand at the bottom of that street—Spenser no doubt renewed his friendship with Shakspeare. His intimacy with Essex, with whatever intellectual advantages it may have been attended, with whatever bright spirits it may have brought Spenser acquainted, probably impeded his prospects of preferment. There can be no doubt that one of the motives that brought him to England was a desire to advance his fortunes. Camden describes him as always poor. His distaste for his residence in Ireland could not but have been aggravated by his recent legal defeat. But he looked in vain for further preferment. He had fame, and to spare, and this was to suffice. It was during this sojourn in England that he spoke of himself, as we have seen, as one

* The name and occupation of Spenser is handed down traditionally among them (the Irish); but they seem to entertain no sentiments of respect or affection for his memory; the bard came in rather precarious times, and the keen recollections of this untutored people are wonderful.'—*Trotter's Walks through Ireland in the Years 1812, 1814, and 1817*. London, 1819, p. 302.

Whom sullen care
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In Princes court and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes which still doe fly away
Like empty shaddows, did afflict my brayne.

The publication of the second three books of the *Faerie Queene*, with a re-impression of the first three books, placed him on the highest pinnacle of fame. The plentiful references to passing events—its adumbrations of the history of the time—however it might damage the permanent value of the work from an artistic point of view, increased its immediate popularity. How keenly these references were appreciated appears from the anxiety of the Scotch King to have the poet prosecuted for his picture of Duessa, in whom Mary Queen of Scots was generally recognised. ‘Robert Bowes, the English ambassador in Scotland, writing to Lord Burghley from Edinburgh 12th November, 1596, states that great offence was conceived by the King against Edmund Spenser for publishing in print, in the second part of the *Faerie Queen*, ch. 9, some dishonourable effects, as the King deemed, against himself and his mother deceased. Mr. Bowes states that he had satisfied the King as to the privilege under which the book was published, yet he still desired that Edmund Spenser for this fault might be tried and punished. It further appears, from a letter from George Nicolson to Sir Robert Cecil, dated Edinburgh, 25 February, 1597–8, that Walter Quin, an Irishman, was answering Spenser’s book, whereat the King was offended.’*

The *View of the Present State of Ireland*, written dialogue-wise between Eudoxus and Irenæus, though not printed, as has been said, till 1633, seems to have enjoyed considerable circulation in a manuscript form. There are manuscript copies of this tractate at Cambridge, at Dublin, at Lambeth, and in the British Museum. It is partly antiquarian, partly descriptive, partly political. It exhibits a profound sense of the unsatisfactory state of the country—a sense which was presently to be justified in a frightful manner. Spenser had not been deaf to the ever-growing murmurs of discontent by which he and his countrymen had been surrounded. He was not in advance of his time in the policy he advocates for the administration of Ireland. He was far from anticipating that policy of conciliation whose triumphant application it may perhaps be the signal honour of our own day to achieve. The measures he proposes are all of a vigorously repressive kind; they are such measures as belong to a military occupancy, not to a statesmanly administration. He urges the stationing numerous garrisons; he is for the abolishing native customs. Such proposals won a not unfavourable hearing at that time. They have been admired many a time since.

It is to this work of Spenser’s that Protector Cromwell alludes in a letter to his council in Ireland, in favour of William Spenser, grandson of Edmund Spenser, from whom an estate of lands in the barony of Fermoy, in the county of Cork, descended on him. ‘His grandfather,’ he writes, ‘was that Spenser who, by his writings touching the reduction of the Irish to civility, brought on him the odium of that nation; and for those works and his other good services Queen Elizabeth conferred on him that estate which the said William Spenser now claims.’† This latter statement is

* Cooper’s *Athen. Cantab.*

† See Mr. Edwards’s *Life of Raleigh*, vol. i. p. 128.

dently inaccurate. Spenser, as we have seen, had already held his estate for some years when he brought his *View* to England.

Spenser dates the dedication of his *Hymns* from Greenwich, September 1, 1596. Of these four hymns, two had been in circulation for some years, though now for the first time printed; the other two now first appeared. 'Having in the greener times of my youth,' he writes, 'composed these former two hymnes in the praise of love and beautie, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which being too vehemently caried with that kind of affection do rather sucke out myson to their strong passion than hony to their honest delight, I was moved by the of you two most excellent ladies [the ladies Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, Mary, Countess of Warwick] to call in the same; but unable so to doe, by reason that any copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and by way of retraction to reforme them, making (instead of those two hymnes of earthly or naturall love and beautie) two others of heavenly and celestially.' This passage is interesting for the illustration it furnishes of Spenser's popularity. It is so highly interesting, if the poems themselves be read in the light of it, as showing the sensitive purity of the poet's nature. It is difficult to conceive how those 'former hymns' should in any moral respect need amending. The moralising and corrective purpose with which the two latter were written perhaps diminished their poetical beauty; but the themes they celebrate are such as Spenser could not but ever descant on with delight; they were such as were entirely congenial to his spirit. He here set forth certain special teachings of his great master Plato, and abandoned himself to the high spiritual contemplations he loved. But perhaps the finest of these four hymns is the second—that in honour of Beauty. Beauty was indeed the one worship of Spenser's life—not mere material beauty—not 'the goodly hew of white and red which the cheekes are sprinkled,' or 'the sweete rosy leaves so fairly spread upon the lips,' or 'that golden wyre,' or 'those sparckling stars so bright,' but that inner spiritual beauty, of which fair hair and bright eyes are but external expressions.

So every spirit, as it is most pure
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer bodie doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairely dight
With chearfull grace and amiable sight;
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take,
For soule is forme and doth the bodie make.

This hymn is one high refined rapture.

Before the close of the year 1596 Spenser wrote and published the *Prothalamion*. A spousal verse made in honour of the double marriage of the two honourable and vertuous ladies, the lady Elizabeth, and the lady Katherine Somerset, daughters of the right honourable the Earle of Worcester, and espoused to the two worthy gentlemen, M. Henry Gilford and M. William Peter Esquyers.' It was composed on the return of Essex from Spain, for he is introduced in the poem as then residing at his house in the Strand. It is a poem full of grace and beauty, and of matchless melodiousness.

This is the last complete poem Spenser wrote. No doubt he entertained the idea of completing his *Faerie Queene*; and perhaps it was after 1596 that he composed the two additional cantos, which are all, so far as is known, that he actually wrote. But the last poem completed and published in his lifetime was the *Prothalamion*.

This second visit to England at last came to an end. It was probably in 1597 that he returned once more to Kilcolman. In the following year he was recommended to her Majesty for Sheriff of Cork. But his residence in Ireland was now to be rudely terminated.

The Irishry had, ever since the suppression of Desmond's rebellion in 1582, been but waiting for another opportunity to rise, that suppression not having brought pacification in its train. In the autumn of 1598 broke out another of these fearful insurrections, of which the history of English rule in Ireland is mainly composed.

In the September of that year Spenser was at the zenith of his prosperity. In that month arrived the letter recommending his appointment to be Sheriff of Cork. It seems legitimate to connect this mark of royal favour with the fact that at the beginning of the preceding month Lord Burghley had deceased. The great obstructor of the Queen's bounty was removed, and Spenser might hope that now, at last, the hour of his prosperity was come. So far as is known, his domestic life was serene and happy. The joys of the husband had been crowned with those of the father. Two sons, as may be gathered from the names given to them—they were christened Sylvanus and Peregrine—had been by this time born to him; according to Sir William Betham, who drew up a pedigree of Spenser's family, another son and a daughter had been born between the birth of Sylvanus and that of Peregrine. Then he was at this time the recognised prince of living poets. The early autumn of 1598 saw him in the culminating enjoyment of all these happinesses.

In October the insurgents burst roughly in upon his peace. No doubt his occupation of the old castle of Desmond had ever been regarded with fierce jealousy. While he had dreamed his dreams and sung his songs in the valley, there had been curses muttered against him from the hills around. At last the day of vengeance came. The outraged natives rushed down upon Kilcolman; the poet and his family barely made their escape; his home was plundered and burned. According to Ben Jonson, in the conversation with Drummond, quoted above, not all his family escaped; one little child, new born, perished in the flames. But, indeed, the fearfulness of this even needs no exaggeration. In profound distress Spenser arrived once more in London bearing a despatch from Sir Thomas Norreys, President of Munster, to the Secretary of State, and of course himself full of direct and precise information as to the Irish tumult, having also drawn up an address to the Queen on the subject. Probably the hardships and horrors he had undergone completely prostrated him. On January 16, 1599, he died in Westminster. As to the exact place, a manuscript note found by Brand, the well-known antiquary, on the title-page of a copy of the second edition of the *Faerie Queene*, though not of indisputable value, may probably enough be accepted, and it names King Street. Ben Jonson says, 'he died for lack of bread; but this must certainly be an exaggeration. No doubt he returned to England 'inops'—in a state of poverty—as Camden says; but it is impossible to believe that

died of starvation. His friend Essex and many another were ready to minister his necessities if he needed their ministry. Jonson's story is that he 'refused twenty pieces sent him by my lord Essex, and said he was sure he had no time to send them.' This story, if it is anything more than a mere vulgar rumour, so far as it shows anything, shows that he was in no such very extreme need of succour. Had his situation been so complete, he would have accepted the pieces for his family, even though 'he had no time to spend them himself.' It must be remembered that he was in receipt of a pension from the crown; a pension of no very considerable amount, perhaps, but still large enough to satisfy the pangs of hunger. But numerous passages might be quoted to show that he died in somewhat straitened circumstances. It was said, some thirty-four years after Spenser's death, that in his hurried flight from Ireland the remaining six books of the *Faerie Queene* were lost. But it is very likely that those books were ever completed.* Perhaps some fragments of them may have perished in the flames at Kilcolman—certainly only two cantos have reached us. These were first printed in 1611, when the first six books were republished. The general testimony of his contemporaries is that his song was broken off in the first. Says Browne in his *Britannia's Pastorals* (Book ii. s. 1):—

But ere he ended his melodious song,
An host of angels flew the clouds among,
And rapt this swan from his attentive mates
To make him one of their associates
In heaven's faire choir.

Mr. S. A. Cokain writes:—

If, honour'd Colin, thou hadst lived so long
As to have finished thy Fairy song,
Not only mine but all tongues would confess,
Thou hadst exceeded old Mæonides.

He was buried near Chaucer—by his own wish, it is said—in Westminster Abbey, 'etis funus ducentibus,' with poets following him to the grave—bearing the pall, as might say—the Earl of Essex furnishing the funeral expenses, according to tradition. It would seem from a passage in Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals* 'that the queen ordered a monument to be erected over him, but that the money was otherwise appropriated by one of her agents.' The present monument, restored in 1778, was erected by Anne, Countess of Dorset, in 1620.

His widow married again before 1603, as we learn from a petition presented to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland in that year, in which Sylvanus sues to recover from her and her husband Roger Seckerstone certain documents relating to the paternal estate. She was again a widow in 1606. Till a very recent time there were descendants of Spenser living in the south of Ireland.

No doubt he intended to complete his work. See book vi. canto v. st. 2:

'When time shall be to tell the same;'

His time never was.

1869

JOHN W. HALES.

Revised 1896.

THE FAERIE QVEENE.

DISPOSED INTO TWELUE BOOKS,

FASHIONING

XII. MORALL VERTUES.

TO
THE MOST HIGH, MIGHTIE, AND MAGNIFICENT
EMPRESSE,
RENOWMED FOR PIETIE, VERTVE, AND ALL GRATIOUS GOVERNMENT,

ELIZABETH,

BY THE GRACE OF GOD,
Queene of England, Frabnce, and Ireland, and of Virginia.
Defendour of the Faith, &c.

HER MOST HUMBLE SERVAVNT

EDMVND SPENSER,

DOTH, IN ALL HUMILITIE,
DEDICATE, PRESENT, AND CONSECRATE
THESE HIS LABOVRS,
TO LIVE WITH THE ETERNITIE OF HER FAME.¹

¹ In the first edition of 1590 the Dedication was as follows :—To the most Mightie and Magnificent Empresse Elizabeth, by the Grace of God Queene of England, France and Ireland Defender of the Faith &c.

Her most humble Seruant :
ED. SPENSER.

A LETTER OF THE AUTHORS,

FOUNDING HIS WHOLE INTENTION IN THE COURSE OF THIS WORKE: WHICH, FOR THAT IT GIVETH GREAT LIGHT TO THE READER, FOR THE BETTER UNDERSTANDING IS HEREUNTO ANNEXED.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VALGROUS

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT,

WARDEN OF THE STANNERYES, AND HER MAJESTIES LIEFETENAUNT OF THE COUNTY OF CORNEWAYLL.

knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this booke of mine, which I entituled the Faery Queene, being a con- d Allegory, or darke conceit, I have thought as well for avoyding of gealous opinions and instructions, as also for your better light in- g therenf, (being so by you commanded,) to discover unto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I have framed, without expressing of any particular causes, or by accidents, therein occasioned. The generall end therefore of all the booke is to in- form a gentleman or noble person in vertuous gentle discipline: Which for that I conceived it to be most plausible and pleasing, being clothed with an historicall fiction, the which the part of men delight to read, rather for the sake of matter then for profite of the ensample, I have used the historye of King Arthure, as most fit for the excellency of his person, being made use of by many mens former workes, and also freed from the daunger of envy, and suspition present time. In which I have followed all antique Poets historicall; first Homere, who in the Persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath exemplified a good governour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odysseis: Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in the person of Aeneas: after him Ariosto cometh them both in his Orlando: and lately dis- severed them againe, and formed both in two persons, namely that part which is Philosophy call Ethice, or vertues of a good man, coloured in his Rinaldo; the other part Politice in his Godfredo. By ensample of these excellent Poets, I labour to pourtraict King Arthure, before he was king, the image of a knight, perfected in the twelve private virtues, as Aristotle hath devised; the

which is the purpose of these first two booke: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged to frame the other part of politticke vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king.

To some, I know, this Methode will seeme displeasaunt, which had rather have good discipline delivered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, then thus cloudily enwrapped in Allegoricall devises. But such, I me seeme, should be satisfide with the use of these dayes, seeing all things accounted by their shewes, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleasing to commune sence. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one, in the exquisite depth of his judgement, formed a Commune welth, such as it should be; but the other in the person of Cyrus, and the Persians, fashioned a governement, such as might best be: So much more profitable and gratious is doctrine by ensample, then by rule. So have I laboured to doe in the person of Arthure: whome I conceive, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to have seene in a dream or vision the Faery Queen, with whose excellent beauty ravished, he awaking resolved to seeke her out; and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon thoroughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faery land. In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine the Queene, and her kingdome in Faery land. And yet, in some places els, I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royall Queene or Empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull Lady, this latter

part in some places I doe expresse in Belphebe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent concept of Cynthia, (Phæbe and Cynthia being both names of Diana.) So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth magnificence in particular; which vertue, for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and conteineth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii. other vertues, I make xii. other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history: Of which these three bookes contain three.

The first of the knight of the Redcrosse, in whome I expresse Holynes: The seconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I sette forth Temperance: The third of Britomartis, a Lady Knight, in whome I picture Chastity. But, because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte, and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights severall adventures. For the Methode of a Poet historical is not such, as of an Historiographer. For an Historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a Poet thrusteth into the midst, even where it most concerneth him, and there recouring to the thinges forepaste, and divining of thinges to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all.

The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an Historiographer should be the twelfth booke, which is the last; where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her Annuall feaste xii. dayes; upon which xii. severall dayes, the occasions of the xii. severall adventures hapned, which, being undertaken by xii. severall knights, are in these xii. bookes severally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feust, there presented him selfe a tall clownishe younge man, who falling before the Queene of Faries desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse; which was that hee might have the achievement of any adventure, which during that feaste should happen: that being granted, he rested him on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the Armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfes hand. Shee, falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her futher and mother, an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brasen Castle, who thence suffered them not to yssew; and therefore besought the

Faery Queene to assygne her some one of her knights to take on him that exployt. Present that clownish person, upstarting, desired the adventure: whereat the Queene much wonderin and the Lady much gainesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady, him, that unlesse that armour which she brought would serve him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul, vi. Ephesians) that he could not succeed in that enterprise; which being forthwith put upon him, with dewe furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man of that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And estesones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that straunge Courser, he went forth with her on that adventure: where beginneth the first booke, viz.

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne. &c.

The second day ther came in a Palmer, bearing an Infant with bloody hands, whose Parents he complained to have bene slayn by an Enchaunteresse called Acrasius; and therefore craved the Faery Queene, to appoint him some knight to performe that adventure; which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with the same Palmer: which is the beginning of the second booke, and the whole subject thereof. The third day there came in a Groome, who complained before the Faery Queene, that a wicked Enchanter, called Busirane, had in hand most faire Lady, called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour, the lover of that Lady, presently tooke on him that adventure. But being unable to performe it by reason of the hard Enchantments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and rescued his loue.

But by occasion hereof many other adventures are intermeddled; but rather as Accidents and intermeddlements: As the love of Britomart, the overthrow of Marinell, the misery of Florimell, the vertuousnes of Belphebe, the lasciviousnes of Hellenora, and many the like.

Thus much, Sir, I have briefly overronne to direct your understanding to the wel-head of this History; that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe al the discourse, which otherwise may happily seeme tedious and confused. So, humbly craving the continuance of your honorable favours towards me, and th' eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leave.

23. January 1589.

Yours most humbly affectionate,
Ed. Spenser

VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR.

Vision upon this conceipt of the Faery Queene.

thought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
 in that Temple where the vestall flame
 went to burne; and passing by that way
 ee that buried dust of living fame,
 ee tumbe faire love, and fairer vertue kept,
 uddeinly I saw the Faery Queene:
 Those approach the soule of Petrarke wept,
 from thenceforth those graces were not seene;
 they this Queene attended, in whose steed
 rion laid him downe on Lauras herse.
 at the hardest stones were seene to bleed,
 grones of buried ghostes the hevens did perse:
 ere Homers spright did tremble all for griefe,
 d curst th' accesse of that celestiall theife.

Another of the same.

prayse of meaner wits this worke like profit
 brings, [sings,
 oth the Cuckoes song delight when Philumena
 ou hast formed right true vertues face herein,
 ue her selfe can best discern to whom they
 written bin. [divine
 ou hast beauty prayd, let her sole lookes
 e if ought therein be amis, and mend it by
 her eine.
 astitie want ought, or Temperaunce her dew,
 ld her Princely mind aright, and write thy
 Queene anew.
 e while she shall perceive, how far her vertues
 sore [of yore:
 e the reach of all that live, or such as wrote
 hereby will excuse and favour thy good will;
 e vertue can not be exprest, but by an Angels
 quill.
 me no lines are lov'd, nor letters are of price,
 all which speak our English tongue, but those
 of thy device.

W. R.

To the learned Shepheard.

n, I see, by thy new taken taske,
 ne sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,
 eades thy muse in haughty verse to maske,
 d loath the layes that longs to lowly swaynes;
 lifts thy notes from Shepheardes unto kinges:
 e the lively Larke that mounting singes.

Thy lovely Rosolinde seemes now forlorne,
 And all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight:
 Thy chaunged hart now holdes thy pypes in scorne,
 Those prety pypes that did thy mates delight;
 Those trusty mates, that loved thee so well;
 Whom thou gav'st mirth, as they gave thee the bell.

Yet, as thou earst with thy sweete roundelayes
 Didst stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers;
 So moughtst thou now in these refyned layes
 Delight the daintie eares of higher powers:
 And so mought they in their deepe skanning skill,
 Alow and grace our Collyns flowing quyll.

And faire befall that *Faery Queene* of thine,
 In whose faire eyes love linckt with vertue sittes:
 Enfusing, by those bewties fyers devyne,
 Such high-conceites into thy humble wittes,
 As raised hath poore pastors oaten reedes
 From rustick tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mought thy *Redcrosse knight* with happy hand
 Victorious be in that faire Ilands right,
 Which thou dost vayne in Type of Faery land,
 Elizas blessed field, that *Albion* hight: [foes,
 That shieldes her friendes, and warres her mightie
 Yet still with people, peace, and plentie flowes.

But (jolly shepheard) though with pleasing style
 Thou feast the humour of the Courtly trayne,
 Let not conceipt thy settled sence beguile,
 Ne daunted be through envy or disdaine.
 Subject thy dome to her Empyring spright, [light.
 From whence thy Muse, and all the world, takes

HOBYNOLL.

Fayre *Thamis* streame, that from *Ludds* stately
 towne
 Runst paying tribute to the Ocean seas,
 Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne
 Be silent, while this *Bryttane Orpheus* plays.
 Nere thy sweet bankes there lives that sacred
 crowne,

Whose hand strowes *Palme* and never-dying bayes:
 Let all at once, with thy soft murmuring sowne,
 Present her with this worthy Poets prayes;
 For he hath taught hye drifts in shepheardes weedes,
 And deepe conceites now singes in *Faeries* deedes.

R. S.

Grave Muses, march in triumph and with prayes; What though his taske exceed a humane witt,
 Our Goddesses here hath given you leave to land; He is excus'd, sith Sidney thought it fitt. W.
 And biddes this rare dispenser of your graces
 Bow downe his brow unto her sacred hand.
 Deserte findes dew in that most princely doome,
 In whose sweete brest are all the Muses bredde :
 So did that great Augustus erst in Roome
 With leaves of fame adorne his Poets hedde.
 Faire be the guerdon of your *Faery Queene*,
 Even of the fairest that the world hath seene!

H. B.

When stout Achilles heard of Helens rape,
 And what revenge the States of Greece devisd,
 Thinking by sleight the fatall warres to scape,
 In womans weedes him selfe he then disguise;
 But this devise Ulysses soone did spy,
 And brought him forth the chaunce of warre to try.

When Spencer saw the fame was spredd so large,
 Through Faery land, of their renowned Queene,
 Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,
 As in such haughty matter to be seene,
 To seeme a shepeheard then he made his choice;
 But Sydney heard him sing, and knew his voice.

And as Ulysses brought faire Thetis sonne
 From his retyred life to menage armes,
 So Spencer was by Sidney's speeches wonne
 To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes;
 For well he knew, his Muse would soone be tyred
 In her high praise, that all the world admired.

Yet as Achilles, in those warlike frayes,
 Did win the palme from all the Grecian Peeres,
 So Spenser now, to his immortall prayse,
 Hath wonne the Laurell quite from all his feres.

To looke upon a worke of rare devise
 The which a workman setteth out to view,
 And not to yield it the deserved prise
 That unto such a workmanship is dew,
 Doth either prove the judgement to be naught
 Or els doth shew a mind with envy fraught.

To labour to commend a peece of worke,
 Which no man goes about to discommend,
 Would raise a jealous doubt, that there did lurke
 Some secret doubt whereto the prayse did tend;
 For when men know the goodnes of the wyne,
 'Tis needlesse for the hoast to have a sygne.

Thus then, to shew my judgement to be such
 As can discerne of colours blacke and white,
 As alls to free my minde from envies tuch,
 That never gives to any man his right,
 I here pronounce this workmanship is such
 As that no pen can set it forth too much.

And thus I hang a garland at the dore;
 Not for to shew the goodness of the ware;
 But such hath bene the custome heretofore,
 And customes very hardly broken are;
 And when your tast shall tell you this is trew
 Then looke you give your hoast his utmost dew

IGNOT

VERSES

DRESSED, BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FAERIE QUEENE, TO VARIOUS NOBLEMEN, &c.

To the Right honourable Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord high Chauncelor of England,

These prudent heads, that with their counsels wise
 thy lome the pillours of th' earth did sustaine,
 And taught ambitious Rome to tyrannise
 And in the neck of all the world to rayne;
 From those grave affaires were wont ab-
 steine,
 With the sweet Lady Muses for to play:
 Ennius the elder Africane,
 Maro oft did Cæsars cares allay. [sway
 Thou, great Lord, that with your counsell
 The burdeine of this kingdom mightily,
 With like delightes sometimes may eke delay
 The rugged brow of carefull Policy;
 To these ydle rymes lend litle space,
 Wh for their titles sake may find more grace.

To the most honourable and excellent Lord the Earle of Essex. Great Maister of the Noble order of the Garter, &c.

Thy flicke Lord, whose vertues excellent,
 Do merit a most famous Poets witt
 To be thy living praises instrument,
 That doe not sdeigne to let thy name be writt
 In this base Poeme, for thee far unfitt:
 Though is thy worth disparaged thereby;
 Yet when my Muse, whose fethers, nothing
 Flitt,
 Do yet but flagg, and lowly learne to fly,
 Thy bolder wing shall dare alofte to sty
 The last praises of this Faery Queene;
 When shall it make more famous memory
 Thy Heroicke parts, such as they beene:
 When, vouchsafe thy noble countenance
 These first labours needed furtheraunce.

To the Right Honourable the Earle of Oxford, Lord high Chamberlayne of England, &c.

Receive, most Noble Lord, in gentle gree,
 The unripe fruit of an unready wit;
 Which by thy countenance doth crave to
 bee
 Defended from soule Envies poisonous bit,
 Which so to doe may thee right well besit,
 Sith th' antique glory of thine auncestry
 Under a shady vele is therein writ,
 And eke thine owne long living memory,
 Succeeding them in true nobility:
 And also for the love which thou doest beare
 To th' Heliconian ymps, and they to thee;
 They unto thee, and thou to them, most
 deare:
 Deare as thou art unto thy selfe, so love
 That loves and honours thee, as doth behove.

To the right honourable the Earle of Northumberland.

The sacred Muses have made alwaies clame
 To be the Nourses of nobility,
 And Registres of everlasting fame,
 To all that armes professe and chevalry.
 Then, by like right the noble Progeny,
 Which them succeed in fame and worth, are
 tyde
 T' embrace the service of sweete Poetry,
 By whose endeavours they are glorifide;
 And eke from all, of whom it is envide,
 To patronize the authour of their praise,
 Which gives them life, that els would soone
 have dide,
 And crownes their ashes with immortall baies.
 To thee, therefore, right noble Lord, I send
 This present of my paines, it to defend.

*To the right Honourable the Earle of
Ormond and Ossory.*

Receive, most noble Lord, a simple taste
Of the wilde fruit which salvage soyl hath
bred; [waste,
Which, being through long wars left almost
With brutish barbarisme is overspredd:
And, in so faire a land as may be redd,
Not one Parnassus nor one Helicone,
Left for sweete Muses to be harboured,
But where thy selfe hast thy brave man-
sione:

There, in deede, dwel faire Graces many one,
And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned
And in thy person, without paragone, [wits;
All goodly bountie and true honour sits.
Such, therefore, as that wasted soyl doth yield,
Receive, dear Lord, in worth, the fruit of bar-
ren field.

*To the right honourable the Lord Ch. Howard,
Lord high Admiral of England, knight of
the noble order of the Garter, and one of
her Majesties privie Counsel, &c.*

And ye, brave Lord, whose goodly personage
And noble deeds, each other garnishing,
Take you ensample to the present age
Of th' old Heroes, whose famous offspring
The antique Poets wont so much to sing;
In this same Pageaunt have a worthy place,
Sith those huge castles of Castilian King,
That vainly threatned kingdoms to displace,
Like flying doves ye did before you chace;
And that proud people, woxen insolent
Through many victories, didst first deface:
Thy praises everlasting monument
Is in this verse engraven semblably,
That it may live to all posterity.

*To the most renowned and valiant Lord, the
Lord Gren of Wilton, knight of the Noble
order of the Garter, &c.*

Most Noble Lord, the pillor of my life,
And Patrone of my Muses pupillage;
Through whose large bountie, poured on me
In the first season of my feeble age, [rife
I now doe live, bound yours by vassalage;
Sith nothing ever may redeeme, nor reave
Out of your endlesse debt, so sure a gage,
Vouchsafe in worth this small guift to re-
ceave,

Which in your noble hands for pledge I leave
Of all the rest that I am tyde t' account:
Rude rymes, the which a rustick Muse did
weave

In savadge soyle, far from Parnasso Mount,

And roughly wrought in an unlearned Looor
The which vouchsafe, dear Lord, your favora-
doome.

*To the right noble and valorous knio
Sir Walter Raleigh. Lord Wardein of
Stanneryes, and lieftenaunt of Cornewe*

To thee, that art the sommers Nightingale
Thy soveraine Goddesses most deare delig
Why doe I send this rusticke Madrigale,
That may thy tunefull eare unseason quie
Thou onely fit this Argument to write,
In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath be
her bowre,
And dainty love learnd sweetly to endite
My rimes I know unsavory and sowre,
To tast the streames that, like a golden show
Flow from thy fruitfull head, of thy lov
praise;

Fitter, perhaps, to thonder Martiall stow
When so thee list thy lofty Muse to raise:
Yet, till that thou thy Poeme wilt make know
Let thy faire Cinthias praises be thus rud
showne.

*To the right honourable the Lord Burle
Lord high Treasurer of England.*

To you, right noble Lord, whose carefull br
To menage of most grave affaires is bent
And on whose mightie shoulders most de
rest

The burdein of this kingdomes governeme
As the wide compasse of the firmament
On Atlas mighty shoulders is upstayd,
Unfitly I these ydle rimes present,
The labor of lost time, and wit unstayd:
Yet if their deeper sence be inly wayd,
And the dim vele, with which from co
mune vew

Their fairer parts are hid, aside be layd
Perhaps not vaine they may appeare to y
Such as they be, vouchsafe them to receave
And wipe their faults out of your censure gra
E. S.

*To the right honourable the Earle of Cu
berland.*

Redoubted Lord, in whose corageous mind
The flowre of chevalry, now bloosming fai
Doth promise fruite worthy the noble kin
Which of their praises have left you i
haire;

To you this humble present I prepare,
For love of vertue and of Martiall praise;
To which though nobly ye inclined are,
As goodlie well ye shew'd in late assaies,

brave ensample of long passed daies,
 which trew honor yee may fashioned see,
 to like desire of honor may ye raise,
 and fill your mind with magnanimitee.
 Give it, Lord, therefore, as it was ment,
 honor of your name and high descent.

E. S.

the right honourable the Lord of Huns-
ton, high Chamberlaine to her Majesty.

ownd Lord, that, for your worthinesse
 and noble deeds, have your deserved place
 high in the favour of that Emperesse,
 the worlds sole glory and her sexes grace :
 the like of right have you a worthie place,
 both for your nearnes to that Faerie Queene
 and for your owne high merit in like cace :
 of which, apparaunt proofe was to be seene,
 when that tumultuous rage and fearfull deene
 of Northerne rebels ye did pacify,
 and their disloiall powre defaced clene,
 the record of enduring memory.
 O, Lord, for ever in this lasting verse,
 let all posteritie thy honor may reherse.

E. S.

the right honourable the Lord of Buck-
hurst, one of her Majesties privie Counsell.

rain I thinke, right honourable Lord,
 of this rude rime to memorize thy name,
 whose learned Muse hath writ her owne re-
 cord

in golden verse, worthy immortal fame :
 so much more fit (were leasure to the same)
 thy gracious Soverains praises to compile,
 and her imperiall Majestie to frame
 in loftie numbers and heroicke stile.
 O, sith thou maist not so, give leave a while
 to baser wit his power therein to spend,
 whose grosse defaults thy daintie pen may
 and unadvised oversights amend. [file,
 but evermore vouchsafe it to maintaine
 against vile Zoilus backbitings vaine.

the right honourable Sir Fr. Walsingham,
night, principall Secretary to her Ma-
jestie, and one of her honourable privy
Counsell.

at Mantuane Poetes incompared spirit,
 whose girland now is set in highest place,
 had not Mecænas, for his worthy merit,
 first advaunst to great Augustus grace,
 might long perhaps have lien in silence bace,
 were bene so much admir'd of later age. [trace,
 his lowly Muse, that learns like steps to
 lies for like aide unto your Patronage,

That are the great Mecænas of this age,
 As wel to al that civil artes professee,
 As those that are inspir'd with Martiall rage,
 And craves protection of her feeblennesse :
 Which if ye yield, perhaps ye may her rayse
 In bigger tunes to sound your living prayse.

E. S.

To the right noble Lord and most valiaunt
Captaine, Sir John Norris, knight, Lord
president of Mounster.

Who ever gave more honourable prize
 To the sweet Muse then did the Martiall crew,
 That their brave deeds she might immortalize
 In her shrill tromp, and sound their praises
 dew ?

Who then ought more to favour her then you,
 Moste noble Lord, the honor of this age,
 And Precedent of all that armes ensue ?
 Whose warlike prowess and manly courage,
 Tempred with reason and advizement sage,
 Hath filld sad Belgicke with victorious spoile;
 In Fraunce and Ireland left a famous gage;
 And lately shakt the Lusitanian soile. [fame,
 Sith, then, each where thou hast dispredd thy
 Love him that hath eternized your name.

E. S.

To the right honourable and most vertuous
Lady the Countesse of Penbroke.

Remembraunce of that most Heroicke spirit,
 The bevens pride, the glory of our daies,
 Which now triumpheth, through immortal
 merit

Of his brave vertues, crown'd with lasting
 Of hevenlie blis and everlasting praies; [baies
 Who first my Muse did lift out of the flore,
 To sing his sweet delights in lowlie laies;
 Bids me, most noble Lady, to adore

His goodly image, living evermore
 In the divine resemblance of your face;
 Which with your vertues ye embellish more,
 And native beauty deck with hevenlie
 grace:

For his, and for your owne especial sake,
 Vouchsafe from him this token in good worth
 to take.

E. S.

To the most vertuous and beautifull Lady,
the Lady Carew.

Ne may I, without blot of endlesse blame,
 You, fairest Lady, leave out of this place;
 But with remembraunce of your gracious
 name, [grace
 Wherewith that courtly garland most ye

And deck the world, adorne these verses base.
Not that these few lines can in them com-
prise

Those glorious ornaments of heavenly grace,
Wherewith ye triumph over feeble eyes,
And in subdued harts do tyrannyse;

For thereunto doth need a golden quill,
And silver leaves, them rightly to devise;
But to make humble present of good will:
Which, whenas timely meanes it purchase may,
In ampler wise it selfe will forth display

E. S.

*To all the gracious and beautifull Ladies in
the Court.*

The Chian Peincter, when he was requirde
To pourtraict Venus in her perfect hew,

To make his worke more absolute, desirde
Of all the fairest Maides to have the view
Much more me needs, to draw the semblance
trew

Of beauties Queene, the worlds sole wond-
ment,

To sharpe my sence with sundry beauties
And steale from each some part of ornam-
ent

If all the world to seeke I overwent,
A fairer crew yet no where could I see
Then that brave court doth to mine
present,

That the worlds pride seemes gathered the-
Of each a part I stole by cunning theste:

Forgive it me, faire Dames, sith lesse ye ha-
not lefte.

E. S.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAINING THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE, OR OF HOLINESSE.

I

O I, the man whose Muse whylome did maske,
 Time her taught, in lowly Shephards weeds,
 Now enforst, a farre unfitter taske,
 Trumpets sterne to chaunge mine Oaten reeds,
 I sing of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds;
 Whose praises having slept in silence long,
 All too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
 Blazon broade emongst her learned throng:
 True warres and faithful loves shall moralize
 My song.

II

Alpe then, O holy virgin! chiefe of nyne,
 Weaker Novice to performe thy will;
 Forth out of thine everlasting scryne
 Antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
 Faerie knights, and fayrest Tanaquill,
 From that most noble Briton Prince so long
 Fought through the world, and suffered so
 Much ill,
 At I must rue his undeserved wrong:
 Helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my
 Dull tong!

III

And thou, most dreaded impe of highest Jove,
 Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart
 At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
 That glorious fire it kindled in his hart;
 Lay now thy deadly Heben bowe apart,
 And with thy mother mylde come to mine ayde;
 Come, both; and with you bring triumphant
 In loves and gentle jollities arraid, [allayd.
 After his murdrous spoyles and bloudie rage

IV

And with them eke, O Goddesse heavenly
 Mirrour of grace and Majestie divine, [bright!
 Great Ladie of the greatest Isle, whose light
 Like Phœbus lampe throughout the world doth
 Shine,
 Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
 And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too
 Vile,
 To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
 The argument of mine afflicted stile:
 The which to heare vouchsafe, O dearest dread,
 A-while!

CANTO I.

The Patrone of true Holinesse
 Foule Errour doth defeate:
 Hypocrisie, him to entrappe,
 Doth to his home entreate.

I

GENTLE Knight was pricking on the
 plaine,
 Add in mightie armes and silver shiele,
 Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did re-
 maine,
 The cruell markes of many' a bloody field;

Yet armes till that time did he never wield.
 His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
 As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
 Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
 As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters
 fitt.

II

And on his brest a bloodie Crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he
And dead, as living, ever him ador'd: [wore,
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope which in his helpe he had.
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

III

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest Glorious Queene of Faery lond)
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave:
And ever as he rode his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne,
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

IV

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low;
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw:
As one that inly mourad, so was she sad,
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her, in a line, a milkewhite lambe shee
lad.

V

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore;
And by descent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kinges and Queenes, that had of
yore
Their scepters stretcht from East to Western
shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernall feend with foule upore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld;
Whom to avenge she had this Knight from far
compeld.

VI

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddaine overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain;
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves
were fain.

VII

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide.
Not perceable with power of any starr:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farr
Faire harbour that them seems, so in the
entred ar.

VIII

And fourth they passe, with pleasure forward
led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dre
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight an
hy,
The sayling Pine; the Cedar proud and tall
The vine-propp Elme; the Poplar never dry
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all;
The Aspine good for staves; the Cypress
funerall;

IX

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
And Poets sage; the Firre that weepeth still
The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours;
The Eugh, obedient to the benders will;
The Birch for shaftes; the Sallow for the mill
The Mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound
The warlike Beech; the Ash for nothing ill;
The fruitfull Olive; and the Platane round;
The carver Holme; the Maple seeldom inwar
sound.

X

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Untill the blustering storme is overblowne;
When, weening to returne whence they di
stray, [shown
They cannot finde that path, which first wa
But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neeres
weene, [owne
That makes them doubt their wits be not thei
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That which of them to take in diverse doub
they been.

XI

At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they finde, or in or out,
That path they take that beaten seemd mos
And like to lead the labyrinth about; [bare
Which when by tract they hunted had through
out,
At length it brought them to a hollowe cav
Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stou

bones dismounted from his courser brave,
to the Dwarfes a while his needlesse spere
he gave.

XII

well aware,' quoth then that Ladie milde,
st. suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke:
danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
des dreadfull doubts. Oft fire is without
sinoke,
perill without show: therefore your stroke,
Knight, with-hold, till further tryall made.
Ladie,' (sayd he) 'shame were to revoke
forward footing for an hidden shade:
ue gives her selfe light through darknesse
for to wade.'

XIII

ebut' (quoth she) 'the perill of this place
ster wot then you: though nowe too late
wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
wisdomes warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,
stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.
is the wandring wood, this *Errours* den,
monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
efore I read beware.' 'Fly, fly!' (quoth then
fearefull Dwarfes) 'this is no place for living
men.'

XIV

, full of fire and greedy hardiment,
youthfull Knight could not for ought be
forth unto the darksome hole he went, [staide;
looked in: his glistring armor made
le glooming light, much like a shade;
which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
e like a serpent horribly displaide,
th'other halfe did womans shape retaine,
e lothsome, filthie, foule, and full of vile
disdaines.

XV

d, as she lay upon the durty ground,
huge long taile her den all overspred,
was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
ted with mortall sting. Of her there bred
ousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
ing upon her poisonous dugs; each one
ndrie shapes, yet all ill-favored:
e as that uncouth light upon them shone,
her mouth they crept, and suddain all were
gone.

XVI

air dam upstart out of her den effraide,
rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
at her cursed head; whose folds displaid
e stretcht now forth at length without en-
traile.
lookt about, and seeing one in mayle,
ed to point, sought backe to turne againe;
light she hated as the deadly bale,

Ay wont in desert darknes to remaine,
Where plain none might her see, nor she see
any plaine.

XVII

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he leapt
As Lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay:
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce her speckled taile advaunst,
Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay;
Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand en-
haunst: [der glaunst.
The stroke down from her head unto her shoul-

XVIII

Much daunted with that dint her sence was
dazd;
Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered round,
And all atonce her beastly bodie raizd
With doubled forces high above the ground:
Tho, wrapping up her wrethed sterne arownd,
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine.
God helpe the man so wrapt in *Errours* end-
lesse traine!

XIX

His Lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
Cride out, 'Now, now, Sir knight, shew what
ye bee;
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint;
Strangle her, els she sure will strangle thee.'
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for griefe and high disdain;
And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great
paine, [constraine.
That soone to loose her wicked bands did her

XX

Therewith she spewd out of her filthie maw
A fload of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him
slacke [backe.
His grasping hold, and from her turne him
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did
lacke,

And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:
Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled has.

XXI

As when old father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale
His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:

But, when his later spring gins to auale,
Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherein there
breed

Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
And partly femall, of his fruitful seed ;
Such ugly monstrous shapes elswher may no
man reed.

XXII

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
That, with nigh choked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight :
Whose corage when the feend perceivd to
shrinke,

She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawn of serpents small,
Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt
at all.

XXIII

As gentle shepheard in sweete eventide,
When ruddy Phebus gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Markes which doe byte their hasty supper
best ;

A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest,
All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,
That from their noyance he no where can rest ;
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their mur-
muring.

XXIV

Thusill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame
Then of the certeine perill he stood in.
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
Resolvd in minde all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin ;
And stroke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body, full of filthie sin,
He raft her hatefull heade without remorse :
A streame of cole-black blood forth gushed
from her corse.

XXV

Her scattered brood, soone as their Parent
deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare
Gathred themselves about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth ; but being there withstood,
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked up their dying mothers blood,
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt
their good.

XXVI

That detestable sight him much amazde,
To see th' unkindly Impes, of heaven accusd
Devoure their dam ; on whom while so he gazd
Having all satisfide their bloody thirst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burd
And bowels gushing forth : well worthy eke
Of such as drunke her life the which them nurs
Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,
His foes have slaine themselves, with whom
should contend.

XXVII -

His Lady, seeing all that chaunst from farre
Approcht in hast to greet his victorie ; [start
And saide, ' Faire knight, borne under happ
Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye
Well worthie be you of that Armory,
Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day
And prov'd your strength on a strong enimie
Your first adventure : many such I pray,
And henceforth ever wish that like succeed
may !'

XXVIII -

Then mounted he upon his Steede againe,
And with the Lady backward sought to weene
That path he kept which beaten was mo
Ne ever would to any byway bend, [plai
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brough
So forward on his way (with God to friend)
He passed forth, and new adventure sought
Long way he traiveiled before he heard
ought.

XXIX

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An aged Sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had :
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent
Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad ;
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that di
repent.

XXX

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was
And after asked him, if he did know
Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pass
' Ah ! my dear sonne,' (quoth he) ' how should
alas !
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespass,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell ?
With holy father sits not with such thinges t
n^{er}

XXXI

But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,
d homebredd evil ye desire to heare,
a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
at wasteth all this countrie, farre and neare.
'f such,' (saide he,) 'I chiefly doe inquire,
'd shall thee well rewarde to shew the place,
which that wicked wight his dayes doth
weare;
r to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
at such a cursed creature lives so long a
space.'

XXXII

Far hence' (quoth he) 'in wastfull wilder-
nesse
s dwelling is, by which no living wight
ay ever passe, but thorough great distresse.'
ow,' (saide the Ladie,) 'draweth toward
night,
'd well I wote, that of your later fight
all forwearied be; for what so strong,
t, wanting rest, will also want of might?
e Sunne, that measures heaven all day long,
night doth baite his steedes the Ocean
waves emong.

XXXIII

Then with the Sunne take, Sir, your timely
rest,
'd with new day new worke at once begin:
troubled night, they say, gives counsell
' best.'
ight well, Sir knight, ye have advised bin,
oth then that aged man: 'the way to win
wisely to advise; now day is spent:
efore with me ye may take up your In
this same night.' The knight was well
content; [went.
with that godly father to his home they

XXXIV

A little lowly Hermitage it was,
dwne in a dale, hard by a forests side,
from resort of people that did pas
traveill to and froe: a little wyde
ere was an holy chappell edifyde,
erein the Hermite dewly wont to say
holy thinges each morne and eventyde:
ereby a christall streame did gently play,
ich from a sacred fountaine welled forth
alway.

XXXV

Arrived there, the litle house they fill,
looke for entertainment where none was;
t is their feast, and all thinges at their will:
e noblest mind the best contentment has.

With faire discourse the evening so they pas;
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as
glas:

He told of Saintes and Popes, and evermore
He strowd an *Ave-Mary* after and before.

XXXVI

The drouping night thus creepeth on them
fast;
And the sad humor loading their eyeliddes,
As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleep
them biddes.
Unto their lodgings then his guestes he riddes:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he
findes,
He to his studie goes; and there amidde
His magick bookes, and artes of sundrie kindes,
He seeks out mighty charmes to trouble sleepy
minds.

XXXVII

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame;
With which, and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly Dame;
And cursed heven; and spake reprochful shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light:
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead
night; [flight.
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to

XXXVIII

And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd
Legions of Sprights, the which, like litle flyes
Fluttering about his ever-damned hedd,
Awaite whereto their service he applies,
To aide his friendes, or fray his enimies.
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes:
The one of them he gave a message too, [doe.
The other by him selfe staide, other worke to

XXXIX

He, making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and
deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black
doth spred.

XL

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsie fit he findes: of nothing he takes
keepe.

XLI

And more to lulle him in his slumber soft.
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling
downe,

And ever-drizzling raine upon the loft, [sowne
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne.
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard; but carelesse Quiet lyes
Wraut in eternall silence farre from enemyes.

XLII

The Messenger approaching to him spake;
But his waste wordes retournd to him in vaine:
So sound he slept, that nought mought him
awake. [paine,

Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with
Whereat he gan to stretch; but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence
breake.

XLIII

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned unto him the dreaded name
Of Hecate: whereat he gan to quake,
And, lifting up his lompish head, with blame
Halfe angrie asked him, for what he came.
'Hether' (quoth he,) 'me Archimago sent,
He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely tame,
He bids thee to him send for his intent [sent.
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers

XLIV

The God obayde; and, calling forth straight
way
A diverse Dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heavie head, devoide of careful carke;
Whose sences all were straight benumbd and
starke.
He, backe returning by the Yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as chearefull Larke;

And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
In hast unto his Lord, where he him left afore.

XLV

Who all this while, with charmes and hidden
Had made a Lady of that other Spright, [arte
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,
So lively and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight:
The maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight.
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una
fit.

XLVI

Now, when that ydle dreame was to him
Unto that Elfin knight he bad him fly, [brought,
Where he slept soundly void of evil thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In sort as he him schooled privily:
And that new creature, borne without her dew,
Full of the makers guyle, with usage sly
He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned
hew.

XLVII

Thus, well instructed, to their worke they
haste;
And, comming where the knight in slomber lay
The one upon his hardie head him plaste,
And made him dreame of loves and lustfull play:
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton blis and wicked joy.
Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
And to him playnd, how that false winged boy
Her chaste hart had subdewd to learne Dame
Pleasures toy.

XLVIII

And she her selfe, of beautie soveraigne
Queene,
Fayre Venus, seemde unto his bed to bring
Her, whom he, waking, evermore did weene
To bee the chastest flowre that aye did spring
On earthly branch, the daughter of a king
Now a loose Lemman to vile service bound:
And eke the Graces seemed all to sing,
Hymen Io Hymen! dauncing all around;
Whylst freshest Flora her with Yvie giron
crownd

XLIX

In this great passion of unwonted lust,
Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,
He starteth up, as seeming to mistrust
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his.

! there before his face his Ladie is,
 der blacke stole hyding her bayted hooke;
 d as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
 th gentle blandishment and lovely looke,
 st like that virgin true which for her
 knight him took.

L

ll cleane dismayd to see so uncouth sight,
 d half enraged at her shamelesse guise,
 th thought have slaine her in his fierce des-
 pight;
 t hastie heat tempring with sufferance wise,
 stayde his hand; and gan himselfe advise
 prove his sense, and tempt her fained truth,
 ringing her hands, in wemens pitteous wise,
 o can she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth
 th for her noble blood, and for her tender
 youth.

LII

nd sayd, 'Ah Sir, my liege Lord, and my
 all I accuse the hidden cruell fate, [love,
 d mightie causes wrought in heaven above,
 the blind God that doth me thus amate,
 r hoped love to winne me certaine hate?
 t thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
 e is my dew; yet rew my wretched state,
 u, whom my hard avenging destinie
 ath made judge of my life or death indif-
 ferently.

LIII

Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leave
 y fathers kingdom'—There she stopt with
 teares;
 er swollen hart her speech seemd to bereave,
 d then againe begonne; 'My weaker yeares,
 ptiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
 y to your fayth for succour and sure ayde:
 t me not die in languor and long teares.'
 Why, Dame,' (quoth he,) 'what hath ye thus
 dismayd?
 hat frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me
 affrayd?'

LIII

'Love of your selfe,' she saide, 'and deare con-
 straint,
 Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night
 In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,
 Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned
 quight.'
 Her doubtfull words made that redoubted
 knight
 Suspect her truth: yet since no' untruth he
 knew,
 Herfawning love with foule disdaine full spight
 He would not shend; but said, 'Deare dame,
 I rew, [you grew.
 That for my sake unknowne such griefe unto

LIV

'Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;
 For all so deare as life is to my hart,
 I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound:
 Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse
 smart,
 Where cause is none; but to your rest depart.'
 Not all content, yet seemd she to appease
 Her mournfull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
 And fed with words that could not chose but
 please: [ease.
 So, slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her

LV

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
 Much griev'd to thinke that gentle Dame so
 light,
 For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
 At last, dull wearines of former fight
 Having yrockt asleepe his irkesome spright,
 That troublous dreame gan freshly tosse his
 braine
 With bowres, and beds, and ladies deare de-
 light:
 But, when he saw his labour all was vaine,
 With that misformed spright he backe returnd
 againe.

CANTO II.

The guilefull great Enchaunter parts
 The Redcrosse Knight from Truth:
 Into whose stead faire falshood steps,
 And workes him woefull ruth.

I

By this the Northerne wagoner had set
 is sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre
 hat was in Ocean waves yet never wet,
 at firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre

To al that in the wide deepe wandring arre;
 And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill
 Had warned once, that Phoebus fiery carre
 In hast was climbing up the Easterne hill, [fill:
 Full envious that night so long his roome did

II

When those accursed messengers of hell,
That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged
Spright,

Came to their wicked maister, and gan tel
Their bootelesse paines, and ill succeeding
night:

Who, all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine,
And sad Proserpines wrath, them to affright:
But, when he saw his threatning was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his baleful bokes
again.

III

Eftsoones he tooke that miscreated faire,
And that false other Spright, on whom he spread
A seeming body of the subtile aire,
Like a young Squire, in loves and lusty-hed
His wanton daies that ever loosely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight:
Those twoo he tooke, and in a secrete bed,
Covered with darkenes and misdeeming night,
Them both together laid to joy in vaine delight.

IV

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull
Unto his guest, who, after troublous sights [hast
And dreames, gan now to take more sound
repast;

Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful frights,
As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,
And to him cals; 'Rise, rise! unhappy Swaine,
That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked
wights [chaine:
Have knit themselves in Venus shameful
Come, see where your false Lady doth her
honor staine.'

V

All in amaze he suddenly up start
With sword in hand, and with the old man went;
Who soone him brought into a secret part,
Where that false couple were full closely ment
In wanton lust and leud embracement:
Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous fire;
The eie of reason was with rage yblent,
And would have slaine them in his furious ire,
But hardly was restrained of that aged sire.

VI

Retourning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guilty sight,
He could not rest; but did his stout heart eat,
And wast his inward gall with deepe despight,
Yrkesome of life, and too long lingering night.
At last faire Hesperus in highest skie
Had spent his lampe, and brought forth
dawning light;

Then up he rose, and clad him hastily:
The dwarfe him brought his steed; so both
away do fly.

VII

Now when the rosy fingerd Morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
Had spred her purple robe through deawy aire
And the high hills Titan discovered,
The royall virgin shooke off drousy-hed;
And, rising forth out of her baser bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her dwarfe, that wont to wait each
howre. [woeful stowre

Then gan she wail and weepe to see that

VIII

And after him she rode, with so much speed
As herslowe beast could make; but all in vaine,
For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdaine,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine:
Yet she her weary limbes would never rest;
But every hil and dale, each wood and plaine,
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,
He so ungently left her, whome she loved best.

IX

But subtile Archimago, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,
And Una wandring in woods and forrests,
Th' end of his drift, he praisd his divelish arts,
That had such might over true meaning harts:
Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke unto her farther smarts;
For her he hated as the hissing snake, [take.
And in her many troubles did most pleasure

X

He then devisde himselfe how to disguise;
For by his mighty science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise
As ever Proteus to himselfe could make:
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell;
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O! who can tell
The hidden powre of herbes, and might of
Magick spel?

XI

But now seemde best the person to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest:
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
And silver shield; upon his coward brest
A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest
A bounch of heares discoloured diversly.
Full jolly knight he seemde, and wel address;

And when he sate upon his courser free,
 Not George himselfe ye would have deemed
 him to be.

XII

But he, the knight whose semblaunt he did
 beare,

the true Saint George, was wandred far away,
 All flying from his thoughts and gealous feare:
 All was his guide, and grieve led him astray.
 Last him chaunst to meete upon the way
 Withlesse Sarazin, all armed to point,
 Whose great shield was writ with letters gay
 As foy; full large of limbe and every joint
 Was, and cared not for God or man a point.

XIII

He had a faire companion of his way,
 A goodly Lady clad in scarlot red,
 Ruffled with gold and pearle of rich assay;
 And like a Persian mitre on her hed
 She wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
 Which her lavish lovers to her gave.
 Her wanton palfrey all was overspread
 With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
 Whose bridle rung with golden bells and bosses
 brave.

XIV

With faire disport, and courting dalliaunce,
 Intertaينه her lover all the way;
 But, when she saw the knight his speare ad-
 vance,
 She soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
 And bad her knight addresse him to the fray,
 For foe was nigh at hand. He, pricke with
 pride
 Did hope to winne his Ladies heart that day,
 With spurred fast: adowne his coursers side
 The red bloud trickling staine the way, as he
 did ride.

XV

The knight of the Redcrosse, when him he
 urring so hote with rage dispiteous, [spide
 n fairely couch his speare, and towards ride.
 One meete they both, both fell and furious,
 At, daunted with theyr forces hideous,
 Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand;
 And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
 Toned with the stroke of their owne hand,
 He backe rebutte, and ech to other yealdeth
 land.

XVI

As when two rams, stird with ambitious pride,
 Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,
 Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
 He meete, that, with the terror of the shooke,

Astonied, both stand sencelesse as a blocke,
 Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
 So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
 Both staring fierce, and holding idely
 The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

XVII

The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buffe,
 Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
 Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff:
 Each others equall puissance envies,
 And through their iron sides with cruell spies
 Does seeke to perce; repining courage yields
 No foote to foe: the flashing fier flies,
 As from a forge, out of their burning shields;
 And streams of purple bloud new die the ver-
 dant fields.

XVIII

'Curse on that Cross,' (quoth then the Sarazin),
 'That keeps thy body from the bitter fitt!
 Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddest bin,
 Had not that charme from thee forwarded itt:
 But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
 And hide thy head.' Therewith upon his crest
 With rigor so outrageous he smitt,
 That a large share it hewd out of the rest,
 And glauncing downe his shield from blame
 him fairly blest.

XIX

Who, thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping
 Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive; [spark
 And at his haughty helmet making mark,
 So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
 And cleft his head. He, tumbling downe alive,
 With bloody mouth his mother earth did kis,
 Greeting his grave: his grudging ghost did
 strive
 With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is,
 Whither the soules doe fly of men that live
 amis.

XX

The Lady, when she saw her champion fall
 Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
 Staid not to waille his woefull funerall,
 But from him fled away with all her powre;
 Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
 Bidding the dwarfe with him to bring away
 The Sarazins shield, signe of the conqueroure,
 Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay; [may.
 For present cause was none of dread her to dis-

XXI

Shee turning backe, with ruefull counte-
 nance,
 Cride, 'Mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to show
 On silly Dame, subject to hard mischaunce,
 And to your mighty wil!' Her humblesse low,

In so ritch weedes, and seeming glorious show,
Did much emmove his stout heroïcke heart;
And said, 'Deare dame, your suddein over-
throw

Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,
And tel both who ye be, and who that tooke
your part.'

XXII

Melting in teares, then gan shee thus lament.
'The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
Before that angry heavens list to lowre,
And fortune false betraide me to thy powre,
Was (O! what now availeth that I was?)
Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
He that the wide West under his rule has,
And high hath set his throne where Tiberis
doth pas.

XXIII

'He, in the first flowre of my freshest age,
Betrothed me unto the onely haire
Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage:
Was never Prince so faithfull and so faire,
Was never Prince so meeke and debonaire;
But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
My dearest Lord fell from high honors staire
Into the hands of hys accursed fone,
And cruelly was slaine; that shall I ever mone.

XXIV

'His blessed body, spoild of lively breath,
Was afterward, I know not how, convaidd,
And fro me hid: of whose most innocent death
When tidings came to mee, unhappy maid,
O, how great sorrow my sad soule assaid!
Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
And many yeares throughout the world I straid,
A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded mind
With love long time did languish, as the stricken
hind.

XXV

'At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin
To meete me wandring; who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could never win
The Fort, that Ladies hold in soveraigne dread.
There lies he now with foule dishonor dead,
Who, whiles he livde, was called proud Sans
foy,
The eldest of three brethren; all three bred
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sans joy;
And twitt them both was born the bloody bold
Sans loy.

XXVI

'In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,
Now miserable I, Fidessa, dwell,
Craving of you, in pittie of my state,
To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well.'

He in great passion al this while did dwell,
More busying his quicke eies her face to view
Then his dull eares to heare what shee did tell
And said, 'faire lady, hart of flint would rew
The undeserved woes and sorrowes, which y
shew.

XXVII

'Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest,
Having both found a new friend you to aid,
And lost an old foe that did you molest;
Better new friend then an old foe is said.'
With change of chear the seeming simpl
maid
Let fal her eien, as shamefast, to the earth,
And yeelding soft, in that she nought gainsaid
So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth
And shee coy lookes: so dainty, they say
maketh derth.

XXVIII

Long time they thus together traiveiled;
Til, weary of their way, they came at last
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire di
spred
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast
And their greene leaves, trembling with every
blast,
Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round
The fearefull shepheard, often there aghast,
Under them never sat, ne wont there sound
His mery oaten pipe, but shund th' unluck
ground.

XXIX

But this good knight, soone as he them ca
spie,
For the coole shade him thither hastily got:
For golden Phoebus, now ymounted hie,
From fiery wheelles of his faire chariot
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That living creature mote it not abide;
And his new Lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themselves to nide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbe
a tide.

XXX

Faire seemely pleasaunce each to other
makes,
With goodly purposes, there as they sit;
And in his falsed fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight that lived yit;
Which to expresse he bends his gentle wit:
And, thinking of those braunches greene to
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit, [frame
He pluckt a bough; out of whose rifte there
came [the same.
Smal drops of gory blood, that trickled down

XXXI

erewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,
ing, 'O! spare with guilty hands to teare
tender sides in this rough rynd embard;
t fly, ah! fly far hence away, for feare
st to you hap that happened to me heare,
d to this wretched Lady, my deare love;
too deare love, love bought with death too
deare!"
ond he stood, and up his heare did hove;
d with that suddein horror could no member
move.

XXXII

t last whenas the dreadfull passion
as overpast, and manhood well awake,
t musing at the straunge occasion,
d doubting much his sence, he thus bespake:
hat voice of damned Ghost from Limbo lake,
guilefull spright wandering in empty aire,
th which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake,
ds to my doubtful eares these speaches rare,
d ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse
blood to spare?"

XXXIII

en, groning deep; 'Nor damned Ghost,'
(quoth he,) [speake;
or guilefull sprite to thee these words doth
t once a man, Fradubio, now a tree; [weake
etched man, wretched tree! whose nature
ruell witch, her cursed will to wreake,
th thus transformd, and plast in open plaines,
ere Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
d scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines;
though a tree I seme, yet cold and heat
me paines.'

XXXIV

ay on, Fradubio, then, or man or tree,'
oth then the Knight; 'by whose mischievous
thou misshaped thus, as now I see? [arts
oft finds med'cine who his grieve imparts,
t double griefs afflict concealing harts,
raging flames who striveth to suppress.'
he autl or then,' (said he) 'of all my smarts,
one Duessa, a false sorceresse,
at many errant knights hath broght to
wretchednesse.

XXXV

n prime of youthly yeares, when corage
e fire of love, and joy of chevalree, [hott
st kindled in my brest, it was my lott
love this gentle Lady, whome ye see
w not a Lady, but a seeming tree;
th whome, as once I rode accompanye,
chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
at had a like faire Lady by his syde;
ke a faire Lady, but did fowle Duessa hyde.

XXXVI

'Whose forged beauty he did take in hand
All other Dames to have exceeded farre:
I in defence of mine did likewise stand, [starre,
Mine, that did then shine as the Morning
So both to batteill fierce arraunged arre,
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Under my speare: such is the dye of warre.
His Lady, left as a prise martiall,
Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

XXXVII

'So doubly lov'd of ladies, unlike faire,
Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare
Whether in beauties glorie did excede:
A Rosy girlond was the victors meede.
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to
So hard the discord was to be agreede. [bee,
Frælisssa was as faire as faire mote bee,
And ever false Duessa seemde as faire as shee.

XXXVIII

'The wicked witch, now seeing all this while
The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,
What not by right she cast to win by guile;
And by her hellish science raisd straight way
A foggy mist that overcast the day,
And a dull blast, that breathing on her face
Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace:
Then was she fayre alone, when none was
faire in place.

XXXIX

'Then cride she out, "Fye, fye! deformed
wight,
'Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
'To have before bewitched all mens sight:
'O! leave her soone, or let her soone be slaine."
Her loathly visage viewing with disdaine,
Eftsoones I thought her such as she me told,
And would have kild her; but with faigned
paine [hold:
The false witch did my wrathfull hand with-
So left her, where she now is turnd to treen
mould.

XL

'Thensforth I tooke Duessa for my Dame,
And in the witch unweeting joyd long time,
Ne ever wist but that she was the same;
Till on a day (that day is everie Prime,
When Witches wont do penance for their
I chaunst to see her in her proper hew, [crime,)
Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme:
A filthy foule old woman I did vew, [rew.
That ever to have toucht her I did deadly

XLI

'Her neather partes misshapen, monstrous,
Were hidd in water, that I could not see;
But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
Then womans shape man would beleewe to bee.
Thensforth from her most beastly companie
I gan refraine, in minde to slipp away,
Soone as appeard safe opportunitie:
For danger great, if not assurd decay, [stray.
I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to

XLII

'The diuvelish hag by chaunges of my cheare
Perceiv'd my thought; and, drown'd in sleepe
night, [smear
With wicked herbes and oyntments did be-
My body all, through charmes and magicke
might,
That all my senses were bereaued quight:
Then brought she me into this desert waste,
And by my wretched lovers side me pight;
Where now, enclod in wooden wals full faste,
Banisht from living wights, our wearie daies
we waste.'

XLIII

'But how long time,' said then the Elfin
knight,
'Are you in this misformed hous to dwell?'
'We may not chaunge,' (quoth he,) 'this euill
Till we be bathed in a living well: [plight,

That is the terme prescribed by the spell.'
'O! how,' sayd he, 'mote I that well out find
That may restore you to your wonted well?'
'Time and suffised fates to former kynd
Shall us restore; none else from hence may
us unbynd.'

XLIV

The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,
Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good
Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment, [knight
When all this speech the living tree had spent
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground
That from the blood he might be innocent,
And with fresh clay did close the wooden
wound: [her fownd
Then, turning to his Lady, dead with feare

XLV

Her seeming dead he fownd with feigned
feare,
As all unweeting of that well she knew;
And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eyelids blew,
And dimmed sight, with pale and deadly hew.
At last she up gan lift: with trembling cheare
Her up he tooke, (too simple and too trew)
And oft her kist. At length, all passed feare,
He set her on her steede, and forward forth
did beare.

CANTO III.

Forsaken Truth long seekes her love,
And makes the Lyon mylde;
Marres blind Devotions mart, and fals
In hand of leachour vyld.

I

NOUGHT is there under heav'ns wide hollow
nesse,
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t'unworthie wretched-
nesse [unkind.
Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes
I, whether lately through her brightnes bynd,
Or through alleageance, and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pittie I could dy.

II

And now it is empassioned so deepe,
For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
That my frayle eies these lines with teares do
steepe,
To thinke how she through guyleful handeling,

Though true as touch, though daughter of a
king,
Though faire as ever living wight was fayre
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despayre,
And her dew loves deryv'd to that vile witches
shayre.

III

Yet she, most faithfull Ladie, all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
In wilderness and wastfull deserts strayd,
To seeke her knight; who, subtilly betrayd
Through that late vision which th'Enchaunter
wrought,
Had her abandond. She, of nought affrayd,
Through woods and wastnes wide him daily
sought; [brought.
Yet wished tydinges none of him unto her

IV

the day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
 In her unhastie beast she did alight;
 On the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
 In secret shadow, far from all mens sight:
 In her fayre head her fillet she undight,
 And layd her stole aside. Her angels face,
 The great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
 Made a sunshine in the shady place;
 Never mortall eye beheld such heavenly
 grace.

V

Fortuned, out of the thickest wood
 The Lyon rushed suddeinly,
 Seeking full greedy after salvage blood.
 He as the royall virgin he did spy,
 With a gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 And gave attence devoured her tender corse;
 To the pray when as he drew more ny,
 In bloody rage aswaged with remorse, [forse.
 With the sight amazd, forgot his furious

VI

Instead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
 And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
 For her wronged innocence did weat.
 Now can beautie maister the most strong,
 The simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
 She yielded pryde and proud submission,
 Dreaded death, when she had marked
 Her hart gan melt in great compassion; [long,
 And drizzling teares did shed for pure affection.

VII

The Lyon, Lord of everie beast in field,
 Whose she, 'his princely puissance doth abate,
 Mightie proud to humble weake does
 Yield,
 Full of the hungry rage, which late
 Prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:
 He, my Lyon, and my noble Lord,
 Does he find in cruell hart to hate
 That him lov'd, and ever most adord
 The God of my life? why hath he me ab-
 horrd?'

VIII

Founding teares did choke th' end of her
 plaint,
 Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood;
 And sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
 The kindly beast upon her gazing stood:
 In pittie calmd downe fell his angry mood.
 Fast, in close hart shutting up her payne,
 He the virgin, borne of heavenly brood,
 To her snowy Palfrey got agayne,
 And seeke her strayed Champion if she might
 attayne.

IX

The Lyon would not leave her desolate,
 But with her went along, as a strong gard
 Of her chaste person, and a faythfull mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
 Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and
 ward;
 And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
 With humble service to her will prepar'd:
 From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,
 And ever by her lookes conceiv'd her intent.

X

Long she thus travell'd through deserts wyde,
 By which she thought her wandring knight
 should pas,
 Yet never shew of living wight espyde;
 Till that at length she found the troden gras,
 In which the tract of peoples footing was,
 Under the steepe foot of a mountaine hore:
 The same she followes, till at last she has
 A damzel spyde, slow footing her before,
 That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

XI

To whom approching she to her gan call,
 To weet if dwelling place were nigh at hand;
 But the rude wench her answerd nought at all:
 She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand;
 Till, seeing by her side the Lyon stand,
 With suddeine feare her pitcher downe she
 And fled away: for never in that land [threw,
 Face of fayre Lady she before did vew, [hew.
 And that dredd Lyons looke her cast in deadly

XII

Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd,
 As if her life upon the wager lay;
 And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
 Sate in eternall night: nought could she say;
 But, suddeine catching hold, did her dismay
 With quaking hands, and other signes of feare:
 Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
 Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
 Dame Una, weary Dame, and entrance did
 requere:

XIII

Which when none yielded, her unruly Page
 With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
 And let her in; where, of his cruell rage
 Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,
 Shee found them both in darksome corner pent;
 Where that old woman day and night did pray
 Upon her beads, devoutly penitent:
 Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,
 And thrise nine hundred *Aves* she was wont to
 say.

XIV

And to augment her painefull penaunce more,
Thrise every weeke in ashes shee did sitt,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth
wore,
And thrise three times did fast from any bitt;
But now, for feare her beads she did forgett:
Whose needlesse dread for to remove away,
Faire Una framed words and count'naunce fitt;
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them
pray, [her may.
That in their cotage small that night she rest

XV

The day is spent; and commeth drowsie night,
When every creature shrowded is in sleepe.
Sad Una downe her laies in weary plight,
And at her feete the Lyon watch doth keepe:
In stead of rest she does lament and weepe,
For the late losse of her deare loved knight,
And sighes, and grones, and evermore does
steepe
Her tender brest in bitter teares all night;
All night she thinks too long, and often looks
for light.

XVI

Now when Aldeboran was mounted hye
Above the shinie Cassiopeias chaire,
And all in dea'ly sleepe did drowned lye
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare:
He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
That ready entraunce was not at his call;
For on his backe a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stelths, and pillage severall,
Which he had got abroad by purchas criminall.

XVII

He was, to weete, a stout and sturdy thiefe,
Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which given was to them for good intents:
The holy Saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept,
And spoild the Priests of their habiliments;
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
Then he by conning sleights in at the window
crept.

XVIII

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,
With whom he whoredome usd, that few did
And fed her fatt with feast of offerings, [know,
And plenty, which in all the land did grow:
Nespared he to give her gold and rings; [things.
And now he to her brought part of his stolen

XIX

Thus, long the dore with rage and threats
bett,
Yet of those fearfull women none durst rize,
The Lyon frayed them, him in to lett.
He would no lenger stay him to advize,
But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
And entring is, when that disdainfull beast,
Encountering fierce, him sudden doth surprize,
And, seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest,
Under his Lordly foot him proudly hath sup-
prest.

XX

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand;
Who streight him rent in thousand peeces
small,
And quite dismembred bath: the thirsty lan-
Dronke up his life; his corse left on the strand.
His fearefull freends weare out the wofull
night,
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand
The heavie hap which on them is alight;
Affraid least to themselves the like mishappen-
might.

XXI

Now when broad day the world discovered
Up Una rose, up rose the lyon eke; [had
And on their former journey forward pas,
In waies unknowne, her wandring knight to
seeke,
With paines far passing that long wandring
That for his love refused deiteye. [Greece
Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,
Still seeking him, that from her still did flye
Then furthest from her hope, when most sh-
weened nye.

XXII

Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull
twayne,
That blind old woman, and her daughter deare
Came forth; and, finding Kirkrapine there
slayne,
For anguish great they gan to rend their hearts
And beat their breasts, and naked flesh to teare
And when they both had wept and wayld their
fill,
Then forth they ran, like two amazed deare,
Halfe mad through malice and revenging will
To follow her that was the causer of their ill.

XXIII

Whome overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry;
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,

was the flowre of faith and chastity :
still, amidst her rayling, she did pray
plagues, and mischiefes, and long misery,
at fall on her, and follow all the way,
that in endlesse error she might ever stray.

XXIV

, when she saw her prayers nought pre-
vaile,
backe retourned with some labour lost ;
in the way, as shee did weepe and waile,
ight her mett in mighty armes embost,
knight was not for all his bragging bost ;
subtill Archimag, that Una sought
raynes into new troubles to have toste :
at old woman tidings he besought,
at of such a Lady shee could tellen ought.

XXV

erewith she gan her passion to renew,
ery, and curse, and raile, and rend her
heare,
ng, that harlott she too lately knew,
caused her shed so many a bitter teare ;
so forth told the story of her feare.
h seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,
after for that Lady did inquere ;
ch being taught, he forward gan advaunce
fer enchanted steed, and eke his charmed
launce.

XXVI

long he came where Una traveild slow,
that wilde champion wayting her besyde ;
ome seeing such, for dread hee durst not
show
selfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
an hil ; from whence when she him spyde,
is like seeming shield her knight by name
weend it was, and towards him gan ride :
roaching nigh she wist it was the same ;
with faire fearefull humblesse towards
him shee came :

XXVII

and weeping said, 'Ah, my long lacked Lord,
ere have ye bene thus long out of my
sight ?
h feared I to have bene quite abhord,
ught have done, that ye displeasen might,
should as death unto my deare heart
light :
since mine eie your joyous sight did mis,
chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,
eke my night of death the shadow is ;
welcome now, my light, and shining
lampe of blis !'

XXVIII

'He thereto meeting said, 'My dearest Dame,
Far be it from your thought, and fre my wil,
To thinke that knighthood I so much should
shame,

As you to leave that have me loved stil,
And chose in Faery court, of meere goodwil,
Where noblest knights were to be found on
earth.

The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skill
To bring forth fruit, and make eternal derth,
Then I leave you, my lief, yborn of heavenly
berth.

XXIX

'And sooth to say, why I lefte you so long,
Was for to seeke adventure in straunge place ;
Where, Archimago said, a felon strong
To many knights did daily worke disgrace ;
But knight he now shall never more deface :
Good cause of mine excuse, that mote ye please
Well to accept, and evermore embrace
My faithfull service, that by land and seas
Have vowd you to defend. Now then, your
plaint appease.'

XXX

His lovely words her seemd due recompence
Of all her passed paines : one loving howre
For many yeares of sorrow can dispence ;
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre.
Shee has forgott how many a woefull stowre
For him she late endurd ; she speakes no more
Of past : true is, that true love hath no powre
To looken backe ; his eies be fixt before.
Before her stands her knight, for whom she
toyl'd so sore

XXXI

Much like, as when the beaten marinere,
That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
Ofte soust in swelling Tethys saltish teare ;
And long time having tand his tawney hide
With blustering breath of Heaven, that none
can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce Orions hound ;
Soone as the port from far he has espide,
His chearfull whistle merily doth sound,
And Nereus crownes with cups ; his mates him
pledg around.

XXXII

Such joy made Una, when her knight she
found ;
And eke th' enchaunter joyous seemde no lesse
Then the glad marchant, that does vew from
ground
His ship far come from watrie wilderness ;

LIBRARY

College of St. Francis

JOLIET, ILL.

He hurles out vowes, and Neptune oft doth
blesse.

So forth they past; and all the way they spent
Discoursing of her dreadful late distresse,
In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment;
Who told her all that fell, in journey as she
went.

XXXIII

They had not ridden far, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hastie heat,
Full strongly armed, and on a courser free
That through his fiersnesse fomed all with
sweat,

And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed side:
His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde;
And on his shield *Sansloy* in bloody lines was
dyde.

XXXIV

When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre,
And saw the Red-crosse which the knight did
beare,

He burnt in fire; and gan eftsoones prepare
Himselfe to batteill with his couched speare.
Loth was that other, and did faint through
feare,

To taste th' untryed dint of deadly steele:
But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele;
So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with
yron heele.

XXXV

But that proud Paynim forward came so ferce
And full of wrath, that, with his sharphead
speare,

Through vainly crossed shield he quite did
And, had his staggering steed not shronke for
feare,

Through shield and body eke he should him
Yet, so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his sadle quite he did him beare.
He, tomling rudely downe, to ground did rush,
And from his gored wound a well of bloud did
gush.

XXXVI

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
He to him lept, in minde to reave his life,
And proudly said; 'Lo! there the worthie meed
Of him that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife:
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining
strife,

In peace may passen over Lethe lake; [life,
When mourning altars, purgd with enimies
The black infernall Furies doen aslake:
Life from Sansfoy thou tookest, Sansloy shall
from thee take.'

XXXVII

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
Till Una cride, 'O! hold that heavie hand,
Deare Sir, what ever that thou be in place,
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht sta
Now at thy mercy: Mercy not withstand
For he is one the truest knight alive,
Though conquered now he lye on lowly la
And, whilst him fortune favoured, sayre
thrive [priv
In bloody field; therefore, of life him not

XXXVIII

Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage
But, rudely rending up his helmet, would
Have slayne him streight; but when he sa
his age,
And hoarie head of Archimago old,
His hasty hand he doth amased hold,
And halfe ashamed wondred at the sight:
For the old man well knew he, though unto
In charmes and magick to have wondro
might,
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists, to fight

XXXIX

And said, 'Why Archimago, lucklesse syre
What doe I see? what hard mishap is this.
That hath thee hether brought to taste mine y
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
In stead of foe to wound my friend amis?'
He answered nought, but in a traunce still la
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
The cloude of death did sit. Which doen awa
He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay

XL

But to the virgin comes; who all this wh
Amased stands, her selfe so mockt to see
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
For so misfeigning her true knight to bee:
Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
Left in the band of that same Paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flie:
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage
behold.

XLI

But her fiers servant, full of kingly aw
And high disdain, whenas his soveraine Dau
So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
With gaping jawes full greedy at him came,
And, ramping on his shield, did weene the san
Have rest away with his sharp rending clawe
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
His corage more, that from his griping payn
He hath his shield redeemd, and forth h
sword he drawes.

XLII

then, too weake and feeble was the forse
 To slayge beast his puissance to withstand;
 He was strong, and of so mightie corse,
 That he wielded speare in warlike hand,
 His feates of armes did wisely understand.
 Whennes he perced through his chaufed chest
 At a thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
 He launcht his Lordly hart: with death opprest
 He ro'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stub-
 borne brest.

XLIII

Now now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
 Of a raging spoile of lawlesse victors will?
 Faithfull gard remov'd, her hope dismayd,
 She selfe a yielded pray to save or spill:

He now, Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
 With foule reproches and disdainefull spight
 Her vildly entertaines; and, will or nill,
 Beares her away upon his courser light:
 Her prayers nought prevaile, his rage is more
 of might.

XLIV

And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
 And piteous plaintes, she filleth his dull eares,
 That stony hart could riven have in twaine;
 And all the way she wetts with flowing teares;
 But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
 Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,
 But followes her far off, ne ought he feares
 To be partaker of her wandring woe; [foe.
 More mild in beastly kind then that her beastly

CANTO IV.

To sinfull hous of Pryde Duessa
 Guydes the faithfull knight;
 Where, brothers death to wreak, Sansjoy
 Doth challeng him to fight.

I

Now knight whatever, that dost armes pro-
 fesse,
 Through long labours hunttest after fame,
 Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse, [Dame;
 Of change of thy deare-loved
 Thou of her believe too lightly blame,
 That rash misweening doe thy hart remove:
 Into knight there is no greater shame
 Of lightnesse and inconstancie in love:
 That doth this Redcrosse knights ensample
 plainly prove.

II

Now, after that he had faire Una lorne,
 Of high light misdeeming of her loialtie;
 That false Duessa in her sted had borne,
 And Fiddes', and so supposd to be,
 With her travaile; till at last they see
 Truly building bravely garnished;
 Of house of mightie Prince it seemd to be,
 Towards it a broad high way that led,
 Where through peoples feet which thether
 travailed.

III

At troupes of people travaile thetherward
 Day and night, of each degree and place;
 Few returned, having scaped hard,
 Of balefull beggery, or foule disgrace;

Which ever after in most wretched case,
 Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
 Thether Duessa badd him bend his pace,
 For she is wearie of the toilsom way,
 And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

IV

A stately Pallace built of squared bricke,
 Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
 Whose wals were high, but nothing strong
 nor thick,
 And golden foile all over them displaid,
 That purest skye with brightnesse they dis-
 maid:
 High lifted up were many loftie towres,
 And goodly galleries far over laid,
 Full of faire windowes and delightful bowres:
 And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

V

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
 And spake the praises of the workmans witt;
 But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
 Did on so weake foundation ever sitt:
 For on a sandie hill, that still did flitt
 And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
 That every breath of heaven shook itt:
 And all the hinder partes, that few could spie,
 Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

VI

Arrived there, they passed in forth right;
For still to all the gates stood open wide:
Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight,
Cald Malvenú, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly arras dight.
Infinite sortes of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her, that was the Lady of that Pallace bright.

VII

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the Presence mount; whose glorious view
Their frayle amazed senses did confound:
In living Princes court none ever knew
Such endlesse richesse, and so sumptuous shew;
Ne Persia selfe, the nourse of pompous pride,
Like ever saw. And there a noble crew
Of Lords and Ladies stood on every side,
Which with their presence fayre the place much
beautifide.

VIII

High above all a cloth of State was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day;
On which there sate, most brave embellished
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden Queene that shone as Titans ray,
In glistring gold and perelesse pretious stone;
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone:

IX

Exceeding shone, like Phœbus fayrest childe,
That did presume his fathers fyrie wayne,
And flaming mouthes of steedes, unwonted
wilde, [rayne:
'Through highest heaven with weaker hand to
Proud of such glory and advancement wayne,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the welkin way most beaten playne,
And, rapt with whirling wheelles, inflames the
skyen [shyne.
With fire not made to burne, but fayrely for to

X

So proud she shynd in her princely state,
Looking to heaven, for earth she did disdayne,
And sitting high, for lowly she did hate:
Lo! underneath her scornfull feete was layne
A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous trayne;
And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,
And in her selfe-lov'd semblance took delight;
For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

XI

Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina, the Queene of hell;
Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to
That parentage, with pride so did she swell
And thundring Jove, that high in heaven d
dwell
And wield the world, she claymed for her
Or if that any else did Jove excell;
For to the highest she did still aspyre,
Or, if ought higher were than that, did it desyre

XII

And proud Lucifera men did her call,
That made herselfe a Queene, and crownd to
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all
Ne heritage of native soveraintie;
But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Upon the scepter which she now did hold:
Ne ruld her Realme with lawes, but pollicie
And strong advizement of six wisards old,
That, with their counsels bad, her kingdome
did uphold.

XIII

Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came
And false Duessa, seeming Lady fayre,
A gentle Husher, Vanitie by name, [paine
Made rowme, and passage for them did
So goodly brought them to the lowest stage
Of her high throne; where they, on humble knee
Making obeysaunce, did the cause declare,
Why they were come her roiall state to see,
To prove the wide report of her great Majestie

XIV

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so low
She thancked them in her disdainfull wise
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to shewe
Of Princesse worthy; scarce them bad arise
Her Lordes and Ladies all this while devise
Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight
Some frounce their curled heare in comely
guise; [align
Some prancke their ruffes; and others trim
Their gay attyre; each others greater pride
does spight.

XV

Goodly they all that knight doe entertayn
Right glad with him to have increast their crowne
But to Duess' each one himselfe did payne
All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew,
For in that court whylome her well they kne
Yet the stout Faery mongst the middest crew
Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly view
And that great Princesse too exceeding proud
That to strange knight no better countenance
allowd.

XVI

lein upriseth from her stately place
 roiall Dame, and for her coche doth call:
 artlen forth; and she, with princely pace,
 re Aurora in her purple pall
 f the East the dawning day doth call.
 th she comes; her brightnes brode doth
 blaze.
 eapes of people, thronging in the hall,
 eape each other upon her to gaze: [amaze.
 glorious glitterand light doth all mens eies

XVII

orth she comes, and to her coche does
 ed all with gold and girlands gay, [clyme,
 seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime;
 trove to match, in roiall rich array, [say,
 Junoes golden chayre; the which, they
 ods stand gazing on, when she does ride
 oves high hous through heavens bras-
 paved way,
 e of fayre Pecoocks, that excell in pride,
 ull of Argus eyes their tayles dispredden
 wide.

XVIII

his was drawne of six unequall beasts,
 ich her six sage Counsellours did ryde,
 t to obay their bestiall beheasts,
 like conditions to their kindes applyde:
 ch the first, that all the rest did guyde,
 luggish Idlenesse, the nourse of sin;
 a slouthfull Asse he chose to ryde,
 in habit blacke, and amis thin,
 o an holy Monck, the service to begin.

XIX

in his hand his Portesse still he bare,
 much was worne, but therein little redd;
 devotion he had little care, [dedd:
 drownd in sleepe, and most of his daies
 could he once uphold his heaue hedd,
 ken whether it were night or day.
 eeme the wayne was very evill ledd,
 such an one had guiding of the way,
 knew not whether right he went, or else
 astray.

XX

worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
 greatly shunned manly exercise;
 everie worke he chalenged essayne,
 mtemplation sake: yet otherwise
 e he led in lawlesse riotise,
 ich he grew to grievous malady;
 his lustlesse limbs, through evill guise,
 king fever raignd continually.
 one was Idlenesse, first of this company.

XXI

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
 Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne,
 His belly was upblowne with luxury,
 And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne;
 And like a Crane his necke was long and fyne
 With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
 For want whereof poore people oft did pyne:
 And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
 He spued up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

XXII

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad,
 For other clothes he could not weare for heate;
 And on his head an yvie girland had, [sweat.
 From under which fast trickled downe the
 Still as he rode he somewhat still did eat,
 And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
 Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
 His drunken corse he scarce upholden can:
 In shape and life more like a monster then a
 man.

XXIII

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
 And eke unhable once to stirre or go;
 Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
 Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
 That from his frend he seeldome knew his fo.
 Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
 And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,
 Which by misdiet daily greater grew.
 Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

XXIV

And next to him rode lustfull Lechery
 Upon a bearded Gote, whose rugged heare,
 And whally eies (the signe of gelosy),
 Was like the person selfe whom he did beare:
 Whorough, and blacke, and filthy, did appeare,
 Unseemely man to please faire Ladies eye;
 Yet he of Ladies oft was loved deare,
 When fairer faces were bid standen by:
 O! who does know the bent of womens fantasy?

XXV

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
 Which underneath did hide his filthinesse;
 And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
 Full of vaine follies and new fanglenesse:
 For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse,
 And learned had to love with secret lookes;
 And well could daunce, and sing with rueful-
 nesse;
 And fortunes tell, and read in loving bookes,
 And thousand other waies to bait his fleshy
 hookes.

XXVI

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love;
Ne would his looser life be tide to law, [prove,
But joyd weake wemens hearts to tempt, and
If from their loyall loves he might them move:
Which lewdnes fild him with reprochfull pain
Of that foule evill, which all men reprove,
That rotts the marrow, and consumes the braine.
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this
traine.

XXVII

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a Camell loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold;
And in his lap an heap of coine he told;
For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,
And unto hell him selfe for money sold:
Accursed usury was all his trade, [waide.
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce

XXVIII

His life was nigh unto deaths dore yplaste;
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes, hee ware;
Ne scarce good morsell all his life did taste,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare:
Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknowne.

XXIX

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might
suffise;
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store;
Whose need had end, but no end covetise;
Whose welth was want, whose plenty made
him pore;
Who had enough, yett wished ever more;
A vile disease: and eke in foote and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor
stand. [band.
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire

XXX

And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankred teeth a venomous tode,
That all the poison ran about his chaw;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neighbours welth, that made him ever sad,
For death it was, when any good he saw;
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had;
But when he heard of harme he waxed won-
drous glad.

XXXI

All in a kirtle of discoloured say
He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hatefull Snake, the which his taile up-
In many folds, and mortall sting implye:
Still as he rode he gnasht his teeth to see
Those heapes of gold with griple Covetysse
And grudged at the great felicitie
Of proud Lucifera, and his owne companie

XXXII

He hated all good workes and vertuous deede
And him no lesse, that any like did use;
And who with gracious bread the hungry feed
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse.
So every good to bad he doth abuse;
And eke the verse of famous Poets witt
He does backebite, and spightfull poison
spues
From leprous mouth on all that ever writt.
Such one vile Envy was, that fite in row
sitt.

XXXIII

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath
Upon a Lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brand he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his hed;
His eies did hurle forth sparckles fiery red,
And stared sterne on all that him beheld;
As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage when chole
him sweld.

XXXIV

His ruffin raiment all was staid with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
Through unadvised rashnes woxen wood;
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement:
But, when the furious fitt was overpast,
His cruel facts he often would repent;
Yet, wilfull man, he never would forecast
How many mischieves should ensue his he-
lesse hast.

XXXV

Full many mischieves follow cruell Wrath
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,
Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife,
And fretting grieve, the enemy of life:
All these, and many evils moe haunt ire,
The swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging
rife,
The shaking Palsey, and Saint Fraunces fit
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungo-
tire.

XXXVI

after all, upon the wagon beame,
Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,
which he forward lasht the laesy teme,
as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
routs of people did about them band,
ting for joy; and still before their way
gy mist had covered all the land;
underneath their feet, all scattered lay
sculls and bones of men whose life had
gone astray.

XXXVII

orth they marchen in this goodly sort,
ke the solace of the open aire, [sport :
in fresh flowing fields themselves to
gust the rest rode that false Lady faire,
oule Duessa, next unto the chaire
oud Lucifer, as one of the traine :
that good knight would not so nigh
repaire,
selfe estraunging from their joyaunce
vaine,
e fellowship seemd far unfitt for warlike
swaine.

XXXVIII.

having solaced themselves a space
pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed,
backe retourned to the princely Place;
reas an errant knight in armes yclod,
deathnish shield, wherein with letters red,
writt *Sansjoy*, they new arrived find :
m'd with fury and fiers hardy hed,
semd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
ourish bloody vengeance in his bitter
mind.

XXXIX

, when the shamed shield of slaine
Sansfoy
ide with that same Faery champions page,
aying him that did of late destroy
ldest brother; burning all with rage,
him lept, and that same envious gage
ctors glory from him snacht away :
h' Elfin knight, which ought that war-
like wage,
ind to loose the meed he wonne in fray;
him rencounting fierce, reskewd the noble
pray.

XL

ewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
abted battaile ready to darrayne,
lash their shields, and shake their swerds
on hy, [traine;
with their sturre they troubled all the
at great Queene, upon eternall paine
gh displeasure that ensewen might,

Commaunded them their fury to refraine;
And, if that either to that shield had right,
In equall lists they should the morrow next it
fight.

XLI

'Ah dearest Dame,' quoth then the Paynim
'Pardon the error of enraged wight, [bold,
Whome great grieve made forgett the raines to
hold

Of reasons rule, to see this recreaunt knight,
No knight, but treachour full of false despight
And shameful treason, who through guile hath
slayn

The prowest knight that ever field did fight,
Even stout Sansfoy, (O who can then refrayn?)
Whose shield he beares renverst, the more to
heap disdayn.

XLII

'And, to augment the glorie of his guile,
His dearest love, the faire Fidessa, loe!
Is there possessed of the traytour vile;
Who reapes the harvest sown by his foe,
Sowen in bloodie field, and bought with woe :
That brothers hand shall dearely well requight,
So be, O Queene! you equall favour showe.'
Him litle answerd th' angry Elfin knight;
He never meant with words, but swords, to
plead his right :

XLIII

But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledge
His cause in combat the next day to try :
So been they parted both, with harts on edge
To be aveng'd each on his enemy.
That night they pas in joy and jollity,
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;
For Steward was excessive Gluttony,
That of his plenty poured forth to all :
Which doen, the Chamberlain, Slowth, did to
rest them call.

XLIV

Now whenas darkesome night had all displayd
Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye;
The warlike youthes, on dayntie couches layd,
Did chase away sweet sleepe from sluggish
eye,
To muse on meanes of hoped victory.
But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
Arrested all that courtly company,
Uprose Duessa from her resting place, [pace.
And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent

XLV

Whom broad awake she findes, in troublous fitt,
Fore-casting how his foe he might annoy;
And him amoves with speeches seeming fitt :
'Ah deare Sansjoy, next dearest to Sansfoy,

Cause of my new grieve, cause of my new joy;
Joyous to see his ymage in mine eye,
And greevd to thinke how foe did him destroy,
That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye;
Lo! his Fidessa, to thy secret faith I flye.'

XLVI

With gentle wordes he can her fayrely greet,
And bad say on the secrete of her hart:
Then, sighing soft; 'I learne that litle sweet
Oft tempred is,' (quoth she,) 'with muchell
smart: [dart
For since my brest was launcht with lovely
Of deare Sansfoy, I never joyed howre,
But in eternall woes my weaker hart
Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,
And for his sake have felt full many an heaue
stowre.

XLVII

'At last, when perils all I weened past,
And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
Into new woes unweeting I was cast
By this false faytor, who unworthie ware [snare
Him worthie shield, whom he with guilefull
Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull
grave:
Me, silly maid, away with him he bare,
And ever since hath kept in darksom cave,
For that I would not yeeld that to Sansfoy I
gave.

XLVIII

'But since faire Sunne hath sperst that low-
ring clowd,
And to my loathed life now shewes some light,
Under your beames I will me safely shrowd
From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight:
To you th' inheritance belongs by right
Of brothers prayse, to you eke longes his
love.
Let not his love, let not his restlesse spight,

Be unreveng'd, that calles to you above
From wandring Stygian shores, where it do
endlesse move.'

XLIX

Thereto said he, 'Faire Dame, be nought di-
maid [go
For sorrowes past; their grieve is with the
Ne yet of present perill be affraid,
For needlesse feare did never vantage none;
And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone.
Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are past,
Though greeved ghost for vengeance deep
grone:
He lives that shall him pay his dewties last
And guiltie Elfin blood shall sacrifice in has

L

'O! but I feare the fickle freakes,' (quoth she)
'Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in field
'Why, dame,' (quoth he) 'what oddes can ev-
bee,
Where both doe fight alike, to win or yield
'Yea, but,' (quoth she) 'he beares a charme
shield, [perce
And eke enchanted armes, that none can
Ne none can wound the man that does the
wield.' [fere
'Charmd or enchanted,' answerd he th
'I no whitt reck; ne you the like need to r
herce.

LI

'But, faire Fidessa, sithens fortunes guile,
Or enimies powre, hath now captived you,
Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while
Till morrow next that I the Elfe subdew,
And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew.
'Ah me! that is a double death,' (she said)
'With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew,
Where ever yet I be, my secret aide [obai
Shall follow you.' So, passing forth, she hi

CANTO V.

The faithfull knight in equall field
Subdewes his faithlesse foe;
Whom false Duessa saves, and for
His cure to hell does goe.

I

THE noble hart that harbours vertuous
thought,
And is with childe of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
Th'eternall brood of glorie excellent:

Such restlesse passion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Devizing how that doughtie tournament
With greatest honour he atchieven might
Still did he wake, and still did watch f
[dawning light

II

last, the golden Orientall gate
 reatest heaven gan to open fayre;
 Phoebus, fresh as brydegrome to his mate,
 e dauncing forth, shaking his deawie
 hayre, [ayre.
 hurld his glistring beams through gloomy
 ch when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, streight
 arted up, and did him selfe prepayre [way,
 nright armes, and battailous array;
 with that Pagan proud he combatt will
 that day.

III

d forth he comes into the commune hall;
 re carely waite him many a gazing eye,
 eet what end to straunger knights may fall.
 e many Minstrales maken melody,
 rive away the dull melancholy;
 many Bardes, that to the trembling chord
 tune their timely voices cunningly;
 many Chroniclers, that can record
 oves, and warres for Ladies doen by many
 a Lord.

IV

ne after comes the cruell Sarazin,
 oven maile all armed warily;
 sternly looks at him, who not a pin
 care for looke of living creatures eye.
 y bring them wines of Greece and Araby,
 daintie spices fetch from furthest Ynd,
 indle heat of corage privily;
 in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
 serve the sacred lawes of armes that are
 assynd.

V

ast forth comes that far renowned Queene:
 a royall pomp and princely majestie
 s ybrought unto a paled greene,
 placed under stately canapee,
 warlike feates of both those knights to see.
 h' other side in all mens open vew
 sa placed is, and on a tree
 oy his shield is hangd with bloody hew;
 those the lawrell girlonds to the victor
 dew.

VI

rilling trompett sownded from on hye,
 unto battaill bad them selves addresse:
 shining shieldes about their wrestes they
 tye, [blesse,
 burning blades about their heades doe
 nstruments of wrath and heavinesse.
 greedy force each other doth assayle,
 strike so fiercely, that they do impresse
 e dinted furrowes in the battred mayle:
 ron walles to ward their blowes are weak
 and fraile.

VII

The Sarazin was stout and wondrous strong,
 And heaped blowes like yron hammers great;
 For after blood and vengeance he did long:
 The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat,
 And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders
 threat;
 For all for praise and honour he did fight.
 Both stricken stryke, and beaten both doe beat,
 That from their shields forth flyeth fire light,
 And hewen helmets deepe shew marks of eithers
 might.

VIII

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for
 right.
 As when a Gryfon, seized of his pray,
 A Dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
 Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
 That would his rightfull ravine rend away:
 With hideous horror both together smight,
 And souce so sore that they the heavens affray;
 The wise Southsayer, seeing so sad sight,
 Th' amazed vulgar telles of warres and mortall
 fight.

IX

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for
 right,
 And each to deadly shame would drive his foe:
 The cruell steele so greedily doth bight
 In tender flesh, that streames of blood down
 flow; [show,
 With which the armes, that earst so bright did
 Into a pure vermillion now are dyde.
 Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
 Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,
 That victory they dare not wish to either side.

X

At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
 His suddein eye flaming with wrathfull fyre,
 Upon his brothers shield, which hong thereby:
 Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
 And said; 'Ah! wretched sonne of wofull syre,
 Doest thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,
 Whylest here thy shield is hangd for victors
 hyre?

And, sluggish german, doest thy forces slake
 To after-send his foe, that him may overtake?

XI

'Goe, caytive Elfe, him quickly overtake,
 And soone redeeme from his long-wandring
 woe:

Goe, guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
 That I his shield have quit from dying foe,'
 Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,
 That wise he reeled, readie wise to fall:

End of the doubtfull battaile deemed tho
The lookers on; and lowd to him gan call
The false Duessa, 'Thine the shield, and I, and
all!'

XII

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,
Out of his swowned dreame he gan awake;
And quickning faith, that earst was woxen
weake,

The creeping deadly cold away did shake:
Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies
Of all attonce he cast avengd to be, [sake,
And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,
That forced him to stoupe upon his knee:
Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven
bee.

XIII

And to him said; 'Goe now, proud Miscreant,
Thyselfe thy message do to german deare;
Alone he, wandring, thee too long doth want:
Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare.'
Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
Him to have slaine; when lo! a darkesome
cloud

Upon him fell: he lo where doth appeare,
But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowd,
But answer none receives; the darknes him
does shrowd.

XIV

In haste Duessa from her place arose,
And to him running said; 'O! prowrest knight,
That ever Ladie to her love did chose,
Let now abate the terrour of your might,
And quench the flame of furious despight,
And bloodie vengeance: lo! th' infernall
powres,

Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull
bowres: [glory yours.'

The conquest yours; I yours; the shield, and

XV

Not all so satisfide, with greedy eye
He sought all round about, his thristy blade
To bathe in blood of faithlesse enemy;
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade.
He standes amazed how he thence should fade:
At last the trumpets Triumph sound on hie;
And running Heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie,
And to him brought the shield, the cause of
enmitie.

XVI

Wherewith he goeth to that sovaine
Queene;
And falling her before on lowly knee,

To her makes present of his service seene:
Which she accepts with thankes and good
Greatly advauncing his gay chevalree: [gre
So marcheth home, and by her takes th
knight,

Whom all the people followe with great gl
Shouting, and clapping all their hands
hight, [brigh
That all the ayre it fills, and flies to heave

XVII

Home is he brought, and layd in sumptuous
Where many skilfull leaches him abide [be
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide
And softly gan embalme on everie side:
And all the while most heavenly melody
About the bed sweet musicke did divide,
Him to beguile of grieve and agony;
And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

XVIII

As when a wearie traveller, that strayes
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile
Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
Doth meete a cruell craftie Crocodile, [guile
Which, in false grieve hyding his harmful
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth teares
The foolish man, that pities all this while [tear
His mournfull plight, is swallowed up an
wares, [care
Forgetfull of his owne that mindes an other

XIX

So wept Duessa untill eventyde,
That shyning lampes in Joves high house
were light;

Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide,
But comes unto the place where th' Hethe
knight, [sprigh

In slombring swownd, nigh voyd of vita
Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day
Whom when she found, as she him left
plight,

To wayle his wofull case she would not stay
But to the Easterne coast of heaven make
speedy way:

XX

Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad
That Phœbus chearefull face durst never see
And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad, [met
She findes forth comming from her darkness
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her yron charet stood,
Already harnesssed for journey new,
And cole blacke steedes yborne of hellish brood
That on their rusty bits did champ as the
were wood.

XXI

when she saw Duessa, sunny bright,
 d with gold and jewels shining cleare,
 eatly grew amazed at the sight,
 ' unacquainted light began to feare,
 ver did such brightnes there appeare;
 ould have backe retyred to her cave,
 the witches speach she gan to heare,
 g; 'Yet, O thou dreaded Dame! I crave
 , till I have told the message which I
 have.'

XXII

ayd; and forth Duessa gan proceede.
 ou most auncient Grandmother of all.
 ld then Jove, whom thou at first didst
 breede,
 t great house of Gods cælestiall,
 wast begot in Dæmogorgons hall,
 wst the secrets of the world unmade.
 uffr'dst thou thy Nephewes deare to fall.
 Elfin sword most shamefully betrade?
 here the stout Sansjoy doth sleepe in
 deadly shade.

XXIII

him before, I saw with bitter eyes
 ld Sansfoy shrinck underneath his speare:
 w the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
 ayld of friends, nor layd on groning
 beare,
 whylome was to me too dearely deare.
 at of gods then boots it to be borne,
 Aveugles sonnes so evill heare?
 shall not great Nightes children scorne.
 two of three her Nephewes are so fowle
 forlorne?

XXIV

then! up, dreary Dame, of darknes
 Queene!
 her up the reliques of thy race;
 goe them avenge, and let be seene
 readed Night in brightest day hath
 place,
 n the children of fayre light deface.'
 ling speeches some compassion mov'd
 and chaunge in that great mothers face:
 y in her hart was never prov'd
 n, for evermore she hated. never lov'd:

XXV

id, 'Deare daughter, rightly may I rew
 of famous children borne of mee,
 d successes which their foes ensw:
 o can turne the stream of destinee,
 ke the chayne of strong necessitee,
 fast is tyde to Joves eternall seat?
 nes of Day he favoureth, I sce,

And by my ruines thinkes to make them great:
 To make one great by others losse is bad ex-
 cheat.

XXVI

'Yet shall they not escape so freely all,
 For some shall pay the price of others guilt;
 And he the man that made Sansfoy to fall,
 Shall with his owne blood price that he hath
 spilt.

But what art thou, that telst of Nephews kilt?'
 'I, that do seeme not I, Duessa ame,'
 Quoth she, 'how ever now, in garments gilt
 And gorgeous gold arayd, I to thee came,
 Duessa I, the daughter of Deceit and Shame.'

XXVII

Then, bowing downe her aged backe, she kist
 The wicked witch, saying, 'In that fayre face
 The false resemblaunce of Deceit, I wist,
 Did closely lurke; yet so true-seeming grace
 It carried, that I scarce in darksome place
 Could it discern, though I the mother bee
 Of falshood, and roote of Duessaes race.
 O welcome, child! whom I have longd to see,
 And now have seene unwares. Lô! now I goe
 with thee.'

XXVIII

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
 And with her beares the fowle welfavourd
 witch. [makes:
 Through mirkesome aire her ready way she
 Her twyfold Teme, of which two blacke as
 pitch,
 And two were browne, yet each to each unlich,
 Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp
 Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths
 to twitch; [champ,
 Then, foming tarre, their bridles they would
 And trampling the fine element would fiercely
 ramp.

XXIX

So well they sped, that they be come at length
 Unto the place whereas the Paynim lay,
 Devoid of outward sence and native strength,
 Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day,
 And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.
 His cruell wounds, with cruddy bloud con-
 geald,
 They binden up so wisely as they may,
 And handle softly, till they can be heald:
 So lay him in her charett, close in night con-
 ceald.

XXX

And, all the while she stood upon the ground,
 The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay,
 As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,
 With which her yron wheelles did them affray,

And her darke griesly looke them much dismay:
The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
With dreary shriekes did also her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howle
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

XXXI

Thence turning backe in silence softely they
stole,
And brought the heavy corse with easy pace
To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole.
By that same hole an entraunce, darke and
bace,
With smoake and sulphur hiding all the place,
Descends to hell there creature never past,
That backe returned without heavenly
grace;
But dreadfull Furies, which their chaines have
brast, [men aghast.
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill

XXXII

By that same way the direfull dames doe
drive
Their mournfull charett, fild with rusty blood,
And downe to Plutoes house are come bilive:
Which passing through, on every side them
stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stony eies; and all the hellish brood
Of feends infernall flockt on every side,
To gaze on earthly wight that with the Night
durst ride.

XXXIII

They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully,
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharp shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse
cry,
Cursing high Iove, the which them thithersent.
The house of endlesse paine is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

XXXIV

Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand adders venomous,
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong:
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre, untill Dayes enemy
Did him appease; then downe his taile he
hong,
And suffered them to passen quietly;
For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

XXXV

There was Ixion turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the Queene of heaven to
And Sisyphus an huge round stone did ree
Against an hill, ne might from labour lin
There thirsty Tantalus hong by the chin
And Tityus fed a vultur on his maw;
Typhoeus joynts were stretched on a gin,
Theseus condemned to endlesse slouth by
And fifty sisters water in leke vessels draw

XXXVI

They all, beholding worldly wights in p
Leave off their worke, unmindefull of their sm
To gaze on them; who forth by them doe p
Till they be come unto the furthest part;
Where was a Cave ywrought by wondrous
Deepe, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfortles
In which sad Aesculapius far apart
Emprison'd was in chaines remedlesse;
For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redre

XXXVII

Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was,
That wont in charett chase the foming bo
He all his Peeres in beauty did surpas,
But Ladies love as losse of time forbore:
His wanton stepdame loved him the more
But, when she saw her offred sweets refus
Her love she turnd to hate, and him befor
His father fierce of treason false accusd,
And with her gealous termes his open e
abusd:

XXXVIII

Who, all in rage, his Sea-god syre besou
Some cursed vengeance on his sonne to c
From surging gulf two Monsters streight
brought,
With dread whereof his chacing steedes ag
Both charett swift and huntsman overca
His goodly corps, on ragged cliffs yrent,
Was quite dismembred, and his members c
Scattered on every mountaine as he went.
That of Hippolytus was left no monimen

XXXIX

His cruell step-dame, seeing what was do
Her wicked daies with wretched knife did
In death avowing th' innocence of her son
Which hearing, his rash syre began to re
His heare, and hasty tong that did offend
Tho, gathering up the reliques of his sma
By Dianes meanes, who was Hippolyts fr
Them brought to Aesculape, that by his
Did heale them all againe, and joynd e
part.

XL

wondrous science in mans witt to rain
 Jove avizd, that could the dead revive,
 tes expired could renew again,
 lesse life he might him not deprive,
 to hell did thrust him downe alive,
 lashing thunderbolt ywounded sore:
 long remaining, he did alwaies strive
 life with salves to health for to restore,
 take the heavenly fire that raged ever-
 more.

XLI

ancient Night arriving did alight
 her nigh weary wayne, and in her armes
 sculapius brought the wounded knight:
 he having softly disaraid of armes,
 in to him discover all his harmes,
 hing him with prayer and with praise,
 er salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes,
 one wight from dore of death mote raise,
 uld at her request prolong her nephews
 daies.

XLII

Dame,' (quoth he) 'thou temptest me
 in vaine,
 e the thing, which daily yet I rew,
 e old cause of my continued paine
 like attempt to like end to renew.
 enough, that, thrust from heaven dew,
 idlesse penance for one fault I pay,
 at redoubled crime with vengeance new
 iddest me to eeke? Can Night defray
 rath of thundring Jove, that rules both
 night and day?'

XLIII

so,' (quoth she) 'but, sith that heavens
 king
 ope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,
 earest thou, that canst not hope for thing;
 arest not that more thee hurten might,
 a the powre of everlasting Night?
 then, O thou far renowned sonne
 at Apollo! shew thy famous might
 licine, that els hath to thee wonne
 pains, and greater praise, both never to
 be donne.'

XLIV

words prevaild: And then the learned
 leach
 nning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
 l things els the which his art did teach:
 having seene, from thence arose away
 other of dredd darknesse, and let stay
 les sonne there in the leaches cure:
 acke retourning, took her wonted way

To ronne her timely race, whilst Phoebus
 pure
 In westernne waves his weary wagon did recure.

XLV

The false Duessa, leaving noyous Night,
 Returnd to stately pallace of Dame Pryde:
 Where when she came, she found the Faery
 knight
 Departed thence; albee his woundes wyde
 Not thoroughly heald unready were to ryde.
 Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
 For on a day his wary Dwarfe had spyde
 Where in a dungeon deepe huge numbers
 lay
 Of caytive wretched thralls, that wayled night
 and day:

XLVI

A ruefull sight as could be seene with eie,
 Of whom he learned had in secret wise
 The hidden cause of their captivitie;
 How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,
 Through wastfull Pride and wanton Riotise,
 They were by law of that proud Tyrannesse,
 Provokt with Wrath and Envyes false surmise,
 Condemned to that Dongeon mercilesse,
 Where they should live in wo, and dye in
 wretchednesse.

XLVII

There was that great proud king of Babylon,
 That would compell all nations to adore,
 And him as onely God to call upon;
 Till, through celestiall doome thrown out of
 Into an Oxe he was transformd of yore. [dore,
 There also was king Cræsus, that enhaunst
 His hart too high through his great richesse
 store;
 And proud Antiochus, the which advaunst
 His cursed hand gainst God, and on his altares
 daunst.

XLVIII

And them long time before, great Nimrod was,
 That first the world with sword and fire war-
 And after him old Ninus far did pas [rayd;
 In princely pomp, of all the world obayd.
 There also was that mightie Monarch layd
 Low under all, yet above all in pride,
 That name of native syre did fowle upbrayd,
 And would as Ammons sonne be magnifide,
 Till, scornd of God and man, a shamefull death
 he dide.

XLIX

All these together in one heape were throwne,
 Like carkases of beastes in butchers stall.
 And in another corner wide were strowne
 The Antique ruins of the Romanes fall:

Great Romulus, the Grandsyre of them all;
Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus;
Stout Scipio, and stubborne Hanniball;
Ambitious Sylla, and sterne Marius; [nius.
High Caesar, great Pompey, and fiers Anto-

L

Amongst these mightie men were wemen mixt,
Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke.
The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixt
With sonnes own blade her fowle reproches
spoke:

Fayre Sthenobœa, that her selfe did choke
With wilfull chorde for wanting of her will;
High minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
Of Aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill;
And thousands moe the like that did that don-
geon fill.

LI

Besides the endlesse routes of wretched
thralls,
Which thither were assembled day by day
From all the world, after their wofull falles,
Through wicked pride and wasted welthes
decay.

But most of all, which in that dongeon lay,
Fell from high Princes courtes, or Ladies
bowres,
Where they in ydle pomp, or wanton play,

Consumed had their goods and thrift
howres, [stow
And lastly thrown themselves into these he

LII

Whose case whenas the careful Dwarf
tould,
And made ensample of their mournfull sig
Unto his Maister, he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull pligh
But earely rose; and, ere that dawning
light

Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,
He by a privy Posterne tooke his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde
For, doubtlesse, death ensewd if any him
cryde.

LIII

Scarse could he footing find in that fowle
For many corses, like a great Lay-stall,
Of mured men, which therein strowed la
Without remorse or decent funerall;
Which al through that great Princesse p
did fall,

And came to shamefull end. And them besy
Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,
A Donghill of dead carcases he spyde;
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad hour
Pryde.

CANTO VI.

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace
Fayre Una is releast:
Whom salvage nation does adore,
And learnes her wise beheast.

I

As when a ship, that flies fayre under sayle,
An hidden rocke escaped hath unwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The Marriner yet halfe amazed stares
At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
To joy at his foolhappie oversight:
So doubly is distrest twixt joy and cares
The dreadlesse corage of this Elfin knight,
Having escapt so sad ensamples in his sight.

II

Yet sad he was, that his too hastie speed
The fayre Duess' had forst him leave behind;
And yet more sad, that Una, his deare dreed,
Her truth had staynd with treason so unkind:

Yet cryme in her could never creature find
But for his love, and for her own selfe sake
She wandred had from one to other Ynd,
Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake,
Till her unwares the fiers Sansloy did overta

III

Who, after Archimagoes fowle defeat,
Led her away into a forest wilde;
And, turning wrathfull fyre to lustfull heat
With beastly sin thought her to have defile
And made the vassall of his pleasures vilde
Yet first he cast by treatie, and by traynes
Her to persuade that stubborne fort to yild
For greater conquest of hard love he gayne
That workes it to his will, then he that it o
straines.

IV

fawning wordes he courted her a while;
 ooking lovely and oft sighing sore,
 stant hart did tempt with diverse guile:
 ordes, and lookes, and sighes she did
 of Diamond stedfast evermore. [abhorre;
 to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,
 icht the vele that hong her face before:
 an her beautie shyne as brightest skye,
 urnt his beastly hart t'efforce her chas-
 ity.

V

en he saw his flatt'ring artes to fayle,
 btile engines bett from batteree;
 reedy force he gan the fort assaile,
 f he weend possessed soone to bee,
 n rich spoile of ransackt chastitee.
 vens! that doe this hideous act behold,
 avenly virgin thus outraged see,
 h ye vengeance just so long withhold,
 rle not flashing flames upon that Pay-
 im bold?

VI

tteous mayden, carefull, comfortlesse,
 row out thrilling shriekes, and shriek-
 ng cries,
 vaine helpe of wemens great distresse,
 h loud plaintes importuneth the skyes,
 lten starres doe drop like weeping eyes;
 ebus, flying so most shamefull sight,
 shing face in foggy cloud implyes,
 des for shame. What witt of mortal
 ight [plight?
 w devise to quitt a thrall from such a

VII

ll providence, exceeding thought,
 one appeares can make her selfe a way.
 rous way it for this Lady wrought,
 yons clawes to pluck the gryped pray.
 ll outcryes and shrieks so loud did bray,
 l the woodes and forestes did resound:
 e of Faunes and Satyres far away
 the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
 old Sylvanus slept in shady arber
 ound:

VIII

hen they heard that pitteous strained
 forsooke their rurall meriment, [voice,
 towards the far rebownded noyce,
 what wight so loudly did lament.
 e place they come incontinent:
 when the raging Sarazin espyde,
 mishapen, monstrous rablement,
 like he never saw, he durst not byde,
 his ready steed, and fast away gan
 yde.

IX

The wyld woodgods, arrived in the place,
 There find the virgin, doolfull, desolate,
 With ruffled rayments, and fayre blubbred face,
 As her outrageous foe had left her late; [hate.
 And trembling yet through feare of former
 All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
 And gin to pittie her unhappie state:
 All stand astonied at her beautie bright,
 In their rude eyes unworthie of so wofull plight.

X

She, more amazd, in double dread doth
 dwell;
 And every tender part for feare does shake.
 As when a greedy Wolfe, through hunger fell,
 A seely Lamb far from the flock does take,
 Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make,
 A Lyon spyes fast running towards him,
 The innocent pray in hast he does forsake;
 Which, quitt from death, yet quakes in every
 lim [grim.
 With chaunge of feare, to see the Lyon looke so

XI

Such fearefull fitt assaid her trembling hart,
 Ne word to speake, ne joynt to move, she had;
 The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
 And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;
 Their frowning forheades, with rough hornes
 And rustick horror, all asyde doe lay; [yclad,
 And, gently grenning, shew a semblance glad
 To comfort her; and, feare to put away,
 Their backward bent knees teach her humbly
 to obay.

XII

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet committ
 Her single person to their barbarous truth;
 But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sitt,
 Late learnd what harme to hasty trust ensu'th.
 They, in compassion of her tender youth,
 And wonder of her beautie soverayne,
 Are womie with pittie and unwonted ruth;
 And, all prostrate upon the lowly playne,
 Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with
 count'nance fayne

XIII

Their harts she ghesseeth by their humble
 And yielde her to extremitie of time: [guise,
 So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,
 And walketh forth without suspect of crime.
 They, all as glad as birdes of joyous Pryme,
 Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing
 round,
 Shouting, and singing all a shepheards ryme;

And with greene braunches strowing all the
ground,
Do worship her as Queene with olive girlond
cround.

XIV

And all the way their merry pipes they sound.
That all the woods with doubled Eccho ring;
And with their horned feet doe weare the
ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring;
Who, with the noyse awaked, commeth out
To weete the cause, his weake steps governing
And aged limbs on cypresse stadle stout,
And with an yvie twynę his waste is girt about.

XV

Far off he wonders what them makes so glad;
Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,
Or Cybeles franticke rites have made them mad:
They, drawing nigh, unto their God present
That flowre of fayth and beaultie excellent.
The God himselfe, vewing that mirrhour rare,
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent:
His owne fayre Dryope now he thinkes not faire,
And Pholoe fowle, when her to this he doth
compaire.

XVI

The woodborne people fall before her flat,
And worship her as Goddesses of the wood;
And old Sylvanus selfe bethinkes not what
To thinke of wight so fayre, but gazing stood
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood:
Sometimes dame Venus selfe he seemes to see;
But Venus never had so sober mood:
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be,
But misseth bow and shaftes, and buskins to
her knee.

XVII

By vew of her he ginneth to revive
His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse;
And calles to mind his poortraiture alive,
How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this;
And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse
A gentle Hynd, the which the lovely boy
Did love as life, above all worldly blisse;
For grieve whereof the lad n'ould after joy,
But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wild
annoy.

XVIII

The wooddy nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
Her to behold do thither runne apace;
And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades
Flocke all about to see her lovely face;

But, when they vewed have her heavenly gr
They envy her in their malitious mind,
And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace
But all the Satyres scorne their woody kin
And henceforth nothing faire but her on e
they find.

XIX

Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky
Did her content to please their feeble eyes
And long time with that salvage people st
To gather breath in many miseries.
During which time her gentle wit she ply
To teach them truth, which worshipt he
And made her th' Image of Idolatryes; [va
But when their bootlesse zeale she did restr
From her own worship, they her Asse w
worship fayn.

XX

It fortun'd, a noble warlike knight
By just occasion to that forrest came
To seeke his kindred, and the lignage righ
From whence he tooke his weldeserved na
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fa
And fild far landes with glorie of his migh
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame
And ever lov'd to fight for Ladies right;
But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did deli

XXI

A Satyres sonne, yborne in forrest wyld,
By straunge adventure as it did betyde,
And there begotten of a Lady myld,
Fayre Thyamis, the daughter of Labrydes;
That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke ty
To Therion, a loose unruly swayne,
Who had more joy to raunge the forrest w
And chase the salvage beast with busie pa
Then serve his Ladies love, and waste
pleasures vayne.

XXII

The forlorne mayd did with loves lo
burne
And could not lacke her lovers company
But to the wood she goes, to serve her tu
And seeke her spouse that from her still doe
And followes other game and venery:
A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to find
And, kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,
The loyall linkes of wedlocke did unbinde
And made her person thrall unto his bea
kind.

XXIII

So long in secret cabin there he held
Her captive to his sensuall desyre,
Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld
And bore a boy unto that salvage syre:

ome he suffred her for to retyre,
some leaving him the late-borne childe;
till to ryper yeares he gan aspyre,
sleed up in life and manners wilde,
st wild beastes and woods, from lawes
of men exilde.

XXIV

l he taught the tender ymp was but
ish cowardize and bastard feare:
mbling hand he would him force to put
he Lyon and the rugged Beare; [teare;
m the she Beares teats her whelps to
e wyld roring Bulls he would him make
e, and ryde their backes, not made to
beare;
e Robuckes in flight to overtake, [quake.
erie beast for feare of him did fly, and

XXV

oy so fearlesse and so fell he grew,
s own syre, and maister of his guise,
en tremble at his horrid vew;
n, for dread of hurt, would him advise
gry beastes not rashly to despise,
much to provoke; for he would learne
on stoup to him in lowly wise,
(on hard) and make the Libbard sterne
roaring, when in rage he for revenge did
earne.

XXVI

or to make his powre approved more,
eastes in yron yokes he would compell;
otted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
rdale swift, and the Tigre cruell,
atelope, and Wolfe both fiers and fell;
em constraine in equall teme to draw.
y he had their stubborne harts to quell,
ardie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
s beheast they feared as a tyrans law.

XXVII

ving mother came upon a day
he woodes, to see her little sonne;
aunst unwares to meet him in the way,
is sportes and cruell pastime donne;
after him a Lyonesse did runne,
aring all with rage did lowd requere
ldren deare, whom he away had wonne:
on whelpes she saw how he did beare,
l in rugged armes withouten childish
eare.

XXVIII

arefull Dame all quaked at the sight,
rning backe gan fast to fly away;
with love revokt from vaine affright,
dly yet perswaded was to stay,

And then to him these womanish words gan
'Ah Satyrane, my dearling and my joy, [say:
For love of me leave off this dreadfull play;
To dally thus with death is no fit toy:
Go, find some other play-fellowes, mine own
sweet boy.'

XXIX

In these and like delightes of bloody game
He trayned was, till ryper years he raught;
And there abode, whylst any beast of name
Walkt in that Forrest, whom he had not taught
To feare his force: and then his courage
haught
Desyrd of forreine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for straunge adventures sought;
In which his might was never overthrowne;
But through al Faery lond his famous worth
was blown.

XXX

Yet evermore it was his maner faire,
Afer long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those native woods for to repaire,
To see his syre and ofspring auncient.
And now he thiither came for like intent;
Where he unwares the fairest Una found,
Strange Lady in so strange habiliment,
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did
redound.

XXXI

He wondred at her wisdome heavenly rare,
Whose like in womens witt he never knew;
And, when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
And joyd to make proofe of her cruelty
On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse and so trew:
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And leard her discipline of faith and verity.

XXXII

But she, all vovd unto the Redcrosse Knight,
His wandring perill closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight;
But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
And all her witt in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last in privy wise
To Satyrane she shewed her intent;
Who, glad to gain such favour, gan devise,
How with that pensive Maid he best might
thence arise.

XXXIII

So on a day, when Satyres all were gone
To do their service to Sylvanus old,
The gentle virgin, left behinde alone,
He led away with corage stout and bold.

Too late it was to Satyres to be told,
Or ever hope recover her againe:
In vaine he seekes that having cannot hold.
So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
That they the woods are past, and come now
to the plaine.

XXXIV

The better part now of the lingring day
They traveld had, whenas they far espide
A weary wight forwardring b the way;
And towards him they gan in haste to ride,
To weete of newes that did abroad betide,
Or tidings of her knight of the Redcrosse;
But he them spying gan to turne aside
For feare, as seemd, or for some feigned losse:
More greedy they of newes fast towards him
do crosse.

XXXV

A silly man, in simple weeds forworne,
And soild with dust of the long dried way;
His sandales were with toilsome travell torne,
And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
As he had traveld many a sommers day
Through boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde,
And in his hand a Jacobs staffe, to stay
His weary limbs upon; and eke behind
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he
did bind.

XXXVI

The knight, approching nigh, of him inquerd
Tidings of warre, and of adventures new;
But warres, nor new adventures, none he herd.
Then Una gan to aske, if ought he knew,
Or heard abroad of that her champion trew,
That in his armour bare a croslet red?
Ay me! Dearest dame,' (quoth he) 'well may
I rew

To tell the sad sight which mine eies have red;
These eies did see that knight both living and
eke ded.'

XXXVII

That cruell word her tender hart so thild,
That suddain cold did ronne through every
And stony horror all her senses fild [vaine,
With dying fitt, that downe she fell for paine.
The knight her lightly reared up againe,
And comforted with curteous kind reliefe:
Then, wonne from death, she bad him tellen
plaine

The further processe of her hidden grieve:
The lesser pangs can beare who hath endur'd
the chief.

XXXVIII

Then gan the Pilgrim thus: 'I chaunst this
This fattall day that shall I ever rew, [day,
To see two knights, in travell on my way,
(A sory sight) arraung'd in batteill new,

Both breathing vengeance, both of wra
hew.

My feareful flesh did tremble at their stri
To see their blades so greedily imbrow,
That, dronke with blood, yet thirsted after
What more? the Redcrosse knight was
with Paynim knife.'

XXXIX

'Ah! dearest Lord,' (quoth she) 'how m
that bee,

And he the stoutest knight that ever won
'Ah! dearest dame,' (quoth hee) 'how mi
see

The thing that might not be, and yet was do
'Where is,' (said Satyrane) 'that Pay
sonne,

That him of life, and us of joy, hath reft
'Not faraway,' (quoth he) 'he hence doth wo
Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left
Washing his bloody wounds, that through
steale were cleft.'

XL

Therewith the knight thence marched f
in hast,

Whiles Una, with huge heavinesse oppre
Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
And soone he came, as he the place had gl
Whereas that Pagan proud him selfe did
In secret shadow by a fountaine side:
Even he it was, that earst would have supp
Faire Una; whom when Satyrane espide,
With foule reprochfull words he boldly
defide.

XLI

And said; 'Arise, thou cursed Miscraun
That hast with knightlesse guile, and tr
erous train,
Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and
That good knight of the Redcrosse to have sl
Arise, and with like treason now maintain
Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yiel
The Sarazin, this hearing, rose amain,
And, catching up in hast his three-square sh
And shining helmet, soone him buckled to
field.

XLII

And, drawing nigh him, said: 'Ah! mis
In evill houre thy foes thee hither sent [I
Anothers wrongs to wreak upon thy selfe
Yet ill thou blamest me for having blent
My name with guile and traiterous intent
That Redcrosse knight, perdie, I never sle
But had he beene where earst his armes v
lent,

chaunter vaine his error should not rewe:
thou his error shalt, I hope, now proven
trew.

XLIII

re with they gan, both furious and fell,
nder blowes, and fiersly to assaile
other, bent his enemy to quell,
with their force they perst both plate
and maile,
made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
it would pittie any living eie. [raile,
e floods of blood adowne their sides did
loods of blood could not them satisfie:
hongred after death; both chose to win,
or die.

XLIV

ong they fight, and full revenge pursue,
fainting, each themselves to breathe lett,
ofte refreshed, battell oft renue.
hen two Bores, with ranceling malice mett,
gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret;
reathlesse both themselves aside retire,
e foming wrath their cruell tuskes they
whett, [respire,
trample th' earth, the whiles they may
backe to fight againe, new breathed and
entire.

XLV

ersly, when these knights had breathed
once,
gan to fight retourne, increasing more
puissant force, and cruell rage attonce,
heaped strokes more hugely then before;
with their drery wounds, and bloody gore,
both, deformed, scarsely could beeknown.
is, sad Una fraught with anguish sore,

Led with their noise which through the aire
was thrown, [had sown.
Arriv'd wher they in erth their fruitles blood

XLVI

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
Espide, he gan revive the memory
Of his leud lusts, and late attempted sin,
And lefte the doubtfull battell hastily,
To catch her, newly offred to his eie;
But Satyrane, with strokes him turning, staid,
And sternely bad him other businesse plie
Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted Maid:
Wherewith he al enrag'd these bitter speeches
said.

XLVII

'O foolish faeries sonne! what fury mad
Hath thee incenst to hast thy dolefull fate?
Were it not better I that Lady had
Then that thou badst repented it too late?
Most sencelesse man be, that himselfe doth hate,
To love another: Lo! then, for thine ayd,
Here take thy lovers token on thy pate.
So they to fight; the whiles the royall Mayd
Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim sore
afrayd.

XLVIII

But that false Pilgrim, which that leasing
Being in deed old Archimage, did stay [told,
In secret shadow all this to behold;
And much rejoiced in their bloody fray:
But, when he saw the Damsell passe away,
He left his stond, and her pursewd apace,
In hope to bring her to her last decay.
But for to tell her lamentable cace, [place.
And eke this battels end, will need another

CANTO VII.

The Redcrosse knight is captive made
By Gyaunt proud opprest:
Prince Arthure meets with Una great-
ly with those newes distrest.

I

AT man so wise, what earthly witt so ware,
discrey the crafty cunning traine,
hich deceit doth maske in visour faire,
cast her coulours, died deepe in graine,
eme like truth, whose shape she well can
faine,
itting gestures to her purpose frame,
quiltlesse man with guile to entertaine?
maistresse of her art was that false Dame,
alse Duessa, cloked with Fidessaes name.

II

Who when, returning from the drery Night,
She fownd not in that perilous hous of Pryde,
Where she had left the noble Redcrosse knight,
Her hoped pray, she would no lenger byde,
But forth she went to seeke him far and wide.
Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate
To reste him selfe fore by a fountaine syde,
Disarmed all of yron-coted Plate;
And by his side his steed the grassy forage
ate.

III

Hee feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes
His sweatie forehead in the breathing wynd,
Which through the trembling leaves full
gently playes,

Wherein the chearefull birds of sundry kynd
Doe chaunt sweet musick to delight his mynd.
The witch approching gan him fayrely greet,
And with reproch of carelesnes unkynd
Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall
with hony sweet.

IV

Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasaunce of the joyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boyling heat,
And with greene boughes decking a gloomy
glade,

About the fountaine like a girlond made;
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade:
The sacred Nymph, which therein wont to
dwell,

Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell.

V

The cause was this: one day, when Phœbe fayre
With all her band was following the chace,
This nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching
Satt downe to rest in midst of the race: [ayre,
The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
And badd the waters, which from her did flow,
Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and slow,
And all that drinke thereof do faint and feeble
grow.

VI

Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was;
And lying downe upon the sandie graile,
Dronke of the streame, as cleare as christall
Eftsoones his manly forces gan to fayle, [glas:
And mightie strong was turnd to feeble frayle.
His chaunged powres at first them selves not
Till cruded cold his corage gan assayle, [felt;
And cheareful blood in fayntnes chill did melt,
Which like a fever fit through all his bodie
swelt.

VII

Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,
Poured out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,
Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame;
Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did
rebownd,
That all the earth for terror seemd to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe, therewith
astownd,

Upstartd lightly from his looser make,
And his unready weapons gan in hand to take

VIII

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or gett his shield, his monstrous enemy
With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight
An hideous Geaunt, horrible and hye, [sk
That with his tallnesse seemd to threat
The ground eke groned under him for dread
His living like saw never living eye,
Ne durst behold: his stature did exceed [see
The height of three the tallest sonnes of morta

IX

The greatest Earth his uncouth mother was
And blustering Æolus his boasted syre;
Who with his breath, which through the world
doth pas,
Her hollow womb did secretly inspyre,
And fild her hidden caves with stormie yre,
That she conceiv'd; and trebling the dew tim
In which the wombes of women doe expyre,
Brought forth this monstrous masse of earth
slyme, [full crym
Puft up with emptie wynd, and fild with su

X

So growen great, through arrogant delight
Of th' high descent whereof he was yborne,
And through presumption of his matchles
might,
All other powres and knighthood he did scorn
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
And left to losse; his stalking steps are stayd
Upon a snaggy Oke, which he had torne
Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made
His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen h
dismayde.

XI

That, when the knight he spyde, he gan ad
vaunce
With huge force and insupportable mayne,
And towards him with dreadfull fury prauce
Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine
Did to him pace sad battaile to darrayne,
Disarmd, disgraste, and inwardly dismayde:
And eke so faint in every joynt and vayne,
Through that fraile fountain which him feebl
made, [single blade
That scarcely could he weeld his bootles

XII

The Geaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse,
That could have overthrowne a stony towre,
And, were not heavenly grace that did him
blesse,
He had beene pouldred all as thin as flowre:

He was wary of that deadly stowre,
 Rightly left from underneath the blow:
 Exceeding was the villeins powre,
 With the winde it did him overthrow,
 All his sences stound that still he lay full
 low.

XIII

When that diuelish yron Engin, wrought
 Depest Hell, and framd by Furies skill,
 Windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
 Framd with bollet rownd, ordaind to kill,
 Giveth fyre, the heavens & doth fill
 Thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth
 choke,
 None can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
 Agh smouldry cloud of duskish stincking
 smoke; [escapt the stroke.
 Th' only breath him daunts, who hath

XIV

Haunted when the Geaunt saw the knight,
 Heavie hand he heaved up on hye,
 Him to dust thought to have battred
 quight,
 All Duessa loud to him gan crye,
 Great Orgoglio! greatest under skye,
 Hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake;
 For my sake, and doe him not to dye,
 Anquisht thine eternall bondslave make,
 Me, thy worthy meed, unto thy Leman
 take.

XV

Hearkned, and did stay from further
 harmes,
 Payne so goodly guerdon as she spake:
 Willingly she came into his armes,
 Her as willingly to grace did take,
 Was possessed of his newfound make.
 Up he tooke the slombred sencelesse
 corse,
 Ere he could out of his swowne awake,
 To his castle brought with hastie forse,
 In a Dongeon deepe him threw without
 remorse.

XVI

That day forth Duessa was his deare,
 Highly honourd in his haughtie eye:
 Gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
 Triple crowne set on her head full hye,
 Her endowd with royall majesty.
 For to make her dreaded more of men,
 Peoples hartes with awfull terror tye,
 Onstrous beast ybredd in filthy fen
 Close, which he had kept long time in dark-
 som den.

XVII

Such one it was, as that renowned Snake
 Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
 Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake:
 Whose many heades, out budding ever new,
 Did breed him endlesse labor to subdew.
 But this same Monster much more ugly was,
 For seven great heads out of his body grew,
 An yron brest, and back of scaly bras,
 And all embrewd in blood his eyes did shine
 as glas.

XVIII

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous
 length,
 That to the hous of heavenly gods it raught:
 And with extorted powre, and borrow'd
 strength,
 The everburning lamps from thence it brought,
 And proudly threw to ground, as things of
 naught;
 And underneath his filthy feet did tread
 The sacred thinges, and holy heastes fore-
 taught.
 Upon this dreadfull Beast with sevenfold head
 He sett the false Duessa, for more aw and
 dread.

XIX

The wofull Dwarfe, which saw his maisters
 fall
 Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed,
 And valiant knight become a caytive thrall,
 When all was past, tooke up his forlorne weed;
 His mightie Armour, missing most at need;
 His silver shield, now idle, maisterlesse:
 His poynant speare that many made to bleed,
 The rueful moniments of heaviness;
 And with them all departes to tell his great
 distresse.

XX

He had not travaill'd long, when on the way
 He wofull Lady, wofull Una, met,
 Fast flying from that Paynims greedy pray,
 Whilset Satyrane him from pursuit did let.
 Who when her eyes she on the Dwarf had set,
 And saw the signes that deadly tydinges spake,
 She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
 And lively breath her sad brest did forsake;
 Yet might her pitteous hart be seene to pant
 and quake.

XXI

The messenger of so unhappie newes
 Would faine have dyde: dead was his hart
 within,
 Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes.
 At last, recovering hart, he does begin

To rubb her temples, and to chaufe her chin,
And everie tender part does tosse and turne:
So hardly he the flitted life does win
Unto her native prison to retourne;
Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament
and mourne:

XXII

'Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight,
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
Sith cruell fates the carefull threds unfould,
The which my life and love together tyde?
Now let the stony dart of sencelesse cold
Perce to my hart, and pas through everie side,
And let eternall night so sad sight fro me hyde.

XXIII

'O lightsome day! the lampe of highest Jove,
First made by him mens wandring wayes to
guyde,
When darknesse he in deepest dongeon drove,
Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,
And shut up heavens windowes shyning wyde;
For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,
And late repentance which shall long abyde:
Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,
But seeled up with death shall have their
deadly meed.'

XXIV

Then downe againe she fell unto the ground,
But he her quickly reared up againe:
Thrise did she sinke adowne in deadly swound,
And thrise he her reviv'd with busie paine.
At last when life recover'd had the raine,
And over-wrestled his strong enemy,
With foltring tong, and trembling everie vaine,
'Tell on,' (quoth she) 'the wofull Tragedy,
The which these reliques sad present unto
mine eye.

XXV

'Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spight,
And thrilling sorrow throwne his utmost dart:
Thy sad tong cannot tell more heavy plight
Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart:
Who hath endur'd the whole can beare ech
part.
If death it be, it is not the first wound [smart.
That launched hath my brest with bleeding
Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound;
If lesse then that I feare, more favour I have
found.'

XXVI

Then gan the Dwarfes the whole discourse de-
The subtile traines of Archimago old; [clare;
The wanton loves of false Fidessa fayre, [bold;
Bought with the blood of vanquisht Paynim

The wretched payre transformd to treen mould
The house of Pryde, and perilles round about
The combat which he with Sansjoy did houl
The lucklesse conflict with the Gyaunt stout
Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he stood
doubt.

XXVII

She heard with patience all unto the end,
And strove to maister sorrowfull assay,
Which greater grew the more she did contem
And almost rent her tender hart in tway;
And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay;
For greater love, the greater is the losse.
Was never Lady loved dearer day
Then she did love the knight of the Redcrosse
For whose deare sake so many troubles b
did tosse.

XXVIII

At last when fervent sorrow slaked was,
She up arose, resolving him to find
Alive or dead; and forward forth doth pas,
All as the Dwarfes the way to her assynd;
And evermore, in constant careful mind,
She fedd her wound with fresh renewed bale
Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter
wind,
High over hills, and lowe adowne the dale,
She wandred many a wood, and measurd many
a vale.

XXIX

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, faire marching by the way
Together with his Squyre, arayed meet:
His glitterand armour shined far away,
Like glauncing light of Phœbus brighte
ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of steele endanger may.
Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he wore
That shind, like twinkling stars, with ston
most pretious rare.

XXX

And in the midst thereof one pretious ston
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrou
might,
Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus amongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights:
Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
In yvory sheath, yearv'd with curious slight
Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and hand
strong
Of mother perle; and buckled with a golde
tong.

XXXI

haughtie Helmet, horrid all with gold,
glorious brightnesse and great terrour
In the crest a Dragon did enfold [bredd:
greedie pawes, and over all did spredd
olden winges: his dreadfull hideous hedd,
couched on the bever, seemd to throw
flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd,
sudden horror to faint hartes did show;
his taylor was stretcht adowne his back
full low.

XXXII

On the top of all his loftie crest,
much of heares discoloured diversly,
sprinkled pearle and gold full richly
drest,
shake, and seemd to daunce for jollity,
to an almond tree ymounted hye
top of greene Selinis all alone,
his blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
his tender locks do tremble every one
for little breath that under heaven is
blowne.

XXXIII

warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
sight of mortall eye be ever seene;
made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
earthly mettals soon consumed beene,
made of Diamond perfect pure and cleene
shined was, one massy entire mould,
cut out of Adamant rocke with engines
keene,
point of speare it never percer could,
point of direfull sword divide the substance
would.

XXXIV

came to wight he never wont disclose,
whenas monsters huge he would dismay,
untunequall armies of his foes,
when the flying heavens he would affray;
so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
Phœbus golden face it did attaint,
when a cloud his beames doth over-lay;
silver Cynthia waxed pale and faynt,
when her face is staynd with magicke arts
constraint.

XXXV

magicke arts hereof had any might,
bloody wordes of bold Enchaunters call;
all that was not such as seemd in sight
when that shield did fade, and sudden fall:
when him list the raskall routes appall,
into stones therewith he could transmeve,
stones to dust, and dust to naught at all;
when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
could them gazing blind, or turne to other
hew.

XXXVI

Ne let it seeme that credence this exceeds;
For he that made the same was knowne right
well

To have done much more admirable deedes.
It Merlin was, which whylome did excell
All living wightes in might of magicke spell:
Both shield and sword, and armour all he
wrought
For this young Prince, when first to armes he
fell;

But, when he dyde, the Faery Queene it brought
To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seene, if
sought:

XXXVII

A gentle youth, his dearly loved Squire,
His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
Whose harmful head, thrise heated in the fire,
Had riven many a brest with pikehead square:
A goodly person, and could menage faire
His stubborne steed with curbed canon bitt,
Who under him did trample as the aire,
And chaunft that any on his backe should sitt:
The yron rowels into frothy fume he bitt.

XXXVIII

Whenas this knight nigh to the Lady drew,
With lovely court he gan her entertaine;
But, when he heard her answers loth, he knew
Some secret sorrow did her heart distraine;
Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
Faie feeling words he wisely gan display,
And for her humor fitting purpose faie,
To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray,
Wherewith enmovd, these bleeding words she
gan to say.

XXXIX

'What worlds delight, or joy of living speech,
Can hart, so plungd in sea of sorrowes deep,
And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach?
The carefull cold beginneth for to creep,
And in my heart his yron arrow steep,
Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale.
Such helplesse harmes yts better hidden keep,
Then rip up griefe where it may not availe:
My last left comfort is my woes to weepe and
waile.'

XL

'Ah Lady deare,' quoth then the gentle knight,
'Well may I ween your griefe is wondrous
great; [spright,
For wondrous great griefe groneth in my
Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.
But, woefull Lady, let me you intrete,
For to unfold the anguish of your hart:
Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,

And counsell mitigates the greatest smart :
Found never help who never would his hurts
impart.'

XLI

'O, but,' (quoth she) 'great griefe will not be
found,

And can more easily be thought then said.'
'Right so,' (quoth he) 'but he that never would
Could never: will to might gives greatest aid.'
'But griefe,' (quoth she) 'does greater grow dis-
plaid,'

If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire.'
'Despaire breeds not,' (quoth he) 'where faith is
staid,' [paire.]

'No faith so fast,' (quoth she) 'but flesh does
'Flesh may empaire,' (quoth he) 'but reason can
repaire.'

XLII

His goodly reason, and well-guided speach,
So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,
That her perswaded to disclose the breach
Which love and fortune in her heart had
wrought; [brought

And said; 'Faie Sir, I hope good hap hath
You to inquere the secrets of my griefe,
Or that your wisdome will direct my thought,
Or that your prowesse can me yield reliefe:
Then, heare the story sad, which I shall tell you
briefe.

XLIII

'The forlorne Maiden, whom your eies have
seene

The laughing stocke of fortunes mockeries,
Am th' onely daughter of a King and Queene,
Whose parents deare, whiles equal destinies
Did ronne about, and their felicities
The favourable heavens did not envy,
Did spred their rule through all the territories,
Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by, [ally:
And Gehons golden waves doe wash continu-

XLIV

'Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
An huge great Dragon, horrible in sight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,
With murderous ravine, and devouring might,
Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted
quight:

Themselves, for feare into his jawes to fall,
He forst to castle strong to take their flight;
Where, fast embard in mighty brassen wall,
He has them now fowr years besiegd to make
them thrall.

XLV

'Full many knights, adventurous and stout,
Have enterpriz'd that Monster to subdew.
From every coast that heaven walks about
Have thither come the noble Martial crew

That famous harde atchievements still purs
Yet never any could that girland win,
But all still shronke, and still he greater gr
All they, for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
The pitteous pray of his fiers cruelty have l

XLVI

'At last, yled with far reported praise, [sp
Which flying fame throughout the world l
Of doughty knights, whom Faery land did ra
That noble order hight of maidenhed,
Forthwith to court of Gloriane I sped,
Of Gloriane, great Queene of glory bright,
Whose kingdomes seat Cleopolis is red;
There to obtaine some such redoubted kni
That Parents deare from tyrants powre deli
might.

XLVII

'Yt was my chaunce (my chaunce was f
and good)
There for to find a fresh unproved knight;
Whose manly hands imbrewd in guilty blo
Had never beene, ne ever by his might
Had throwne to ground the unregarded rig
Yet of his prowesse prooffe he since hath ma
(I witnes am) in many a cruell fight;
The groning ghosts of many one dismaide
Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging b

XLVIII

'And ye, the forlorne reliques of his powre
His biting sword, and his devouring speare,
Which have endured many a dreadfull stow
Can speake his prowesse that did earst you be
And well could rule; now he hath left y
To be the record of his ruefull losse, [he
And of my dolefull disaventurous deare,
O! heavie record of the good Redcrosse,
Where have yee left your lord that could
well you tosse?

XLIX

'Well hoped I, and faie beginnings had,
That he my captive languor should redeem
Till, all unweeting, an Enchaunter bad
His sence abusd, and made him to misdeem
My loyalty, not such as it did seeme,
That rather death desire then such despigh
Be judge, ye heavens, that all things rig
esteeme,
How I him lov'd, and love with all my mig
So thought I eke of him, and think I thoug
aright.

L

'Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsook
To wander where wilde fortune would me le
And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,
Where never foote of living wight did tread

brought not backe the balefull body dead:
 rich him chaunced false Duessa meete,
 onely foe, mine onely deadly dread;
 with her witchcraft, and misseeming
 sweete,
 gled him to follow her desires unmeete.

LI

last, by subtile sleights she him betraid
 his foe, a Gyaunt huge and tall;
 him disarmed, dissolute, dismaid,
 ares surprised, and with mighty mall
 monster mercilesse him made to fall,
 se fall did never foe before behold:
 now in darkesome dungeon, wretched
 thrall,

Remediesse for aie he doth him hold.
 This is my cause of grieve, more great then
 may be told.'

LII

Ere she had ended all she gan to faint:
 But he her comforted, and faire bespake:
 'Certes, Madame, ye have great cause of plaint;
 That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to
 quake:
 But be of cheare, and comfort to you take;
 For till I have acquitt your captive knight,
 Assure your selfe I will you not forsake.'
 His chearefull words reviv'd her chearelesse
 spright, [ever right.
 So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding

CANTO VIII.

Faire virgin, to redeeme her deare,
 Brings Arthure to the fight:
 Who slayes the Gyaunt, wounds the beast,
 And strips Duessa quight.

I

me! how many perils doe enfold
 righteous man, to make him daily fall,
 e not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
 stedfast truth acquite him out of all.
 love is firme, her care continuall,
 as he, through his own foolish pride
 eaknes, is to sinfull bands made thrall:
 ould this Redcrosse knight in bands have
 dyde, [thither guyd.
 whose deliverance she this Prince doth

II

y sadly traveild thus, untill they came
 to a castle builded strong and hye:
 cryde the Dwarfe, 'Lo! yonder is the
 same,
 which my Lord, my liege, doth lucklesse ly
 ll to that Gyaunts hatefull tyranny:
 efore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay.'
 noble knight alighted by and by
 a loftie steed, and badd the Ladie stay,
 ee what end of fight should him befall that
 day.

III

with his Squire, th' admirer of his might,
 marched forth towards that castle wall,
 se gates he fownd fast shutt, ne living
 wight
 arde the same, nor answers commers call.
 tooke that Squire an horne of bugle small,
 ch hong adowne his side in twisted gold
 tasselles gay. Wyde wonders over all

Of that same hornes great vertues weren told,
 Which had approved bene in uses manifold.

IV

Was never wight that heard that shrilling
 sownd,
 But trembling feare did feel in every vaine:
 Three miles it might be easy heard arownd,
 And Ecchoes three aunswer'd it selfe againe:
 No false enchauntment, nor deceiptfull traine,
 Might once abide the terror of that blast,
 But presently was void and wholly vaine:
 No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,
 But with that percing noise flew open quite,
 or brast.

V

The same before the Geaunts gate he blew,
 That all the castle quaked from the grownd,
 And every dore of freewill open flew.
 The Gyaunt selfe, dismaied with that sownd,
 Where he with his Duessa dalliaunce fownd,
 In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
 With staring countenance sterne, as one
 astownd, [stowre
 And staggering steps, to weet what sudden
 Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd
 his dreaded powre.

VI

And after him the proud Duessa came,
 High mounted on her many headed beast,
 And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,
 And every head was crowned on his creast,
 And bloody mouthed with late cruell feast.

That when the knight beheld, his mightie shield
Upon his manly arme he soone addrest,
And at him fiersly flew, with corage fild,
And eger greedinesse through every member
thrild.

VII

Therewith the Gyant buckled him to fight,
Inflamd with scornfull wrath and high dis-
daine,
And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
All armd with ragged snubbes and knottie
graine,
Him thought at first encounter to have slaine.
But wise and wary was that noble Pere;
And, lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
Did fayre avoide the violence him nere:
It booted nought to thinke such thunderbolts
to beare.

VIII

Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous
might:
The ydle stroke, enforcing furious way,
Missing the marke of his misaymed sight,
Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway
So deeply dinted in the driven clay,
That three yardes deepe a furrow up did
throw.
The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay,
Did grone full grievous underneath the blow,
And trembling with strange feare did like an
earthquake show.

IX

As when almightie Jove, in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly
food
Euroid in flames, and smouldring dremiment,
Through riven cloudes and molten firmament;
The fiers threeforked engin, making way,
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay;
And, shooting in the earth, castes up a mount
of clay.

X

His boystrous club, so buried in the grownd,
He could not rearen up againe so light,
But that the Knight him at advantage fownd;
And, whiles he strove his combred clubbe to
quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smott off his left arme, which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might:
Large streames of blood out of the truncked
stock
Forth gushed, like fresh water streame from
riven rocke.

XI

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of unwonted payne,
He loudly brayd with beastly yelling sownd
That all the fieldes rebellowed againe.
As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plain
An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage d-
sting,
Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,
And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing:
The neighbor woods arownd with hollow mu-
mur ring.

XII

That when his deare Duessa heard, and saw
The evil stownd that daungerd her estate,
Unto his aide she hastily did draw [of late
Her dreadfull beast; who, swolne with blood
Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous
gate,
And threatned all his heades like flaming
brandes.
But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,
Encounting fiers with single sword in hand:
And twixt him and his Lord did like a bul-
warke stand.

XIII

The proud Duessa, full of wrathfull spight,
And fiers disdaine to be affronted so,
Enforst her purple beast with all her might,
That stop out of the way to overthrowe,
Scorning the let of so unequal foe:
But nathemore would that corageous swayne
To her yeeld passage gainst his Lord to goe,
But with outrageous strokes did him restraine
And with his body bard the way atwixt them
twaine.

XIV

Then tooke the angrie witch her golden cup,
Which still she bore, replete with magick artes,
Death and despayre did many thereof sup,
And secret poyson through their inner partes:
Th' eternall bale of heavie wounded harts:
Which, after charmes and some enchaunt-
ments said,
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes:
Therewith his sturdie corage soon was quayed,
And all his senses were with suddein dread
dismayd.

XV

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,
That life nigh crusht out of his panting brest:
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.
That when the carefull knight gan well avise,
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan turne his enterprise;

wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
 See his loved Squyre into such thralldom
 brought:

XVI

And, high advauncing his blood-thirstie blade,
 Like one of those deformed heades so sore,
 Of his puissance proud ensample made:
 Monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,
 That misformed shape misshaped more.
 A of blood gusht from the gaping wound,
 Her gay garments staynd with filthy
 overflowed all the field arownd, [gore,
 Over shoes in blood he waded on the
 grownd.

XVII

Great he rored for exceeding paine, [bred;
 To have heard great horror would have
 scourging th' emptie ayre with his long
 trayne,
 Though great impatience of his grieved hed,
 Gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted
 Could have cast downe, and trodd in durty
 myre,
 Not the Gyaunt soone her succoured;
 All enrag'd with smart and frantick yre,
 He hurtling in full fiers, and forst the knight
 retyre.

XVIII

Force, which wont in two to be disperst,
 In alone left hand he now unites,
 Which is through rage more strong then both
 were erst;
 At which his hideous club aloft he dites,
 At his foe with furious rigor smites,
 Strongest Oake might seeme to cverthrow.
 Stroke upon his shield so heave lites,
 To the ground it doubleth him full low:
 That mortall wight could ever beare so mon-
 strous blow?

XIX

And in his fall his shield, that covered was,
 Loose his vele by chaunce, and open flew;
 Light whereof, that heavens light did pas,
 Blazing brightnesse through the ayer
 threw,
 Eye mote not the same endure to vew.
 When the Gyaunt spyde with staring
 eye,
 Downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
 weapon huge, that heaved was on hye
 To have slain the man, that on the ground
 did lye.

XX

Like the fruitfull-headed beast, amazd
 With beames of that sunshiny shield,
 He stark blind, and all his senses dazd,
 Downe he tumbled on the durty field,

And seemd himselfe as conquered to yield.
 Whom when his maistresse proud perceiv'd to
 fall,

Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
 Unto the Gyaunt lowdly she gan call; [all,
 'O! helpe, Orgoglio; helpe! or els we perish

XXI

At her so pitteous cry was much amov'd
 Her champion stout; and for to ayde his friend,
 Again his wonted angry weapon prov'd,
 But all in vaine, for he has redd his end
 In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
 Them selves in vaine: for, since that glauncing
 He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend. [sight,
 As where th' Almightyes lightning brond does
 light, [ces quight.

It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the sen-

XXII

Whom when the Prince, to batteill new ad-
 drest
 And threatning high his dreadfull stroke, did
 His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
 And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,
 That downe he tumbled; as an aged tree,
 High growing on the top of rocky clift,
 Whose hartstrings with keene steele nigh
 hewen be;
 The mightie trunk, halfe rent with ragged rift,
 Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with feare-
 full drift.

XXIII

Or as a Castle, reared high and round,
 By subtile engins and malicious slight
 Is undermined from the lowest ground,
 And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
 At last downe falles; and with her heaped
 hight
 Her hastie ruine does more heavie make,
 And yields it selfe unto the victours might.
 Such was this Gyaunts fall, that seemd to shake
 The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare did
 quake.

XXIV

The knight, then lightly leaping to the pray,
 With mortall steele him smot againe so sore,
 That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay,
 All wallowd in his owne fowle bloody gore,
 Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous
 store.

But, soone as breath out of his brest did pas,
 That huge great body, which the Gyaunt bore,
 Was vanisht quite; and of that monstrous mas
 Was nothing left, but like an emptie blader
 was.

XXV

Whose grievous fall when false Duessa spyde,
Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
And crowned mitre rudely threw asyde:
Such percing grieffe her stubborne hart did
wound,
That she could not endure that dolefull stound
But leaving all behind her fled away:
The light-foot Squire her quickly turnd
around,
And, by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
So brought unto his Lord as his deserved pray.

XXVI

The roiall Virgin which beheld from farre,
In pensive plight and sad perplexitie, [warre,
The whole atchievement of this doubtfull
Came running fast to greet his victorie,
With sober gladnesse and myld modestie;
And with sweet joyous cheare him thus be-
spake:
'Fayre braunch of noblesse, flowre of chevalrie,
That with your worth the world amazed make,
How shall I quite the paynes ye suffer for my
sake?

XXVII

'And you, fresh budd of vertue springing fast,
Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto deaths
dore,
What hath poore Virgin for such perill past
Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
My simple selfe, and service evermore:
And he that high does sit, and all things see
With equall eye, their merites to restore,
Behold what ye this day have done for mee,
And what I cannot quite requite with usuree.

XXVIII

'But sith the heavens, and your faire hande-
ling,
Have made you master of the field this day,
Your fortune maister eke with governing,
And, well begonne, end all so well, I pray!
Ne let that wicked woman scape away;
For she it is, that did my Lord bethrall,
My dearest Lord, and deepe in dongeon lay,
Where he his better dayes hath wasted all:
O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does
call!'

XXIX

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his Squire,
That scarlot whore to keepeen carefully;
Whyles he himselfe with greedie great desyre
Into the Castle entred forcibly,
Where living creature none he did espye.
Then gan he lowdly through the house to call,
But no man car'd to answer to his crye:

There raignd a solemne silence over all;
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in
bowre or hall.

XXX

At last, with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as snow
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
And guyde his wearie gate both too and fro,
For his eye sight him fayled long ygo;
And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
The which unused rust did overgrow:
Those were the keyes of every inner dore;
But he could not them use, but kept them still
in store.

XXXI

But very uncouth sight was to behold,
How he did fashion his untoward pace;
For as he forward moovd his footing old,
So backward still was turnd his wrincled face:
Unlike to men, who ever, as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
This was the auncient keeper of that place,
And foster father of the Gyaunt dead;
His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.

XXXII

His reverend heares and holy gravitee
The knight much honord, as besemed well;
And gently askt, where all the people bee,
Which in that stately building wont to dwell:
Who answerd him full soft, *he could not tell*.
Again he askt, where that same knight was layd,
Whom great Orgoglio with his puissance fell
Had made his caytive thrall: againe he sayde,
He could not tell; ne ever other answer made.

XXXIII

Then asked he, which way he in might pas
He could not tell, againe he answered.
Thereat the courteous knight displeased was,
And said; 'Old syre, it seemes thou hast not
How ill it sits with that same silver hed, [red
In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee.
But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
With natures pen, in ages grave degree,
Areadd in graver wise what I demanda of thee.

XXXIV

His answer likewise was, *he could not tell*:
Whose sencelesse speach, and doted ignorance
Whenas the noble Prince had marked well,
He ghest his nature by his countenance,
And calmd his wrath with goodly temperance
Then, to him stepping, from his arme did reach
Those keyes, and made himselfe free enterance
Each dore he opened without any breach,
There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to
empeach.

XXXV

re all within full rich arayd he found,
royall arras, and resplendent gold,
lid with store of every thing abound,
greatest Princes presence might behold.
ll the floore (too filthy to be told)
blood of guiltlesse babes, and innocents
trew, [fold,
h there were slaine as sheepe out of the
d was, that dreadfull was to vew;
sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

XXXVI

there beside of marble stone was built
ltare, carv'd with cunning ymagery,
hich trew Christians blood was often spilt,
holy Martyres often doen to dye
cruell malice and strong tyranny:
se blessed sprites, from underneath the
stone,
od for vengeance cryde continually;
with great griefe were often heard to
grone, [piteous mone.
hardest heart would bleede to hear their

XXXVII

ough every rowme he sought, and everie
bowr,
no where could he find that wofull thrall:
he came unto an yron doore,
fast was lockt, but key found not at all
gust that bounc to open it withall;
n the same a little grate was pight,
ugh which he sent his voyce, and lowd
did call
all his powre, to weet if living wight
housed therewithin, whom he enlargen
might.

XXXVIII

re with an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
e pitteous plaintes and dolours did re-
sound: [choyce
who is that, which bringes me happy
eath, that here lye dying every stound,
ive perforce in balefull darkenesse bound?
now three Moones have changed thrice
their hew, [ground,
have been thrice hid underneath the
I the heavens chearefull face did vew.
welcome thou, that doest of death bring
tydings trew.

XXXIX

ich when that Champion heard, with
percing point
tty deare his hart was thrilled sore.
trembling horror ran through every joynt,
uth of gentle knight so fowle forlore.

Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore
With furious force and indignation fell;
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,
That breathed everforth a filthie banefull smell.

XL

But nether darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous smell, his purpose could withhold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
But that with constant zele and corage bold,
After long paines and labors manifold,
He found the meanes that Prisoner up to reare;
Whose feeble thighes, unable to uphold [beare;
His pined corse, him scarce to light could
A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly dreere.

XLII

His sad dull eies, deepe sunck in hollow pits,
Could not endure th' unwonted sunne to view:
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
And empty sides deceived of their dew,
Could make a stony hart his hap to rew;
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawn'd
bowrs [hew,
Were wont to rive steele plates, and helmets
Were clene consum'd; and all his vitall powres
Decayd, and al his flesh shronk up like withered
flowres.

XLIII

Whome when his Lady saw, to him she ran
With hasty joy: to see him made her glad,
And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
Tho, when her well of teares she wasted had,
She said; 'Ah dearest Lord! what evill starre
On you hath frownd, and poud his influence
That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre, [bad,
And this misseeming hew your manly looks
doth marre?

XLIII

'But welcome now, my Lord in wele or woe,
Whose presence I have lackt too long a day:
And fie on Fortune, mine avowed foe, [alay;
Whose wrathful wreakes them selves doe now
And for these wronges shall treble penance pay
Of treble good: good growes of evils priefe.'
The chearelesse man, whom sorrow did dismay,
Had no delight to treaten of his griefe;
His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

XLIV

'Faire Lady,' then said that victorious
knight,
'The things, that grievous were to doe, or beare,
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight,
Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eare;

But th' only good that growes of passed feare
Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.
This daies ensample hath this lesson deare
Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
That blisse may not abide in state of mortall
men.

XLV

'Henceforth, Sir knight, take to you wonted
strength,
And maister these mishaps with patient might.
Loe! where your foe lies strecht in monstrous
length;
And loe! that wicked woman in your sight,
The roote of all your care and wretched plight,
Now in your powre, to let her live, or die.'
'To doe her die,' (quoth Una) 'were despight,
And shame t'avenge so weake an enemy;
But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her
fly.'

XLVI

So, as she bad, that witch they disaraid,
And robd of roiall robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were displaid;
Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
Then, when they had despoild her tire and call,
Such as she was their eies might her behold,
That her misshaped parts did them appall:
A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill' favoured, old,
Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not
be told.

XLVII

Her crafty head was altogether bald,
And, as in hate of honorable eld,
Was overgrowne with scurfe and filthy scald:
Her teeth out of her rotten gummies were feld,
And her sowre breath abominably smeld;
Her dried duggs, lyke bladders lacking wind,
Hong downe, and filthy matter from them
weld;

Her wrizled skin, as rough as maple rind,
So scabby was that would have loathd a
womankind.

XLVIII

Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind
My chaster Muse for shame doth blush
write;

But at her rompe she growing had behind
A foxes taile, with dong all fowly dight;
And eke her feetemost monstrous were in sight
For one of them was like an Eagles claw,
With griping talaunts armd to greedy fight
The other like a beares uneven paw,
More ugly shape yet never living creature saw

XLIX

Which when the knights beheld amazd they
were,
And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
'Such then,' (said Una,) 'as she seemeth here
Such is the face of falshood: such the sight
Of fowle Duessa, when her borrowed light
Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne.'
Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight
And all her filthy feature open showne,
They let her goe at will, and wander was
unknowne.

L

Shee, flying fast from heavens hated face,
And from the world that her discovered wide
Fled to the wastfull wildernesses apace,
From living eies her open shame to hide,
And lurkt in rocks and caves, long unespide,
But that faire crew of knights, and Una faire
Did in that castle afterwards abide,
To rest them selves, and weary powres repaire
Where store they fownd of al that dainty ware
and rare.

CANTO IX.

His loves and lignage Arthure tells:
The knights knitt friendly bands:
Sir Trevisan flies from Despeyre,
Whom Redcros knight withstands.

I

O GOODLY golden chayne, wherewith yfere
The vertues linked are in lovely wize;
And noble mindes of yore allyed were,
In brave poursuitt of chevalrous emprise,
That none did others safety despize,
Nor aid envy to him in need that stands;
But friendly each did others praise devise,
How to advaunce with favourable hands,
As this good Prince redeemed the Redcrosse
knight from bands.

II

Who when their powres, empayrd through
labor long,
With dew repast they had recured well,
And that weake captive wight now waxed
strong,
Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,
But forward fare as their adventures fell:
But, ere they parted, Una faire besought
That straunger knight his name and nation
tell;

to so great good, as he for her had wrought,
 And die unknown, and buried be in thankles
 thought.

III

'A virgin,' (said the Prince,) 'yee me
 require
 ing without the compas of my witt;
 both the lignage, and the certein Sire,
 in which I sprong, from mee are hidden yitt;
 all so soone as life did me admitt
 this world, and shewed hevens light,
 in mothers pap I taken was unfitt,
 streight deliver'd to a Fary knight,
 upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall
 might.

IV

to Old Timon he me brought bylive;
 Timon, who in youthly yeares hath beene
 like feates th' expertest man alive,
 is the wisest now on earth I weene:
 dwelling is low in a valley greene,
 er the foot of Rauran mossy hore,
 whence the river Dee, as silver cleene,
 rombling billowes rolls with gentle rore;
 e all my daies he trained mee up in ver-
 tuous lore.

V

ither the great magicien Merlin came,
 as his use, oftentimes to visit me;
 he had charge my discipline to frame,
 Tutors nouriture to oversee.
 oft and oft I askt in privy,
 hat lones and what lignage I did spring;
 se aunswere bad me still assured be,
 I was sonne and heire unto a king,
 me in her just term the truth to light
 should bring.'

VI

ff worthy impe,' said then the Lady gent,
 Pupill fitt for such a Tutors hand!
 what adventure, or what high intent,
 brought you hither into Faery land,
 e Prince Arthure, crowne of Martiall
 band?'
 hard it is,' (quoth he) 'to read aright
 ource of heavenly cause, or understand
 ecret meaning of th' eternall might,
 rules mens waies; and rules the thoughts
 of living wight.

VII

whether he, through fatal deepe foresight,
 ther sent for cause to me unghost;
 at fresh bleeding wound, which day
 and night
 me doth rancle in my riven brest,

With forced fury following his behest,
 Me hither brought by wayes yet never found,
 You to have helpt I hold my selfe yet blest.'
 'Ah! courteous Knight,' (quoth she) 'what
 secret wound [ground?]
 Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on

VIII

'Dear Dame,' (quoth he) 'you sleeping sparkes
 awake, [grow;
 Which, troubled once, into huge flames will
 Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,
 Till living moysture into smoke do flow,
 And wasted life doe lye in ashes low:
 Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,
 But, told, it flames; and, hidden, it does glow,
 I will revele what ye so much desire.
 Ah. Love! lay down thy bow, the whiles I
 may respyre.

IX

'It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,
 When corage first does creepe in manly chest,
 Then first the cole of kindly heat appears
 To kindle love in every living brest:
 But me had warnd old Timons wise behest,
 Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
 Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
 As miserable lovers use to rew, [wexeth new.
 Which still wex old in woe, whiles wo stil

X

'That ydle name of love, and lovers life,
 As losse of time, and vertues enemy,
 I ever scornd, and joyd to stirre up strife,
 In midst of their mournfull Tragedy;
 Ay wont to laugh when them I heard to cry,
 And blow the fire which them to ashes brent:
 Their God himselfe, grievd at my libertie,
 Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent;
 But I them warded all with wary government.

XI

'But all in vaine: no fort can be so strong,
 Ne fleshy brest can armed be so sownd,
 But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
 Or unawares at disavantage fownd.
 Nothing is sure that growes on earthly grownd;
 And who most trustes in arme of fleshy might,
 And boasts in beauties chaine not to be bownd,
 Doth soonest fall in disaventrous fight,
 And yeldes his caytive neck to victours most
 despight.

XII

'Ensamble make of him your haplesse joy,
 And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;
 Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy
 Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my libertee;

For on a day, prickt forth with jollitee
Of looser life and heat of hardiment,
Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one
consent, [intent.
Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine

XIII

'Forwearied with my sportes, I did alight
From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd,
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmett fayre displayd;
Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,
And slombring soft my hart did steale away,
Me seemed, by my side a royall Mayd
Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:
So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.

XIV

'Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
She to me made, and badd me love her deare;
For dearly sure her love was to me bent,
As, when just time expired, should appeare.
But whether dreames delude, or true it were,
Was never hart so ravisht with delight,
Ne living man like wordes did ever heare,
As she to me delivered all that night;
And at her parting said, She Queene of
Faeries light.

XV

'When I awoke, and found her place devoyd,
And nought but pressed gras where she had
I sorrowed all so much as earst I joyd, [lyen,
And washed all her place with watry even.
From that day forth I lov'd that face divyne;
From that day forth I cast in carefull mynd,
To seek her out with labor and long tyne,
And never vovd to rest till her I fynd:
Nyne monethes I seek in vain, yet ni'll that
vow unbynd.'

XVI

Thus as he spake, his visage waxed pale,
And chaunge of hew great passion did bewray;
Yet still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
And hide the smoke that did his fire display,
Till gentle Una thus to him gan say:
'O happy Queene of Faeries! that hast fownd,
Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confownd.
True loves are often sown, but seldom grow
on grownd.'

XVII

'Thine, O! then,' said the gentle Redcrosse
knight,
Next to that Ladies love, shalbe the place,
O fayrest virgin! full of heavenly light,
Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,

Was firmest fixt in myne extremest case.
And you, my Lord, the Patrone of my life,
Of that great Queene may well gaine worthie
grace,
For onely worthie you through prowes priet
Yf living man mote worthie be to be her lief.

XVIII

So diversly discoursing of their loves,
The golden Sunne his glistring head gan shew,
And sad remembraunce now the Prince amove
With fresh desire his voyage to pursew;
Als Una earnd her travaill to renew. [bynd
Then those two knights, fast friendship for
And love establish each to other trew,
Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynde
And eke, as pledges firme, right hands togethe
joynd.

XIX

Prince Arthur gave a boxe of Diamond sun
Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were closd few drops of liquor pura.
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wovnd could heale incontinent. [gave
Which to requite, the Redcrosse knight his
A booke, wherein his Saveours testament
Was writt with golden letters rich and brave
A worke of wondrous grace, and hable soules
to save.

XX

Thus beene they parted; Arthur on his way
To seeke his love, and th' other for to fight
With Unas foe, that all her realme did pray
But she, now weighing the decayed plight
And shrunken synewes of her chosen knight,
Would not a while her forward course pursew
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight.
Till he recovered had his former hew; [knew
For him to be yet weake and wearie well sh

XXI

So as they traveld, lo! they gan espy
An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
Or other griesly thing that him aghast.
Still as he fiedd his eye was backward cast,
As if his feare still followed him behynd:
Als flew his steed as he his bandes had brast
And with his winged heeles did tread the wynd
As he had beene a fole of Pegasus his kynd.

XXII

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his heere
To bee unarmd, and curld uncombed heeres
Upstaring stiffe, dismaid with uncouth dreame
Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,

life in limbe; and, to increase his feares,
 while reproch of knighthoodes fayre degree,
 at his neck an hempen rope he weares,
 with his glistring armes does ill agree;
 he of rope or armes has now no memoree.

XXIII

Redcrosse knight toward him crossed fast,
 what mister wight was so dismayd.
 He him he findes all sencelesse and aghast,
 of him selfe he seemd to be afayrd;
 he hardly he from flying forward stayd,
 he these wordes to him deliver might:
 'Knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
 like from whom make ye this hasty flight?
 never knight I saw in such misseeming
 plight.'

XXIV

answered nought at all; but adding new
 to his first amazment, staring wyde
 his stony eyes and hartlesse hollow hew,
 he nisht stood, as one that had aspyde
 small furies with their chaines untyde.
 he yett againe, and yett againe, bespake
 the gentle knight; who nought to him replyde;
 he trembling every joynt, did inly quake,
 he foltring tongue, at last, these words seemd
 forth to shake;

XXV

For Gods deare love, Sir knight, doe me not
 stay;
 hee! he comes, he comes fast after mee.'
 Looking back would faine have runne away;
 he him forst to stay, and tellen free
 the secrete cause of his perplexitie:
 heathemore by his bold hartie speach
 he his blood frozen hart emboldened bee,
 through his boldnes rather feare did reach;
 he forst, at last he made through silence
 suddein breach.

XXVI

'And am I now in safetie sure,' (quoth he)
 when him that would have forced me to dye?
 is the point of death now turnd fro mee,
 I may tell this haplesse history?' [nye,
 he nought,' (quoth he) 'no daunger now is
 in shall I you recount a ruefull cace,'
 he) 'the which with this unlucky eye
 beheld; and, had not greater grace
 kept from it, had bene partaker of the place.

XXVII

lately chaunst (Would I had never
 chaunst!)
 a fayre knight to keopen companee,
 erwin hight, that well himselfe advaunst
 affayres, and was both bold and free,

But not so happy as mote happy bee:
 He lov'd, as was his lot, a Lady gent,
 That him againe lov'd in the least degree;
 For she was proud, and of too high intent,
 And joyd to see her lover languish and lament:

XXVIII

'From whom retourning sad and comfortlesse,
 As on the way together we did fare,
 We met that villen, (God from him me blesse!)
 That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whyle-
 are,
 A man of hell that calls himselfe Despayre:
 Who first us greets, and after fayre areedes
 Of tydinges straunge, and of adventures rare:
 So creepeth close, as Snake in hidden weedes,
 Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly
 deedes.

XXIX

'Which when he knew, and felt our feeble
 harts
 Embost with bale, and bitter byting grieve,
 Which love had launched with his deadly
 darts,
 With wounding words, and termes of foule
 reprieve,
 He pluckt from us all hope of dew reliefe,
 That earst us held in love of lingring life;
 Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning
 thiefe
 Perswade us dye, to stint all further strife:
 To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife.

XXX

'With which sad instrument of hasty death,
 That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
 A wyde way made to let forth living breath:
 But I, more fearefull or more lucky wight,
 Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,
 Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying
 feare;

Ne yett assur'd of life by you, Sir knight,
 Whose like infirmity like chaunce may beare;
 But God you never let his charmed speeches
 heare!'

XXXI

'How may a man,' (said he) 'with idle speach
 Be wonne to spoyle the Castle of his health?'
 'I wote,' (quoth he) 'whom tryall late did
 teach,

That like would not for all this worldes wealth.
 His subtil tong like dropping honny mealt'h
 Into the heart, and searcheth every vaine;
 That, ere one be aware, by secret stealth
 His powre is reft, and weaknes doth remaine,
 O! never, Sir, desire to try his guilefull traine.'

XXXII

'Certes,' (sayd he) 'hence shall I never rest,
Till I that treachours art have heard and tryde;
And you, Sir knight, whose name mote I re-
Of grace do me unto his cabin guyde.' [quest,
'I, that hight Trevisan,' (quoth he) 'will ryde
Against my liking backe to doe you grace:
But nor for gold nor glee will I abyde
By you, when ye arrive in that same place;
For lever had I die then see his deadly face.'

XXXIII

Ere long they come where that same wicked
wight

His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy cliff ypyght,
Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave:
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly Owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle,
And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle
and howle.

XXXIV

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seene,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hanged beene,
Whose carcase were scattred on the greene,
And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull
teene,
Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare;
But th' other forst him staye, and comforted
in feare.

XXXV

That darke some cave they enter, where they
find

That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind:
His griesie lockes, long growen and unbound,
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face, through which his hollow
eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and
piae, [dyne,
Were shronke into his jawes, as he did never

XXXVI

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
And him beside there lay upon the gras
A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,
All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!

In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood

XXXVII

Which piteous spectacle, approving trew
The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,
Whenas the gentle Redcrosse knight did ve
With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold
Him to avenge before his blood were cold,
And to the villain sayd; 'Thou damned wight
The author of this fact we here behold,
What justice can but judge against thee right
With thine owne blood to price his blood, her
shed in sight?'

XXXVIII

'What franticke fit,' (quoth he) 'hath thou
distracted

Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give?
What justice ever other judgement taught,
But he should dye who merites not to live?
None els to death this man despayring drive
But his owne guiltie mind, deserving death.
Is then unjust to each his dew to give?
Or let him dye, that loatheth living breath,
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here unceath

XXXIX

'Who travailes by the wearie wandring way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meetes a flood that doth his passage stay,
Is not great grace to helpe him over past,
Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fast?
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbour
good;

And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast!
Why wilt not let him passe, that long has
stood [flood
Upon the bancke, yet wilt thy selfe not pas t

XL

'He there does now enjoy eternall rest
And happy ease, which thou doest want a
crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little payne the passage have,
That makes frayle flesh to feare the bit
wave, [long ea
Is not short payne well borne, that bring
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does great
please.'

XLI

The knight much wondred at his suddeine w
And sayd; 'The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten, it:
The souldier may not move from watchfull st

leave his stand untill his Captaine bed.
 life did limit by almightie doome,
 he) 'knowes best the termes esta-
 blished;
 ne, that points the Centonell his roome,
 license him depart at sound of morning
 droome.'

XLII

not his deed, what ever thing is donne
 even and earth? Did not he all create
 againe? All ends that was begonne:
 times in his eternall booke of fate
 ritten sure, and have their certein date.
 then can strive with strong necessitie,
 holds the world in his still chaunging
 state,
 unne the death ordaynd by destinie?
 houre of death is come, let none aske
 whence, nor why.

XLIII

enger life, I wote, the greater sin;
 reater sin, the greater punishment:
 ose great battels, which thou boasts to
 win [ment,
 gh strife, and blood-shed, and avenge-
 prayds, hereafter deare thou shalt repent;
 e must life, and blood must blood, repay.
 ough thy evill life forespent?
 hat once hath missed the right way,
 urther he doth goe, the further he doth
 stray.

XLIV

n doe no further goe, no further stray,
 ere ly downe, and to thy rest betake,
 o prevent, that life ensewen may;
 hat hath life that may it loved make,
 ives not rather cause it to forsake?
 sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
 hunger, cold that makes the hart to
 quake,
 ver fickle fortune rageth rife;
 ich, and thousands mo, do make a loath-
 some life.

XLV

u, wretched man, of death hast greatest
 need,
 he ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy state;
 ver knight, that dared warlike deed,
 uckless dissaventures did amate:
 s the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
 e shutt up for death so oft did call;
 ough good lucke prolonged hath thy
 date,
 ath then would the like mishaps forestall,
 ne which hereafter thou maist happen
 fall.

XLVI

'Why then doest thou, O man of sin! desire
 To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
 Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
 High heaped up with huge iniquitee,
 Against the day of wrath to burden thee?
 Is not enough, that to this Lady mild
 Thou falsed hast thy faith with perjuree,
 And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vild, [defild?
 With whom in al abuse thou hast thy selfe

XLVII

'Is not he just, that all this doth behold
 From highest heven, and beares an equall eie?
 Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
 And guilty be of thine impietie?
 Is not his lawe, Let every sinner die; [donne,
 Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be
 Is it not better to doe willinglie,
 Then linger till the glas be all out ronne?
 Death is the end of woes: die soone, O faeries
 sonne!'

XLVIII

The knight was much enmowed with his speach,
 That as a swords poynt through his hart did
 perse,
 And in his conscience made a secrete breach,
 Well knowing trew all that he did reherse,
 And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse
 The ugly vew of his deformed crimes;
 That all his manly powres it did disperse,
 As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes;
 That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted often-
 times.

XLIX

In which amazement when the Miscraunt
 Perceived him to waver, weake and fraile, [daunt,
 Whiles trembling horror did his conscience
 And hellish anguish did his soule assaile;
 To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaille,
 Hee shewd him, painted in a table plaine,
 The damned ghosts that doe in torments waile,
 And thousand feends that doe them endlesse
 paine [remaine.
 With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall

L

The sight whereof so throughly him dismayd,
 That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
 And ever burning wrath before him laid,
 By righteous sentence of th' Almighties law.
 Then gan the villen him to overcraw, [fire,
 And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison,
 And all that might him to perdition draw;
 And bad him choose what death he would de-
 sire; [Gods ire.
 For death was dew to him that had provokt

LI

But, whenas none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake
And tremble like a leafe of Aspin greene,
And troubled blood through his pale face was
seene

To come and goe with tidings from the heart,
As it a ronning messenger had beene.
At last, resolv'd to work his finall smart,
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did
start.

LII

Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swowne: but, soone reliv'd againe,
Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said; 'Fie, fie, faint hearted Knight!
What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?
Is this the battaile which thou vauntst to
fight
With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and
bright?

LIII

'Come; come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly wight,
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constan
spright:

In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why shouldst thou then despire, that cho
art?

Where justice growes, there grows eke great
The which doth quench the brond of hell
smart,

And that accurst hand-writing doth deface.
Arise, sir Knight; arise, and leave this cur
place.'

LIV

So up he rose, and thence amounted streit
Which when the carle beheld, and saw his g
Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hong him selfe, unbidd, unblest.
But death he could not worke himselfe ther
For thousand times he so him selfe had dre
Yet nathelesse it could not doe him die,
Till he should die his last, that is, eternally

CANTO X.

Her faithfull knight faire Una brings
To house of Holinesse;
Where he is taught repentaunce, and
The way to hevenly blesse.

I

WHAT man is he, that boasts of fleshly
And vaine assurance of mortality, [might
Which, all so soone as it doth come to fight
Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,
Or from the field most cowardly doth fly!
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory:
If any strength we have, it is to ill, [will.
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke

II

By that which lately hapned Una saw
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint;
And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,
Through long enprisonment, and hard con
straint,

Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was unfit for bloody fight.
Therefore, to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him where he chearen might,
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

III

There was an auncient house not far away
Renownd throughout the world for sacred
And pure unspotted life: so well, they say,
It governd was, and guided evermore,
Through wisdom of a matrone grave and
Whose onely joy was to relieve the needes
Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes
And all the day in doing good and go
deedes.

IV

Dame Cælia men did her call, as thought
From heaven to come, or thither to arise:
The mother of three daughters, well upbrou
In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:
The eldest two, most sober, chaste, and wi
Fidelia and Speranza, virgins were;
Though spoused, yet wanting wedlocks so
nize;
But faire Charissa to a lovely fere [ple
Was lincked, and by him had many ple

V

red there, the dore they find fast lockt,
 was warely watched night and day,
 re of many foes ; but, when they knockt,
 orte opened unto them streight way.
 e an aged syre, all hory gray,
 ookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
 on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
 Humiltá. They passe in, stouping low ;
 reight and narrow was the way which
 he did show.

VI

goodly thing is hardest to begin ;
 atred in, a spatiuous court they see,
 laine and pleasaunt to be walked in ;
 them does meete a francklin faire and
 free,
 ertaines with comely courteous glee ;
 me was Zele, that him right well became :
 his speaches and behavours hee
 our lively to expresse the same,
 adly did them guide, till to the Hall
 they came.

VII

ayrely them receives a gentle Squire,
 d demeanure and rare courtesee,
 cleanly clad in comely sad attyre ;
 d and deede that shewd great modestee,
 ew his good to all of each degree,
 Reverence. He them with speaches
 meet
 ire entreat ; no courting nicetee,
 mple, trew, and eke unfained sweet,
 ht become a Squire so great persons to
 greet.

VIII

afterwardes them to his Dame he leades,
 ged Dame, the Lady of the place,
 d this while was busy at her beades ;
 doen, she up arose with seemely grace,
 ward them full matronely did pace.
 when that fairest Una she beheld,
 well she knew to spring from heavenly
 race,
 art with joy unwonted inly sweld,
 ing wondrous comfort in her weaker eld :

IX

her embracing, said ; ' O happy earth,
 n thy innocent feet doe ever tread !
 ertuous virgin, borne of heavenly berth,
 o redeeme thy woefull parents head
 yrans rage and ever-dying dread,
 andred through the world now long a
 day,
 assest not thy weary soles to lead ;

What grace hath thee now hither brought this
 way ?

Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hither stray ?

X

' Straunge thing it is an errant knight to see
 Here in this place ; or any other wight,
 That hither turnes his steps. So few there bee,
 That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right :
 All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
 With many rather for to goe astray,
 And be partakers of their evill plight,
 Then with a few to walke the rightest way.
 O foolish men ! why hast ye to your own decay ?'

XI

' Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,
 O matrone sage,' (quoth she) ' I hither came ;
 And this good knight his way with me addrest,
 Ledd with thy prayses, and broad-blazed fame,
 That up to heaven is blowne.' The auncient
 Dame

Him goodly greeted in her modest guyse,
 And enterteynd them both, as best became,
 With all the court'sies that she could devyse,
 Ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous or wise.

XII

Thus as they gan of sondrie things devise,
 Loe ! two most goodly virgins came in place,
 Ylinked arme in arme in lovely wise :
 With countenance demure, and modest grace,
 They numbred even steps and equall pace ;
 Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
 Like sunny beames threw from her Christall face
 That could have dazd the rash beholders sight,
 And round about her head did shine like heavens
 light.

XIII

She was araied all in lilly white,
 And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
 With wine and water fild up to the hight,
 In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,
 That horror made to all that did behold ;
 But she no whitt did chaunge her constant
 mood :
 And in her other hand she fast did hold
 A booke, that was both signd and seald with
 blood ;
 Wherein darke things were writt, hard to be
 understood.

XIV

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
 Was clad in blew, that her beseeemed well ;
 Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,
 As was her sister : whether dread did dwell

Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell.
 Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
 Whereon she leaned ever, as befell;
 And ever up to heven, as she did pray, [way.
 Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other

XV

They, seeing Una, towards her gan wend,
 Who them encounters with like courtesee;
 Many kind speeches they betweene them spend,
 And greatly joy each other for to see:
 Then to the knight with shamefast modestie
 They turne themselves, at Unaes meeke request,
 And him salute with well beseeming glee;
 Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best,
 And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

XVI

Then Una thus: 'But she, your sister deare,
 The deare Charissa, where is she become?
 Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere?'
 'Ah! no,' said they, 'but forth she may not
 For she of late is lightned of her wombe, [come;
 And hath encreast the world with one sonne
 more,
 That her to see should be but troublesome.'
 'Indeed,' (quoth she) 'that should her trouble
 sore; [more!'
 But thank't be God, and her encrease so ever-

XVII

Then said the aged Cælia, 'Deare dame,
 And you, good Sir, I wote that of youre toyle
 And labors long, through which ye hither
 came,
 Ye both forweari'd be: therefore, a while
 I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle.'
 Then called she a Groome, that forth him led
 Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
 Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bedd
 His name was meeke Obedience, rightfully
 aredd.

XVIII

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly
 rest,
 And bodies were refresht with dew repast,
 Fayre Una gan Fidelia fayre request,
 To have her knight into her schoolehous plaste,
 That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
 And heare the wisdom of her wordes divine.
 She graunted; and that knight so much
 agraste,
 That she him taught celestially discipline,
 And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in
 them shine.

XIX

And that her sacred Booke, with blood yw,
 That none could reade except she did th
 She unto him disclosed every whitt; [tea
 And heavenly documents thereout did prea
 That weaker witt of man could never reach
 Of God; of grace; of justice; of free-will
 That wonder was to heare her goodly spea
 For she was hable with her wordes to kill,
 And rayse againe to life the hart that she
 thrill.

XX

And, when she list poure out her lar
 spright,
 She would commaund the hasty Sunne to st
 Or backward turne his course from he
 hight:
 Sometimes great hostes of men she could
 Dry-shod to passe she parts the fouds in twa
 And eke huge mountaines from their nat
 seat
 She would commaund themselves to be
 And throw in raging sea with roaring thre
 Almighty God her gave such powre and pu
 saunce great.

XXI

The faithfull knight now grew in litle spa
 By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
 To such perfection of all heavenly grace,
 That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
 And mortall life gan loath as thing forelore.
 Greevd with remembrance of his wicked way
 And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so s
 That he desirde to end his wretched dayes
 So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule
 mayes.

XXII

But wise Speranza gave him comfort swe
 And taught him how to take assured hold
 Upon her silver anchor, as was meet;
 Els had his sinnes, so great and manifold,
 Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
 In this distressed doubtfull agony,
 When him his dearest Una did behold
 Disdeining life, desiring leave to dye,
 She found her selfe assayld with great
 plexity;

XXIII

And came to Cælia to declare her smart;
 Who, well acquainted with that comm
 plight,
 Which sinfull horror workes in wounded b
 Her wisely comforted all that she might,
 With goodly counsell and advisement rig
 And streightway sent with carefull diligen
 To fetch a Leach, the which had great insi

at disease of grieved conscience, [Patience,
well could cure the same: His name was

XXIV

o, comming to that sowle-diseased knight,
d hardly him intreat to tell his grief:
ch knowne, and all that noyd his heaue
spright
searcht, eftsoones he gan apply relief
alves and med'cines, which had passing
rief;
thereto added wordes of wondrous might.
hich to ease he him recured brief,
much aswag'd the passion of his plight,
he his paine endur'd, as seeming now
more light.

XXV

yet the cause and root of all his ill,
rd corruption and infected sin,
ourg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
festring sore did ranckle yett within,
creeping twixt the marow and the skin:
h to extirpe, he laid him privily
ne in a darksome lowly place far in,
reas he meant his corrosives to apply,
with streight diet tame his stubborne
malady.

XXVI

shes and sackcloth he did array
intie corse, proud humors to abate;
dieted with fasting every day,
welling of his woundes to mitigate;
made him pray both earely and eke late:
ever, as superfluous flesh did rott,
dment readie still at hand did wayt,
uck it out with pincers fyrie whott,
soone in him was lefte no one corrupted
jott.

XXVII

bitter Penaunce, with an yron whip,
wont him once to disple every day:
harp Remorse his hart did prick and nip,
drops of blood thence like a well did play:
ad Repentance used to embay
lamefull body in salt water sore,
lthy blottes of sin to wash away.
short space they did to health restore
nan that would not live, but erst lay at
deathes dore.

XXVIII

hich his torment often was so great,
like a Lyon he would cry and rore,
end his flesh, and his owne synewes eat.
wne deare Una, hearing evermore
tefull shriekes and gronings, often tore
uiltlesse garments and her golden heare,
tty of his payne and anguish sore:

Yet all with patience wisely she did beare,
For well she wist his cryme could els be never
cleare.

XXIX

Whom, thus recover'd by wise Patience
And trew Repentaunce, they to Una brought:
Who, joyous of his cured conscience,
Him dearely kist, and fayrely eke besought
Himselfe to chearish, and consuming thought
To put away out of his carefull brest.
By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,
Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest:
To her fayre Una brought this unacquainted
guest.

XXX

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easie to compare;
Full of great love, but Cupids wanton snare
As hell she hated; chaste in worke and will:
Her necke and breasts were ever open bare,
That ay thereof her babes might sucke their
fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arayed still.

XXXI

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sportes, that joyd her to behold;
Whom still she fed whiles they were weake and
young,
But thrust them forth still as they waxed old:
And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous
fayre,
Whose passing price uneath was to be told:
And by her syde there sate a gentle payre,
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvory chayre.

XXXII

The knight and Una entring fayre her greet,
And bid her joy of that her happy brood;
Who them requites with court'sies seeming
meet,
And entertaynes with friendly chearefull mood.
Then Una her besought, to be so good
As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,
Now after all his torment well withstood
In that sad house of Penaunce, where his
spright
Had past the paines of hell and long-enduring
night.

XXXIII

She was right joyous of her just request;
And taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,
Gan him instruct in everie good behest,
Of love, and righteousnes, and well to donne;

And wrath and hatred warely to shonne,
That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,
And many soules in dolours had fordonne:
In which when him she well instructed hath,
From thence to heaven she teacheth him the
ready path.

XXXIV

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guyde,
An auncient matrone she to her does call,
Whose sober lookes her wisdom well des-
cryde:

Her name was Mercy; well knowne over-all
To be both gracious and eke liberall:
To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,
To leade aright, that he should never fall
In all his waies through this wide worldes
wave;
That Mercy in the end his righteous soule
might save.

XXXV

The godly Matrone by the hand him beares
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
Scattered with bushy thornes and ragged breares,
Which still before him she remov'd away,
That nothing might his ready passage stay:
And ever, when his feet encombred were,
Or gan to shrink, or from the right to stray,
She held him fast, and firmly did upbeare,
As carefull Nourse her child from falling oft
does reare.

XXXVI

Eftsoones unto an holy Hospitall,
That was foreby the way, she did him bring;
In which seven Bead-men, that had vowed all
Their life to service of high heavens King,
Did spend their daies in doing godly thing.
Their gates to all were open evermore,
That by the wearie way were travailing;
And one sate wayting ever them before, [pore.
To call in commers-by that needy were and

XXXVII

The first of them, that eldest was and best,
Of all the house had charge and government,
As Guardian and Steward of the rest.
His office was to give entertainment
And lodging unto all that came and went;
Not unto such as could him feast againe,
And double quite for that he on them spent;
But such as want of harbour did constraine:
Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

XXXVIII

The second was as Almner of the place:
His office was the hungry for to feed,
And thristy give to drinke; a worke of grace.
He feared not once himselfe to be in need,

Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he did breede
The grace of God he layd up still in store,
Which as a stocke he left unto his seede.
He had enough; what need him care for more?
And had he lesse, yet some he would give to the
pore.

XXXIX

The third had of their wardrobe custody,
In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay
The plumes of pride, and winges of vanity,
But clothes meet to keepe keene cold away,
And naked nature seemely to aray;
With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad
The images of God in earthly clay;
And, if that no spare clothes to give he had,
His owne cote he would cut, and it distribut
glad.

XL

The fourth appointed by his office was
Poore prisoners to relieve with gracious ayd,
And captives to redeeme with price of bras
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them ha
stayd:
And though they faulty were, yet well he wayd
That God to us forgiveth every howre [layd
Much more then that why they in bands wer
And he, that harrowd hell with heavie stowre
The faulty soules from thence brought to
heavenly bowre.

XLI

The fift had charge sick persons to attend,
And comfort those in point of death which lay
For them most needeth comfort in the end,
When sin, and hell, and death, doe most disma
The feeble soule departing hence away.
All is but lost, that living we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man! have mind of that last bitter throw;
For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

XLII

The sixt had charge of them now being dead,
In seemely sort their corsos to engrave,
And deck with dainty flowres their brydall be
That to their heavenly spouse both sweet an
brave [sav
They might appeare, when he their soules sha
The wondrous workmanship of Gods own
mould,
Whose face he made all beastes to feare, and gay
All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
Ah, dearest God, me graunt, I dead be us
defould!

XLIII

The seventh, now after death and buriall don
Had charge the tender Orphans of the deau
And wydowes ayd, least they should be undon
In face of judgement he their right would plea

ght the powre of mighty men did dread
 ir defence; nor would for gold or fee
 ne their rightfull causes downe to tread;
 hen they stood in most necessitee,
 supply their want, and gave them ever
 free.

XLIV

when the Elfin knight arrived was,
 st and chiefest of the seven, whose care
 uests to welcome, towards him did pas;
 eeing Mercie, that his steps upbare
 waies led, to her with reverence rare
 mbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,
 emely welcome for her did prepare:
 their order she was Patronesse,
 harissa were their chiefest founderesse.

XLV

she awhile him stayes, himselfe to rest,
 the rest more hable he might bee;
 which time, in every good behest,
 dly worke of Almes and charitee,
 im instructed with great industrie.
 y therein so perfect he became,
 from the first unto the last degree,
 ortall life he learned had to frame
 y righteousnessse, without rebuke or
 blame.

XLVI

forward by that painfull way they pas
 to an hill that was both steepe and hy,
 whereof a sacred chappell was,
 e a litle Hermitage thereby,
 in an aged holy man did lie,
 ay and night said his devotion,
 er worldly busines did apply:
 me was hevenly Contemplation;
 and goodnes was his meditation.

XLVII

grace that old man to him given had;
 d he often saw from heavens hight:
 re his earthly eien both blunt and bad,
 ough great age had lost their kindly
 sight, [spright,
 ndrous quick and persaunt was his
 les eie that can behold the Sunne.
 ill they scale with all their powre and
 might,
 s fraile thighes, nigh weary and fordonne,
 ile; but by her helpe the top at last he
 wonne.

XLVIII

they doe finde that godly aged Sire,
 nowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed;
 ry frost with spangles doth attire
 ssy branches of an Oke halfe ded.

Each bone might through his body well be red
 And every sinew seene, through his long fast;
 For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed;
 His mind was full of spiritual repast, [chast.
 And pyn'd his flesh to keepe his body low and

XLIX

Who, when these two approaching he aspid,
 At their first presence grew agrieved sore,
 That first him lay his heavenly thoughts aside;
 And had he not that Dame respected more,
 Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
 He would not once have moved for the knight.
 They him saluted, standing far afore,
 Who, well them greeting, humbly did requight,
 And asked to what end they clomb that
 tedious hight?

L

'What end,' (quoth she) 'should cause us
 take such paine,
 But that same end, which every living wight
 Should make his marke high heaven to attaine?
 Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
 To that most glorious house, that glistreth
 bright
 With burning starres and everliving fire,
 Whereof the keies are to thy hand behight
 By wise Fidelia? Shee doth thee require,
 To shew it to this knight, according his desire.'

LI

'Thrise happy man,' said then the father
 grave,
 'Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth
 lead,
 And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save!
 Who better can the way to heaven aread
 Then thou thyselfe, that was both borne and
 bred
 In hevenly throne, where thousand Angels
 shine?
 Thou doest the praiers of the righteous sead
 Present before the majesty divine,
 And his avenging wrath to clemency incline.

LII

'Yet, since thou bidst, thy pleasure shalbe
 donne.
 Then come, thou man of earth, and see the way,
 That never yet was seene of Faeries sonne;
 That never leads the traveler astray,
 But after labors long and sad delay,
 Brings them to joyous rest and endlesse blis.
 But first thou must a season fast and pray,
 Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
 And have her strength recur'd from fraile in-
 firmitis.'

LIII

'That done, he leads him to the highest Mount,

Such one as that same mighty man of God,
That blood-red billowes, like a walled front,
On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt forty daies upon; where, writt in stone
With bloody letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him
shone:

LIV

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie
Adorn'd with fruitfull Olives all around,
Is, as it were for endles-e memory
Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,
For ever with a flowring girlond crown'd:
Or like that pleasaunt Mount, that is for ay
Through famous Poets verse each where re-
nownd,
On which the thrise three learned Ladies play
Their heavenly notes, and make full many a
lovely lay.

LV

From thence, far off he unto him did shew
A little path that was both steepe and long,
Which to a goodly Citty led his vew,
Whose wals and towres were builded high
and strong
Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song.
The Citty of the greates king hight it well,
Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth
dwell.

LVI

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed Angels to and fro descend
From highest heven in gladsome companee,
And with great joy into that Citty wend,
As commonly as frend does with his frend.
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,
And what unknown nation there empeopled
were?

LVII

'Faie Knight,' (quoth he) 'Hierusalem that
The new Hierusalem, that God has built [is,
For those to dwell in that are chosen his,
His chosen people, purg'd from sinful guilt
With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
On cursed tree, of that unspotted lam,
That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt:

Now are they Saints all in that Citty sam,
More dear unto their God then younglings to
their dam.'

LVIII

'Till now,' said then the knight, 'I weene
well,
That great Cleopolis, where I have beene,
In which that fairest Faery Queene doth dwell
The fairest citty was that might be seene;
And that bright towre, all built of christal
clene,
Panthea, seemd the brightest thing that was
But now by prooffe all otherwise I weene,
For this great Citty that does far surpas,
And this bright Angels towre quite dims the
towre of glas.'

LIX

'Most trew,' then said the holy aged man;
'Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame.
The fairest peece that eie beholden can,
And well beseemes all knights of noble name
That covett in th' immortal booke of fame
To be eternized, that same to haunt,
And doen their service to that soveraigne Dame
That glory does to them for guerdon graunt:
For she is heavenly borne, and heaven may
justly vaunt.

LX

'And thou, faire ymp, sprong out from
English race,
How ever now accepted Elfin's sonne,
Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,
To aide a virgin desolate, foredonne;
But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
And high amongst all knights hast hong thy
shield,
Thenceforth the suitt of earthly conquest
shonne,
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field
For blood can nought but sin, and wars be
sorrows yield.

LXI

'Then seek this path that I to thee presage
Which after all to heaven shall thee send;
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
To yonder same Hierusalem doe bend,
Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end:
For thou, amongst those Saints whom thou
doest see,
Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations fren
And Patrone: thou Saint George shalt calle
be;
Saint George of mery England, the signe
victoree'

LXII

unworthy wretch,' (quoth he) 'of so great
grace,
dare I thinke such glory to attaine?'
these, that have it attaynd, were in like
cace,
wretched men, and lived in like paine.'
deeds of armes must I at last be faine
Ladies love to leave, so dearly bought?'
at need of armes, where peace dōth ay
remaine,'
d he) 'and bitter battailes all are fought?
or loose loves, they're vaine, and vanish
into nought.'

LXIII

let me not,' (quoth he) 'then turne a-
gaine
ce to the world, whose joyes so fruitlesse
are;
let me heare for aie in peace remaine,
treightway on that last long voiage fare,
nothing may my present hope enpare.'
at may not be,' (said he) 'ne maist thou
yitt
oe that royal maides bequeathed care,
did her cause into thy hand committ,
from her cursed foe thou have her freely
quitt.'

LXIV

en shall I soone,' (quoth he) 'so God me
t that virgins cause disconsolate, [grace,
shortly back returne unto this place,
alke this way in Pilgrims poore estate.
now ahead, old father, why of late
t thou behight me borne of English blood,
m all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?'
t word shall I,' (said he) 'avouchen good,
to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy
brood.

LXV

r, well I wote, thou springst from ancient
race
axor kinges, that have with mightie hand,
many bloody battailes fought in face,
reard their royall throne in Britans land,

And vanquisht them, unable to withstand:
From thence a Faery thee unweeting reft,
There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left:
Such, men do Chaungelings call, so chaung'd
by Faeries theft.

LXVI

'Thence she thee brought into this Faery
lond,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde;
Where thee a Ploughman all unweeting fond,
As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,
And brought thee up in ploughmans state to
byde,
Whereof Georgos he thee gave to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
To Faery court thou cam'st to seek for fame,
And prove thy puissant armes, as seemes thee
best became.'

LXVII

'O holy Sire!' (quoth he) 'how shall I quight
The many favours I with thee have fownd,
That hast my name and nation redd aright,
And taught the way that does to heaven
bownd!
This saide, adowne he looked to the grownd
To have returnd; but dazed were his eyne
Through passing brightnes, which did quite
confound
His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne.
So darke are earthly thinges compar'd to things
divine.

LXVIII

At last, whenas himselfe he gan to fynd,
To Una back he cast him to retyre,
Who him awaited still with pensive mynd.
Great thanks, and goodly meed, to that good
syre
He thens departing gave for his paynes hyre
So came to Una, who him joyd to see;
And, after litle rest, gan him desyre
Of her adventure myndfull for to bee,
So leave they take of Oelia and her daugh-
ters three.

CANTO XI.

The knight with that old Dragon fights
Two days incessantly :
The third him overthrowes, and gayns
Most glorious victory.

I

HIGH time now gan it wex for Una fayre
To thinke of those her captive Parents deare,
And their forwasted kingdom to repayre :
Where to whenas they now approched neare,
With hartie wordes her knight she gan to
cheare,
And in her modest maner thus bespake : [deare,
'Deare knight, as deare as ever knight was
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High heaven behold the tedious toyle ye for me
take !

II

'Now are we come unto my native soyle,
And to the place where all our perilles dwell ;
Here hauntes that feend, and does his dayly
spoyle ;
Therefore, henceforth, bee at your keeping well,
And ever ready for your foeman fell :
The sparke of noble corage now awake,
And strive your excellent selfe to excell :
That shall ye evermore renowmed make [take,
Above all knights on earth, that batteill under-

III

'And pointing forth, 'Lo! yonder is,' (said she)
'The brasen towre, in which my parents deare
For dread of that huge feend emprisoned be ;
Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,
Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly
And on the top of all I do espye [cheare :
The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare ;
That, (O my Parents!) might I happily
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery !'

IV

With that they heard a roaring hideous sownd,
That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
And seemd uneth to shake the stedfast ground.
Eftsoones that dreadful Dragon they espyde,
Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill :
But, all so soone as he from far descryde
Those glistring armes that heven with light
did fill, [untill,
He rousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned them

V

Then badd the knight his Lady yede aloof,
And to an hill herselfe withdraw asyde ;
From whence she might behold that battaill
proof,
And eke be safe from daunger far descryde.
She him obeyd, and turnd a little wyde.—
Now, O thou sacred Muse! most learned Dame
Fayre ympe of Phœbus and his aged bryde,
The Nourse of time and everlasting fame,
That warlike handes ennoblest with immortal
name ;

VI

O! gently come into my feeble brest ;
Come gently, but not with that mightie rag
Where with the martiall troupes thou doe
infest,
And hartes of great Heroës doest enrage,
That nought their kindled corage may aswage
Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sowne
The God of warre with his fiers equipage
Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd
And scared nations doest with horror ster
astownd.

VII

Fayre Goddess, lay that furious fitt asyde
Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing,
And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedye
Twixt that great faery Queene and Payn
king,
That with their horror heven and earth did run
A worke of labour long, and endlesse pray
But now a while lett downe that haugh
string,
And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
That I this man of God his godly armes m
blaze.

VIII

By this, the dreadful Beast drew nigh
hand,
Haile flying and halfe footing in his haste.
That with his largenesse measured much la
And made wide shadow under his huge was
As mountaine doth the valley overcaste.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste ;

, to increase his wondrous greatnes more,
wolvn with wrath and poyson, and with
bloody gore;

IX

over all with brasen scales was armd,
plated cote of steele, so couched neare
nought mote perce; ne might his corse
bee harnd
hint of swerd, nor push of pointed speare:
as an Eagle, seeing pray appeare,
ry plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight;
ked he, that horror was to heare:
the clashing of an Armor bright,
noyse his rouzed scales did send unto the
knight.

X

laggy winges, when forth he did display,
like two sayles, in which the hollow
wynd
hered full, and worketh speedy way:
ke the pennes, that did his pineons bynd,
like mayne-yardes with flying canvas
lynd;
which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
ere by force unwonted passage fynd,
oudes before him fledd for terror great,
ll the hevens stood still amazed with his
threat.

XI

uge long tayle, wownd up in hundred
foldes,
overspred his long bras-scaly back,
e wreathed boughtes when ever he un-
foldes,
ick entangled knots adown does slack,
ted as with shieldes of red and blacke,
epeth all the land behind him farre,
f three furlongs does but litle lacke;
t the point two stinges in fixed arre,
eadly sharp, that sharpest steele ex-
ceeden farre.

XII

tinges and sharpest steele did far exceed
sharpnesse of his cruel rending clawes:
was it sure, as sure as death in deed,
ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
at within his reach he ever drawes.
s most hideous head my tongue to tell
remble; for his deepe devouring jawes
gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell,
gh which into his darke abysses all ravin
fell.

XIII

that more wondrous was, in either jaw
ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
ch yett trickling blood, and gobbets raw,
e devoured bodies did appeare,

That sight thereof bredd cold congealed feare;
Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,
A cloud of smothering smoke, and sulphure
seare,

Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench
did fill.

XIV

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining
shieldes,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living
fyre:
As two broad Beacons, sett in open fieldes,
Send forth their flames far off to every shyre,
And warning give that enimies conspyre
With fire and sword the region to invade:
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre;
But far within, as in a hollow glade,
Those glaring lampes were sett that made a
dreadfull shade.

XV

So dreadfully he towards him did pas,
Forelifting up a-loft his speckled brest,
And often bounding on the brused gras,
As for great joyance of his newcome guest.
Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest,
As chauffed Bore his bristles doth upreare;
And shoke his scales to battaile ready drest,
That made the Redcrosse knight nigh quake
for feare,
As bidding bold defyaunce to his foeman
neare.

XVI

The knight gan fayrely couch his steady speare,
And fiersely ran at him with rigorous might:
The pointed steele, arriving rudely theare,
His harder hyde would nether perce nor
bight,
But, glauncing by, forth passed forward right.
Yet sore amoved with so puissaunt push,
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely, passing by, did brush
With his long tayle, that horse and man to
ground did rush.

XVII

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towards him addrest;
But th' ydle stroke yett backe recoyld in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious Beast,
To be avenged of so great despight;
For never felt his imperceable brest
So wondrous force from hand of living wight;
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puis-
sant knight.

XVIII

Then, with his waving wings displayed wyde,
Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divyde
The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
To beare so great a weight: he, cutting way
With his broad sayles, about him soared round;
At last, low stouping with unweldy sway,
Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them
quite away.

XIX

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
So far as Ewghen bow a shaft may send,
Till struggling strong did him at last constraine
To let them downe before his flightes end:
As hagar d hauke, presuming to contend
With hardy fowle above his hable might,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight;
Which, comming down to ground, does free it
selfe by fight.

XX

He so disseized of his gryping grosse,
The knight his thrillant speare againe assayd
In his bras-plated body to embosse, [layd;
And three mens strength unto the stroake he
Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked as affrayd,
And glauncing from his scaly necke did glyde
Close under his left wing, then broad displayd:
The percing steele there wrought a wound full
wyde, [lowdly cryde
That with the uncouth smart the Monster

XXI

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore
When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does
threat;
The rolling billowes beate the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat;
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then gin the blustering brethren boldly threat
To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
And boystrous battaile make, each other to
avenge.

XXII

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,
Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
And quite a sunder broke. Forth flowed fresh
A gushing river of blacke gory blood,
That drowned all the land whereon he stood;
The streame thereof would drive a water-mill:
Treble augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from his
large nosethril.

XXIII

His hideous taylor then hurled he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyer
Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stou
Striving to loose the knott that fast him ty
Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash impl
That to the ground he is perforce constra
To throw his ryder; who can quickly ryse
From off the earth, with durty blood distay
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdayn

XXIV

And fiercely tooke his trenchand blade in han
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissaunce could wy
Upon his crest the hardned yron fell, [stan
But his more hardned crest was armd so we
That deeper dint therein it would not make
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he shund the like to tal
But when he saw them come he did them of
forsake.

XXV

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguy
And smot againe with more outrageous might
But backe againe the sparcling steele recoyl
And left not any marke where it did light,
As if in Adamant rocke it had bene pigh
The beast, impatient of his smarting wound
And of so fierce and forcible despight, [groun
Thought with his winges to styve above t
But his late wounded wing unserviceable four

XXVI

Then full of grieve and anguish vehement,
He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard
And from his wide devouring oven sent
A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard
Him all amazd, and almost made afeard:
The scorching flame sore swinged all his fa
And through his armour all his body seard
That he could not endure so cruell cace,
But thought his armes to leave, and hel
to unlace.

XXVII

Not that great Champion of the antique wor
Whom famous Poetes verse so much d
vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high ext
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poysoned garment did encha
When Centaures blood and bloody ver
charm'd; [dau
As did this knight twelve thousand dolo
Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst
arm'd;
That erst him goodly arm'd, now most of
him harm'd.

XXVIII

wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent,
 eat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and
 ward fire,
 er man such mischiefes did torment:
 etter were; death did he oft desire,
 h will never come when needes require.
 o dismayd when that his foe beheld,
 to suffer him no more respire,
 his sturdy sterne about to weld,
 so strongly stroke, that to the ground
 im feld.

XXIX

ned, (as fayre it then befell)
 his backe, unweeting, where he stood,
 ent time there was a springing well,
 rich fast trickled forth a silver flood,
 great vertues, and for med'cine good:
 e, before that cursed Dragon got
 ppy land, and all with innocent blood
 hose sacred waves, it rightly hot
 ll of life, ne yet his vertues had
 rgot:

XXX

to life the dead it could restore,
 lt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;
 at with sicknesse were infected sore
 recure; and aged long decay
 as one were borne that very day.
 o this, and Jordan, did excell,
 English Bath, and eke the German
 pau;
 ephise, nor Hebrus, match this well:
 e same the knight back overthrown
 ell.

XXXI

an the golden Phoebus for to steepe
 e face in billowes of the west,
 faint steedes watred in Ocean deepe,
 from their journall labours they did
 est;
 hat infernall Monster, having kest
 rie foe into that living well,
 h advance his broad discoloured brest
 his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
 apt his yron wings as victor he did
 well.

XXXII

when his pensive Lady saw from farre,
 oe and sorrow did her soule assay,
 ing that the sad end of the warre;
 n to highest God entirely pray
 ared chaunce from her to turne away:
 old hands, and knees full lowly bent,
 at shee watcht, ne once adowne would
 ay

Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
 But praying still did wake, and waking did
 lament.

XXXIII

The morrow next gan earely to appeare,
 That Titan rose to runne his daily race;
 But earely, ere the morrow next gan reare
 Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face,
 Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
 And looked all about, if she might spy
 Her loved knight to move his manly pace:
 For she had great doubt of his safety,
 Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

XXXIV

At last she saw where he upstarted brave
 Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay:
 As Eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave,
 Where he hath lefte his plumes all hory gray,
 And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
 Like Eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
 His newly-budded pineons to assay,
 And marveiles at himselfe stil as he flies:
 So new this new-borne knight to battell new
 did rise.

XXXV

Whom when the damned feend so fresh did
 No wonder if he wondred at the sight, [spy,
 And doubted whether his late enemy
 It were, or other new supplied knight.
 He now, to prove his late-renewed might,
 High brandishing his bright deaw-burning
 blade,
 Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,
 That to the scull a yawning wound it made:
 The deadly dint his dulled sences all dismayd.

XXXVI

I wote not whether the revenging steele
 Were hardned with that holy water dew
 Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
 Or his baptized hands now greater grew,
 Or other secret vertue did ensue;
 Els never could the force of fleshly arme,
 Ne molten mettall, in his blood embrew;
 For till that stownd could never wight him
 harme [charme.
 By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty

XXXVII

The cruell wound enraged him so sore,
 That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;
 As hundred ramping Lions seemd to rore,
 Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraene:
 Then gan he tosse alof his stretched traine,
 And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sora,
 That to his force to yelden it was faine;

Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
That high trees overthrow, and rocks in peeces
tore.

XXXVIII

The same advauncing high above his head,
With sharpe intended sting so rude him smott;
That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead;
Ne living wight would have him life behott:
The mortall sting his angry needle shott
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder
seasd,

Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be gott:
The griefe thereof him wondrous sore diseasd,
Ne might his ranciling paine with patience be
appeasd.

XXXIX

But yet, more mindfull of his honour deare
Then of the grievous smart which him did
wring,
From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,
And strove to loose the far infixed sting:
Which when in vaine he tryde with strugge-
ling,

Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he hefte,
And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
Of his huge taile he quite a sonder cleft;
Five joints thereof he hewd, and but the stump
him left.

XL

Hart cannot thinke what outrage and what
cries,
With fowle enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skies,
That all was covered with darknesse dire:
Then, fraught with rancour and engorged yre,
He cast at once him to avenge for all;
And, gathering up himselfe out of the mire
With his uneven wings, did fiercely fall
Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it
fast withall.

XLI

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yett how his talaunts to unfold;
Ne harder was from Cerberus greedy jaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reave by strength the griped gage away:
Thrise he assayd it from his foote to draw,
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay;
It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his
pray.

XLII

Tho, when he saw no power might prevaile,
His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
Wherewith he fiersly did his foe assaile,
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,

That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid,
As sparkles from the Andvile use to fly,
When heavy hammers on the wedge are sw
Therewith at last he forst him to unty
One of his grasping feete, him to de
thereby.

XLIII

The other foote, fast fixed on his shield,
Whenas no strength nor stroks mote him
straine

To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yiel
He smott thereat with all his might and ma
That nought so wondrous puissance m
sustaine:

Upon the joint the lucky steele did light,
And made such way that hewd it quit
twaine;

The paw yett missed not his minisht migh
But hong still on the shield, as it at first
pight.

XLIV

Eor griefe thereof and divelish despight,
From his infernall founace forth he threw
Huge flames that dimmed all the heavens li
Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone bl
As burning Aetna from his boyling stew.
Doth belch out flames, and rockes in pe
broke,

And ragged ribs of mountaines molten ne
Enwrapt in coleblacke cloudes and filthy sm
That all the land with stench and heaven
horror choke.

XLV

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestiler
So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire
A little backward for his best defence,
To save his body from the scorching fire,
Which he from hellish entrailes did expire
It chaunst, (eternall God that chaunc
guide)

As he recoiled backward, in the mire
His nigh foreweried feeble feet did slide,
And downe he fell, with dread of shame
terrified.

XLVI

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,
As they in pure vermilion had been dide,
Whereof great vertues over-all were redd;
For happy life to all which thereon fedd,
And life eke everlasting did befall:
Great God it planted in that blessed sted
With his Almighty hand, and did it call
The tree of life, the crime of our first fat
fall.

XLVII

the world like was not to be fownd,
 that soile, where all good things did
 grow,
 ely sprong out of the fruitfull grownd,
 rupted Nature did them sow,
 t dredd Dragon all did overthrow.
 like faire tree eke grew thereby,
 f whoso did eat, eftsoones did know
 od and ill. O mournfull memory!
 ee through one mans fault hath doen
 as all to dy.

XLVIII

that first tree forth flowd, as from a
 well,
 ling streame of Balme, most soveraine
 inty deare, which on the ground still
 fell,
 erflowed all the fertile plaine,
 ad deawed bene with timely raine:
 d long health that gracious ointment
 gave, [again
 eadly wounds could heale, and reare
 acelesse corse appointed for the grave:
 at same he fell, which did from death
 him save.

XLIX

gh thereto the ever damned Beast
 ot approach, for he was deadly made,
 that life preserved did detest;
 it oft adventur'd to invade.
 the drouping day-light gan to fade,
 eld his rowme to sad succeeding night,
 ith her sable mantle gan to shade
 e of earth and wayes of living wight,
 gh her burning torch set up in heaven
 bright.

L

gentle Una saw the second fall
 deare knight, who, weary of long fight
 int through losse of blood, moov'd not
 at all,
 7, as in a dreame of deepe delight,
 ard with pretious Balme, whose vertuous
 might
 le his woundes, and scorching heat alay;
 she stricken was with sore affright,
 r his safetie gan devoutly pray,
 atch the noyous night, and wait for
 joyous day.

LI

oyous day gan early to appeare;
 yre Aurora from the deawy bed
 i Tithone gan herselfe to reare
 osy cheekes, for shame as blushing red:

Her golden locks for hast were loosely shed
 About her eares, when Una her did marke
 Clymbe to her charret, all with flowers spred,
 From heven high to chace the chearelesse
 darke; [larke.
 With mery note her lowd salutes the mounting

LII

Then freshly up arose the doughty knight,
 All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
 And did himselfe to battaile ready dight;
 Whose early foe awaiting him beside
 To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,
 When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
 As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
 He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to feare:
 Nathlesse with wonted rage he him advaniced
 neare.

LIII

And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,
 He thought atonce him to have swallowd
 quight,
 And rusht upon him with outragious pryde;
 Who him rencounting fierce, as hauke in
 flight,
 Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright,
 Taking advantage of his open jaw, [might,
 Ran through his mouth with so importune
 That deepe emperst his darksom hollow maw,
 And, back retyrd, his life blood forth with all
 did draw.

LIV

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
 That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;
 So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath
 Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
 So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift, [away,
 Whose false foundation waves have washt
 With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,
 And rolling downe great Neptune doth dismay:
 So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine
 lay.

LV

The knight him selfe even trembled at his fall,
 So huge and horrible a masse it seemd;
 And his deare Lady, that beheld it all,
 Durst not approach for dread which she mis-
 deemd;
 But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend
 She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright
 She nigher drew, and saw that joyous end:
 Then God she prayd, and thankt her faithfull
 knight,
 That had atchieved so great a conquest by his
 might.

CANTO XII.

Fayre Una to the Redecrosse Knight
 Betrouthed is with joy :
 Though false Dnessa, it to barre,
 Her false sleightes doe imploy.

I

BEHOLD ! I see the haven nigh at hand
 To which I meane my wearie course to bend ;
 Vere the maine shete, and beare up with the
 land,
 The which afore is fayrly to be kend,
 And seemeth safe from storms that may offend ;
 There this fayre virgin wearie of her way
 Must landed bee, now at her journeyes end ;
 There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,
 Till mery wynd and weather call her thence
 away.

II

Scarsely had Phœbus in the glooming East
 Yett harnesssed his fyrie-footed teeme,
 Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast,
 When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,
 That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme
 Unto the watchman on the castle-wall ;
 Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme,
 And to his Lord and Lady lowd gan call,
 To tell how he had seene the Dragons fatall fall.

III

Uprose with hasty joy, and feeble speed,
 That aged Syre, the Lord of all that land,
 And looked forth, to weet if trew indeed
 Those tydinges were, as he did understand :
 Which whenas trew by tryall he out fond,
 He badd to open wyde his brasen gate,
 Which long time had beene shut, and out of hond
 Proclaymed joy and peace through all his state ;
 For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed
 late.

IV

Then gan triumphant Trompets sownd on hye,
 That sent to heven the ecchoed report
 Of their new joy, and happie victory
 Gainst him, that had them long opprest with
 And fast imprisoned in sieged fort. [tort,
 Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
 To him assembled with one full consort,
 Rejoycing at the fall of that great beast,
 From whose eternall bondage now they were
 releast.

V

Forth came that auncient Lord, and a
 Queene,
 Arayd in antique robes downe to the grownd
 And sad habiliments right well besene :
 A noble crew about them waited rownd
 Of sage and sober peres, all gravely gownd
 Whom far before did march a goodly band
 Of tall young men, all hable armes to sownd
 But now they laurell braunches bore in hand
 Glad signe of victory and peace in all the
 land.

VI

Unto that doughtie Conquerour they came
 And him before themselves prostrating low
 Their Lord and Patrone loud did him
 clame,
 And at his feet their lawrell boughes did lay
 Soone after them, all dauncing on a row.
 The comely virgins came, with girlands dyde
 As fresh as flowres in meadow greene doe grow
 When morning deaw upon their leaves did
 light ; [on his
 And in their handes sweet Timbrels all up

VII

And them before the fry of children yong
 Their wanton sportes and childish mirth
 play,
 And to the Maydens sownding tymbrels
 In well attuned notes a joyous lay,
 And made delightfull musick all the way,
 Untill they came where that faire virgin stoode
 As fayre Diana in fresh sommers day
 Beholdes hernymphes enraung'd in shady wode
 Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe
 christall flood.

VIII

So she beheld those maydens meriment
 With chearefull vew ; who, when to her
 came,
 Themselves to ground with gracious humble
 And her ador'd by honorable name, [t

g to heven her everlasting fame:
on her head they sett a girlond greene,
crowned her twixt earnest and twixt
game:
in her self-resemblance well beseene,
eeme, such as she was, a goodly maiden
Queene.

IX

after all the raskall many ran,
ed together in rude rablement,
e the face of that victorious man,
n all admired as from heaven sent,
gazd upon with gaping wonderment;
when they came where that dead Dragon
lay, [tent,
cht on the ground in monstrous large ex-
sight with ydle feare did them dismay,
urst approach him nigh to touch, or once
assay.

X

he feard, and fled; some feard, and well
it faynd;
that would wiser seeme then all the rest,
ad him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
e lingring life within his hollow brest,
his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
any Dragonettes, his fruitfull seede:
her saide, that in his eyes did rest
parckling fyre, and badd thereof take
heed;
her said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

XI

mother, whenas her foolehardy chyld
come too neare, and with his talants play,
e dead through feare, her litle babe re-
vyld,
to her gossibs gan in counsell say;
w can I tell, but that his talants may
cratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?
versely them selves in vaine they fray;
es some more bold to measure him nigh
stand,
rove how many acres he did spred of land.

XII

as flocked all the folke him rownd about;
hiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
g arrived where that champion stout
his foes defeasaunce did remaine,
goodly greetes, and fayre does entertayne
princely gifts of yvory and gold, [paine.
thousand thanks him yeeldes for all his
when his daughter deare he does behold,
dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

XIII

And after to his Pallace he them bringes,
With shaumes, and trompets, and with Clarions
sweet;
And all the way the joyous people singes,
And with their garments strowes the paved
street; [meet
Whence mounting up, they fynd purveyaunce
Of all, that royall Princes court became;
And all the floore was underneath their feet
Bespredd with costly scarlott of great name,
On which they lowly sitt, and fitting purpose
frame.

XIV

What needes me tell their feast and goodly
guize,
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
What needes of dainty dishes to devise,
Of comely services, or courtly trayne?
My narrow leaves cannot in them contayne
The large discourse of roiall Princes state.
Yet was their manner then but bare and playne;
For th' antique world excesse and pryde did
hate: [late.
Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but

XV

Then, when with meates and dringes of every
kinde
Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
That auncient Lord gan fit occasion finde,
Of straunge adventures, and of perils sad
Which in his travell him befallen had,
For to demand of his renowned guest: [sad,
Who then with utt'rance grave, and count'nance
From poynt to poynt, as is before exprest,
Discourst his voyage long, according his re-
quest.

XVI

Great pleasure, mixt with pittiful regard,
That godly King and Queene did passionate,
Whyles they his pittifull adventures heard;
That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
And often blame the too importune fate
That heaped on him so many wrathfull wreakes;
For never gentle knight, as he of late,
So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes:
And all the while salt teares bedewd the
hearer's cheeks.

XVII

Then said that royall Pere in sober wise;
'Deare Sonne, great beene the evils which ye
bore
From first to last in your late enterprise,
That I note whether praise or pitty more;

For never living man, I weene, so sore
In sea of deadly daungers was distrest:
But since now safe ye seised have the shore,
And well arrived are, (high God be blest!)
Let us devise of ease and everlasting rest.'

XVIII

'Ah dearest Lord!' said then that doughty
knight,
'Of ease or rest I may not yet devise;
For by the faith which I to armes have plight,
I bownden am streight after this emprise,
As that your daughter can ye well advize,
Backe to retourne to that great Faery Queene,
And her to serve sixe yeares in warlike wize,
Gainst that proud Paynim king that works her
teene: [beene.'
Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have

XIX

'Unhappy falls that hard necessity,'
(Quoth he) 'the troubler of my happy peace,
And vowed foe of my felicity;
Ne I against the same can justly preace:
But since that band ye cannot now release,
Nor doen undo, (for vowes may not be vayne)
Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall
cease,
Ye then shall hither backe retourne agayne,
The marriage to accomplish vovd betwixt you
twayn.

XX

'Which, for my part, I covet to performe
In sort as through the world I did proclame,
That who-so kild that monster most deforme,
And him in hardy battayle overcame,
Should have mine onely daughter to his Dame,
And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee:
Therefore, since now to thee perteynes the same
By dew desert of noble chevalree, [to thee.'
Both daughter and eke kingdome lo! I yield

XXI

Then forth he called that his daughter sayre,
The fairest Un', his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter and his only hayre;
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
Out of the East, with flaming lockes bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
And to the world does bring long-wished light:
So faire and fresh that Lady shewd herselfe in
sight.

XXII

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May;
For she had layd her mournfull stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
Wherewith her heavenly beutie she did hide,

Whiles on her wearie journey she did ride;
And on her now a garment she did weare
All lilly white, withoutten spot or pride,
That seemd like silke and silver woven neare
But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare

XXIII

The blazing brightness of her beauties beare
And glorious light of her sunshyny face,
To tell were as to strive against the streame
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder; for her own deare loved knight,
All were she daily with himselfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celestial sight: [dight
Oft had he seene her faire, but never so fair

XXIV

So fairely dight when she in presence came,
She to her Syre made humble reverence,
And bowed low, that her right well became,
And added grace unto her excellence:
Who with great wisdom and grave eloquence
Thus gan to say—But, eare he thus had sayd
With flying speede, and seeming great pretence
Came running in, much like a man dismayd,
A Messenger with letters, which his messag
sayd.

XXV

All in the open hall amazed stood
At suddennesse of that unwary sight,
And wondred at his breathlesse hasty mood:
But he for nought would stay his passage right
Till fast before the king he did alight;
Where falling flat great humblesse he did make
And kist the ground whereon his foot was pight
Then to his handes that writt he did betake,
Which he disclosing read thus, as the pap
spake:

XXVI

'To thee, most mighty king of Eden fayre,
Her greeting sends in these sad lines addre
The wofull daughter and forsaken heyre
Of that great Emperour of all the West;
And bids thee be advized for the best,
Ere thou thy daughter linck, in holy band
Of wedlocke, to that new unknownen guest:
For he already plighted his right hand
Unto another love, and to another land.

XXVII

'To me, sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
He was affyaunced long time before,
And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,
False erraunt knight, infamous, and forswore
Witnesse the burning Altars, which he swor
And guilty heavens of his bold perjury;
Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,

to them for judgement just doe fly,
them conjure t' avenge this shamefull
injury.

XXVIII

Therefore, since mine he is, or free or bond,
se or trew, or living or else dead,
hold, O soverayne Prince! your hasty hond
knitting league with him, I you aread;
ene my right with strength adowne to
tread,
gh weaknesse of my widowed or woe;
uth is strong her rightfull cause to plead,
hall finde friends, if need requireth soe.
ds thee well to fare, Thy neither friend
nor foe,

Fidessa.

XXIX

en he these bitter byting wordes had red,
ydings straunge did him abashed make,
still he sate long time astonished,
great muse, ne word to creature spake.
st his solemn silence thus he brake,
doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest:
doubted knight, that for myne only sake
ife and honor late adventarest, [prest.
ought be hid from me that ought to be ex-

XXX

at meane these bloody vowes and idle
threats,
rne out from womanish impatient mynd?
hevens? what altars? what enraged
heates,
heaped up with termes of love unkynd,
onscience cleare with guilty bands would
bynd?
God be witnesse that I guiltlesse ame;
f yourselfe, Sir knight, ye faulty fynd,
apped be in loves of former Dame,
ryme doe not it cover, but disclose the
same.

XXXI

whom the Redcrosse knight this answered
sent:
Lord, my king, be nought hereat dismayd,
rell ye wote by grave intendiment,
t woman, and wherefore, doth me upbrayd
breach of love and loialty betrayd.
s in my mishaps, as hitherward
ly traveld, that unwares I strayd
f my way, through perils straunge and
hard, [declard.
day should faile me ere I had them all

XXXII

ere did I find, or rather I was fownd
is false woman that Fidessa hight,
sa hight the falsest Dame on grownd,
false Duessa, royall richly dight,

That easy was t' inveigle weaker sight:
Who by her wicked arts and wylic skill,
Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
And to my foe betrayd when least I feared ill,

XXXIII

Then stepped forth the goodly royall Mayd,
And on the ground herselfe prostrating low,
With sober countenance thus to him sayd:
'O! pardon me, my soveraine Lord, to shew
The secret treasons, which of late I know
To have bene wrought by that false sorceresse:
Shee, onely she, it is, that earst did throw
This gentle knight into so great distresse,
That death him did awaite in daily wretched-
nesse.

XXXIV

'And now it seemes, that she suborned hath
This crafty messenger with letters vaine,
To worke new woe and improvided scath,
By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine:
Wherein she used hath the practicke paine
Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,
Whome if ye please for to discover plaine,
Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse, [lessé.
The falsest man alive: who tries, shall find no

XXXV

The king was greatly moved at her speach;
And, all with suddein indignation fraight,
Bad on that Messenger rude hands to reach.
Eftsoones the Gard, which on his state did wait,
Attacht that faytor false, and bound him strait;
Who seeming sorely chauffed at his band,
As chained beare whom cruell dogs doe bait,
With ydle force did faine them to withstand,
And often semblance made to scape out of
their hand.

XXXVI

But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foote with yron chains;
And with continual watch did warely keepe.
Who then would thinke that by his subtile
trains
He could escape fowle death or deadly pains?
Thus, when that Princes wrath was pacified,
He gan renew the late forbidden baine,
And to the knight his daughter deare he tyde
With sacred rites and vowes for ever to abyde.

XXXVII

His owne two hands the holy knotts did knitt,
That none but death for ever can divide;
His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt,
The housling fire did kindle and provide,

And holy water thereon sprinkled wide;
 At which the bushy Teade a groome did light,
 And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
 Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
 For feare of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

XXXVIII

Then gan they sprinkle all the posts with
 wine,

And made great feast to solemnize that day:
 They all perfumde with frankincense divine,
 And precious odours fetcht from far away,
 That all the house did sweat with great aray:
 And all the while sweete Musicke did apply
 Her curious skill the warbling notes to play,
 To drive away the dull Melancholy;
 The whiles one sung a song of love and jollity.

XXXIX

During the which there was an heavenly noise
 Heard sownd through all the Pallace pleasantly,
 Like as it had bene many an Angels voice
 Singing before th' eternall majesty,
 In their trinall triplicities on hye:
 Yett wist no creature whence that hevenly
 Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly [sweet
 Himselfe thereby refte of his sences meet,
 And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

XL

Great joy was made that day of young and
 old,
 And solemne feast proclaymd throughout the
 land,

That their exceeding merth may not be told,
 Suffice it heare by signes to understand
 The usuall joyes at knitting of loves band.
 Thrise happy man the knight himselfe d
 hold,

Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand;
 And ever, when his eie did her behold,
 His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures man
 fold.

XLI

Her joyous presence, and sweet company,
 In full content he there did long enjoy;
 Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealosy,
 His deare delights were hable to annoy:
 Yet, swimming in that sea of blisfull joy,
 He nought forgott how he whilome had sworn
 In case he could that monstrous beast d
 stroy,

Unto his Faery Queene backe to retourne;
 The which he shortly did, and Una left
 mourne.

XLII

Now, strike your sailes, yee jolly Mariners,
 For we be come unto a quiet rode,
 Where we must land some of our passengers
 And light this weary vessell of her lode:
 Here she a while may make her safe abode,
 Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
 And wants supplide; And then againe abroa
 On the long voiage whereto she is bent:
 Well may she speede, and fairely finish h
 intent!

THE SECOND BOOK

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON, OR OF TEMPERAUNCE.

I

Well I wote, most mighty Sovereaine,
 All this famous antique history
 Of th' aboundance of an ydle braine
 Dged be, and painted forgery,
 Of then matter of just memory;
 None that breatheth living aire does know
 Is that happy land of Faery,
 I so much doe vaunt, yet no where
 I show,
 Such antiquities, which no body can
 know.

II

That that man with better sence advize,
 Of the world least part to us is red;
 Fully how through hardy enterprize
 Great Regions are discovered,
 To late age were never mentioned.
 Ever heard of th' Indian Peru?
 In venturous vessell measured
 Amazon huge river, now found trew?
 Fulllest Virginia who did ever vew?

III

These were, when no man did them
 know,
 From wisest ages hidden beene;
 Ever times things more unknowne shall
 show.
 When should witlesse man so much mis-
 reene,

That nothing is but that which he hath seene?
 What if within the Moones fayre shining
 spheare,
 What if in every other starre unseene
 Of other worldes he happily should heare,
 He wonder would much more; yet such to
 some appeare.

IV

Of faery lond yet if he more inquire,
 By certain signes, here sett in sondrie place,
 He may it fynd; ne let him then admyre,
 But yield his sence to bee too blunt and bace,
 That no'te without an hound fine footing trace.
 And thou, O fayrest Princesse under sky!
 In this fayre mirrhour maist behold thy face,
 And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery,
 And in this antique ymage thy great auncestry.

V

The which O! pardon me thus to enfold
 In covert vele, and wrap in shadowes light,
 That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
 Which ells could not endure those beames
 bright,
 But would bee dazled with exceeding light.
 O! pardon, and vouchsafe with patient eare
 The brave adventures of this faery knight,
 The good Sir Guyon, gratusly to heare;
 In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly
 doth appeare.

CANTO I.

Guyon, by Archimage abusd,
The Redcrosse knight awaytes;
Fyndes Mordant and Amavia slaine
With pleasures poisoned baytes.

THAT conning Architect of cancred guyle,
Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands,
For falsed letters, and suborned wyle,
Soone as the Redcrosse knight he understands
To beene departed out of Eden landes,
To serve againe his souveraine Elfin Queene,
His artes he moves, and out of caytives handes
Himselfe he frees by secret meanes unseene;
His shackles emptie left, himselfe escaped
cleene.

II

And forth he fares, full of malicious mynd,
To worken mischief, and avenging woe,
Where ever he that godly knight may fynd,
His onely hart-sore, and his onely foe;
Sith Una now he algates must forgoe,
Whom his victorious handes did earst restore
To native crowne and kingdom late ygoe;
Where she enjoyes sure peace for evermore,
As wetherbeaten ship arryv'd on happie shore.

III

Him therefore now the object of his spight
And deadly food he makes: him to offend,
By forged treason or by open fight,
He seekes, of all his drifte the aymed end:
Thereto his subtil engins he does bend,
His practick witt and his fayre fyled tonge,
With thousand other sleightes; for well he kend
His credit now in doubtfull ballaunce hong:
For hardly could bee hurt who was already
stong.

IV

Still as he went he craftie stales did lay,
With cunning traynes him to entrap unwares,
And privy spyals plast in all his way, [fares,
To weete what course he takes, and how he
To ketch him at a vauntage in his snares.
But now so wise and wary was the knight
By tryall of his former harmes and cares,
That he descryde and shonned still his sight:
The fish that once was caught new bait wil
hardly byte.

V

Nath'lesse th' Enchaunter would not spare
In hope to win occasion to his will; [his payn
Which when he long awaited had in vayne,
He chaungd his mynd from one to other ill
For to all good he enemy was still.
Upon the way him fortun'd to meete,
Fayre marching underneath a shady hill,
A goodly knight, all arm'd in harnesse meet
That from his head no place appeared to
feete.

VI

His carriage was full comely and upright;
His countenance demure and temperate;
But yett so sterne and terrible in sight,
That cheard his friendes, and did his foes amaze
He was an Elfin borne of noble state
And mickle worship in his native land;
Well could he tourney, and in lists debate.
And knighthood tooke of good Sir Huons hand
When with king Oberon he came to Faery land

VII

Him als accompanyd upon the way
A comely Palmer, clad in black attyre,
Of rype yeares, and heares all hoarie gray
That with a staffe his feeble steps did stire,
Least his long way his aged limbes should tire
And, if by lookes one may the mind areade
He seemd to be a sage and sober syre;
And ever with slow pace the knight did leade
Who taught his trampling steed with equall
steps to tread.

VIII

Such whenas Archimago them did view,
He weened well to worke some uncouth wyle
Eftsoones untwisting his deceitfull clew,
He gan to weave a web of wicked guyle,
And, with faire countenance and flattering style
To them approaching, thus the knight bespake
'Fayre sonne of Mars, that seeke with warlike
spoyles, [ma
And great atchiev'ments, great your selfe
Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble mis
sake.'

IX

Mayd his steed for humble misers sake,
 And tell on the tenor of his playnt:
 Signing then in every limb to quake
 With inward feare, and seeming pale and
 Faynt, [paynt:
 Piteous mone his percing speach gan
 Lady! how shall I declare thy cace,
 Late I left in languorous constraynt?
 God! thy selfe now present were in
 place [thee grace.
 This ruefull tale: thy sight could win

X

Other would, O! would it so had chaunst,
 Thou, most noble Sir, had present beene
 That lewd rybauld, with vyle lust
 Advauunst,
 First his filthie hands on virgin cleene,
 Vyle her dainty corps, so faire and sheene
 From the earth, great mother of us all,
 With living eye more fayre was never seene
 With stity and honour virginall: [did call.
 O ye heavens, whom she in vaine to help

XI

May it be,' sayd then the knight halfe
 Wroth, [shent?
 The knight should knighthood ever so have
 But that saw,' (quoth he) 'would weene
 For troth,
 Shamefully that Mayd he did torment:
 Her golden lockes he rudely rent, [sword
 Drew her on the ground; and his sharpe
 At her snowy brest he fiercely bent,
 Threatened death with many a bloodie
 Word: [abhorde.
 He hates to tell the rest that eye to see

XII

With amoved from his sober mood,
 Lives he yet,' (said he) 'that wrought
 This act?
 When the heavens afford him vitall food?'
 Yes,' (quoth he) 'and boasteth of the fact,
 Hath any knight his courage crackt.'
 He may that treachour then,' (sayd he)
 'Be found,
 What meanes may I his footing tract?'
 Shall I shew,' (sayd he) 'as sure as
 I wound [ing wound.
 The ricken Deare doth chalenge by the bleed-

XIII

Mayd not lenger talke, but with fierce yre
 Furious haste away is quickly gone
 To ke that knight, where him that crafty
 Squyre
 Had to be. They do arrive anone

Where sate a gentle Lady all alone,
 With garments rent, and heare discheveled,
 Wringing her handes, and making piteous
 Mone:
 Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
 And her faire face with teares was fowly
 Blubbered.

XIV

The knight, approching nigh, thus to her
 Said:

'Fayre Lady, through fowle sorrow ill bedight,
 Great pittie is to see you thus dismayd,
 And marre the blossom of your beauty bright:
 For thy appease your grieve and heavy plight,
 And tell the cause of your conceived payne;
 For, if he live that hath you doen despight,
 He shall you doe dew recompence agayne,
 Or els his wrong with greater puissance main-
 taine.'

XV

Which when she heard, as in despightfull wise
 She wilfully her sorrow did augment,
 And offred hope of comfort did despise:
 Her golden lockes most cruelly she rent,
 And scratcht her face with ghastly dreriment;
 Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be seene,
 But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,
 Either for grievous shame, or for great teene,
 As if her hart with sorrow had transtixed
 Beene:

XVI

Till her that Squyre bespake: 'Madame, my
 Lief,
 For Gods deare love be not so wilfull bent,
 But doe vouchsafe now to receive reliefe,
 The which good fortune doth to you present.
 For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment
 When ill is chaunst, but doth the ill increase,
 And the weake minde with double woe tor-
 ment?' [appease
 When she her Squyre heard speake, she gan
 Her voluntarie paine, and feeles some secret ease.

XVII

Eftsoone she said; 'Ah! gentle trustie
 Squyre,
 What comfort can I, wofull wretch, conceive?
 Or why should ever I henceforth desyre
 To see faire heavens face, and life not leave,
 Sith that false Traytour did my honour reave?'
 'False traytour certes,' (saide the Faerie
 knight)
 'I read the man, that ever would deceive
 A gentle Lady, or her wrong through might:
 Death were too litle paine for such a fowle
 despight.

XVIII

'But now, fayre Lady, comfort to you make,
And read who hath ye wrought this shamefull
plight,

That short revenge the man may overtake,
Where-so he be, and soone upon him light.'
'Certes,' (saide she) 'I wote not how he hight,
But under him a gray steede he did wield,
Whose sides with dapled circles weren dight;
Upright he rode, and in his silver shield [field,
He bore a bloodie Crosse that quartred all the

XIX

'Now by my head,' (saide Guyon) 'much I
muse, [amis,
How that same knight should doe so fowle
Or ever gentle Damzell so abuse:
For, may I boldly say, he surely is
A right good knight, and trew of word ywis:
I present was, and can it witnesse well, [pris
When armes he swore, and streight did enter-
Th' adventure of the Errant damozell;
In which he hath great glory wonne, as I
heare tell.

XX

'Nathlesse he shortly shall againe be tryde,
And fairely quit him of th' imputed blame;
Els, be ye sure, he dearely shall abyde,
Or make you good amendment for the same:
All wrongs have mendes, but no amendes of
shame.

Now therefore, Lady, rise out of your paine,
And see the salving of your blotted name.'
Full loth she seemd thereto, but yet did faine,
For she was inly glad her purpose so to gaine.

XXI

Her purpose was not such as she did faine,
Ne yet her person such as it was seene;
But under simple shew, and semblant plaine,
Lurkt false Duessa secretly unseene,
As a chaste Virgin that had wronged beene:
So had false Archimago her disguysd,
To cloke her guile with sorrow and sad teene;
And eke himselfe had craftily devised
To be her Squire, and do her service well
aguisd.

XXII

Her, late forlorne and naked, he had found
Where she did wander in waste wildernesses,
Lurking in rockes and caves far under ground,
And with greene mosse cov'ring her nakednesse
To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse,
Sith her Prince Arthur of proud ornaments
And borrowd beauty spoyld. Her nathlesse
Th' enchaunter finding fit for his intents
Did thus revest, and deckt with dew habili-
ments.

XXIII

For all he did was to deceive good knight
And draw them from pursuit of praise
fame

To slug in slouth and sensuall delights,
And end their daies with irrenowned shaine
And now exceeding grieve him overcame,
To see the Redcrosse thus advaunced hie;
Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
Against his praise to stirre up enmitye
Of such, as vertues like mote unto him ally

XXIV

So now he Guyon guydes an uncouth way
Through woods and mountaines, till they ca-
at last

Into a pleasant dale that lowly lay
Betwixt two hils, whose high heads overtopp'd
The valley did with coole shade overcast:
Through midst thereof a little river rold,
By which there sate a knight with hel-
unlaste,

Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,
After his travell long and labours manifold

XXV

'Lo! yonder he,' cryde Archimage aloud.
'That wrought the shamefull fact which
shew;

And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,
To fly the vengeance for his outrage dew:
But vaine; for ye shall dearely do him rew
So God ye speed and send you good success
Which we far off will here abide to vew.'
So they him left inflam'd with wrathfulness
That streight against that knight his spe-
he did addresse.

XXVI

Who, seeing him from far so fierce to prie
His warlike armes about him gan embrace
And in the rest his ready speare did sticke
Tho, when as still he saw him towards pace
He gan rencounter him in equall race.
They bene ymett, both ready to affrap,
When suddainly that warriour gan abace
His threatned speare, as if some new mishap
Had him betide, or hidden danger did entr

XXVII

And cryde, 'Mercie, Sir knight! and mercie
Lord,
For mine offence and heedelesse hardiment,
That had almost committed crime abhord,
And with reprochfull shame mine honour
shent,
Whiles cursd steele against that badge I be

acred badge of my Redeemers death,
h on your shield is set for ornament !'
his fierce foe his steed could stay uneath,
prickt with courage kene, did cruell
battell breath.

XXVIII

when he heard him speake, streight way
he knew
rrour; and, himselfe inclyning, sayd;
deare Sir Guyon, well becommeth you,
ne behoveth rather to upbrayd,
e hastie hand so far from reason strayd,
almost it did haynous violence
at fayre ymage of that heavenly Mayd,
ecks and armes your shield with faire
defence: [offence.
court'sie takes on you anothers dew

XXIX

eeene they both at one, and doen upreare
bevers bright each other for to greet;
ly comptaunce each to other beare,
entertaine themselves with court'sies meet.
said the Redcrosse knight; 'Now mote
I weet,
Guyon, why with so fierce saliaunce,
fell intent, ye did at earst me meet;
ith I know your goodly governaunce,
cause, I weene, you guided, or some un-
couth chaunce.'

XXX

tes,' (said he) 'well mote I shame to tell
ond encheason that me hither led.
se infamous faitour late befell
or to meet, that seemed ill bested,
playnd of grievous outrage, which he red
ight had wrought against a Ladie gent;
h to avenge he to this place me led,
re you he made the marke of his intent,
now is fled: foule shame him follow wher
he went !'

XXXI

can he turne his earnest unto game,
ugh goodly handling and wise tem-
perance.
his his aged Guide in presence came;
, soone as on that knight his eye did
glance,
ones of him had perfect cognizaunce,
him in Faery court he late avizd;
sayd; 'Fayre sonne, God give you happy
chaunce,
that deare Crosse uppon your shield devizd,
re with above all knights ye goodly seeme
aguizd !

XXXII

'Joy may you have, and everlasting fame,
Of late most hard atchiev'ment by you donne,
For which enrolled is your glorious name
In heavenly Regesters above the Sunne,
Where you a Saint with Saints your seat have
wonne :

But wretched we, where ye have left your marke,
Must now anew begin like race to ronne.
God guide thee, Guyon, well to end thy warke,
And to the wished haven bring thy weary
barke !'

XXXIII

'Palmer,' him answered the Redcrosse knight,
'His be the praise that this atchiev'ment
wrought,
Who made my hand the organ of his might :
More then goodwill to me attribute nought ;
For all I did, I did but as I ought.
But you, faire Sir, whose pageant next ensewes,
Well mote yee thee, as well can wish your
thought,
That home ye may report thrise happy newes ;
For well ye worthy bene for worth and gentle
thewes.'

XXXIV

So courteous conge both did give and take,
With right hands plighted, pledges of good
will.
Then Guyon forward gan his voyage make
With his blacke Palmer, that him guided still:
Still he him guided over dale and hill,
And with his steedy staffe did point his way;
His race with reason, and with words his will,
From fowle intemperaunce he ofte did stay,
And suffred not in wrath his hasty steps to
stray.

XXXV

In this faire wize they traveild long yfere,
Through many hard assayes which did betide;
Of which he honour still away did beare,
And spred his glory through all countreyes wide.
At last, as chaunst them by a forest side
To passe, for succour from the scorching ray,
They heard a ruefull voice, that dearnly cride
With percing shriekes and many a dolefull lay;
Which to attend awhile their forward steps
they stay.

XXXVI

'But if that carelesse hevens,' (quoth she)
'despise
The doome of just revenge, and take delight
To see sad pageaunts of mens miseries,
As bound by them to live in lives despight;
Yet can they not warne death from wretched
wight.

Come, then; come soone; come sweetest
 death, to me,
 And take away this long lent loathed light:
 Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweete the medi-
 cines be, [dome free.
 That long captived soules from weary thral-

XXXVII

'But thou, sweete Babe, whom frowning
 froward fate
 Hath made sad wnesse of thy fathers fall,
 Sith heven thee deignes to hold in living state,
 Long maist thou live, and better thrive withall
 Then to thy lucklesse parents did befall.
 Live thou; and to thy mother dead attest
 That cleare she dide from blemish criminall:
 Thy litle hands embrewd in bleeding brest
 Loe! I for pledges leave. So give me leave
 to rest.'

XXXVIII

With that a deadly shriek she forth did throw
 That through the wood re-echoed againe;
 And after gave a grone so deepe and low
 That seemd her tender heart was rent in twaine,
 Or thrild with point of thorough-piercing
 paine:

As gentle Hynd, whose sides with cruell steele
 Through launched, forth her bleeding life does
 raine, [feele,
 Whiles the sad pang approching shee does
 Braies out her latest breath, and up her eies
 doth seele.

XXXIX

Which when that warriour heard, dismounting
 strait

From his tall steed, he rusht into the thick,
 And soone arrived where that sad pourtraict
 Of death and dolour lay, halfe dead, halfe
 quick;

In whose white alabaster brest did stick
 A cruell knife that made a griesly wond,
 From which forth gusht a stream of gore blood
 thick,

That all her goodly garments staine arownd,
 And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassy
 grownd.

XL

Pitifull spectacle of deadly smart,
 Beside a bubling fountaine low she lay,
 Which shee increased with her bleeding hart,
 And the cleane waves with purple gore did
 ray:

Als in her lap a lovely babe did play
 His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew;
 For in her streaming blood he did embay
 His litle hands, and tender joints embrew:
 Pitifull spectacle, as ever eie did vew!

XLI

Besides them both, upon the soiled gras
 The dead corse of an armed knight was spread
 Whose armour all with blood besprinkled was
 His ruddy lips did smyle, and rosy red
 Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yett being dead
 Seemd to have beene a goodly personage,
 Now in his freshest flowre of lusty-hed,
 Fitt to inflame faire Lady with loves rage,
 But that fiers fate did crop the blossome of his
 age.

XLII

Whom when the good Sir Guyon did behold
 His hart gan wexe as starke as marble stone.
 And his fresh blood did frieze with feareful
 cold,

That all his sences seemd berefte attone:
 At last his mighty ghost gan deepe to grone,
 As Lion, grudging in his great disdain,
 Mournes inwardly, and makes to him self
 mone;

Til ruth and fraile affection did constraine
 His stout courage to stoupe, and shew his in-
 ward paine.

XLIII

Out of her gored wound the cruell steel
 He lightly snatcht, and did the floodgate stop
 With his faire garment; then gan sottly fee
 Her feeble pulse, to prove if any drop
 Of living blood yet in her veynes did hop:
 Which when he felt to move, he hoped faire
 To call backe life to her forsaken shop.
 So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,
 That at the last shee gan to breath out living
 aire.

XLIV

Which he perceiving greatly gan rejoyce,
 And goodly counsell, that for wounded hart
 Is meetest med'cine, tempred with sweete voice
 'Ay me! deare Lady, which the ymage art
 Of ruefull pittie and impatient smart,
 What direfull chaunce, armd with avenging fate,
 Or cursed hand, hath plaid this cruell part,
 Thus fowle to hasten your untimely date?
 Speake, O dear Lady, speake! help never comes
 too late.'

XLV

Therewith her dim eie-lids she up gan reare,
 On which the drery death did sitt as sad
 As lump of lead, and made darke clouds appeare;
 But when as him, all in bright armour clad,
 Before her standing she espied had,
 As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
 She weakly started, yet she nothing drad:
 Streight downe againe herselfe, in great des-
 pight, [and light
 She groveling threw to ground, as hating life

XLVI

gentle knight her soone with carefull paine
ted light, and softly did uphold:
e he her reard, and thrises he sunck againe,
e his armes about her sides gan fold,
to her said; 'Yet, if the stony cold
not all seized on your frozen hart,
ne word fall that may your grief unfold,
tell the secretes of your mortall smart:
t finds present helpe who does his grieves
impart.'

XLVII

n, casting up a deadly looke, full low
sight from bottome of her wounded brest;
after, many bitter throbs did throw,
lips full pale and foltring tong oppress,
e words she breathed forth from riven chest:
e, ah! leave off, whatever wight thou bee,
tt a weary wretch from her dew rest,
trouble dying soules tranquillitee;
not away, now got, which none would
give to me.'

XLVIII

! far be it,' (said he) 'Deare dame, from mee,
inder soule from her desired rest,
old sad life in long captivitee;
all I seeke is but to have redrest
bitter pangs that doth your heart infest.
hen, O Lady! tell what fatall priefe
with so huge misfortune you oppress;
I may cast to compas your reliefe, [griefe,
e with you in sorrow, and partake your

XLIX

h feeble hands then stretched forth on hye,
even accusing guilty of her death,
with dry drops congealed in her eye,
ese sad wordes she spent her utmost breath:
re then, O man! the sorrowes that uneath
ong can tell, so far all sence they pas.
this dead corpse, that lies here underneath,
gentlest knight, that ever on greene gras
steed with spurs did pricke, the good Sir
Mortdant was:

L

as, (ay the while, that he is not so now!)
ord, my love, my deare Lord, my deare
love!
ng as heavens just with equall brow
hsafed to behold us from above.
day, when him high corage did emmove,
ont ye knightes to seeke adventures wilde,
ricked forth his puissant force to prove.
en he left enwombed of this childe,
luckles childe, whom thus ye see with
blood defild.

LI

'Him fortun'd (hard fortune ye may ghesse)
To come, where vile Acrasia does wonne;
Acrasia, a false enchaunteresse,
That many errant knightes hath fowle fordonne;
Within a wandering Island, that doth ronne
And stray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is.
Fayre Sir, if ever there ye travell, shonne
The cursed land where many wend amis,
And know it by the name: it hight the *Bowre*
of blis.

LII

'Her blis is all in pleasure, and delight,
Wherewith she makes her lovers dronken mad;
And then with words, and weedes, of wondrous
might,
On them she workes her will to uses bad:
My liefest Lord she thus beguiled had;
For he was flesh: (all flesh doth frayltie breed)
Whom when I heard to beene so ill bestad,
Weake wretch, I wrapt my selfe in Palmers weed,
And cast to seek him forth through danger and
great dread.

LIII

'Now had fayre Cynthia by even tournes
Full measured three quarters of her yeare,
And thrise three tymes had fild her crooked
horne,
Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbear,
And bad me call Lucina to me neare.
Lucina came; a manchild forth I brought
The woods, the nymphes, my bowres, my mid-
wives, weare:
Hard help at need! So deare thee, babe, I bought;
Yet nought too dear I deemd, while so my deare
I sought.

LIV

'Him so I sought; and so at last I fownd,
Where him that witch had thrall'd to her will,
In chaines of lust and lewde desyres ybownd,
And so transformed from his former skill,
That me he knew not, nether his owne ill;
Till, through wise handling and faire govern-
I him recured to a better will, [aunce,
Purged from drugs of fowle intemperance:
Then meanes I gan devise for his deliveraunce.

LV

'Which when the vile Enchaunteresse per-
ceiv'd,
How that my Lord from her I would reprove,
With cup thus charmd him parting she deceiv'd;
"Sad verse, give death to him that death does
"And losse of love to her that loves to live, [give,
"So soone as Bacchus with the Nympe does
So parted we, and on our journey drive; [lincke!"

Till, coming to this well, he stoupt to drinke:
The charme fulfild, dead suddeinly he downe
did sincke.

LVI

'Which when I, wretch'—Not one word more
she sayd,
But breaking off the end for want of breath,
And slyding soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,
And ended all her woe in quiet death.
That seeing, good Sir Guyon could unceath
From teares abstayne; for grieve his hart did
grate,
And from so heaveie sight his head did wreath,
Accusing fortune, and too cruell fate,
Which plunged had faire Lady in so wretched
state.

LVII

Then turning to his Palmer said; 'Old syre,
Behold the ymage of mortalitie,
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tyre.
When raging passion with fierce tyranny
Robs reason of her dew regalitie,
And makes it servaunt to her basest part,
The strong it weakens with infirmitie,
And with bold furie armes the weakest hart:
The strong through pleasure soonest falles, the
weake through smart.'

LVIII

'But temperaunce' (said he) 'with golden
squire
Betwixt them both can measure out a meane;
Nether to melt in pleasures whott desyre,
Nor frye in hartlesse grieve and dolefull tene:
Thrise happy man, who fares them both
atweene!
But sith this wretched woman overcome
Of anguish, rather then of crime, hath bene,

Reserve her cause to her eternall doome;
And, in the meane, vouchsafe her honorab
toombe.'

LIX

'Palmer,' quoth he, 'death is an equall doom
To good and bad, the common In of rest;
But after death the tryall is to come,
When best shall bee to them that lived best
But both alike, when death hath both suppress
Religious reverence doth buriall teene;
Which whoso wants, wants so much of his rest
For all so great shame after death I weene,
As selfe to dyen bad, unburied bad to beene.'

LX

So both agree their bodies to engrave:
The great earthes wombe they open to the sky
And with sad Cypresse seemely it embrace;
Then, covering with a clod their closed eye,
They lay therein their corses tenderly,
And bid them sleepe in everlasting peace.
But, ere they did their utmost obsequy,
Sir Guyon, more affection to increace, [releas
Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should a

LXI

The dead knights sword out of his sheath b
drew,
With which he cutt a lock of all their heare,
Which medling with their blood and earth b
threw
Into the grave, and gan devoutly sweare;
'Such and such evil God on Guyon reare,
And worse and worse, young Orphane, be th
payne,
If I, or thou, dew vengeance doe forbear,
Till guiltie blood her guerdon doe obtayne!
So shedding many teares they cload the earth
agayne.

CANTO II.

Babes bloody handes may not be clensd:
The face of golden Meane:
Her sisters, two Extremities,
Strive her to banish cleane.

I

Thus when Sir Guyon with his faithful guyde
Had with dew rites and dolorous lament
The end of their sad Tragedie uptyde,
The litle babe up in his armes he hent;
Who with sweet pleasaunce, and bold blan-
dishment,
Gan smyle on them, that rather ought to weepe,
As carelesse of his woe, or innocent
Of that was doen; that ruth emperced deepe
In that knights hart, and wordes with bitter
teares did steepe:

II

'Ah! lucklesse babe, borne under cruel
starre,
And in dead parents balefull ashes bred,
Full little weenest thou what sorrowes are
Left thee for porcion of thy livelyhed;
Poore Orphane! in the wild world scattered,
As budding braunch rent from the nativ
tree,
And throwen forth, till it be withered.
Such is the state of men: Thus enter we
Into this life with woe, and end with misere!

III

en, soft himselfe inelynyng on his knee
 yue to that well, did in the water weene
 love does loath disdainefull nicitee)
 guiltie handes from bloody gore to cleene.
 washt them oft and oft, yet nought they
 beene
 all his washing cleaner. Still he strove ;
 still the litle hands were bloody seene :
 which him into great amaz'ment drove,
 into diuerse doubt his wavering wonder
 clove.

IV

wist not whether blott of fowle offence
 ight not be purgd with water nor with bath ;
 hat high God, in lieu of innocence,
 rinted had that token of his wrath,
 shew how sore bloodguiltinesse he hat'th ;
 that the charme and veneme which they
 dronck,
 ir blood with secret filth infected hath,
 g diffused through the senceless tronck,
 t through the great contagion direful
 deadly stonck.

V

hom thus at gaze the Palmer gan to bord
 h goodly reason, and thus fayre bespake ;
 bene right hard amated, gracious Lord,
 d of your ignorance great merveill make,
 iles cause not well conceived ye mistake :
 know, that secret vertues are infusd
 very fountaine, and in everie lake, [chusd,
 ich who hath skill them rightly to have
 prooffe of passing wonders hath full often
 usd :

VI

f those, some were so from their sourse in-
 dewd [pap
 great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull
 ir welheads spring, and are with moisture
 deawd ;
 ich feedes each living plant with liquid sap,
 filles with flowres fayre Floraes painted
 other some, by guifte of later grace, [lap :
 y good prayers, or by other hap,
 vertue poured into their waters bace,
 thenceforth were renowmd, and sought
 from place to place.

VII

ich is this well, wrought by occasion
 straunge,
 ch to her Nymph befell. Upon a day,
 he the woodes with bow and shaftes did
 raunge,
 hartlesse Hynd and Robucke to dismay,

Dan Faunus chaunst to meet her by the way,
 And, kindling fire at her faire-burning eye,
 Inflamed was to follow beauties pray,
 And chased her that fast from him did fly ;
 As hynd from her, so she fled from her enemy.

VIII

' At last, when fayling breath began to faint,
 And saw no meanes to scape, of shame affrayd,
 She set her downe to weepe for sore constraint ;
 And to Diana calling lowd for ayde,
 Her deare besought to let her die a mayd.
 The goddesse heard ; and suddeine, where she
 sate [mayd
 Wellung out streames of teares, and quite dis-
 With stony feare of that rude rustick mate,
 Transformed her to a stone from stedfast vir-
 gins state.

IX

' Lo ! now she is that stone ; from whose two
 heads, [flow,
 As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do
 Yet colde through feare and old conceived
 dreads ;
 And yet the stone her semblance seemes to show,
 Shapt like a maide, that such ye may her know :
 And yet her vertues in her water byde,
 For it is chaste and pure as purest snow,
 Ne lets her waves with any filth bedyde ; [tryde.
 But ever, like herselfe, unstayned hath beene

X

' From thence it comes, that this babes bloody
 hand
 May not be clensd with water of this well :
 Ne certes, Sir, strive you it to withstand,
 But let them still be bloody, as befell,
 That they his mothers innocence may tell,
 As she bequeathd in her last testament ;
 That, as a sacred Symbole, it may dwell
 In her sonnes flesh, to mind revengement, [ment.
 And be for all chaste Dames an endlesse moni-

XI

He hearkned to his reason, and the childe
 Uptaking, to the Palmer gave to beare ;
 But his sad fathers armes with blood defilde,
 An heave load, himselfe did lightly reare ;
 And turning to that place, in which whyleare
 He left his loftie steed with golden sell [theare :
 And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not
 By other accident, that earst befell, [not tell.
 He is convaide ; but how, or where, here fits

XII

Which when Sir Guyon saw, all were he wroth,
 Yet algates mote he soft himselfe appease,
 And fairely fare on foot, how ever loth :
 His double burden did him sore disease.

So long they traueiled with litle ease,
Till that at last they to a Castle came,
Built on a rocke adjoyning to the seas:
It was an auncient worke of antique fame,
And wondrous strong by nature, and by skill-
full frame.

XIII

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
The children of one syre by mothers three;
Who dying whylome did diuide this fort
To them by equall shares in equall fee:
But stryfull mind and diuerse qualitee
Drew them in partes, and each made others foe:
Still did they strive and daily disagree;
The eldest did against the youngest goe, [woe.
And both against the middest meant to worken

XIV

Where when the knight arriv'd, he was right
well
Receiv'd, as knight of so much worth became,
Of second sister, who did far excell
The other two: Medina was her name,
A sober sad and comely courteous Dame;
Who rich arayd, and yet in modest guise,
In goodly garments that her well became,
Fayre marching forth in honorable wize,
Him at the threshold mett, and well did enterprize.

XV

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modestie;
Ne in her speach, ne in her haviour,
Was lightnesse seene or looser vanitie,
But gracious womanhood, and gravitie,
Above the reason of her youthly yeares.
Her golden lockes she roundly did uptye
In breaded tramels, that no looser heares
Did out of order stray about her daintie eares.

XVI

Whilest she her selfe thus busily did frame
Seemely to entertaine her new-come guest,
Newes hereof to her other sisters came,
Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
Accourtinge each her friend with lavish fest:
They were two knights of perlesse puissance,
And famous far abroad for warlike gest,
Which to these Ladies love did countenance,
And to his mistresse each himselfe strove to
advantage.

XVII

He that made love unto the eldest Dame,
Was hight Sir Huddibras, an hardy man;
Yet not so good of deedes as great of name,
Which he by many rash adventures wan,

Since errant armes to sew he first began:
More huge in strength then wise in workes
And reason with foole-hardize over ran; [was
Sterne melancholy did his courage pas,
And was, for terrour more, all armd in shynin
bras.

XVIII

But he that lov'd the youngest was Sansloy
He, that faire Una late fowle outraged,
The most unruly and the boldest boy
That ever warlike weapons menaged,
And all to lawlesse lust encouraged [might
Through strong opinion of his matchless
Ne ought he car'd whom he endamaged
By tortious wrong, or whom bereav'd of right
He, now this Ladies Champion, chose for lov
to fight.

XIX

These two gay knights, vovd to so divers
loves,
Each other does envy with deadly hate,
And daily warre against his foeman moves,
In hope to win more favour with his mate,
And th' others pleasing service to abate,
To magnifie his owne. But when they heard
How in that place straunge knight arrived late
Both knightes and ladies forth right angry far'd
And ferely unto battell sterne themselves
prepar'd.

XX

But ere they could proceede unto the place
Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,
And cruell combat joynd in middle space:
With horrible assault, and fury fell,
They heapt huge strokes the scorned life t
quell,
That all on upore from her settled seat,
The house was raysd, and all that in did dwell
Seemd that lowde thunder with amazement
great [fouldring he
Did rend the ratling skyes with flames o

XXI

The noyse thereof cald forth that straunge
knight,
To weet what dreadfull thing was there in bond
Where whenas two brave knightes in blood
fight
With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
His sunbroad shield about his wrest he bond
And shynyn blade unsheatd, with which h
ran
Unto that stead, their strife to understand
And at his first arrivall them began
With goodly meanes to pacifie, well as he can

XXII

ut they, him spying, both with greedy forse
t once upon him ran, and him beset
th strokes of mortall steele without remorse,
d on his shield like yron sledges bet:
when a Beare and Tygre, being met
cruell fight on Lybicke Ocean wide,
pye a traueiler with feet surbet,
om they in equall pray hope to diuide,
ey stint their strife and him assayle on
euerie side.

XXIII

ut he, not like a weary traueilere,
eir sharp assault right boldly did rebut,
d suffred not their blowes to byte him nere,
t with redoubled buffes them backe did put:
hose grieved mindes, which choler did englut,
ainst themselves turning their wrathfull
spight, [cut;
n with new rage their shieldes to hew and
t still, when Guyon came to part their fight,
th heaue load on him they freshly gan to
smight.

XXIV

s a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
om raging windes, threatening to make the
pray
the rough rockes, doe diversly disease,
etes two contrarie billowes by the way,
at her on either side doe sore assay,
d boast to swallow her in greedy grave;
ee, scorning both their spights, does make
wide way,
d with her brest breaking the fomy wave,
es ride on both their backs, and faire her
self doth save.

XXV

o boldly he him beares, and rusheth forth
tweene them both by conduct of his blade.
ndrous great prowesse and heroick worth
shewd that day, and rare ensample made,
en two so mighty warriours he dismade.
t once he wards and strikes; he takes and
paies;
w forst to yield, now forcing to invade;
fore, behind, and round about him laies;
double was his paines, so double be his
praise.

XXVI

raunge sort of fight, three valiaunt knights
to see
ree combates joine in one, and to darraine
riple warre with triple enmittee,
for their Ladies froward love to gaine,

Which gotten was but hate. So love does raine
In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous
warre;

He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
And yett his peace is but continual jarre:
O miserable men that to him subiect arre!

XXVII

Whilst thus they mingled were in furious
armes,
The faire Medina, with her tresses torne
And naked brest, in pittie of their harmes,
Emongst them ran; and, falling them beforne,
Besought them by the womb which them had
born, [deare,
And by the loves which were to them most
And by the knighthood which they sure had
sworn,
Their deadly cruell discord to forbear,
And to her just conditions of faire peace to
heare.

XXVIII

But her two other sisters, standing by,
Her lowd gainsaid, and both their champions
Pursew the end of their strong enmity, [bad
As euer of their loves they would be glad:
Yet she with pitthy words, and counsell sad,
Still strove their stubborn rages to reuoke;
That at the last, suppressing fury mad,
They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,
And hearken to the sober speaches which she
spoke.

XXIX

'Ah, puisaunt Lords! what cursed evil
Or fell Erinnyes, in your noble harts [Spright,
Her hellish brond hath kindled with despight,
And stird you up to worke your wilfull smarts?
Is this the joy of armes? be these the parts
Of glorious knighthood, after blood to thrust,
And not regard dew right and just desarts?
Vaine is the vaunt, and victory unjust,
That more to mighty hands then rightfull cause
doth trust.

XXX

'And were there rightfull cause of difference,
Yet were not better fayre it to accord
Then with bloodguiltinesse to heape offence,
And mortal vengeance joyne to crime abhord?
O! fly from wrath; fly, O my liefest Lord!
Sad be the sights, and bitter fruites of warre,
And thousand furies wait on wrathfull sword;
Ne ought the praise of prowesse more doth
marre
Then fowle revenging rage, and base contentious
jarre.

XXXI

'But lovely concord, and most sacred peace,
Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds,
Weake she makes strong, and strong thing does
increase,

Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds:
Brave be her warres, and honorable deeds,
By which she triumphes over yre and pride,
And winnes an Olive girlond for her meeds.
Be, therefore, O my deare Lords! pacifide,
And this misseeming discord meekely lay aside.'

XXXII

Her gracious words their rancour did appall,
And suncke so deepe into their boyling brests,
That downe they lett their cruell weapons fall,
And lowly did abase their lofty crests
To her faire presence and discrete behests.
Then she began a treaty to procure,
And stablish terms betwixt both their requests,
That as a law for ever should endure;
Which to observe in word of knights they
did assure.

XXXIII

Which to confirme, and fast to bind their
league,
After their weary sweat and bloody toile,
She them besought, during their quiet treague,
Into her lodging to repaire awhile,
To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.
They soone consent: so forth with her they fare;
Where they are well receivd, and made to spoile
Themselves of soiled armes, and to prepare
Their minds to pleasure, and their mouths to
dainty fare.

XXXIV

And those two froward sisters, their faire
loves, [loth,
Came with them eke, all were they wondrous
And fained cheare, as for the time behoves,
But could not colour yet so well the troth,
But that their natures bad appeard in both;
For both did at their second sister grutch
And inly grieve, as doth an hidden moth
The inner garment frett, not th' utter touch:
One thought her cheare too litle, th' other
thought too much.

XXXV

Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deeme
Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,
Ne ought would speake, but evermore did seeme
As discontent for want of merth or meat:
No solace could her Paramour intreat
Her once to show, ne court, nor dalliaunce;
But with bent lowring browes, as she would
threat,

She scould, and frownd with froward coun-
tenaunce;
Unworthy of faire Ladies comely governaunce

XXXVI

But young Perissa was of other mynd,
Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
And quite contrary to her sisters kynd;
No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleasure and delight:
In wine and meats she flowd above the banck
And in excesse exceeded her owne might;
In sumptuous tire she joyd her selfe to prance
But of her love too lavish: (litle have sh
thanck!)

XXXVII

Fast by her side did sitt the bold Sansloy,
Fitt mate for such a mincing mineon,
Who in her loosenesse tooke exceeding joy.
Might not be found a francker franion,
Of her leawd parts to make companion:
But Huddibras, more like a Malecontent,
Did see and grieve at his bold fashion;
Hardly could he endure his hardiment,
Yett still he satt, and inly did him selfe tor-
ment.

XXXVIII

Betwixt them both the faire Medina sate
With sober grace and goodly carriage:
With equal measure she did moderate
The strong extremities of their outrage.
That forward paire she ever would asswage,
When they would strive dew reason to exceed
But that same froward twaine would accorage
And of her plenty adde unto their need:
So kept she them in order, and her selfe in heed

XXXIX

Thus fairely shee attempered her feast,
And pleasd them all with meete satiety.
At last, when lust of meat and drinke wa
She Guyon deare besought of curtesie [ceas
To tell from whence he came through jeopardy
And whither now on new adventure bound:
Who with bold grace, and comely gravity,
Drawing to him the eies of all arond,
From lofty siege began these words aloud t
sownd.

XL

'This thy demaund, O Lady! doth revive
Fresh memory in me of that great Queene,
Great and most glorious virgin Queene alive
That with her souveraine power, and scepter
All Faery lond does peaceably sustene. [shen
In widest Ocean she her throne does reare,
That over all the earth it may be seene;

morning Sunne her beames dispredden
cleare,
in her face faire peace and mercy doth

[appeare.

Eftsoones devisd redresse for such annoyes :
Me, all unfit for so great purpose, she em-
ploys.

XLII

er the riches of all heavenly grace
life degree are heaped up on hye :
all, that els this worlds enclosure bace
great or glorious in mortall eye,
nes the person of her Majestye ;
men, beholding so great excellence
are perfection in mortalitye,
er adore with sacred reverence,
' Idole of her makers great magnificence.

XLIII

her I homage and my service owe,
mber of the noblest knightes on ground ;
st whom on me she deigned to bestowe
of Maydenhead, the most renownd
may this day in all the world be found.
arely solemne feast she wontes to hold,
ay that first doth lead the yeare around,
ich all knights of worth and courage bold
t, to heare of straunge adventures to be
told.

XLIII

ere this old Palmer shewd himselfe that
day,
o that mighty Princesse did complaine
evous mischiefes which a wicked Fay
wrought, and many whelmd in deadly
paine ;
of he crav'd redresse. My Sovereaine,
e glory is in gracious deeds, and joyes
ghout the world her mercy to maintaine,

XLIV

' Now hath faire Phebe with her silver face
Thrise seene the shadowes of the neather
Sith last I left that honorable place, [world,
In which her roiall presence is enrolld ;
Ne ever shall I rest in house nor hold,
Till I that false Acrasia have wonne ;
Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to bee told,
I witnesse am, and this their wretched sonne,
Whose wofull parents she hath wickedly for-
donne.'

XLV

' Tell on, fayre Sir,' said she, ' that dolefull
tale, [restraine,
From which sad ruth does seeme you to
That we may pitty such unhappie bale,
And learne from pleasures poyson to abstaine :
Ill by ensample good doth often gayne.'
Then forward he his purpose gan pursew,
And told the story of the mortall payne,
Which Mordant and Amavia did rew,
As with lamenting eyes him selfe did lately vew.

XLVI

Night was far spent ; and now in Ocean deep
Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,
His flaming head did hasten for to steep,
When of his pitteous tale he end did make :
Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake
Those guesstes, beguyled, did beguyle their eyes
Of kindly sleepe that did them overtake.
At last, when they had markt the chaunged
skyes, [to rest him hyes.
They wist their houre was spent : then each

CANTO III.

Vaine Braggadocchio, getting Guy-
ons horse, is made the scorne
Of knighthood trew ; and is of fayre
Belphebe fowle forlorne.

I

E as the morrow fayre with purple beames
st the shadowes of the misty night,
itan, playing on the eastern streames,
are the dewy ayre with springing light,
yon, mindfull of his vow yplight,
e from drowsie couch, and him address
he journey which he had behight :
issant armes about his noble brest,
many-folded shield he bound about his
wrest.

II

Then, taking Congé of that virgin pure,
The bloody-handed babe unto her truth
Did earnestly committ, and her conjure
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
And all that gentle noriture ensu'th ;
And that, so soone as ryper yeares he raught,
He might, for memory of that dayes ruth,
Be called Ruddymane ; and thereby taught
T' avenge his Parents death on them that had
it wrought.

III

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
 Sith his good steed is lately from him gone;
 Patience perforce & helplesse what may it boot
 To frett for anger, or for grieve to mone?
 His Palmer now shall foot no more alone.
 So fortune wrought, as under greene woodes
 syde
 He lately heard that dying Lady grone,
 He left his steed without, and speare besyde,
 And rushed in on foot to ayd her ere she dyde.

IV

The whyles a losell wandring by the way,
 One that to bountie never cast his mynd,
 Ne thought of honour ever did assay
 His baser brest, but in his kestrell kynd
 A pleasing vaine of glory he did fynd,
 To which his flowing tounge and troublous
 spright [clynd:
 Gave him great ayd, and made him more in-
 He, that brave steed there finding ready dight,
 Purloyned both steed and speare, and ran away
 full light.

V

Now gan his hart all swell in jollity,
 And of him selfe great hope and help conceiv'd,
 That puffed up with smoke of vanity,
 And with selfe-loved personage deceiv'd,
 He gan to hope of men to be receiv'd [bee:
 For such as he him thought, or faine would
 But for in court gay portance he perceiv'd,
 And gallant shew to be in greatest gree,
 Eftsoones to court he cast t' advance his first
 degree.

VI

And by the way he chaunced to espy
 One sitting ydle on a unny banck,
 To him avaunting in great bravery, [pranck,
 As Peacocke that his painted plumcs doth
 He smote his courser in the trembling flanck,
 And to him threatned his hart-thrilling speare:
 The seely man, seeing him ryde so ranck,
 And ayme at him, fell flatt to ground for feare,
 And crying, 'Mercy!' loud, his pitious handes
 gan reare.

VII

Thereat the Scarcrow wexed wondrous prowd,
 Through fortune of his first adventure fayre,
 And with big thundring voicerevyld him lowd:
 'Vile Caytive, vassall of dread and despayre,
 Unworthie of the commune breathed ayre,
 Why livest thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
 And doest not unto death thyselfe prepayre?
 Dy, or thyselfe my captive yield for ay.
 Great favour I thee graunt for aunswere thus
 to stay.'

VIII

'Hold, O deare Lord! hold your dead-doi-
 hand,' [thra
 Then loud he cryde; 'I am your humb
 'Ay wretch,' (quoth he) 'thy destinies withsta
 My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.
 I give thee life: therefore prostrated fall,
 And kisse my stirrup; that thy homage bee
 The Miser threw him selfe, as an Offall,
 Streight at his foot in base humilitee,
 And cleeped him his liege, to hold of h
 in fee.

IX

So happy peace they made and faire accor
 Eftsoone this liegeman gan to wexe m
 bold,
 And when he felt the folly of his Lord,
 In his owne kind he gan him selfe unfold;
 For he was wylie witted, and growne old
 In cunning sleighes and practick knavery.
 From that day forth he cast for to uphold
 His ydle humour with fine flattery,
 And blow the bellows to his swelling vani

X

Trompart, fitt man for Braggadochio,
 To serve at court in view of vaunting eye:
 Vaine-glorious man, when fluttering wind d
 blow
 In his light winges, is lifted up to skye;
 The scorne of knighthood and trew chevalr
 To thinke, without desert of gentle deed
 And noble worth, to be advanced hye:
 Such prayse is shame; but honour, vert
 meed, [se
 Doth beare the fayrest flowre in honoura

XI

So forth they pas, a well consorted payre,
 Till that at length with Archimage they me
 Who seeing one, that shone in armour fay
 On goodly courser thondring with his feet,
 Eftsoones supposed him a person meet
 Of his revenge to make the instrument;
 For since the Redcrosse knight he erst did w
 To been with Guyon knitt in one consent,
 The ill, which earst to him, he now to Gu
 ment.

XII

And coming close to Trompart gan inqu
 Of him, what mightie warriour that mote
 That rode in golden sell with single spere,
 But wanted sword to wreake his enmittee?
 'He is a great adventurer,' (said he) [ge
 'That hath his sword through hard assay
 And now hath vowd, till he avenged bee

at despight, never to wearen none:
 speare is him enough to doen a thousand
 grone.'

XIII

enchaunter greatly joyed in the vaunt,
 weened well ere long his will to win,
 both his foen with equall foyle to daunt.
 so him louting lowly did begin
 line of wronges, which had committed bin
 ayon, and by that false Redecrosse knight;
 two, through treason and deceitfull gin,
 layne Sir Mordant and his Lady bright:
 mote him honour win to wreak so foule
 despight.

XIV

ewith all suddenly he seemd enragd,
 threatend death with dreadfull counten-
 aunce,
 their lives had in his hand beene gagd;
 with stiffe force shaking his mortall launce,
 him weet his doughtie valiaunce,
 said: 'Old man great sure shal be thy
 meed, [geaunce
 ere those knights for feare of dew ven-
 urke, thou certainly to mee areed,
 I may wreake on them their hainous
 hatefull deed.'

XV

tes, my Lord,' (said he) 'that shall I
 soone,
 give you eke good helpe to their decay.
 note I wisely you advise to doon,
 no ods to your foes, but doe purvay
 selfe of sword before that bloody day;
 ey be two the prowrest knights on grownd,
 oft approv'd in many hard assay;
 ke of surest steele that may be fownd,
 me your self against that day, them to
 confownd.'

XVI

ard,' (said he) 'let be thy deepe advise:
 s that through many yeares thy wits
 thee faile,
 hat weake eld hath left thee nothing wise;
 ver should thy judgement be so frayle
 asure manhood by the sword or mayle.
 enough fowre quarters of a man,
 uten sword or shield, an hoste to quayle?
 little wotest what this right-hand can:
 e they which have beheld the battailes
 which it wan.'

XVII

man was much abashed at his boast;
 ell he wist that whoso would contend
 either of those knightes on even coast,
 d neede of all his armes him to defend,

Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend,
 When Braggadocchio saide; 'Once I did
 sweare, [to end,
 When with one sword seven knightes I brought
 Thenceforth in battaile never sword to beare,
 But it were that which noblest knight on earth
 doth weare.'

XVIII

'Perdy, Sir knight,' saide then th' enchaunter
 blive,
 'That shall I shortly purchase to your hond;
 For now the best and noblest knight alive
 Prince Arthur is, that wonnes in Faerie lond:
 He hath a sword that flames like burning brond.
 The same by my device I undertake
 Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond.'
 At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,
 And wondred in his minde what mote that
 Monster make.

XIX

He stayd not for more bidding, but away
 Was suddein vanished out of his sight: [play
 The Northerne winde his wings did broad dis-
 At his commaund, and reared him up light
 From off the earth to take his aerie flight.
 They lookt about, but nowhere could espie
 Tract of his foot: then dead through great af-
 fright
 They both nigh were, and each bad other flye:
 Both fled attonce, ne ever backe retourned eye;

XX

Till that they come unto a forrest greene,
 In which they shrowd themselves from cause-
 les feare; [beene.
 Yet feare them followes still where so they
 Each trembling leafe and whistling wind they
 heare,
 As ghastly bug, does greatly them affeare:
 Yet both doe strive their fearefulness to faine.
 At last they heard a horne that shrilled cleare
 Throughout the wood that ecchoed againe,
 And made the forrest ring, as it would rive in
 twaine.

XXI

Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely
 rush,
 With noyse whereof he from his loftie steed
 Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
 To hide his coward head from dying dreed:
 But Trompart stoutly stayd to taken heed
 Of what might hap. Eftsoone there stepped
 A goodly Ladie clad in hunters weed, [foorth
 That seemd to be a woman of great worth,
 And by her stately portance borne of heavenly
 birth.

XXII

Her face so faire as flesh it seemed not,
But heavenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew,
Cleare as the skye, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
And gazers sence with double pleasure fed,
Hable to heale the sickes, and to revive the ded.

XXIII

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th' heavenly makers light,
And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight:
In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre
To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
For, with dredd Majestie and awfull yre,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched bace
desyre.

XXIV

Her yvorie forehead, full of bountie brave,
Like a broad table did it selfe dispred,
For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
And write the battailes of his great godhed:
All good and honour might therein be red,
For there their dwelling was. And, when she
spake, [shed;
Sweete wordes like dropping honny she did
And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd
to make.

XXV

Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,
Under the shadow of her even browes,
Working belgardes and amorous retrate;
And everie one her with a grace endowes,
And everie one with meekenesse to her bowes.
So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
And soveraine moniment of mortall vowes,
How shall frayle pen describe her heavenly face,
For feare, through want of skill, her beauty to
disgrace?

XXVI

So faire, and thousand thousand times more
faire,
She seemd, when she presented was to sight;
And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
All in a silken Camus lilly whight,
Purfled upon with many a folded plight,
Which all above besprinckled was throughout
With golden aygulets, that glistred bright
Like twinkling starres; and all the skirt
Was hemd with golden fringe. (about

XXVII

Below her ham her weed did somewhat tray
And her streight legs most bravely were
In gilden buskins of costly Cordwayne, [ba
All bard with golden bendes, which w
entayld
With curious antickes, and full sayre auma
Before, they fastned were under her knee
In a rich jewell, and therein entrayld
The ends of all the knots, that none might
How they within their fouldings close
wrapped bee:

XXVIII

Like two faire marble pillours they were see
Which doe the temple of the Gods support
Whom all the people decke with girle
And honour in their festivall resort; [gre
Those same with stately grace and princ
port [gra
She taught to tread, when she herselfe wo
But with the woody Nymphes when she
play,
Or when the flying Libbard she did chace,
She could them nimble move, and after
apace.

XXIX

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare
held,
And at her backe a bow and quiver gay,
Stuft with steele-headed dartes, wherewith
queld
The salvage beastes in her victorious pl
Knit with a golden bauldricke, which fore
Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide
Her daintie paps; which, like young fruit
Now little gan to swell, and being tide [M
Through her thin weed their places only
nifide.

XXX

Her yellow lockes, crisped like golden w
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And, when the winde amongst them did
They waved like a penon wyde dispred, [sp
And low behinde her backe were scattered
And, whether art it were or heedlesse hap,
As through the flouring forrest rash she fl
In her rude heares sweet flowres themse
did lap, [did env
And flourishing fresh leaves and bloss

XXXI

Such as Diana by the sandy shore
Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus greene, [I
Where all the Nymphes have her unware
Wandreth alone with bow and arrowes ke

eeke her game: Or as that famous Queene
 amazons, whom Pyrrhus did destroy,
 day that first of Priame she was seene,
 shew her selfe in great triumphant joy,
 succour the weake state of sad afflicted Troy.

XXXII

h when as hartlesse Trompart her did
 vew,
 was dismayed in his coward minde,
 doubted whether he himselfe should shew,
 ly away, or bide alone behinde;
 a feare and hope he in her face did finde:
 en she at last him spying thus bespake:
 yle, Groome! didst not thou see a bleeding
 Hynde, [strake?
 ose right haunch earst my stedfast arrow
 ou didst, tell me, that I may her over-
 take.'

XXXIII

erewith reviv'd, this answer forth he
 threw:
 Goddess, (for such I thee take to bee)
 nether doth thy face terrestriall shew,
 voyce sound mortall; I avow to thee,
 a wounded beast as that I did not see,
 earst into this Forrest wild I came.
 mote thy goodlyhed forgive it mee,
 veete which of the gods I shall thee name,
 unto thee dew worship I may rightly
 frame'

XXXIV

whom she thus—but ere her words ensewd,
 o the bush her eye did suddein glaunce,
 hich vaine Braggadocchio was mewd,
 saw it stirre: she lefte her percing launce,
 towards gan a deadly shafte advaunce,
 ind to marke the beast. At which sad
 stowre
 npart forth stept to stay the mortall
 chaunce,
 crying; 'O! what ever heavenly powre,
 arthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly
 howre.

XXXV

! stay thy hand; for yonder is no game
 thy fiers arrowes, them to exercise; [name
 loe! my Lord, my liege, whose warlike
 renowned through many bold emprise;
 now in shade he shrowded yonder lies.'
 staid: with that he crould out of his nest,
 h creeping on his caitive hands and thies;
 standing stoutly up, his lofty crest
 fiercely shake, and rowze as comming late
 from rest.

XXXVI

As fearfull fowle, that long in secret cave
 For dread of soring hauke her selfe hath hid,
 Nor caring how, her silly life to save,
 She her gay painted plumes disorderid;
 Seeing at last her selfe from daunger rid,
 Peepees forth, and soone renews her native
 She gins her feathers fowle disfigured [pride:
 Proudly to prune, and sett on every side;
 She shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she
 did her hide.

XXXVII

So when her goodly visage he beheld,
 He gan himselfe to vaunt: but, when he vewd
 Those deadly tooles which in her hand she
 Soone into other fitts he was transmewd, [held,
 Till she to him her gracious speach renewd:
 'All haile, Sir knight! and well may thee be-
 fall,
 As all the like, which honor have pursewd
 Through deeds of armes and prowess martiall.
 All vertue merits praise, but such the most of
 all.'

XXXVIII

To whom he thus: 'O fairest under skie!
 Trew be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
 That warlike feats doest highest glorifie.
 Therein I have spent all my youthly daies,
 And many battailes fought and many fraies
 Throughout the world, wher-so they might be
 Endeavoring my dreaded name to raise [found,
 Above the Moone, that fame may it resound
 In her eternall tromp, with laurell girlond
 cround.

XXXIX

'But what art thou, O Lady! which doest
 raunge
 In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,
 And doest not it for joyous court exchange,
 Emongst thine equall peres, where happy blis
 And all delight does raigne, much more then
 this?
 There thou maist love, and dearly loved be,
 And swim in pleasure, which thou here doest
 mis: [see:
 There maist thou best be seene, and best maist
 The wood is fit for beasts, the court is fitt for
 thee.'

XL

'Who-so in pompe of prowd estate' (quoth she)
 'Does swim, and bathes him selfe in courtly
 blis,
 Does waste his dayes in darke obscuritee,
 And in oblivion ever buried is;
 Where ease abownds yt's eath to doe amis:
 But who his limbs with labours, and his mynd
 Behaves with cares, cannot so easy mis.

Abroad in armes, at home in studious kynd,
Who seekes with painfull toile shall honor
soonest fynd :

XLI

‘In woods, in waves, in warres, she wons to
dwell,
And wil be found with perill and with paine;
Ne can the man that moulds in ydle cell
Unto her happy mansion attaine:
Before her gate high God did Sweate ordaine,
And wakefull watches ever to abide;
But easy is the way and passage plaine
To pleasures pallace: it may soone be spide,
And day and night her dores to all stand open
wide.

XLII

‘In Princes court’—The rest she would have
sayd,
But that the foolish man, filld with delight
Of her sweete words that all his sence dismayd,
And with her wondrous beauty ravisht quight,
Gan burne in filthy lust; and, leaping light,
Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace.
With that she, swarving backe, her Javelin
bright
Against him bent, and fiercely did menace:
So turned her about, and fled away apace.

XLIII

Which when the Pesaunt saw, amazd he stood,
And grieved at her flight; yet durst he nott
Pursew her steps through wild unknownen wood:
Besides hefeard her wrath, and threatned shott,
Whiles in the bush he lay, not yett forgott:
Ne car’d he greatly for her presence vayne,
But turning said to Trompart; ‘What fowle
blott

Is this to knight, that Lady should agayne
Depart to woods untoucht, and leave so proud
disdayne.’

XLIV

‘Perdy,’ (said Trompart) ‘lett her pas at will
Least by her presence daunger mote befall;
For who can tell (and sure I feare it ill)
But that shee is some powre celestiall?
For whiles shespake her great words did appall
My feeble corage, and my heart oppresse,
That yet a quake and tremble over-all.’
‘And I,’ (said Braggadocchio) ‘thought nolesse
When first I heard her horn sound with such
ghastlinesse.

XLV

‘For from my mothers wombe this grace
Me given by eternall destiny, [have
That earthly thing may not my corage brave
Dismay with feare, or cause one foot to flye,
But either hellish feends, or powres on hye:
Which was the cause, when earst that horne
heard,
Weening it had beene thunder in the skye,
I hid my selfe from it, as one affeard;
But, when I other knew, my self I boldly reard

XLVI

‘But now, for feare of worse that may betide
Let us soone hence depart.’ They soone agree
So to his steed he gott, and gan to ride
As one unfitt therefore, that all might see
He had not trayned bene in chevalree.
Which well that valiaunt courser did discerne
For he despisd to tread in dew degree,
But chaufd and fom’d with corage fiers and
sterne, [erne
And to be easd of that base burden still di

CANTO IV.

Guyon does Furor bind in chaines,
And stops occasion:
Delivers Phaon, and therefore
By strife is rayld uppon.

I

In brave poursuitt of honorable deed,
There is I know not (what) great difference
Betweene the vulgar and the noble seed,
Which unto things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by native influence;
As feates of armes, and love to entertaine:
But chiefly skill to ride seemes a science
Proper to gentle blood: some others faine
To menage steeds, as did this vaunter, but in
vaine.

II

But he, the rightfull owner of that steede,
Who well could menage and subdew his pride
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed
With that blacke Palmer, his most trust
guide,
Who suffred not his wandring feete to slide;
But when strong passion, or weake fleshli
nesse,
Would from the right way seeke to draw him
wide,

would, through temperaunce and stedfastnesse,
ch him the weak to strengthen, and the strong suppress.

III

fortuned, forth faring on his way,
saw from far, or seemed for to see,
e troublous uprore or contentious fray,
ere to he drew in hast it to agree.
ad man, or that feigned mad to bee,
w by the heare along upon the grownd
andson stripling with great crueltee,
om sore he bett, and gor'd with many a
wound,
t cheekes with teares, and sydes with blood,
did all abownd.

IV

d him behynd a wicked Hag did stalke,
agged robes and filthy disaray;
other leg was lame, that she no'te walke,
on a staffe her feeble steps did stay:
lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
v all afore, and loosely hong unrold;
all behinde was bald, and worne away,
none thereof could ever taken hold;
eke her face ill-favourd, full of wrinkles
old.

V

l ever as she went her tounge did walke
wle reproch, and termes of vile despight,
oking him, by her outrageous talke,
eape more vengeance on that wretched
wight:
etimes she raught him stones, wherwith to
smite,
etimes her staffe, though it her one leg
were,
outen which she could not goe upright;
ay evill meanes she did forbear,
might him move to "rath, and indigna-
tion reare.

VI

noble Guyon, mov'd with great remorse,
oching, first the Hag did thrust away;
after, adding more impetuous forse,
mighty hands did on the madman lay,
pluckt him backe; who, all on fire streight
way,
st him turning all his fell intent,
beastly brutish rage gan him assay,
smott, and bitt, and kickt, and scratcht,
and rent,
did he wist not what in his avengement.

VII

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
Had he had governaunce it well to guyde;
But, when the frantick fitt inflamd his spright,
His force was vaine, and strooke more often
wyde.
Then at the aymed marke which he had eyde:
And oft himselfe he chaunst to hurt unwares,
Whylest reason, blent through passion, nought
descryde;
But, as a blindfold Bull, at randon fares,
And where he hits nought knowes, and whom
he hurts nought cares.

VIII

His rude assault and rugged handelng
Straunge seemed to the knight, that aye with
foe
In fayre defence and goodly menaging
Of armes was wont to fight; yet nathemoe
Was he abashed now, not fighting so;
But more enfierced through his currish play,
Him sternly grypt, and hailing to and fro,
To overthrow him strongly did assay,
But overthrew him selfe unwares, and lower
lay:

IX

And being downe the villein sore did beate
And bruze with clownish fistes his manly
face;
And eke the Hag, with many a bitter threat,
Still cald upon to kill him in the place.
With whose reproch, and odious menace,
The knight emboyling in his haughtie hart
Knitt all his forces, and gan soone unbrace
His grasping hold: so lightly did upstart,
And drew his deadly weapon to maintaine his
part.

X

Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly
cryde,
'Not so, O Guyon! never thinke that so
That Monster can be maistred or destroyd:
He is not, ah! he is not such a foe,
As steele can wound, or strength can over-
throoe.
That same is Furor, cursed cruel wight,
That unto knighthood workes much shame
and woe;
And that same Hag, his aged mother, hight
Occasion; the roote of all wrath and despight.

XI

'With her, whoso will raging Furor tame,
Must first begin, and well her amenge:
First her restraine from her reprochfull blame
And evill meanes, with which she doth enrage

Her frantick sonne, and kindles his corage;
Then, when she is withdrawne or strong with-
stood,
It's eath his ydle fury to aswage,
And calme the tempest of his passion wood:
The bankes are overflowne when stopped is the
flood.'

XII

Therewith Sir Guyon left his first emprise,
And, turning to that woman, fast her hent
By the hoare lockes that hong before her eyes,
And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould she
stent
Her bitter rayling and foule revilement,
But still provokt her sonne to wreake her
wrong;

But nathelesse he did her still torment,
And, catching hold of her ungratious tonge
Thereon an yron lock did fasten firme and
strong.

XIII

Then, whenas use of speach was from her reft,
With her two crooked handes she signes did
make,
And beckned him, the last help she had left;
But he that last left helpe away did take,
And both her handes fast bound unto a stake,
That she note stirre. Then gan her sonne to
flye

Full fast away, and did her quite forsake;
But Guyon after him in hast did hye,
And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitye.

XIV

In his strong armes he styfly him embraste,
Who him gainstriving nought at all prevaild;
For all his power was utterly defaste,
And furious fitts at earst quite weren quaild:
Oft he re'nforst, and oft his forces fayld,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancor slack.
Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hayld,
And both his hands fast bound behind his
backe,
And both his feet in fetters to an yron racke.

XV

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knots, that did him sore con-
straine;
Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind
And grimly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine:
His burning eyen, whom bloody strakes did
staine, [fyre;
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of
And more for ranck despight then for great
paine,

Shakt his long lockes colourd like copper-wyre.
And bitt his tawny beard to shew his raging
yre.

XVI

Thus when as Guyon Furor had captivd,
Turning about he saw that wretched Squyre
Whom that mad man of life nigh late deprivd
Lying on ground, all soild with blood and
myre:

Whom whenas he perceived to respyre,
He gan to comfort, and his woundes to dresse
Being at last recured, he gan inquire [tresse
What hard mishap him brought to such dis-
And made that caytives thrall, the thrall of
wretchednesse.

XVII

With hart then throbbing, and with watry
eyes, [the hap
'Fayre Sir' (quoth he) 'what man can shu
That hidden lyes unwares him to surpryse?
Misfortune waites advantage to entrap
The man most wary in her whelming lap:
So me weake wretch, of many weake one,
Unweeting and unaware of such mishap,
She brought to mischiefe through Occasion,
Where this same wicked villein did me ligh
upon.

XVIII

'It was a faithlesse Squire, that was the source
Of all my sorrow and of these sad teares,
With whom from tender dug of commune nour
Attonce I was upbrought; and eft, when years
More rype us reason lent to chose our Peares
Our selves in league of vowed love wee knitt
In which we long time, without gealous fears
Or faultie thoughts, contynewd as was fitt;
And for my part, I vow, dissembled not a whit

XIX

'It was my fortune, commune to that age,
To love a Lady fayre of great degree,
The which was borne of noble parentage,
And set in highest seat of dignitee,
Yet seemd no lesse to love then lov'd to bee:
Long I her serv'd, and found her faithfull still
Ne ever thing could cause us disagree.
Love, that two harts makes one, makes eke one
will; [fulfill
Each strove to please, and others pleasure

XX

'My friend, hight Philemon, I did partake
Of all my love and all my privitie;
Who greatly joyous seemed for my sake,
And gracious to that Lady as to mee;

er wight that mote so welcome bee
to her, withouten blott or blame;
er thing that she could think or see,
to him she would impart the same.
atched man, that would abuse so gentle
Dame!

XXI

ast such grace I found, and meanes I
wrought,
that Lady to my spouse had wonne;
of friendes, consent of Parents sought,
nce made, my happinesse begonne,
wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
marriage make: that day too farre did
seeme.

oyous man, on whom the shining Sunne
ew his face, my selfe I did esteeme,
at my falsen friend did no less joyous
deeme.

XXII

ear that wished day his beame disclosd,
her envying my toward good,
im selfe to treason ill disposd,
y unto me came in friendly mood,
ld for secret, how he understood
ady, whom I had to me assynd,
th distaind her honorable blood,
e the faith which she to me did bynd;
efore wisht me stay till I more truth
should fynd.

XXIII

gnawing anguish, and sharp gelosy,
his sad speach infixed in my brest,
ed so sore, and festred inwardly,
y engreeved mind could find no rest,
t the truth thereof I did out wrest;
m besought, by that same sacred band
t us both, to counsell me the best:
a with solemne oath and plighted hand
ere long the truth to let me understand.

XXIV

ong with like againe he boorded mee,
he now had boulted all the floure,
at it was a groome of base degree,
of my love was partener Paramoure:
ed in a darkesome inner bowre
to meete: which better to approve,
nised to bring me at that howre,
should see that would me nearer move,
re me to withdraw my blind abused love.

XXV

gracelesse man, for furtherance of his
guile,
rt the handmayd of my Lady deare,
ad t' embosome his affection vile,
she might more pleasing to appeare.

One day, to worke her to his will more neare,
He woo'd her thus: Pryene, (so she hight,)
What great despight doth fortune to thee beare,
Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,
That it should not deface all others lesser light?

XXVI

'But if she had her least helpe to thee lent,
T' adorne thy forme according thy desart,
Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone have
blent, [part;
And staynd their prayes with thy least good
Ne should faire Claribell with all her art,
Tho' she thy Lady be, approach thee neare:
For prooffe thereof, this evening, as thou art,
Aray thyselfe in her most gorgeous geare,
That I may more delight in thy embracement
deare.

XXVII

'The Mayden, proud through praise and mad
through love,
Him hearkned to, and soone her selfe arayd,
The whiles to me the teachour did remove
His craftie engin, and, as he had sayd,
Me leading, in a secret corner layd,
The sad spectatour of my Tragedie: [playd,
Where left, he went, and his owne false part
Disguised like that groome of base degree,
Whom he had feignd th' abuser of my love to
bee.

XXVIII

'Eftsoones he came unto th' appointed place,
And with him brought Pryene, rich arayd,
In Claribellaes clothes. Her proper face
I not discerned in that darkesome shade,
But weend it was my love with whom he playd.
Ah God! what horror and tormenting griefe
My hart, my handes, mine eies, and all assayd!
Me liefer were ten thousand deathes priefe
Then wounde of gealous worme, and shame of
such repriefe.

XXIX

'I home retourning, fraught with fowle
despight,
And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
Soone as my loathed love appeard in sight,
With wrathfull hand I slew her innocent,
That after soone I dearely did lament;
For, when the cause of that outrageous deede
Demaunded, I made plaine and evident,
Her faultie Handmayd, which that bale did
breede, [her weede.
Confest how Philemon her wrought to chaunge

XXX

'Which when I heard, with horrible affright
And hellish fury all enragd, I sought
Upon myselfe that vengeable despight

To punish : yet it better first I thought
To wreake my wrath on him that first it
wrought :

To Philemon, false faytour Philemon,
I cast to pay that I so dearly bought.
Of deadly drugs I gave him drinke anon,
And washt away his guilt with guilty potion.

XXXI

‘Thus heaping crime on crime, and griefe on
griefe,

To losse of love adjoyning losse of frend,
I meant to purge both with a third mischief, e,
And in my woes beginner it to end :

That was Pryene ; she did first offend,
She last should smart : with which cruell
intent,

When I at her my murderous blade did bend,
She fled away with ghastly dreriment,
And I, poursewing my fell purpose, after went.

XXXII

‘Feare gave her winges, and rage enforst my
flight ;

Through woods and plaines so long I did her
Till this mad man, whom your victorious might
Hath now fast bound, me met in middle space.

As I her, so he me poursewd apace,
And shortly overtooke : I, breathing yre,
Sore chauffed at my stay in such a cace,
And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre ;
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage
inspyre.

XXXIII

‘Betwixt them both they have me doen to dye,
Through wounds, and strokes, and stubborne
handeling,

That death were better then such agony
As griefe and fury unto me did bring :

Of which in me yet stickes the mortall sting,
That during life will never be appeasd !’

When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
Said Guyon ; ‘Squyre, sore have ye beene
diseasd,

But all your hurts may soone through tempe-
[rance be easd.]

XXXIV

Then gan the Palmer thus ; ‘Most wretched
man,

That to affections does the bridle lend !
In their beginning they are weake and wan,
But soone through suffrance growe to fearefull
end :

Whiles they are weake, betimes with them con-
[tend ;

For, when they once to perfect strength do grow,
Strong warres they make, and cruell battry
bend

Gainst fort of Reason, it to overthrow :
Wrath, gelosy, griefe, love, this Squyre h
laide thus low.

XXXV

‘Wrath, gealosie, griefe, love, do thus exp
Wrath is a fire ; and gealosie a weede ;

Griefe is a flood ; and love a monster fell ;
The fire of sparkes, the weede of little seed

The flood of drops, the Monster filth did bre
But sparkes, seed, drops, and filth, do thus del

The sparkes soone quench, the springing
outwee,

The drops dry up, and filth wipe cleane aw
So shall wrath, gealosy, griefe, love, die
decay.’

XXXVI

‘Unlucky Squire,’ (saide Guyon) ‘sith t
hast

Falne into mischief through intemperaun
Henceforth take heede of that thou now h
past,

And guyde thy waies with warie governaur
Least worse betide thee by some later chaun

But read how art thou nam’d, and of what kin
‘Phaon I hight,’ (quoth he) ‘and do advau

Mine auncestry from famous Coradin,
Who first to rayse our house to honour
begin.’

XXXVII

Thus as he spake, lo ! far away they spyd
A varlet ronning towards hastily,

Whose flying feet so fast their way applyd
That round about a cloud of dust did fly,

Which, mingled all with sweate, did dim his
He soone approched, panting, breathlesse, wh

And all so soyld that none could him deser
His countenance was bold, and bashed no

For Guyons looks, but scornefull eyegla
at him shot.

XXXVIII

Behind his backe he bore a brasen shield,
On which was drawn faire, in colours fit,

A flaming fire in midst of bloody field,
And round about the wreath this word
writ,

Burnt I doe burne. Right well beseeemd i
To be the shield of some redoubted knight ;

And in his hand two dartes, exceeding flit
And deadly sharp, he held, whose heads w
dight

In poyson and in blood of malice and desp
dight

XXXIX

When he in presence came, to Guyon first
He boldly spake ; ‘Sir knight, if knight th

Abandon this forestalled place at erst,
For feare of further harme, I counsell thee

the chaunce at thine owne jeoparddee.'
 ght at his great boldnesse wondered;
 ough he scorn'd his ydle vanitee,
 dly him to purpose answered;
 to grow of nought he it conjectured.

XL

t, this place most dew to me I deeme,
 by him that held it forcibly:
 ence should come that harme, which
 hou dost seeme
 at to him that mindes his chaunce
 'abye?'
 ' (sayd he) ' here comes, and is hard by,
 nt of wondrous powre and great assay,
 ver yet encountred enemy
 him deadly daunt, or fowle dismay;
 a for better hope, if thou his presence
 tay.'

XLII

ight he then,' (sayd Guyon) ' and
 rom whence?'
 nles is his name, renommed farre
 bold feates and hardy confidence,
 approvd in many a cruell warre;
 ther of Cymochles, both which arre
 nes of old Acrates and Despight;
 , sonne of Phlegeton and Jarre;
 egeton is sonne of Herebus and Night;
 ebus sonne of Aeternitie is hight.

XLIII

om immortall race he does proceede,
 ortall hands may not withstand his
 night,
 r his derring doe and bloody deed;
 in blood and spoile is his delight.
 I Atin, his in wrong and right,
 atter make for him to worke upon,
 rre him up to strife and cruell fight.
 refore, fly this fearefull stead anon,
 y foolhardize worke thy sad confusion.'

XLIII

e that care, whom most it doth concerne,'
 e) ' but whither with such hasty flight

Art thou now bownd? for well mote I discerne
 Great cause, that carries thee so swifte and
 light.'

'My Lord,' (quoth he) 'me sent, and streight
 To seeke Occasion, where so she bee: [beight
 For he is all disposd to bloody fight,
 And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltee:
 Hard is his hap that first fals in his jeoparddee.'

XLIV

'Mad man,' (said then the Palmer) 'that does
 seeke
 Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife:
 Shee comes unsought, and shonned followes eke.
 Happy! who can abstaine, when Rancor rife
 Kindles Revenge, and threats his rusty knife.
 Woe never wants where every cause is caught;
 And rash Occasion makes unquiet life!
 'Then loe! wher bound she sits, whom thou
 hast sought,' [brought.'
 Said Guyon: 'let that message to thy Lord be

XLV

That when the varlett heard and saw, streight
 way [knight,
 He waxed wondrous wroth, and said; 'Vile
 That knights and knighthood doest with shame
 upbray,
 And shewst th'ensample of thy childishemight,
 With silly weake old woman that did fight!
 Great glory and gay spoile, sure hast thou gott,
 And stoutly prov'd thy puissance here in sight.
 That shall Pyrochles well requite, I wott,
 And with thy blood abolish so reprochfull blott.'

XLVI

With that one of his thrillant darts he threw,
 Headed with yre and vengeable despight.
 The quivering steele his aymed end wel knew,
 And to his brest it selfe intended right:
 But he was wary, and, ere it empight
 In the meant marke, advaunst his shield atweene,
 On which it seizing no way enter might,
 But backe rebownding left the forekhead keene:
 Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where be
 seene.

CANTO V.

Pyrochles does with Guyon fight,
And Furors chayne untyes,
Who him sore wounds: whiles Atin to
Cymochles for ayd flyes.

I

Who ever doth to temperaunce apply
His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
Trust me, shal find no greater enemy
Then stubborne perturbation to the same;
To which right wel the wise doe give that name,
For it the goodly peace of staied mindes
Does overthrow, and troublous warre proclame:
His owne woes author, who so bound it findes,
As did Pyrochles, and it wilfully unbides.

II

After that varlets flight, it was not long
Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guyon spide
One in bright armes embatteiled full strong,
That, as the Sunny beames do glaunce and glide
Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seemd him to enflame on every side:
His steed was bloody red, and fomed yre,
When with the maistring spur he did him
roughly stire.

III

Approching nigh, he never staid to greete,
Ne chaffar words, prowd corage to provoke,
But prickt so fiers, that underneath his feete
The smouldring dust did rownd about him
smoke,
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
And fayrly couching his steeleheaded speare,
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke:
It booted nought Sir Guyon, comming neare,
To thincke such hideous puissaunce on foot to
beare;

IV

But lightly shunned it; and, passing by,
With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
That the sharpe steele, arriving forcibly
On his broad shield, bitt not, but glauncing fell
On his horse necke before the quilted sell,
And from the head the body sundred quight.
So him dismounted low he did compell
On foot with him to matchen equall fight:
The trunked beast fast bleeding did him
fowly dight.

V

Sore bruized with the fall he slow uprose,
And all enraged thus him loudly shent;
'Disleall Knight, whose coward corage ch
'To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent.
And shund the marke at which it shoul
ment;
Therby thine armes seem strong, but mann
So hast thou oft with guile thine honor ble
But litle may such guile thee now awayl, [sa
If wonted force and fortune doe me not m

VI

With that he drew his flaming sword,
strooke
At him so fiercely, that the upper marge
Of his sevenfolded shield away it tooke,
And, glauncing on his helmet, made a larg
And open gash therein: were not his targ
That broke the violence of his intent, [char
The weary sowle from thence it woul
Nathelesse so sore a buff to him it lent, [b
That made him reele, and to his brest his be

VII

Exceeding wroth was Guyon at that blow
And much ashamd that stroke of living at
Should him dismay, and make him stoupsol
Though otherwise it did him litle harme:
Tho, hurling high his yron braced arme,
He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,
That all his left side it did quite disarme;
Yet there the steel stayd not, but inly lat
Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a
floodgate.

VIII

Deadly dismayd with horror of that dint
Pyrochles was, and grieved eke entyre;
Yet nathemore did it his fury stint,
But added flame unto his former fire,
That wel nigh molt his hart in raging yre
Ne thenceforth his approved skill, to ward
Or strike, or hurtle rownd in warlike gyre
Remembered he, ne car'd for his saufgard,
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell tygre f

IX

ewd, and lasht, and foynd, and thondred
blowes,

very way did seeke into his life; [throwes,
ate, ne male, could ward so mighty
billed passage to his cruell knife.
Guyon, in the heat of all his strife,
vary wise, and closely did awayt
stage, whilst his foe did rage most rife:
times athwart, sometimes he strook him
strayt, [such bayt.
alsed oft his blowes t' illude him with

X

as a Lyon, whose imperiall powre
wd rebellious Unicorn defydes,
side the rash assault and wrathful stowre
sifers foe, him to a tree applyes, [spydes,
when him ronning in full course he
ps aside; the whiles that furious beast
recious horne, sought of his enimydes,
s in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,
o the mighty victor yields a bounteous
feast.

XI

a such faire sleight him Guyon often
fayld,
t the last all breathlesse, weary, faint,
pying, with fresh onsett he assayld,
ndling new his corage seeming queint,
him so hugely, that through great con-
straint
ade him stoup perforce unto his knee,
oe unwilling worship to the Saint,
on his shield depainted he did see: [hee.
homage till that instant never learned

XII

m Guyon seeing stoup, poursewed fast
resent offer of faire victory,
oone his dreadfull blade about he cast,
ewith he smote his haughty crest so hye,
streight on grownd made him full low to
lye;
on his brest his victor foote he thrust:
that he cryde; 'Mercy! doe me not dye,
eme thy force by fortunes doome unjust,
hath (maugre her spight) thus low me
laid in dust.'

XIII

ones his cruel hand Sir Guyon stayd,
ing the passion with advizement slow,
haistring might on eniny dismayd;
'equall die of warre he well did know:
o him said; 'Live, and alleagaunce owe
n that gives thee life and libertv;
enceforth by this daies ensample trow;

That hasty wroth, and heedlesse hazardry,
Doe breede repentaunce late, and lasting in-
famy.'

XIV

So up he let him rise; who, with grim looke
And count'naunce sterne, upstanding, gan to
grind
His grated teeth for great disdeigne, and shooke
His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,
Knotted in blood and dust, for grief of mind
That he in ods of armes was conquered:
Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
That him so noble knight had maystered;
Whose bounty more then might, yet both, he
wondered.

XV

Which Guyon marking said; 'Be nought
agriev'd,
Sir knight, that thus ye now subduedd arre:
Was never man, who most conquestes atchiev'd,
But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre,
Yet shortly gaynd that losse exceeded farre.
Losse is no shame, nor to bee lesse then foe;
But to bee lesser then himselfe doth marre
Both losers lott, and victours prayse alsoe:
Vaine others overthrowes who selfe doth over-
throw.

XVI

'Fly, O Pyrochles! fly the dreadfull warre
That in thy selfe thy lesser partes do move;
Outrageous anger, and woe-working jarre,
Direfull impatience, and hart-murdring love:
Those, those thy foes, those warriours fai-
remove,
Which thee to endlesse bale captived lead.
But sith in might thou didst my mercy prove,
Of courtesie to mee the cause aread [dread,
That thee against me drew with so impetuous

XVII

'Dreadlesse,' (said he) 'that shall I soone
declare. [tort
It was complaind that thou hadst done great
Unto an aged woman, poore and bare,
And thralld her in chaines with strong effort,
Voide of all succour and needfull comfort;
That ill besemes thee, such as I thee see,
To worke such shame. Therefore, I thee exhort
To change thy will, and set Occasion free,
And to her captive sonne yield his first libertee.

XVIII

Thereat Sir Guyon smylde; 'And is that all,
(Said he) 'that thee so sore displeased hath?
Great mercy, sure, for to enlarge a thrall,
Whose freedom shall thee turne to greatest
scath!

Nath'lesse now quench thy whott emboyling
wrath :

Loe! there they bee; to thee I yield them free.
Thereat he, wondrous glad, out of the path
Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,
And gan to breake the bands of their captiuitee.

XIX

Soone as Occasion felt her selfe untyde,
Before her sonne could well assoyled bee,
She to her use returnd, and streight defyde
Both Guyon and Pyrochles; th' one (said
shee)

Bycause he wonne; the other, because hee
Was wonne. So matter did she make of
nought,

To stirre up strife, and garre them disagree:
But, soone as Furor was enlargd, she sought
To kindle his quencht fyre, and thousand causes
wrought.

XX

It was not long ere she inflam'd him so,
That he would algaes with Pyrochles fight,
And his redeemer chalengd for his foe,
Because he had not well mainteind his right,
But yielded had to that same straunger knight.
Now gan Pyrochles wex as wood as hee,
And him affronted with impatient might:
So both together fiers engrasped bee,
Whyles Guyon standing by their uncouth strife
does see.

XXI

Him all that while Occasion did provoke
Against Pyrochles, and new matter fram'd
Upon the old, him stirring to bee wroke
Of his late wronges, in which she oft him
blam'd

For suffering such abuse as knighthood sham'd,
And him dishabled quyte. But he was wise,
Ne would with vaine occasions be inflam'd;
Yet others she more urgent did devise;
Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

XXII

Their fell contention still increased more,
And more thereby increased Furors might,
That he his foe has hurt and wounded sore,
And him in blood and durt deformed quight.
His mother eke, more to augment his spight,
Now brought to him a flaming fyer brond,
Which she in Stygian lake, ay burning
bright,

Had kindled: that she gave into his hond,
That armd with fire more hardly he mote him
withstond.

XXIII

Tho gan that villen wex so fiers and stron
That nothing might sustaine his furious for
He cast him downe to ground, and all along
Drew him through durt and myre witho

remorse,
And fowly battered his comely corse,
That Guyon much disdeigned so loathly so
At last he was compeld to cry perforce,
'Help, O Sir Guyon! helpe, most noble kni
To ridd a wretched man from handes of bell
wight!'

XXIV

The knight was greatly moved at his play
And gan him dight to succour his distresse
Till that the Palmer, by his grave restraynt
Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse,
And said; 'Deare sonne, thy causelesse ra
represse,
Ne let thy stout hart melt in pitty vayne:
He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnes
And his foe fettred would release agayne,
Deserves to taste his follies fruit, repent
payne.'

XXV

Guyon obeyd: So him away he drew
From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
Already fought, his voyage to poursew.
But rash Pyrochles varlett, Atin hight,
When late he saw his Lord in heavie plight
Under Sir Guyons puisaunt stroke to fall,
Him deeming dead, as then he seemd in sigh
Fledd fast away to tell his funerall
Unto his brother, whom Cymochles men d

XXVI

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
Famous throughout the world for warlike
prayse,
And glorious spoiles, purchast in perillous fig
Full many doughtie knightes he in his daye
Had doen to death, subdewde in equall fraye
Whose carkases, for terrour of his name,
Of fowles and beastes he made the piteous
prayes,
And hong their conquerd armes, for more d
fame,
On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest Dame

XXVII

His dearest Dame is that Enchaunteresse,
The vyle Acrasia, that with vaine delighes,
And ydle pleasures in her Bowre of Blisse,
Does charme her lovers, and the feeble spright

ll out of the bodies of fraile wightes ;
then she does transforme to monstrous
hewes,
horribly misshapes with ugly sightes,
'd eternally in yron mewes [shewes.
arksom dens, where Titan his face never

XXVIII

Atin fownd Cymochles sojourning,
re his Lemans love: for he by kynd
even all to lust and loose living,
ever his fiers handes he free mote fynd:
ow he has pourd out his ydle mynd
atie delices, and lavish joyes,
g his warlike weapons cast behynd,
owes in pleasures and vaine pleasing
toyes,
d amongst loose Ladies and lascivious
boyes.

XXIX

ver him art, stryving to compayre
ature, did an Arber greene dispred,
l of wanton Yvie, flouring fayre,
h which the fragrant Eglantine did
sprd
ckling arnes, entrayld with roses red,
daintie odours round about them threw:
within with flowres was garnished,
hen myld Zephyrus emongst them blew,
[colors shew.
ath out bounteous smels, and painted

XXX

ast beside there trickled softly downe
e streame, whose murmuring wave did
st the pumy stones, and made a sowne,
him soft asleepe that by it lay:
arie Traveiler, wandring that way,
did often quench his thirsty heat,
en by it his wearie limbes display,
creeping slomber made him to forget
ner payne, and wypt away his toilsom
sweat.

XXXI

n the other syde a pleasaunt grove
ott up high, full of the stately tree
dicated is t' Olympick Jove,
his sonne Alcides, whenas hee
us gayned goodly victoree:
the mery birdes of every sorte
ed alowd their chearefull harmonie,
ade emongst them selves a sweete con-
ort,
tickned the dull spright with musicall
omfort.

XXXII

There he him found all carelesly displaid,
In secrete shadow from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of lillies softly laic,
Amidst a flock of Damzelles fresh and gay,
That rownd about him dissolute did play
Their wanton follies and light meriments:
Every of which did loosely disaray
Her upper partes of meet habiliments,
And shewd them naked, deckt with many
ornaments.

XXXIII

And every of them strove with most delights
Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew:
Some framd faire lookes, glancing like evening
lights;
Others sweet wordes, dropping like honny dew;
Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrew
The sugred licour through his melting lips:
One boastes her beantie, and does yield to wew
Her dainty limbes above her tender hips;
Another her out boastes, and all for tryall
strips.

XXXIV

He, like an Adder lurking in the weedes,
His wandring thought in deepe desire does
steepe,
And his frayle eye with spoyle of beauty feedes:
Sometimes he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe,
Whiles through their lids his wanton eies do
peepe
To steale a snatch of amorous conceipt,
Whereby close fire into his heart does creepe:
So he them deceives, deceivd in his deceit,
Made dronke with drugs of deare voluptuous
receipt.

XXXV

Atin, arriving there, when him he spyde
Thus in still waves of deepe delight to wade,
Fiercely approaching to him lowdly cryde,
'Cymochles; oh! no, but Cymochles shade,
In which that manly person late did fade.
What is become of great Acrates sonne?
Or where hath he hong up his mortall blade,
That hath so many haughty conquests wonne?
Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?

XXXVI

Then, pricking him with his sharp-pointed
dart, [knight,
He saide; 'Up, up! thou womanish weake
That here in Ladies lap entombed art,
Unmindfull of thy praise and prowest might,
And weetlesse eke of lately wrought despight,
Whiles sad Pyrochles lies on sencelesse ground,
And groneth out his utmost grudging spright

Through many a stroke and many a streaming
wound,
Calling thy help in vaine that here in joyes art
dround.'

XXXVII

Suddeinly out of his delightfull dreame
The man awoke, and would have questiond
more;
But he would not endure that wofull theame
For to dilate at large, but urged sore,
With percing wordes and pittifull implore,
Him hasty to arise. As one affright
With hellish feends, or Furies mad upore,

He then uprose, inflamd with fell despight,
And called for his armea, for he would alga
fight:

XXXVIII

They beneybrought; he quickly does him die
And lightly mounted passeth on his way:
Ne Ladies loves, ne sweete entreaties, might
Appease his heat, or hastie passage stay:
For he has vowd to beene avengd that day
(That day it selfe him seemed all too long)
On him, that did Pyrochles deare dismay:
So proudly pricketh on his courser strong,
And Atin ay him pricks with spurs of shame
and wrong.

CANTO VI.

Guyon is of immodest Merth
Led into loose desyre;
Fights with Cymochles, whiles his brother
burns in furious fyre.

I

A HARDER lesson to learne Continnence
In joyous pleasure then in grievous paine;
For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker sence
So strongly, that uneathes it can refraine
From that which feeble nature covets faine:
But grieve and wrath, that be her enemies
And foes of life, she better can abstaine:
Yet vertue vauntes in both her victories,
And Guyon in them all shewes goodly may-
steries.

II

Whom bold Cymochles traveiling to finde,
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,
Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim
Along the shore, as swift as glaunce of eye,
A litle Gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a litle forrest seemed outwardly.

III

And therein sate a Lady fresh and fayre,
Making sweet solace to herselfe alone:
Sometimes she song as lowd as larke in ayre,
Sometimes she laught, as merry as Pope Jone;
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That to her might move cause of meriment:
Matter of merth enough, though there were
none,
She could devise; and thousand waies invent
To feede her foolish humour and vaine jolli-
ment.

IV

Which when far off Cymochles heard and saw
He lowdly cald to such as were aboard
The little barke unto the shore to draw,
And him to ferry over that deepe ford.
The merry mariner unto his word
Soone hearkned, and her painted bote streight
Turnd to the shore, where that same war
She in receiv'd; but Atin by no way
She would admit, albe the knight her
did pray.

V

Eftsoones her shallow ship away did slide
More swift then swallow sheres the liquid skie
Withouten care or Pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to fly:
Onely she turnd a pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the yielding wave,
Ne cared she her course for to apply;
For it was taught the way which she would
And both from rocks and flats it selfe co-
wisely save.

VI

And all the way the wanton Damsell found
New merth her passenger to entertaine;
For she in pleasaunt purpose did abound,
And greatly joyed merry tales to faine,
Of which a store-house did with her remaine
Yet seemed, nothing well they her became
For all her wordes she drownd with laughter
vaine,
And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same.
That turned all her pleasaunce to a scorn
game.

VII

her whiles vaine toyes she would devise,
 fantasticke wit did most delight:
 When her head she fondly would aguize
 And audy girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
 Her necke, or rings of rushes plight:
 When, to do him laugh, she would assay
 At shaking of the leaves light
 To behold the water worke and play
 Her little frigot, therein making way.

VIII

Right behaviour and loose dalliaunce
 Wondrous great contentment to the
 Knight,
 In this way he had no sovenaunce,
 Of vow'd revenge and cruell fight,
 The weake wench did yield his martiall
 Night:
 He was to quench his flamed minde
 In the sweete drop of sensuall delight.
 He is t'appease the stormy winde [kind,
 In the calme of pleasaunt woman

IX

In these discourses in their way they spent;
 Which Cymochles of her questioned
 What she was, and what that usage ment,
 In her cott she daily practized?
 'Man,' (saide she) 'that wouldest be
 reckoned
 Stranger in thy home, and ignoraunt
 Adria, (for so my name is red)
 Adria, thine owne fellow servaunt;
 To serve Acrasia thy selfe doest vaunt.

X

This wide Inland sea, that hight by name
 The lake, my wandering ship I row,
 Knowes her port, and thither sayles by
 myme,
 I, ne feare I how the wind do blow,
 Whether swift I wend, or whether slow:
 How and swift alike do serve my tourne;
 Calling Neptune ne lowd thundring Jove
 To launge my cheare, or make me ever
 mourne:
 The boat can safely passe this perilous

XI

Thus she talked, and whiles thus she
 Coyd,
 Were far past the passage which he spake,
 Came unto an Island waste and voyd,
 Situated in the midst of that great lake;
 Her small Gondelay her port did make,

And that gay payre, issewing on the shore,
 Disburdned her. Their way they forward take
 Into the land that lay them faire before,
 Whose pleasaunce she him shewed, and plenti-
 full great store.

XII

It was a chosen plott of fertile land,
 Amongst wide waves sett, like a litle nest,
 As if it had by Natures cunning hand
 Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,
 And laid forth for ensample of the best:
 No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on
 grownd,
 No arborett with painted blossomes drest
 And smelling sweete, but there it might be
 fownd [al arownd.
 To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smels

XIII

No tree whose braunches did not bravely
 spring;
 No braunch whereon a fine bird did not sitt;
 No bird but did her shrill notes sweetely sing;
 No song but did containe a lovely ditt.
 Trees, braunches, birds, and songs, were framed
 For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease: [fitt
 Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake
 witt
 Was overcome of thing that did him please;
 So pleased did his wrathfull purpose faire ap-
 pease.

XIV

Thus when shee had his eyes and senses fed
 With false delights, and fild with pleasures
 Into a shady dale she soft him led, [vayn,
 And layd him downe upon a grassy playn;
 And her sweete selfe without dread or disdayn
 She sett beside, laying his head disarmd
 In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,
 Where soone he slumbred fearing not be harmd:
 The whiles with a love lay she thus him sweetly
 charmd.

XV

'Behold, O man! that toilesome paines doest
 take, [growes,
 The flowers, the fields, and all that pleasaunt
 How they them selves doethine ensample make,
 Whiles nothing envious nature them forth
 throwes
 Out of her fruitfull lap; how no man knowes,
 They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh
 and faire, [showes;
 And decke the world with their rich pompous
 Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
 Yet no man to them can his carefull paines
 compare.

XVI

'The lilly, Lady of the flowring field,
The flowre-deluce, her lovely Paramoure,
Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labors yield,
And soone leave off this toylsome weary stoure:
Loe, loe! how brave she decks her bounteous
 boure,
With silkin curtens and gold coverletts,
Therein to shrowd her sumptuous Belamoure;
Yet nether spinnes nor cards, ne cares nor
 fretts, [letts.
But to her mother Nature all her care she

XVII

'Why then doest thou, O man! that of them
Art Lord, and eke of nature Sovereaine, [all
Wilfully make thyselfe a wretched thrall,
And waste thy joyous howres in needelesse
 paine,
Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine?
What bootes it al to have, and nothing use?
Who shall him rew that swimming in the
 maine
Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse?
Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present plea-
 sures chuse.'

XVIII

By this she had him lulled fast asleepe,
That of no worldly thing he care did take:
Then she with liquors strong his eies did steepe,
That nothing should him hastily awake.
So she him lefte, and did her selfe betake
Unto her boat again, with which she cleft
The slouthfull wave of that great griesy lake:
Soone shee that Island far behind her lefte,
And now is come to that same place where
 first she wefte.

XIX

By this time was the worthy Guyon brought
Unto the other side of that wide strond
Where she was rowing, and for passage sought.
Him needed not long call: shee soone to hond
Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond
With his sad guide: him selfe she tooke aboard,
But the Blacke Palmer suffred still to stond,
Ne would for price or prayers once afford
To ferry that old man over the perlous foord.

XX

Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,
Yet being entred might not backe retyre;
For the flitt barke, obaying to her mind,
Forth launched quickly as she did desire,
Ne gave him leave to bid that aged sire
Adieu; but nimbly ran her wonted course
Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled
 mire,

Whom nether wind out of their seat could for
Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggi

HOUSE.

XXI

And by the way, as was her wonted guise,
Her mery fitt shee freshly gan to reare,
And did of joy and jollity devise,
Her selfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare
The knight was courteous, and did not forbeare
Her honest merth and pleasaunce to partake
But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and gear
And passe the bonds of modest merimake,
Her dalliaunce he despis'd, and follies did fo
 sake.

XXII

Yet she still followed her former style,
And said and did all that mote him delight,
Till they arrived in that pleasaunt Ile,
Where sleeping late she lefte her other knight
But whenas Guyon of that land had sight,
He wist him selfe amisse, and angry said:
'Ah, Dame! perdy ye have not dooen me right
Thus to mislead mee, whiles I you obaid:
Me litle needed from my right way to ha
 straid.'

XXIII

'Faire Sir,' (quoth she) 'be not displeas'd at
Who fares on sea may not commaund his way
Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:
The sea is wide, and easy for to stray;
The wind unstable, and doth never stay.
But here a while ye may in safety rest,
Till season serve new passage to assay:
Better safe port then be in seas distrest.'
Therewith she laught, and did her earnest
 in jest.

XXIV

But he, halfe discontent, mote nathelesse
Himselfe appease, and issewd forth on shore
The joyes whereof and happy fruitfulness.
Such as he saw she gan him lay before,
And all, though pleasaunt, yet she made mu
 more: [spring
The fields did laugh, the flowres did fresh
The trees did bud, and early blossomes bore
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
And told that gardins pleasures in the
 caroling.

XXV

And she, more sweete then any bird
bough,
Would oftentimes amongst them beare a part
And strive to passe (as she could well enough)
Their native musicke by her skilful art:
So did she all that might his constant hart
Withdraw from thought of warlike enterpr
And drowne in dissolute delights apart,

re noise of armes, or vew of martiall guize,
at not revive desire of knightly exercize.

XXVI

he was wise, and wary of her will,
ever held his hand upon his hart;
would not seeme so rude, and thewed ill,
to despise so curteous seeming part
gentle Lady did to him impart:
fairly temping, fond desire subdewd,
ever her desired to depart.
ist not heare, but her disports poursewd,
ever bad him stay till time the tide
renewd.

XXVII

d now by this Cymochles howre was spent,
t he awoke out of his ydle dreme;
shaking off his drowsy dreriment,
him avize, howe ill did him beseme
louthfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,
quench the brond of his conceived yre:
up he started, stird with shame extreme,
taied for his Damsell to inquire,
marched to the Strond there passage to
require.

XXVIII

d in the way he with Sir Guyon mett,
mpanyde with Phædria the faire:
oonces he gan to rage, and inly frett,
ng; 'Let be that Lady debonaire,
a recreaunt knight, and soone thyselfe
prepaire
battaile, if thou meane her love to gayn.
loe! already how the fowles in aire
flocke, awaiting shortly to obtayn
carcas for their pray, the guerdon of thy
payn.'

XXIX

d therewithall he fiersly at him flew,
with importune outrage him assayld;
soone preparad to field, his sword forth
drew,
him with equall vawleu countervayld:
r mightie strokes their haberjeons dis-
mayld,
naked made each others manly spalles;
mortall steele despiteously entayld
e in their flesh, quite through the yron
walles,
t a large purple streame adowne their
giambeux falles.

XXX

nochles, that had never mett before
missant foe, with envious despight
prowd presumed force increased more,
eigning to bee held so long in fight.

Sir Guyon, grudging not so much his might
As those unknighly raylinges which he spoke,
With wrathfull fire his corage kindled bright,
Thereof devising shortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his powres redoubled every
stroke.

XXXI

Both of them high attonce their handes en-
haunst, [sway,
And both attonce their huge blowes down did
Cymochles sword on Guyons shield yglaunst,
And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away;
But Guyons angry blade so fiers did play
On th' others helmet, which as Titan shone,
That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,
And bared all his head unto the bone;
Wherewith astonisht, still he stood as sence-
lesse stone.

XXXII

Still as he stood, fayre Phædria, that beheld
That deadly daunger, soone atweene them ran;
And at their feet her selfe most humbly feld,
Crying with pitteous voyce, and count'nance
wan,
'Ah, well away! most noble Lords, how can
Your cruell eyes endure so pitteous sight,
To shed your lives on ground? Wo worth the
man,
That first did teach the cursed steele to bight
In his owne flesh, and make way to the living
spright!

XXXIII

'If ever love of Lady did empierce
Your yron brestes, or pittie could find place,
Withhold your bloody handes from battaill
fierce;
And, sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yield, to stay your deadly stryfe a space.'
They stayd a while, and forth she gan pro-
ceede:
'Most wretched woman and of wicked race,
That am the authour of this hainous deed,
And cause of death betweene two doughtie
knights do breed!

XXXIV

'But, if for me ye fight, or me will serve,
Not this rude kynd of battaill, nor these armes
Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterve,
And doolefull sorrow heape with deadly harmes:
Such cruell game my scarmoges disarmes.
Another warre, and other weapons, I
Doe love, where love does give his sweet
Alarmes
Without bloodshed, and where the enemy
Does yield unto his foe a pleasaunt victory.

XXXV

'Debatefull strife, and cruell enmity,
The famous name of knighthood fowly shend ;
But lovely peace, and gentle amity,
And in Amours the passing howres to spend,
The mightie martiall handes doe most com-
Of love they ever greater glory bore [mend :
Then of their armes ; Mars is Cupidoes frend,
And is for Venus loves renowned more
Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did
of yore.'

XXXVI

Therewith she sweetly smyld. They, though
full bent
To prove extremities of bloody fight,
Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
An l calme the sea of their tempestuous spight.
Such powre have pleasing wordes : such is the
Of courteous clemency in gentle hart. [might
Now after all was ceast, the Faery knight
Besought that Damzell suffer him depart,
And yield him ready passage to that other part.

XXXVII

She no lesse glad then he desirous was
Of his departure thence ; for of her joy
And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,
A foe of folly and immodest toy,
Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy ;
Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
Troubled with terrour and unquiet jarre,
That she well pleased was thence to amove him
farre.

XXVIII

Tho him she brought aboard, and her swift bote
Forthwith directed to that further strand ;
The which on the dull waves did lightly fote,
And soone arrived on the shallow sand,
Where gladsome Guyon salied forth to land,
And to that Damsell thanks gave for reward
Upon that shore he spied Atin stand,
There by his maister left, when late he far'd
In Phædrias flitt barck over that perlous shard.

XXXIX

Well could he him remember, sith of late
He with Pyrochles sharp debatement made :
Streight gan he him revyle, and bitter rate,
As Shepherdes curre, that in darke eveninges
shade
Hath tracted forth some salvage beastes trade :
'Vile Miscreaunt,' (said he) whither dost thou
flye [invade ?
The shame and death, which will thee soone
What coward hand shall doe thee next to dye,
That art thus fowly fledd from famous enemy ?

XL

With that he stifly shooke his steelhead dart
But sober Guyon, hearing him so rayle,
Though somewhat moved in his mightie hart
Yet with strong reason maistred passion
fraile,
And passed fayrely forth. He, turning tai
Back to the strond retyrd, and there still stay
Awaiting passage which him late did faile ;
The whiles Cymochles with that wanton may
The hasty heat of his avowd revenge delayd.

XLI

Whylest there the varlet stood, he saw from
farre
An armed knight that towardes him fast ran
He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre
His forlorne steed from him the victour wan
He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan
And all his armour sprinkled was with blood
And soyl'd with durtie gore, that no man can
Discerne the hew thereof. He never stood,
But bent his hastie course towardes the yd
flood.

XLII

The varlett saw, when to the flood he came,
How without stop or stay he fiersly lept,
And deepe him selfe beducked in the same,
That in the lake his loftie crest was stept,
Ne of his safetie seemed care he kept ;
But with his raging armes he rudely flasht
The waves about, and all his armour swept,
That all the blood and filth away was washt
Yet still he bet the water, and the billowe
dasht.

XLIII

Atin drew nigh to weet what it mote bee,
For much he wondred at that uncouth sight
Whom should he but his owne deare Lord
there see,
His owne deare Lord Pyrochles in sad pligh
Ready to drowne him selfe for fell despight :
'Harrow now out, and well away !' he cryde
'What dismall day hath lent this cursed ligh
To see my Lord so deadly damnifyde ?
Pyrochles, O Pyrochles ! what is thee betyde

XLIV

'I burne, I burne, I burne !' then lowd h
cryde,
'O ! how I burne with implacable fyre ;
Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming syde
Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of myre :
Nothing but death can doe me to respyre.'
'Ah ! be it,' (said he) 'from Pyrochles farre
After pursewing death once to requyre,

ink, that ought those puissant hands
may marre: [starre.]
is for wretches borne under unhappy

XLV

dy, then is it fitt for me,' (said he)
am, I weene, most wretched man alive;
ng in flames, yet no flames can I see,
dying dayly, dayly yet revive.
in! helpe to me last death to give.'
arlet at his plaint was grieved so sore,
his deepe wounded hart in two did rive;
his owne health remembring now no more,
ollow that ensample which he blam'd afore.

XLVI

the lake he left his Lord to ayd,
ove the dread of daunger doth despise)
of him catching hold him strongly stayd
drowning. But more happy hethen wise,
at seas nature did him not avise:
waves thereof so slow and sluggish were,
ost with mud which did them fowle agrise,
every weighty thing they did upheare,
ught mote ever sinck downe to the
bottom there.

XLVII

les thus they strugled in that ydle wave,
trove in vaine, the one him selfe to
drowne,
other both from drowning for to save,
to that shore one in an auncient gowne,
se hoary locks great gravitie did crowne,
ing in hand a goodly arming sword,
rtune came, ledd with the troublous sowne:
re drenched deepe he fownd in that dull
ford [Lord.]
arefull servaunt stryving with his raging

XLVIII

a Atin spying knew right well of yore,
owdly cald; 'Help, helpe! O Archimage!
ve my Lord in wretched plight forlore;
e with thy hand, or with thy counsell sage:

Weake handes, but counsell is most strong in
age.'

Him when the old man saw, he wondred sore
To see Pyrochles there so rudely rage;
Yet sithens helpe, he saw, he needed more
Then pittie, he in hast approached to the shore,

XLIX

And cald; 'Pyrochles! what is this I see?
What hellish fury hath at earst thee hent?
Furious ever I thee knew to bee,
Yet never in this straunge astonishment.'
'These flames, these flames' (he cryde) 'doe
me torment.' [see
'Wha flames,' (quoth he), when I thee present
In daunger rather to be drent then brent?'
'Harrow! the flames which me consume,'
(said hee) [bee.
'Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowelles

L

'That cursed man, that cruel feend of hell,
Furor, oh! Furor hath me thus bedight:
His deadly woundes within my liver swell,
And his whott fyre burnes in mine entralles
bright,
Kindled through his infernall brond of spight,
Sith late with him I batteill vaine would boste;
That now, I weene, Joves dreaded thunder light
Does scorch not halfe so sore, nor damned
ghoste
In flaming Phlegeton does not so felly roste.

LI

Which when as Archimago heard, his grieve
He knew right well, and him attonce disarm'd;
Then searcht his secret woundes, and made a
priefe
Of every place that was with bruizing harmd,
Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd.
Which doen, he balmes and herbes thereto
applyde,
And evermore with mightiespels them charmd;
That in short space he has them qualifyde,
And him restor'd to helth that would have
algates dyde.

CANTO VII.

Guyon findes Mamon in a delve
 Sunning his threasure hore ;
 Is by him tempted, and led downe
 To see his secrete store.

I

As Pilot well expert in perilous wave,
 That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,
 When foggy mistes or cloudy tempests have
 The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,
 And cover'd heaven with hideous dreriment,
 Upon his card and compas firmes his eye,
 The maysters of his long experiment,
 And to them does the stedly helme apply,
 Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly :

II

So Guyon having lost his trustie guyde,
 Late left beyond that Ydle lake, proceedes
 Yet on his way, of none accompanyde ;
 And evermore himselfe with comfort feedes
 Of his own vertues and praise-worthie deedes.
 So, long he yode, yet no adventure found,
 Which fame of hers shrill trumpet worthy reedes ;
 For still he traveld through wide wastfull
 ground, [around.
 That nought but desert wilderness shewed all

III

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
 Cover'd with boughes and shrubs from heavens
 light,
 Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
 An uncouth, salvage, and uncivile wight,
 Of griesly hew and fowle ill favour'd sight ;
 His face with smoke was tand, and eies were
 beard,
 His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,
 His cole-blacke hands did seeme to have ben
 seard [clawes appeard.
 In smythes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like

IV

His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust,
 Was underneath enveloped with gold ; [dust,
 Whose glistring glosse, darkned with filthy
 Well yet appeared to have beene of old
 A worke of rich entayle and curious mould,
 Woven with antickes and wyld ymagery ;
 And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
 And turned upside downe, to feede his eye
 And covetous desire with his huge threasury.

V

And round about him lay on every side
 Great heapes of gold that never could be spent
 Of which some were rude owre, not purifide
 Of Mulcibers devouring element ;
 Some others were new driven, and distent
 Into great Ingowes and to wedges square ;
 Some in round plates withouten moniment ;
 But most were stampd, and in their metal bar
 The antique shapes of kings and kesar
 straunge and rare.

VI

Soone as he Guyon saw, in great affright
 And haste he rose for to remove aside [sigh
 Those pretious hils from straungers envion
 And downe them poured through an hole fu
 Into the hollow earth, them there to hide. [w
 But Guyon, lightly to him leaping, stayd
 His hand that trembled as one terrifyde ;
 And though himselfe were at the sight dismay
 Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doub
 full sayd :

VII

'What art thou, man, (if man at all thou art
 That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
 And these rich hils of welth doest hide apart
 From the worldes eye, and from her right
 usauance ?'
 Thereat, with staring eyes fixed askaunce,
 In great disdain he answerd : 'Hardy knave,
 That darest view my direfull countenance,
 I read thee rash and heedlesse of thy selfe.
 To trouble my still seate, and heapes of pr
 tious pelfe.

VIII

'God of the world and worldlings I me call
 Great Mammon, greatest god below the sky
 That of my plenty poure out unto all,
 And unto none my graces do envye :
 Riches, renowne, and principality,
 Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
 For which men swinck and sweat incessantly
 Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
 And in the hollow earth have their eternall brood

IX

Therefore, if methou deigne to serve and sew,
 Thy commaund lo! all these mountaines bee:
 To thy great mind, or greedy vew,
 These may not suffice, there shall to thee
 Times so much be nombred francke and
 free.' [vaine,
 Amon,' (said he) 'thy godheads vaunt is
 Idle offers of thy golden fee;
 Am that covet such eye-glutting gaine
 For thy giftes, and fitter servaunts enter-
 taine.

X

Ill besits, that in der-doing armes
 Honours suit my vowed daies do spend,
 Thy bounteous baytes and pleasing
 charmes,
 Which weake men thou witchest, to attend;
 And of worldly mucke doth fowly blend,
 Now abase the high heroicke spright,
 Joyes for crownes and kingdomes to con-
 tend: [delight;
 Shields, gay steedes, bright armes be my
 Be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight.'

XI

Oh glorious Elfe,' (saide he) 'doest not thou
 weete,
 Money can thy wantes at will supply?
 Thy steedes, and armes, and all things for
 thee meet,
 Purvay in twinkling of an eye;
 Crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.
 But kings create, and throw the crowne
 Times to him that low in dust doth ly,
 Him that raignd into his rowme thrust
 downe, [renowne?
 Whom I lust do heape with glory and

XII

Otherwise' (saide he) 'I riches read,
 Seeme them roote of all disquietnesse;
 Got with guile, and then preserv'd with
 dread,
 After spent with pride and lavishnesse,
 Lying behind them grieve and heavinessse:
 These mischiefs of them doe arise,
 And debate, bloodshed and bitterness,
 Heinous wrong, and hellish covetize,
 Noble heart as great dishonour doth despize.

XIII

Shine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine;
 Realmes and rulers thou doest both con-
 found,
 Thyall truth to treason doest incline:
 See the guiltlesse blood pourd oft on
 ground,

The crowned often slaine, the slayer cround;
 The sacred Diademe in peeces rent,
 And purple robe gored with many a wound,
 Castles surprizd, great cities sackt and brent:
 So mak'st thou kings, and gaynest wrongfull
 government.

XIV

'Long were to tell the troublous stormes that
 tosse
 The private state, and make the life unsweet:
 Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth
 crosse,
 And in frayle wood on Adrian gulf doth fleet,
 Doth not, I weene, so many evils meet.'
 Then Mammon waxing wroth; 'And why then,'
 sayd,
 'Are mortall men so fond and undiscreet
 So evill thing to seeke unto their ayd,
 And having not complaine, and having it up-
 brayd?'

XV

'Indeede,' (quoth he) 'through fowle intem-
 perance,
 Frayle men are oft captiv'd to covetise;
 But would they thinke with how small allow-
 aunce
 Untroubled Nature doth her selfe suffice,
 Such superfluities they would despise,
 Which with sad cares empeach our native joyes.
 At the well-head the purest streames arise;
 But mucky filth his braunching armes annoyes,
 And with uncomely weedes the gentle wave
 accloyes.

XVI

'The antique world, in his first flowring youth,
 Fownd no defect in his Creators grace;
 But with glad thankes, and unproved truth,
 The guifts of soveraine bounty did embrace:
 Like Angels life was then mens happy cace;
 But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
 Abusd her plenty and fat swolne encrease
 To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
 The measure of her meane and naturall first
 need.

XVII

'Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
 Of his great Grandmother with steele to wound,
 And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe
 With Sacriledge to dig. Therein he fownd
 Fountaines of gold and silver to abownd,
 Of which the matter of his huge desire
 And pompous pride eftsoones he did compownd;
 Then avarice gan through his veines inspire
 His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring
 fire.'

XVIII

'Sonne,' (said he then) 'lett be thy bitterscorne,
And leave the rudenesse of that antique age
To them that liv'd therin in state forlorne:
Thou, that doest live in later times, must wage
Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage.
If then thee list my offred grace to use,
Take what thou please of all this surplusage;
If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse:
But thing refused doe not afterward accuse.'

XIX

'Me list not' (said the Elfin knight) 'receave
Thing offred, till I know it well be gott;
Ne wote I but thou didst these goods bereave
From rightfull owner by unrighteous lott,
Or that bloodguiltinesse or guile them blott.'
'Perdy,' (quoth he) 'yet never eie did vew,
Ne tong did tell, ne hand these handled not;
But safe I have them kept in secret mew
From heavens sight, and powre of al which
them poursew.'

XX

'What secret place' (quoth he) 'can safely hold
So huge a masse, and hide from heavens eie?
Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much
gold

Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery?'
'Come thou,' (quoth he) 'and see.' So by and by
Through that thick covert he him led, and
fownd

A darkesome way, which no man could descry,
That deep descended through the hollow
grownd, [arownd.

And was with dread and horror compassed

XXI

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretcht itselfe into an ample playne;
Through which a beaten broad high way did
trace,

That streight did lead to Plutoes griesly rayne.
By that wayes side there sate internall Payne,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife:
The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,
The other brandished a bloody knife;
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did
threaten life.

XXII

On thother side in one consort there sate
Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight;
Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate;
But gnawing Gealosy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight;
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
And found no place wher safe he shroud him
might:

Lamenting Sorrow did in darknes lye, [eye
And shame his ugly face did hide from living

XXIII

And over them sad horror with grim hew
Did alwaies sore, beating his yron wings;
And after him Owles and Night-ravens flew,
The hatefull messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolor telling sad tidings;
Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clifte,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flint asonder could have rifte;
Which having ended after him she flyed
swifte.

XXIV

All these before the gates of Pluto lay,
By whom they passing spake unto them
nought;
But th' Elfin knight with wonder all the way
Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
At last him to a litle dore he brought,
That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,
Was next adjoyning, ne them parted ought:
Betwixt them both was but a litle stride,
That did the house of Richesse from hell-mount
divide.

XXV

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward
For feare least Force or Fraud should unawar
Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gard.
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither-ward
Approch, albe his drowsy den were next;
For next to death is Sleepe to be compar'd;
Therefore his house is unto his annex:
Here Sleep, ther Richesse, and Hel-gate the
both betwext.

XXVI

So soon as Mammon there arrivd, the dore
To him did open and afforded way:
Him followed eke Sir Guyon evermore,
Ne darkenesse him, ne daunger might dismay.
Soone as he entred was, the dore streight way
Did shutt, and from behind it forth there lepe
An ugly feend, more fowle then dismall day,
The which with monstrous stalke behind him
stept, [kep
And ever as he went dew watch upon him

XXVII

Well hoped hee, ere long that hardy guest,
If ever covetous hand, or lustfull eye,
Or lips he layd on thing that likte him best,
Or ever sleepe his eie-strings did untie,
Should be his pray. And therefore still on him
He over him did hold his cruell claws,
Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him dy

rend in peeces with his ravenous pawes,
er he transgrest the fatall Stygian lawes.

XXVIII

at houses forme within was rude and
strong,
e an huge cave hewne out of rocky clifte,
a whose rough vault the ragged breaches
hong
ost with massy gold of glorious guifte,
with rich metall loaded every rifte,
heavy ruine they did seeme to threat;
over them Arachne high did lifte
unning web, and spred her subtile nett,
rapped in fowle smoke and clouds more
black then Jett.

XXIX

h rooffe, and floore, and walls, were all of
gold,
overgrowne with dust and old decay,
hid in darkenes, that none could behold
hew thereof; for vew of cherefull day
never in that house it selfe display,
a faint shadow of uncertein light:
as a lamp, whose life does fade away,
s the Moone, cloathed with cloudy night,
show to him that walkes in feare and sad
affright.

XXX

all that rowne was nothing to be seene
huge great yron chests, and coffers strong,
bard with double bends, that none could
n to efforce by violence or wrong: [weene
every side they placed were along;
all the grownd with sculs was scattered,
dead mens bones, which round about were
flong;
selives, it seemed, whilome there wereshed,
their vile carcasses now left unburied.

XXXI

ey forward passe; ne Guyon yet spoke
that they came unto an yron dore, [word,
ch to them opened of his owne accord,
shewd of riches such exceeding store,
ie of man did never see before,
ver could within one place be fownd,
ugh all the wealth which is, or was of yore,
d gathered be through all the world arownd,
that above were added to that under
grownd.

XXXII

e charge thereof unto a covetous Spright
maunded was, who thereby did attend,
warily awaited day and night,
n other covetous feends it to defend,

Who it to rob and ransacke did intend.
Then Mammon, turning to that warriour, said;
'Loe! here the worldes blis: loe! here the end,
To which al men doe ayme, rich to be made:
Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid.'

XXXIII

'Certes,' (sayd he) 'I n'll thine offred grace,
Ne to be made so happy doe intend:
Another blis before mine eyes I place,
Another happines, another end.
To them that list these base regards I lend;
But I in armes, and in atchievements brave,
Do rather choose my flitting houres to spend,
And to be Lord of those that riches have,
Then them to have my selfe, and be their ser-
vile slave.'

XXXIV

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And griev'd so long to lacke his greedie pray;
For well he weened that so glorious bayte
Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay;
Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,
More light then Culver in the Faulcons fist.
Eternall God thee save from such decay!
But, whenas Mammon saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

XXXV

Thence forward he him ledd, and shortly
brought
Unto another rowne, whose dore forthright
To him did open, as it had beene taught.
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
And hundred furnaces all burning bright:
By every fournaice many feendes did byde,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight;
And every feend his busie paines applyde
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tryde.

XXXVI

One with great bellowes gathered filling ayre,
And with forst wind the fewell did inflame;
Another did the dying bronds repayre
With yron tongs, and sprinckled ofte the same
With liquid waves, fiers Vulcans rage to tame,
Who, maystring them, renewd his former heat:
Some scumd the drosse that from the metall
came;
Some stird the molten owre with ladles great;
And every one did swincke, and every one did
sweat.

XXXVII

But, when an earthly wight they present saw
Glistring in armes and battailous aray,

From their whot work they did themselves
withdraw

To wonder at the sight; for till that day
They never creature saw that cam that way:
Their staring eyes sparckling with fervent fyre
And ugly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
That, were it not for shame, he would retyre;
Till that him thus bespake their souveraine
Lord and syre;

XXXVIII

'Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall
That living eye before did never see. [eye,
The thing, that thou didst crave so earnestly,
To weet whence all the wealth late shewed by
Proceeded, lo! now is reveald to thee. [mee
Here is the fountaine of the worldes good:
Now, therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
Advise thee well, and change thy wilfull mood,
Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be
withstood.'

XXXIX

'Suffice it then, thou Money God,' (quoth hee)
'That all thine ydle offers I refuse.
All that I need I have: what needeth mee
To covet more then I have cause to use?
With such vaine shewes thy worldlinges vyle
abuse;

But give me leave to follow mine emprise.'
Mammon was much displeasd, yet no'te he chuse
But beare the rigour of his bold mesprise;
And thence him forward ledd him further to
entise.

XL

He brought him, through a darksom narrow
strayt,

To a broad gate all built of beaten gold:
The gate was open; but therein did wayt
A sturdie villein, stryding stiffe and bold,
As if the highest God defy he would:
In his right hand an yron club he held,
But he himselfe was all of golden mould,
Yet had both life and sence, and well could
weld [queld.

That cursed weapon, when his cruell foes he

XLI

Disdayne he called was, and did disdayne
To be so cald, and who so did him call:
Sterne was his looke, and full of stomacke
vayne;

His portance terrible, and stature tall,
Far passing th' hight of men terrestriall,
Like an huge Gyant of the Titans race; [small,
That made him scorne all creatures great and
And with his pride all others powre deface:
More fitt amongst black fiendes then men to
have his place.

XLII

Soone as those glitterand armes he did espye
That with their brightnesse made that dark-
nes light,
His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hye,
And threaten batteill to the Faery knight;
Who likewise gan himselfe to batteill dight,
Till Mammon did his hasty hand withhold,
And counsell him abstaine from perilous fight,
For nothing might abash the villein bold,
Nemortall steele emperce his miscreated mould.

XLIII

So having him with reason pacifyde,
And that fiers Carle commaunding to forbear,
He brought him in. The rowme was large
and wyde,
As it some Gyeld or solemne Temple weare.
Many great golden pillours did upbeare
The massy roofe, and riches huge sustayne;
And every pillour decked was full deare
With crownes, and Diademes, and titles vaine,
Which mortall Princes wore whiles they on
earth did rayne.

XLIV

A route of people there assembled were,
Of every sort and nation under skye,
Which with great uprore preaced to draw neere
To th' upper part, where was advaunced hye
A stately siege of souveraine majesty;
And thereon satt a woman, gorgeous gay
And richly cladd in robes of royaltie,
That never earthly Prince in such aray
His glory did enhance, and pompous pryde
display.

XLV

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to
bee, [threw
That her broad beauties beam great brightnesse
Through the dim shade, that all men might
it see:

Yet was not that same her owne native hew,
But wrought by art and counterfetted shew,
Thereby more lovers unto her to call:
Nath'lesse most heavenly faire in deed and view
She by creation was, till she did fall;
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her
crime withall.

XLVI

There, as in glistring glory she did sitt,
She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,
Whose upper end to highest heaven was knitt,
And lower part did reach to lowest Hell;
And all that preace did rownd about her swell
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
To climbe aloft, and others to excell:

was Ambition, rash desire to sty,
every linck thereof a step of dignity.

XLVII

he thought to raise themselves to 'high
riches and unrighteous reward; [degree
by close shouldring; some by flatteree;
rs through friendes; others for base regard,
all by wrong waies for themselves pre-
pard:

that were up themselves kept others low;
that were low themselves held others
hard,
uffed them to ryse or greater grow;
every one did strive his fellow downe to
throw.

XLVIII

ich whenas Guyon saw, he gan inquire,
t meant that preace about that Ladies
throne,

what she was that did so high aspyre?
Mammon answered; 'That goodly one,
n all that folke with such contention
lock about, my deare, my daughter is:
ur and dignitie from her alone
red are, and all this worldes blis,
which ye men doe strive; few gett, but
many mis:

XLIX

ayre Philotime she rightly hight,
airest wight that wonneth under skie,
hat this darksome neather world her light
dim with horror and deformity;
hie of heven and hye felicitie,
whence the gods have her for envy
thrust:

ith thou hast found favour in mine eye,
pouse I will her make, if that thou lust,
she may thee advance for works and
merits just.'

L

mercy, Mammon,' (said the gentle
knight)

so great grace and offred high estate;
, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
rthy match for such immortall mate
lfe well wote, and mine unequal fate:
were I not, yet is my trouth yplight,
ove aowd to other Lady late,
to remove the same I have no might:
ange love causelesse is reproch to warlike
knight'

LI

mon emmoved was with inward wrath;
orcing it to fayne, him forth thence ledd,
gh griesly shadowes by a beaten path,
gardin goodly garnished

With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not
be redd:

Not such as earth out of her fruitfull wombe
Throwes forth to men, sweet and well savored,
But direfull deadly black, both leafe and bloom,
Fitt to adorne the dead, and deck the drery
toombe.

LII

There mournfull Cypresse grew in greatest
store,

And trees of bitter Gall, and Heben sad;
Dead sleeping Poppy, and black Hellebore;
Cold Coloquintida, and Tetra mad;
Mortall Samnitis, and Cicuta bad,
With which th' unjust Atheniens made to dy
Wise Socrates; who, thereof quaffing glad,
Poured out his life and last Philosophy
To the fayre Critias, his dearest Belamy!

LIII

The Gardin of Proserpina this hight;
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
With a thick Arber goodly over-dight,
In which she often usd from open heat
Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat:
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With braunches broad dispredd and body great,
Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote
see,
And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might
bee.

LIV

Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold;
On earth like never grew, ne living wight
Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold;
For those which Hercules, with conquest bold
Got from great Atlas daughters, hence began,
And planted there did bring forth fruit of gold;
And those with which th' Eubœan young man

wan

Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her out
ran.

LV

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
With which Acontius got his lover trew,
Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse
suit:

Here eke that famous golden Apple grew,
The which amongst the gods false Ate threw;
For which th' Idæan Ladies disagreed,
Till partiall Paris dempt it Venus dew,
And had of her fayre Helen for his meed,
That many noble Greekes and Trojans made
to bleed.

LVI

The warlike Elfe much wondred at this tree,
 So fayre and great that shadowed all the
 ground,
 And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee,
 Did stretch themselves without the utmost
 bound
 Of this great gardin, compast with a mound;
 Which over-hanging, they themselves did
 steepe
 In a blacke flood, which flow'd about it round.
 That is the river of Cocytus deepe,
 In which full many soules do endlesse wayle
 and weepe.

LVII

Which to behold he clomb up to the bancke,
 And looking downesaw many damned wightes
 In those sad waves, which direfull deadly
 stancke,
 Plonged continually of cruell Sprights,
 That with their piteous cryes, and yelling
 shrighes,
 They made the further shore resounden wide.
 Amongst the rest of those same ruefull sightes,
 One cursed creature he by chaunce espyde, [side.
 That drenched lay full deepe under the Garden

LVIII

Deepe was he drenched to the upmost chin,
 Yet gaped still as coveting to drinke
 Of the cold liquor which he waded in;
 And stretching forth his hand did often thinke
 To reach the fruit which grew upon the
 brincke; [mouth,
 But both the fruit from hand, and flood from
 did fly abacke, and made him vainely swinke;
 The whiles he sterv'd with hunger, and with
 drouth,
 He daily dyde, yet never throughly dyen couth.

LIX

The knight, him seeing labour so in vaine,
 Askt who he was, and what he ment thereby?
 Who, groning deepe, thus answered him againe;
 'Most cursed of all creatures under skye,
 Lo! Tantalus, I here tormented lye:
 Of whom high Jove wont whylome feasted
 bee;
 Lo! here I now for want of food doe dye:
 But, if that thou be such as I thee see, [mee!
 Of grace I pray thee, give to eat and drinke to

LX

'Nay, nay, thou greedy Tantalus,' (quoth he)
 'Abide the fortune of thy present fate;
 And unto all that live in high degree,
 Ensamble be of mind intemperate,
 To teach them how to use their present state.'

Then gan the cursed wretch alowd to cry,
 Accusing highest Jove and gods ingrate;
 And eke blaspheming heaven bitterly,
 As author of injustice, there to let him dye.

LXI

He lookt a litle further, and espyde
 Another wretch, whose carcas deepe was drownd
 Within the river, which the same did hyde;
 But both his handes, most filthy feculent,
 Above the water were on high extent,
 And faynd to wash themselves incessantly,
 Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
 But rather fowler seemed to the eye;
 So lost his labour vaine and ydle industry.

LXII

The knight him calling asked who he was.
 Who, lifting up his head, him answerd thus
 'I Pilate am, the falsest Judge, alas!
 And most unjust; that, by unrighteous
 And wicked doome, to Jewes despiteous
 Delivered up the Lord of life to dye,
 And did acquite a murdrer felonous;
 The whiles my handes I washt in purity,
 The whiles my soule was soyld with fowle
 iniquity.'

LXIII

Infinite moe tormented in like paine
 He there beheld, too long here to be told:
 Ne Mammon would there let him long remayne
 For terror of the tortures manifold,
 In which the damned soules he did behold,
 But roughly him bespake: 'Thou fearefull fool,
 Why takest not of that same fruite of gold
 Ne sittest downe on that same silver stoole,
 To rest thy weary person in the shadow coole'

LXIV

All which he did to do him deadly fall
 In frayle intemperaunce through sinfull bar,
 To which if he inclyned had at all, [w
 That dreadfull feend, which did behinde h
 Would him have rent in thousand peeces str
 But he was wary wise in all his way,
 And well perceived his deceitfull sleight,
 Ne suffred lust his safety to betray.
 So goodly did beguile the Guyler of his pra

LXV

And now he has so long remained theare,
 That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and w
 For want of food and sleepe, which two upbe
 Like mightie pillours, this frayle life of m
 That none without the same enduren can:
 For now three dayes of men were full o
 wrought,
 Since he this hardy enterprize began:

thy great Mammon fayrely he besought
the world to guyde him backe, as he him
brought.

LXVI

God, though loth, yet was constraynd
t' obay;
lenger time then that no living wight

Below the earth might suffred be to stay:
So backe againe him brought to living light.
But all so soone as his enfeebled spright
Gan sucke this vitall ayre into his brest,
As overcome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her nest,
And all his sences were with deadly fit opprest.

CANTO VIII.

Sir Guyon, layd in swowne, is by
Acrates sonnes despoild;
Whom Arthure soone hath reskewed,
And Paynim brethren foild.

I

Is there care in heaven? And is there
love
heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,
t may compassion of their evilles move?
re is: else much more wretched were the
cace [grace
men then beasts. But O! th' exceeding
highest God that loves his creatures so,
all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
t blessed Angels he sends to and fro, [foe.
serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked

II

w oft do they their silver bowers leave,
ome to succour us that succour want!
y oft do they with golden pineons cleave
fitting skyes, like flying Pursuivant,
inst fowle feedes to ayd us militant!
y for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
their bright Squadrons round about us
plant;
all for love, and nothing for reward.
why should hevenly God to men have such
regard?

III

ring the while that Guyon did abide
Mamons house, the Palmer, whom whyleare
wanton Mayd of passage had denide,
urther search had passage found elsewhere;
being on his way, approached neare
re Guyon lay in traunce; when suddenly
heard a voyce that called lowd and cleare,
ne hither! hither! O, come hastily!
all the fields resounded with the ruefull
cry.

IV

Palmer lent his eare unto the noyce,
reet who called so importunely:
ne he heard a more efforced voyce,
bad him come in haste. He by and by

His feeble feet directed to the cry;
Which to that shady delve him brought at last,
Where Mammon earst did sunne his threasury;
There the good Guyon he found slumbring fast
In senceles dreame; which sight at first him
sore aghast.

V

Beside his head there satt a faire young man,
Of wondrous beauty and of freshest yeares,
Whose tender bud to blossome new began,
And florish faire above his equall pearres:
His snowy front, curled with golden heares,
Like Phœbus face adorn'd with sunny rayes,
Divinely shone; and two sharpe winged
sheares,
Decked with diverse plumes, like painted Jayes,
Were fixed at his backe to cut his ayery wayes.

VI

Like as Cupido on Idaeus hill,
When having laid his cruell bow away
And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill
The world with murderous spoiles and bloody
pray,
With his faire mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly sisters, Graces three:
The Goddesses, pleas'd with his wanton play,
Suffers her selfe through sleepe beguiled to bee,
The whiles the other Ladies mind theyr mery
glee.

VII

Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was
Through fear and wonder that he nought could
say,
Till him the childe bespoke; 'Long lackt, alas!
Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assay,
Whiles deadly fitt thy pupill doth dismay.
Behold this heavy sight, thou reverend Sire!
But dread of death and dolor doe away;
For life ere long shall to her home retire,
And he that breathlesse seems shal corage bold
respire.

VIII

'The charge, which God doth unto me arrett,
Of his deare safety, I to thee commend;
Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forgett
The care thereof my selfe unto the end,
But evermore him succour, and defend
Against his foe and mine: watch thou, I pray,
For evill is at hand him to offend.'
So having said, eftsoones he gan display
His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite
away.

IX

The Palmer seeing his lefte empty place,
And his slow eies beguiled of their sight,
Woxe sore affraid, and standing still a space
Gaz'd after him, as fowle escapt by flight.
At last, him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan
try;
Where finding life not yet dislodged quight.
He much rejoyst, and cou'd it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

X

At last he spide where towards him did pace
Two Paynim knights al armd as bright as
skie,
And them beside an aged Sire did trace,
And far before a light-foote Page did flie,
That breathed strife and troublous enmitie.
Those were the two sonnes of Acrates old,
Who, meeting earst with Archimago slie
Foreby that idle strond, of him were told
That he which earst them combatted was Guyon
bold.

XI

Which to avenge on him they dearly vowd,
Where ever that on ground they mote him
find:
False Archimago provokte their corage prowd,
And stryful Atin in their stubborne mind
Coles of contention and whot vengeance tind.
Now bene they come whereas the Palmer sate,
Keeping that slombred corse to him assind:
Well knew they both his person, sith of late
With him in bloody armes they rashly did
debate.

XII

Whom when Pyrochles saw, inflam'd with rage
That sire he fowl bespake: Thou dotard vile,
That with thy brutenesse shendst thy comely
Abandon soone, I read, the caytive spoile [age,
Of that same outcast carcass, that erewhile
Made it selfe famous through false trechery,
And crown'd his coward crest with knightly
stile;

Loe! where he now inglorious doth lye,
To proove he lived il that did thus fowly dye.

XIII

To whom the Palmer fearlesse answered:
'Certes, Sir knight, ye bene too much to blame
Thus for to blott the honor of the dead,
And with fowle cowardize his carcass shame,
Whose livin: handes immortalizd his name.
Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold,
And envy base to barke at sleeping fame.
Was never wight that treason of him told:
Your self his prowess prov'd, and found him
fiers and bold.'

XIV

Then sayd Cymochles: 'Palmer, thou doest
dote,
Ne canst of prowess ne of knighthood deeme
Save as thou seest or hearst. But well I wote
That of his puissaunce tryall made extreeme:
Yet gold al is not that doth golden seeme;
Ne all good knights that shake well speare and
shield.

The worth of all men by their end esteeme,
And then dew praise or dew reproch them yield
Bad therefore I him deeme that thus lies dead
on field.'

XV

'Good or bad,' gan his brother fiers reply,
'What doe I recke, sith that he hided entire?
Or what doth his bad death now satisfy
The greedy hunger of revenging yre, [sire,
Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne de
Yet since no way is lefte to wreake my spight
I will him reave of armes, the victors hire,
And of that shield, more worthy of good knight
For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour
bright?'

XVI

'Fayr Sir,' said then the Palmer suppliaunt
'For knighthoods love doe not so fowle a deed
Ne blame your honor with so shamefull vaunt
Of vile revenge. To spoile the dead of weed
Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed:
But leave these relicks of his living might
To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-black
steed.' [have dight
'What herce or steed' (said he) 'should be
But be entombd in the raven or the kight?'

XVII

With that, rude hand upon his shield he laid
And th' other brother gan his helme unlace,
Both fiercely bent to have him disaraid;
Till that they spyde where towards them d
pace

armed knight, of bold and bounteous grace,
 whose squire bore after him an heben launce
 covered shield. Well kend him so far space
 the enchaunter by his armes and amenaunce,
 when under him he saw his Lybian steed to
 prounce;

XVIII

And to those brethren sayd; 'Rise, rise bylive,
 unto batteil doe your selves addresse;
 yonder comes the prowtest knight alive,
 the Arthur, flowre of grace and noblesse,
 hath to Paynim knights wrought gret
 distresse,
 thousand Sar'zins fowly donne to dye.'
 word so deepe did in their harts impresse,
 both eftsoones upstarte furiously,
 gan themselves prepare to batteill greedily.

XIX

Pyrochles, lacking his owne sword,
 want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,
 Archimage besought, him that afford
 he had brought for Braggadochio vaine.
 would I,' (said th' enchaunter) 'glad and
 faine
 come to you this sword, you to defend,
 might that els your honour might main-
 taine;
 that this weapons powre I well have kend
 contrary to the worke which ye intend:

XX

that same knights owne sword this is,
 of yore
 when Merlin made by his almightie art
 that his noursling, when he knighthood
 swore,
 with to doen his foes eternall smart.
 mettall first he mixt with Medæwart,
 no enchauntment from his dint might
 save;
 it in flames of Aetna wrought apart,
 seven times dipped in the bitter wave
 blissh Styx, which hidden vertue to it gave.

XXI

the vertue is, that nether steele nor stone
 broke thereof from entraunce may defend;
 er may be used by his fone,
 erst his rightfull owner to offend;
 er will it breake, ne ever bend:
 before *Morddure* it rightfully is hight.
 ne therefore, Pyrochles, should I lend
 me to thee, against his lord to fight;
 ere yt would deceive thy labor and thy
 might'

XXII

'Foolish old man,' said then the Pagan wroth,
 'That weenest words or charms may force
 withstood:

Soone shalt thou see, and then beleeve for troth,
 That I can carve with this inchaunted brond
 His Lords owne flesh.' Therewith out of his
 hond

That vertuous steele he rudely snatcht away,
 And Guyons shield about his wrest he bond:
 So ready dight fierce battaile to assay,
 And match his brother proud in battailous aray.

XXIII

By this, that straunger knight in presence
 came,
 And kindly salued them; who nought againe
 Him answered, as courtesie became; [daine,
 But with sterne lookes, and stomachous dis-
 Gave signes of grudge and discontentment
 vaine.

Then, turning to the Palmer, he gan spy
 Where at his feet, with sorrowfull demayne
 And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,
 In whose dead face he redd great magnanimity.

XXIV

Sayd he then to the Palmer: 'Reverend Syre,
 What great misfortune hath betidd this knight?
 Or did his life her fatal date expyre,
 Or did he fall by treason, or by fight?
 How ever, sure I rewe his pitteous plight.'
 'Not one, nor other,' sayd the Palmer grave,
 'Hath him befallne; but cloudes of deadly night
 A while his heavy eyldis cover'd have, [wave:
 And all his sences drowned in deep sencelesse

XXV

'Which those his cruell foes, that stand here-
 by,
 Making advauntage, to revenge their spight,
 Would him disarm and treaten shamefully;
 Unworthie usage of redoubted knight.
 But you, faire Sir, whose honourable sight
 Doth promise hope of helpe and timely grace,
 Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,
 And by your powre protect his feeble cace?
 First prayse of knighthood is fowle outrage to
 deface.'

XXVI

'Palmer, (said he) 'no knight so rude, I weene,
 As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost;
 Ne was there ever noble corage seene,
 That in advauntage would his puissaunce bost:
 Honour is least where oddes appeareth most.
 May bee, that better reason will aswage
 The rash revengers heat. Words, well dispost,

Have secrete powre t' appease inflamed rage:
If not, leave unto me thy knights last patron-
age.'

XXVII

Tho, turning to those brethren, thus bespoke:
'Ye warlike payre, whose valorous great might,
It seemes, just wronges to vengeance doe
provoke, [knight,
To wreake your wrath on this dead seeming
Mote ought allay the storme of your despight,
And settle patience in so furious heat?
Not to debate the chalenge of your right,
But for his carkas pardon I entreat,
Whom fortune hath already laid in lowest seat.'

XXVIII

To whom Cymochles said; 'For what art thou,
That mak'st thy selfe his dayes-man, to prolong
The vengeance prest? Or who shall let me
now

On this vile body from to wreak my wrong,
And make his carkas as the outcast dong?
Why should not that dead carrion satisfye
The guilt which, if he lived had thus long,
His life for dew revenge should deare aby?'
The trespass still doth live, albee the person dye.'

XXIX

'Indeed,' then said the Prince, 'the evill donne
Dyes not, when breath the body first doth leave:
But from the grandsyre to the Nephewes sonne,
And all his seede the curse doth often cleave,
Till vengeance utterly the guilt bereave:
So streightly God doth judge. But gentle

Knight,

That doth against the dead his hand upheave,
His honour staines with rancour and despight,
And great disparagment makes to his former
might.'

XXX

Pyrochles gan reply the second tyme,
And to him said: 'Now, felon, sure I read,
How that thou art partaker of his cryme:
Therefore, by Termagaunt thou shalt be dead.'
With that his hand, more sad then lomp of
lead,

Uplifting high, he weened with Morddure,
His owne good sword Morddure, to cleave his
head.

The faithfull steele such treason no'uld endure,
But, swarving from the marke, his Lordes life
did assure.

XXXI

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,
That horse and man it made to reele asyde:
Nath'lesse the Prince would not forsake his sell,
For well of yore he learned had to ryde,

But full of anger fiersly to him cryde;
'False traitour! miscreant! thou broken hast
The law of armes to strike foe undefide:
But thou thy treasons fruit, I hope, shalt tas
Right sowre, and feele the law the which thou
hast defast.'

XXXII

With that his balefull speare he fiercely be-
Against the Pagans brest, and therewith
thought

His cursed life out of her lodge have rent;
But ere the point arrived where it ought,
That seven fold shield, which he from Guy
brought,

He cast between to ward the bitter stownd:
Through all those foldes the steelehead passa-
wrought, [to grou-
And through his shoulder perst; wherwi-
He groveling fell, all gored in his gushin
wound.

XXXIII

Which when his brother saw, fraught wi-
great grieve

And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,
And fowly saide: 'By Mahoune, cursed thie
That direfull stroke thou dearely shalt aby:
Then, hurling up his harmefull blade on hy,
Smote him so hugely on his haughtie cres,
That from his saddle forced him to fly;
Els mote it needes downe to his manly bres
Have cleft his head in twaine, and life ther
dispossest.

XXXIV

Now was the Prince in daungerous distres
Wanting his sword when he on foot shou
fight:

His single speare could doe him small redres
Against two foes of so exceeding might,
The least of which was match for any kni-
And now the other, whom he earst did dau-
Had reard him selfe againe to cruel fight
Three times more furious and more puissan-
Unmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignorau

XXXV

So both attonce him charge on either syde
With hideous strokes and importable powr
That forced him his ground to traverse wy-
And wisely watch to ward that deadly stow-
For in his shield, as thicke as stormie show-
Their strokes did raine: yet did he ne
quaile,

Ne backward shrinke, but as a stedfast tow-
Whom foe with double battry doth assaile,
Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids th
nought availe.

XXXVI

troutly he withstood their strong assay;
 That at last, when he advantage spyde,
 Poynant speare he thrust with puissant
 sway [wyde,
 roud Cymochles, whiles his shield was
 through his thigh the mortall steele did
 gryde:

warving with the force, within his flesh
 reake the launce, and let the head abyde.
 Of the wound the red blood flowed fresh,
 underneath his feet soone made a purple
 plesh.

XXXVII

ribly then he gan to rage and rayle,
 ng his Gods, and him selfe damning deepe:
 When his brother saw the red blood rayle
 me so fast, and all his armour steepe,
 ery felnesse lowd he gan to weepe,
 said; 'Caytive, curse on thy cruell hond,
 twice hath spedd; yet shall it not thee
 keepe
 the third brunt of this my fatall brond:
 where the dreadfull Death behynd thy
 backe doth stond.'

XXXVIII

h that he strooke, and thother strooke
 withall, [might:
 nothing seemd mote beare so monstrous
 ne upon his covered shield did fall, [byte;
 glauncing downe would not his owner
 hother did upon his troncheon smyte,
 h hewing quite asunder, further way
 de, and on his hacqueton did lyte,
 which dividing with importune sway,
 zd in his right side, and there the dint
 did stay.

XXXIX

he was the wound, and a large lukewarme
 flood,
 s the Rose, thence gushed grievously;
 when the Paynym spyde the streaming
 blood,
 him great hart and hope of victory.
 ' other side, in huge perplexity
 rince now stood, having his weapon broke;
 it could he hurt, but still at warde did ly:
 ith his troncheon he so rudely stroke
 chles twice, that twice him forst his foot
 revoke.

XL

m when the Palmer saw in such distresse,
 yons sword he lightly to him raught,
 id; 'Fayre Sonne, great God thy right
 hand blesse,
 that woe so well as he it ought!'

Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage
 fraught,
 When as againe he armed felt his hond:
 Then like a Lyon, which hath long time saught
 His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond
 Emongst the shepeheard swaynes, then wexeth
 wood and yond:

XLI

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes
 On either side, that neither mayle could hold,
 Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes:
 Now to Pyrochles many strokes he told;
 Eft to Cymochles twice so many fold;
 Then, backe againe turning his busie hond,
 Them both atonce compeld with courage bold
 To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond;
 And though they both stood stiffe, yet could
 not both withstond.

XLII

As salvage Bull, whom two fierce mastives
 bayt,
 When rancour doth with rage him once engore,
 Forgets with wary warde them to awayt,
 But with his dreadfull hornes them drives afore,
 Or flings aloft, or treades downe in the flore,
 Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdaine,
 That all the forest quakes to heare him rore:
 So rag'd Prince Arthur twixt his foemen
 twaine, [sustaine.
 That neither could his mightie puisaunce

XLIII

But ever at Pyrochles when he smitt,
 (Who Guyons shield cast ever him before,
 Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtract was
 writt.)
 His hand relented and the stroke forbore,
 And his deare hart the picture gan adore;
 Which oft the Paynim sav'd from deadly
 stowre: [more;
 But him henceforth the same can save no
 For now arrived is his fatall howre, [powre.
 That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or

XLIV

For when Cymochles saw the fowle reproch,
 Which them appeached, prickt with guiltie
 shame
 And inward grieve, he fiercely gan approach,
 Resolv'd to put away that loathly blame,
 Or dye with honour and desert of fame;
 And on the haubergh stroke the Prince so sore,
 That quite disparted all the linked frame,
 And pierced to the skin, but bit no more;
 Yet made him twice to reele, that never moov'd
 afore.

XLV

Whereat renfierst with wrath and sharp regret,
He stroke so hugely with his borrowd blade,
That it empierst the Pagans barganet;
And, cleaving the hard steele, did deepe invade
Into his head, and cruell passage made
Quite through his brayne. He, tombing
downe on ground, [shade
Breathd out his ghost, which, to th' infernall
Fast flying, there eternall torment found
For all the sinnes wherewith his lewd life did
abound.

XLVI

Which when his german saw, the stony feare
Ran to his hart, and all his sence dismayd,
Ne thenceforth life, ne corage did appeare;
But as a man whom hellish feendes have frayd,
Long trembling still he stooode: at last thus sayd:
'Traytour, what hast thou doen? How ever
may
Thy cursed hand so cruelly have swayd
Against that knight! Harrow and well away!
After so wicked deede why liv'st thou lenger
day?'

XLVII

With that all desperate, as loathing light,
And with revenge desyring soone to dye,
Assembling all his force and utmost might,
With his owne sward he fierce at him did flye,
And strooke, and foynd, and lasht outrageously,
Withouten reason or regard. Well knew
The Prince, with pacience and sufferance sly
So hasty heat soone cooled to subdew:
Tho, when this breathlesse woxe, that batteil
gan renew.

XLVIII

As when a windy tempest bloweth hye,
That nothing may withstand his stormy
stowre, [flye;
The cloudes, as things affrayd, before him
But all so soone as his outrageous powre
Is layd, they fiercely then begin to showre;
And, as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,
Now all attonce their malice forth do poure:
So did Prince Arthur beare himselfe in fight,
And suffred rash Pyrochles waste his ydle
might.

XLIX

At last, when as the Sarazin perceiv'd
How that straunge sword refusd to serve his
neede, [deceiv'd,
But when he stroke most strong the lint
He flong it from him; and, devoyd of dreed,
Upon him lightly leaping without heed
Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,
Thinking to overthrowe and downe him
tred:

But him in strength and skill the Prince surpass
And through his nimble sleight did under hi
down cast.

L

Nought booted it the Paynim then to strive
For as a Bittur in the Eagles clawe,
That may not hope by flight to scape alive
Still waytes for death with dread and tre
bling aw;
So he, now subject to the victours law,
Did not once move, nor upward cast his eye
For vile disdaine and rancour, which d
gnaw
His hart in twaine with sad melancholy;
As one that loathed life, and yet despyd
dye.

LI

But full of princely bounty and great mind
The Conquerour nought cared him to slay:
But casting wronges and all revenge behind
More glory thought to give life then decay,
And sayd; 'Paynim, this is thy dismall day
Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreance,
And my trew liegeman yield thy selfe for ay
Life will I graunt thee for thy valiaunce,
And all thy wronges will wipe out of m
sovenaunce.'

LII

'Foole!' (sayd the Pagan) 'I thy gift de
But use thy fortune as it doth befall;
And say, that I not overcome doe dye,
But in despite of life for death doe call.'
Wroth was the Prince, and sory yet withal
That he so wilfully refused grace;
Yet sith his fate so cruelly did fall,
His shining Helmet he gan soone unlace,
And left his headlesse body bleeding all
place.

LIII

By this Sir Guyon from his traunce awak
Life having maystered her sencelesse foe,
And looking up, whenas his shield he lakt
And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous w
But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe
Had lost, he by him spyde, right glad he gro
And saide; 'Deare sir, whom wandring to
fro
I long have lakt, I joy thy face to vew:
Firme is thy faith, whom daunger never
me drew.

LIV

'But read, what wicked hand hath robbed
Of my good sword and shield?' The Palme
glad
With so fresh hew uprissing him to see,
Him answered: 'Fayre sonne, be no whit

want of weapons; they shall soone be had.
 an he to discourse the whole debate,
 ch that straunge knight for him sustained
 had,
 those two Sarazins confounded late,
 se carcasses on ground were horribly pros-
 trate.

LV

ich when he heard, and saw the tokens
 trew,
 hart with great affection was embayd,
 to the Prince, bowing with reverence dew
 o the patrone of his life, thus sayd; [ayd
 Lord, my liege, by whose most gracious
 e this day, and see my foes subdewd,

What may suffice to be for meede repayd
 Of so great graces as ye have me shewd,
 But to be ever bound; —

LVI

To whom the Infant thus; 'Fayre Sir, what
 need
 Good turnes be counted as a servile bond
 To bind their dooers to receive their meed?
 Are not all knightes by oath bound to withstond
 Oppressours powre by armes and puissant
 hond?
 Suffise that I have done my dew in place.'
 So goodly purpose they together foud
 Of kindnesse and of courteous aggrace;
 The whiles false Archimage and Atin fled apace

CANTO IX.

The house of Temperance, in which
 Doth sober Alma dwell,
 Besiegd of many foes, whom straung-
 er knightes to flight compell.

I

all Gods workes which doe this worlde
 adorne,
 e is no one more faire and excellent
 is mans body, both for powre and forme,
 es it is kept in sober government;
 none then it more fowle and indecent,
 mpredd through misrule and passions
 base;
 owes a Monster, and incontinent
 loose his dignity and native grace:
 d, who list, both one and other in this
 place.

II

r the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,
 Briton Prince recov'ring his stolne sword,
 Guyon his lost shield, they both yfere
 passed on their way in fayre accord,
 im the Prince with gentle court did bord:
 knight, mote I of you this court'sy read,
 eet why on your shield, so goodly scord,
 ye the picture of that Ladies head?
 ively is the semblaunt, though the sub-
 stance dead.'

III

re Sir,' (sayd he) 'if in that picture dead
 life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew;
 mote ye weene, if the trew lively-head
 at most glorious visage ye did vew:
 f the beauty of her mind ye knew,
 is, her bounty, and imperiall powre,

Thousand times fairer than her mortall hew,
 O! how great wonder would your thoughts
 devoure,
 And infinite desire into your spirite poure.

IV

'Shee is the mighty Queene of Faery,
 Whose faire retraitt I in my shield doe beare;
 Shee is the flowre of grace and chastity
 Throughout the world, renowned far and neare,
 My liefe, my liege, my Sovereaine, my deare,
 Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,
 And with her light the earth enlumines
 cleare:

Far reach her mercies, and her praises farre,
 As well in state of peace, as puissaunce in
 warre.'

V

'Thrise happy man,' (said then the Briton
 knight)
 'Whom gracious lott and thy great valiaunce
 Have made thee soldier of that Princesse
 bright,
 Which with her bounty and glad countenance
 Doth blesse her servants, and them high
 advaunce.
 How may straunge knight hope ever to aspire,
 By faithfull service and meete amenaunce,
 Unto such blisse? sufficient were that hire
 For losse of thousand lives, to die at her
 desire.'

VI

Said Guyon, 'Noble Lord, what meed so
Or grace of earthly Prince so souveraine, [great,
But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
Ye well may hope, and easely attaine?
But were your will her sold to entertaine,
And numbred be mongst knights of Mayden-
hed,
Great guerdon, well I wote, should you remaine,
And in her favor high bee reckoned,
As Arthegall and Sophy now beene honored.'

VII

'Certes,' (then said the Prince) 'I God avow,
That sith I armes and knighthood first did
plight,
My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,
To serve that Queene with al my powre and
might. [light,
Seven times the Sunne, with his lamp-burning
Hath wakke about the world, and I no lesse,
Sith of that Goddesse I have sought the sight,
Yet no where can her find: such happinesse
Heaven doth to me envy, and fortune favour-
lesse.'

VIII

'Fortune, the foe of famous chevisaunce,
'Seldom' (said Guyon) 'yields to vertue
aide, [chaunce,
But in her way throwes mischief and mis-
Whereby her course is stopt and passage staid:
But you, faire Sir, be not herewith dismaid,
But constant keepe the way in which ye stand;
Which, were it not that I am els delaid
With hard adventure which I have in hand,
'labour would to guide you through al Faery
land.'

IX

'Gramercy Sir,' said he; 'but mote I weete
What straunge adventure doe ye now pursew?
Perhaps my succour or advizement meete
Mote stead you much your purpose to subdew.
Then gan Sir Guyon all the story shew
Of false Acrasia, and her wicked wiles;
Which to avenge the Palmer him forth drew
From Faery court. So talked they, the whiles
They wasted had much way, and measurd
many miles.

X

And now faire Phoebus gan decline in naste
His weary wagon to the Western vale,
Whenas they spide a goodly castle, plaste
Foreby a river in a pleasaunt dale;
Which choosing for that evenings hospitale,
They thither marcht: but when they came in
sight,
And from their sweaty Coursers did avale,

They found the gates fast barred long ere night.
And every loup fast lockt, as fearing toes de-
pight.

XI

Which when they saw, they weened fowl
reproch
Was to them doen, their entraunce to forests
Till that the Squire gan nigher to approch,
And wind his horne under the castle wall,
That with the noise it shooke as it would fall
Eftsoones forth looked from the highest spire
The watch, and lowd unto the knights did call
To weete what they so rudely did require?
Who gently answered, They entraunce dis-
desire.

XII

'Fly fly, good knights,' (said he) 'fly fas-
away,
If that your lives ye love, as meete ye should
Fly fast, and save your selves from neare de-
cay; [would
Here may ye not have entraunce, though w-
We would, and would againe, if that w-
But thousand enemies about us rave, [could
And with long siege us in the castle hould.
Seven yeares this wize they us besieged have
And many good knights slaine that have t-
sought to save.'

XIII

Thus as he spoke, loe! with outrageous cry
A thousand villains rownd about them swar-
Out of the rockes and caves adjoyning ny-
Vile caitive wretches, ragged, rude, deformed.
All threatening death, all in straunge manne-
armd; [speare
Some with unweldy clubs, some with lon-
Some rusty knifes, some staves in fier warme
Sterne was their looke; like wild amaz-
steares,
Staring with hollow eies, and stiffe upstand-
heares.

XIV

Fiersly at first those knights they did assaye
And drove them to recoile; but when againe
They gave fresh charge, their forces gan
Unhable their encounter to sustaine; [say
For with such puissance and impetuous main
Those Champions broke on them, that for
them fly, [swain
Like scattered Sheepe, whenas the Shepher
A Lyon and a Tigre doth espye, [forest ny
With greedy pace forth rushing from th-

XV

A while they fled, but soone retourned againe
With greater fury then before was fownd;

vermore their cruell Capitaine [rownd,
 at with his raskall routs t'enclose them
 overronne, to tread them to the ground:
 none the knights with their bright burn-
 ing blades [fownd,
 their rude troupes, and orders did con-
 ing and slashing at their idle shades;
 ough they bodies seem, yet substance
 from them fades.

XVI

hen a swarme of Gnats at eventide
 f the fennes of Allan doe arise, [wide,
 murmuring small trumpetts sownden
 as in the aire their clustring army flies,
 as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies;
 an nor beast may rest, or take repast
 their sharpe wounds and noyous injuries,
 the fierce Northerne wind with blustering
 blast [cast.
 blow them quite away, and in the Ocean

XVII

when they had that troublous rout
 disperst,
 the castle gate they come againe,
 ntraunce crav'd which was denied erst.
 when report of that their perloous paine,
 ombrous conflict which they did sustaine,
 o the Ladies eare which there did dwell,
 forth issewed with a goodly traine
 uires and Ladies equipaged well,
 entertained them right fairely, as befell.

XVIII

a she called was; a virgin bright,
 had not yet felt Cupides wanton rage;
 as shee woo'd of many a gentle knight,
 many a Lord of noble parentage,
 sought with her to lincke in marriage:
 hee was faire as faire mote ever bee,
 in the flowre now of her freshest age;
 ll of grace and goodly modestee, [see.
 even heaven rejoyced her sweete face to

XIX

be of lilly white she was arayd,
 from her shoulder to her heele downe
 taught;
 raine whereof loose far behind her strayd,
 ched with gold and perle most richly
 wrought, [taught
 borne of two faire Damsels which were
 service well. Her yellow golden heare
 rimly woven and in tresses wrought,
 her tire she on her head did weare,
 crowned with a warland of sweete Rosiere.

XX

Goodly shee entertaind those noble knights,
 And brought them up into her castle hall;
 Where gentle court and gracious delight
 Shee to them made, with mildnesse virginall,
 Shewing her selfe both wise and liberall.
 Then, when they rested had a season dew,
 They her besought of favour speciall
 Of that faire Castle to afford them vew:
 Shee graunted; and, them leading forth, the
 same did shew.

XXI

First she them led up to the Castle wall,
 That was so high as foe might not it clime,
 And all so faire and fensible withall;
 Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,
 But of thing like to that Egyptian slime,
 Whereof king Nine whilome built Babell towre.
 But O great pitty! that no lenger time
 So goodly workmanship should not endure:
 Soone it must turne to earth; no earthly thing
 is sure.

XXII

The frame thereof seemd partly circulare,
 And part triangulare; O worke divine!
 Those two the first and last proportions are;
 The one imperfect, mortall, feminine,
 Th' other immortall, perfect, masculine;
 And twixt them both a quadrate was the base
 Proportiond equally by seven and nine;
 Nine was the circle sett in heavens place:
 All which compacted made a goodly Diapase.

XXIII

Therein two gates were placed seemly well:
 The one before, by which all in did pas,
 Did th' other far in workmanship excell;
 For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,
 But of more worthy substance fram'd it was:
 Doubly disparted, it did locke and close,
 That when it locked none might thorough pas,
 And when it opened, no man might it close;
 Still open to their friendes, and closed to their
 foes.

XXIV

Of hewen stone the porch was fayrely wrought,
 Stone more of valew, and more smooth and
 fine,
 Then Jett or Marble far from Ireland brought.
 Over the which was cast a wandring vine,
 Enchaced with a wanton yvie twine;
 And over it a fayre Portcullis hong,
 Which to the gate directly did incline
 With comely compasse and compacture strong,
 Nether unseemly short, nor yet exceeding
 long.

XXV

Within the Barbican a Porter sate,
 Day and night duely keeping watch and ward;
 Nor wight nor word mote passe out of the gate,
 But in good order, and with dew regard;
 Utterers of secrets he from thence debarde,
 Bablers of folly, and blazers of cryme:
 His larumbell might lowd and wyde be hard
 When cause requyrd, but never out of time;
 Early and late it rong, at evening and at prime.

XXVI

And rownd about the porch on every syde
 Twise sixteene warders satt, all armed bright
 In glistring steele, and strongly fortifyde:
 Tall yeomen seemed they and of great might,
 And were enraunged ready still for fight.
 By them as Alma passed with her guesstes,
 They did obeysaunce, as beseemed right,
 And then againe retourned to their restes:
 The Porter eke to her did lout with humble
 gestes.

XXVII

Thence she them brought into a stately Hall,
 Wherein were many tables fayre disprede,
 And ready dight with drapets festivall,
 Against the viaundes should be ministred
 At th' upper end there sate, yclad in red
 Downe to the ground, a comely personage,
 That in his hand a white rod menaged:
 He Steward was, hight Diet; rype of age,
 And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.

XXVIII

And through the Hall there walked to and
 A jolly yeoman, Marshall of the same, [fro
 Whose name was Appetite: he did bestow
 Both guesstes and meate, when ever in they
 came,
 And knew them how to order without blame,
 As him the Steward badd. They both attone
 Did dewty to their Lady, as became;
 Who, passing by, forth ledd her guesstes anone
 Into the kitchin rowme, ne spard for nicenesse
 none.

XXIX

It was a vauit ybuilt for great dispence,
 With many raunges reard along the wall,
 And one great chimney, whose long tonnell
 thence
 The smoke forth threw. And in the midst of all
 There placed was a caudron wide and tall
 Upon a mightie fornace, burning whott,
 More whott then Actn', or flaming Mongiball
 For day and night it brent, ne ceased not,
 So long as any thing it in the caudron gott.

XXX

But to delay the heat, least by mischaunce
 It might breake out and set the whole on fyre,
 There added was by goodly ordinaunce [sty
 An huge great payre of bellowes, which
 Continually, and cooling breath inspyre.
 About the Caudron many Cookes accoyld
 With hookes and ladles, as need did requyre
 The whyles the viaundes in the vessell boyle
 They did about their businesse sweat, and
 sorely toylde.

XXXI

The maister Cooke was cald Concoction;
 A carefull man, and full of comely guyse.
 The kitchin clerke, that hight Digestion,
 Did order all th' Achates in seemely wise,
 And set them forth, as well he could devise.
 The rest had severall offices assynd;
 Some to remove the scum as it did rise;
 Others to beare the same away did mynd;
 And others it to use according to his kynd.

XXXII

But all the liquour, which was fowle and
 waste,
 Not good nor serviceable elles for ought,
 They in another great rownd vessell plaste,
 Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought
 And all the rest, that noyous was and nought
 By secret wayes, that none might it espy.
 Was close convaid, and to the backgate brought
 That cleped was Port Esquiline, whereby
 It was avoided quite, and throwne out privily.

XXXIII

Which goodly order and great workmans skil
 Whenas those knightes beheld, with rare deligh
 And gazing wonder they their mindes did fill
 For never had they seene so straunge a sight
 Thence backe againe faire Alma led them right
 And soone into a goodly Parlour brought,
 That was with royall arras richly dight,
 In which was nothing pourtrahed nor wrought
 Not wrought nor pourtrahed, but easie to
 thought

XXXIV

And in the midst thereof upon the floure
 A lovely bevy of faire Ladies sate,
 Courted of many a jolly Paramoure,
 The which them did in modest wise amate,
 And each one sought his Lady to aggrate:
 And eke amongst them litle Cupid playd
 His wanton sportes, being retourned late
 From his fierce warres, and having from his
 layd
 His cruel bow, wherewith he thousands had
 dismayd.

XXXV

se delights they fownd them selves to
please; [joy;
song in sweet consort; some laught for
plaid with strawes; some ydly satt at ease;
ther some could not abide to toy;
asaunce was to them grieve and annoy:
round, that faund, the third for shame
did blush,
er seemed envious or coy,
er in her teeth did gnaw a rush;
these straungers presence every one
did hush.

XXXVI

e as the gracious Alma came in place,
ill attonce out of their seates arose,
her homage made with humble grace:
when the knights beheld, they gan dis-
pose
elves to court, and each a damzell chose.
ince by chaunce did on a Lady light,
was right faire and fresh as morning
rose,
mewhat sad and solemne eke in sight,
some pensive thought constrained her
gentle spright.

XXXVII

ong purple pall, whose skirt with gold
etted all about, she was arayd;
her hand a Poplar branch did hold:
m the Prince in courteous maner sayd;
e Madame, why beene ye thus dismayd,
ur faire beautie doe with sadnes spill?
ny that you hath thus ill payd?
a you love? or doen you lack your will?
ver bee the cause, it sure beseemes vou
ill.

XXXVIII

e Sir,' said she, halfe in disdaine ful wise,
s it that this mood in me ye blame,
your selfe doe not the same advise?
beseemes anothers fault to name,
ay unwares bee blotted with the same:
I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,
h great desire of glory and of fame;
ut, I weene, are ye therein behynd,
ave three years sought one, yet no
where can her find.'

XXXIX

ince was inly moved at her speech,
eting trew what she had rashly told;
n faire semblaunt sought to hyde the
reach,
haunge of colour did perforce unfold,
ming flaming whott, now stony cold:
ning soft aside, he did inquire

What wight she was that Poplar branch did
hold?

It answered was, her name was Prays-desire,
That by well doing sought to honour to aspyre.

XL

The whyles the Faery knight did entertayne
Another Damsell of that gentle crew,
That was right fayre and modest of demayne,
But that too oft she chaung'd her native hew.
Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment
blew,

Close rownd about her tuckt with many a plight:
Upon her fist the bird, which shoneth vew,
And keepes in covert close from living wight,
Did sitt, as yet ashamd how rude Pan did her
dight.

XLI

So long as Guyon with her commoned,
Unto the grownd she cast her modest eye,
And ever and anone with rosy red
The bashfull blood her snowy cheekes did dye,
That her became, as polisht yvory
Which cunning Craftesman hand hath overlayd
With fayre vermilion or pure Castory.
Great wonder had the knight to see the mayd
So straungely passioned, and to her gently
said:

XLII

'Fayre Damzell, seemeth by your troubled
cheare,
That either me too bold ye weene, this wise
You to molest, or other ill to feare
That in the secret of your hart close lyes,
From whence it doth, as cloud from sea, arise.
If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
But if ought else that I mote not devyse,
I will, if please you it discure, assay
To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.'

XLIII

She answerd nought, but more abasht for shame
Held downe her head, the whiles her lovely face
The flashing blood with blushing did inflame,
And the strong passion mard her modest grace,
That Guyon mervayld at her uncouth cace;
Till Alma him bespake: 'Why wonder yee,
Faire Sur, at that which ye so much embrace?
She is the fountaine of your modestee:
You shamefast are, but Shamefastnes it selfe
is shee.'

XLIV

Thereat the Elfe did blush in privitee,
And turnd his face away, but she the same
Dissembled faire, and faynd to oversee.
Thus they awhile with court and goodly game

Themselves did solace each one with his Dame,
Till that great Lady thence away them sought
To vew her Castles other wondrous frame:
Up to a stately Turret she them brought,
Ascending by tensteps of Alabaster wrought.

XLV

That Turrets frame most admirable was,
Like highest heaven compassed around,
And lifted high above this earthly masse,
Which it surweyd as hils doen lower ground;
But not on ground mote like to this be found:
Not that, which antique Cadmus whylome
built
In Thebes, which Alexander did confound;
Nor that proud towre of Troy, though richly
guilt, [Greekes was spilt.
From which young Hectors blood by cruell

XLVI

The rooffe hereof was arched over head,
And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily:
Two goodly Beacons, set in watches stead,
Therein gave light, and flamd continually;
For they of living fire most subtilly
Were mad, and set in silver sockets bright,
Cover'd with lids deviz'd of substance sly,
That readily they shut and open might.
O! who can tell the prayes of that makers
might?

XLVII

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell, [powre,
This parts great workemanship and wondrous
That all this other worldes worke doth excell,
And likest is unto that heavenly towre
That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.
Therein were divers rowmes, and divers stages;
But three the chiefest and of greatest powre,
In which there dwelt three honorable sages,
The wisest men, I weene, that lived in their
ages.

XLVIII

Not he, whom Greece, the Nourse of all good
arts,
By Phoebus doome the wisest thought alive,
Might be compar'd to these by many parts:
Nor that sage Pylian syre, which did survive
Three ages, such as mortall men contrive,
By whose advise old Priams cittie fell,
With these in praise of pollicies mote strive.
These three in these three rowmes did sondry
dwell,
And counselled faire Alma how to governe well.

XLIX

The first of them could things to come foresee;
The next could of things present best advize;

The third things past could keep in memores:
So that no time nor reason could arize,
But that the same could one of these comprize
For-thy the first did in the forepart sit,
That nought mote hinder his quicke prejudize
He had a sharpe foresight and working wit
That never idle was, ne once would rest a whi

L

His chamber was dispaunted all within
With sondry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite shapes of thinges dispersed thin;
Some such as in the world were never yit,
Ne can devized be of mortall wit,
Some daily seene and knownen by their name
Such as in idle fantasies do fit;
Infernall Hags, Centaurs, feendes, Hippodame
Apes, Lyons, Aegles, Owles, fooles, lover
children, Dames.

LI

And all the chamber filled was with flyes
Which buzzed all about, and made such sounde
That they encombred all mens eares and eyne
Like many swarmes of Bees assembled round
After their hives with honny do abound.
All those were idle thoughtes and fantasies,
Devices, dreames, opinions unsound,
Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes, and prophesies
And all that fained is, as leasings, tales, and

LII

Emongst them all sate he which wonned there
That hight Phantastes by his nature trew,
A man of yeares yet fresh, as mote appere,
Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hew,
That him full of melancholy did shew;
Bent hollow beetle browes, sharpe staring ey
That mad or foolish seemd: one by his vew
Mote deeme him borne with ill-disposed sky
When oblique Saturne sate in th' house
agonyes.

LIII

Whom Alma having shewed to her guests
Thence brought them to the second rowme
whose wals
Were painted faire with memorable gestes
Of famous Wisards, and with picturals
Of Magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
Of commen-wealthes, of states, of pollicy,
Of lawes, of judgements, and of decretals.
All artes, all science, all Philosophy, [with
And all that in the world was ay thou

LIV

Of those that rowme was full; and them am
There sate a man of ripe and perfect age,
Who did them meditate all his life long,
That through continuall practise and usag

ow was growne right wise and wondrous
sage: [see
pleasure had those straunger knightes to
oodly reason and grave personage,
his disciples both desyrd to bee;
Alma thence them led to th' hindmost
rowme of three.

LV

t chamber seemed ruinous and old,
therefore was removed far behind,
ere the wals, that did the same uphold,
t firme and strong, though somewhat they
declind;
herein sat an old old man, halfe blind,
all decrepit in his feeble corse,
vely vigour rested in his mind,
recompensd them with a better scorse:
e body wel is chang'd for minds redoub-
led forse.

LVI

man of infinite remembraunce was,
things foregone through many ages held,
h he recorded still as they did pas,
ffred them to perish through long eld,
l things els the which this world doth
weld;
aid them up in his immortall scrine,
e they for ever incorrupted dweld:
arres he well remembred of king Nine,
Assaracus, and Inachus divine.

LVII

years of Nestor nothing were to his,
t Mathusalem, though longest liv'd;
e remembred both their infancis:
nder then, if that he were depriv'd
ire strength now that he them surviv'd.
amber all was hangd about with rolls
ld records from auncient times deriyd,

Some made in books, some in long parchment
scrolls,
That were all worm-eaten and full of canker
holes.

LVIII

Amidst them all he in a chaire was sett,
Tossing and turning them withouten end;
But for he was unhabile them to fett,
A litle boy did on him still attend
To reach, when ever he for ought did send;
And oft when things were lost, or laid amis,
That boy them sought and unto him did lend:
Therefore he Anamnestes cleped is;
And that old man Eumnestes, by their pro-
pertis.

LIX

The knightes there entring did him reverence
dew,
And wondred at his endlesse exercise:
Then as they gan his Library to vew,
And antique Regesters for to avise,
There chaunced to the Princes hand to rize
An auncient booke, hight *Briton moniments*,
That of this lands first conquest did devize,
And old division into Regiments,
Till it reduced was to one mans governements.

LX

Sir Guyon chaunst eke on another booke,
That hight *Antiquitee of Faery lond*:
In which whenas he greedily did looke,
Th' offspring of Elves and Faeryes there he fond,
As it delivered was from hond to hond:
Whereat they, burning both with fervent fire
Their countreys auncestry to understand,
Crav'd leave of Alma and that aged sire
To read those bookes; who gladly graunted
their desire.

CANTO X.

A chronicle of Briton kings,
From Brute to Uthers rayne;
And rolls of Elfin Emperours,
Till time of Gloriane.

I

now shall give unto me words and sound
unto this haughty enterprise? [ground
o shall lend me wings, with which from
vly verse may loftily arise,
ft it selfe unto the highest skyes?
mple spirit then hitherto was wount
eedes me, whiles the famous auncestries

Of my most dreaded Sovereigne I recount,
By which all earthly Princes she doth far sur-
mount.

II

Ne under Sunne that shines so wide and faire,
Whence all that lives does borrow life and light,
Lives ought that to her linage may compaire;
Which though from earth it be derived right

Yet doth it selfe stretch forth to hevens hight,
 And all the world with wonder overspred;
 A labor huge, exceeding far my might.
 How shall fraile pen, with feare disparaged,
 Conceive such soveraine glory and great
 bountyhed?

III

Argument worthy of Mæonian quill;
 Or rather worthy of great Phoebus rote,
 Whereon the ruines of great Ossa hill,
 And triumphes of Phlegrean Jove, he wrote,
 That all the Gods admird his lofty note.
 But if some relish of that heavenly lay
 His learned daughters would to me report
 To decke my song withall, I would assay
 Thy name, O soveraine Queene! to blazon far
 away.

IV

Thy name, O soveraine Queene! thy realme,
 and race,
 From this renowned Prince derived arre,
 Who mightily upheld that royall mace [farre
 Which now thou bear'st, to thee descended
 From mighty kings and conquerours in warre,
 Thy fathers and great Grandfathers of old,
 Whose noble deeds above the Northern starre
 Immortall fame for ever hath enrold; [told.
 As in that old mans booke they were in order

V

The land which warlike Britons now possesse,
 And therein have their mighty empire raynd,
 In antique times was salvage wilderness,
 Unpeopled, unmannurd, unprov'd, unpraysd;
 Ne was it Island then, ne was it payd
 Amid the ocean waves, ne was it sought
 Of merchants farre for profits therein prayd;
 But was all desolate, and of some thought
 By sea to have bene from the Celticke mayn-
 land brought.

VI

Ne did it then deserve a name to have,
 Till that the venturous Mariner that way
 Learning his ship from those white rocks to
 save,
 Which all along the Southerne sea-coast lay
 Threatning unheedy wrecke and rash decay,
 For safety that same his sea-marke made,
 And namd it ALBION: But later day,
 Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,
 Gan more the same frequent, and further to
 invade.

VII

But far in land a salvage nation dwelt
 Of hideous Giaunts, and halfe beastly men,
 That never tasted grace, nor goodnes felt;
 But wild like beastes lurking in loathsome den,

And flying fast as Roebucke through the fen,
 All naked without shame or care of cold,
 By hunting and by spoiling livened;
 Of stature huge, and eke of corage bold,
 That sonnes of men amazd their sternnesse to
 behold.

VIII

But whence they sprong, or how they we
 begott,
 Uneath is to assure; uneath to wene
 That monstrous error, which doth some assott
 That Dioclesians fifty daughters shene
 Into this land by chaunce have driven bene,
 Where, companing with feends and filthy
 Sprights
 Through vaine illusion of their lust unclene,
 They brought forth Geaunts, and such dread
 ful wights
 As far exceeded men in their immeasurd might.

IX

They held this land, and with their filthines
 Polluted this same gentle soyle long time:
 That their owne mother loathd their beasli
 nesse,
 And gan abhorre her broods unkindly crime,
 All were they borne of her owne native slime
 Until that Brutus, anciently deriv'd
 From roiall stocke of old Assaracs line,
 Driven by fatall error here arriv'd,
 And them of their unjust possession depriv'd.

X

But ere he had established his throne,
 And spread his empire to the utmost shore,
 He fought great batteils with his salvage fone
 In which he them defeated evermore,
 And many Giaunts left on groning flore:
 That well can witnes yet unto this day
 The westerner Hough, besprincled with the gu
 Of mighty Goëmot, whome in stout fray
 Corineus conquered; and cruelly did slay.

XI

And eke that ample Pitt, yet far renownd
 For the large leape which Debon did compel
 Coulin to make, being eight lugs of grownd,
 Into the which retourning backe he fell:
 But those three monstrous stones doe mo
 excell,
 Which that huge sonne of hideous Albion,
 Whose father Hercules in Fraunce did quell
 Great Godmer threw, in fierce contention,
 At bold Canutus; but of him was slaine and

XII

In meed of these great conquests by the
 Corineus had that Province utmost west [go]

assigned for his worthy lott,
 of his name and memorable gest
 led Cornwaile, yet so called best;
 rebons shayre was that is Devonshyre:
 anute had his portion from the rest,
 which he cald Canutium, for his hyre;
 antium, which Kent we comenly inquire.

XIII

Brute this Realme unto his rule sub-
 dewd,
 aigned long in great felicity,
 of his freends, and of his foes eschewd:
 t three sonnes, his famous progeny,
 of fayre Inogene of Italy;
 t whom he parted his imperiall state,
 ocine left chiefe Lord of Britany.
 t ripe age bad him surrender late
 fe, and long good fortune, unto finall
 fate.

XIV

ne was left the soveraine Lord of all;
 lbanact had all the Northerne part,
 n of himselfe Albania he did call;
 mber did possesse the Western quart,
 n Severne now from Logris doth depart:
 ach his portion peaceably enjoyd,
 s there outward breach, nor grudge in
 hart,
 once their quiet government annoyd;
 ch his paynes to others profit still em-
 ployd.

XV

ll a nation straunge, with visage swart,
 orage fierce that all men did affray,
 a through the world then swarmd in
 every part,
 verflowd all countries far away,
 Noyes great flood, with their importune
 and invaded with like violence, [sway,
 id themselves through all the North dis-
 play:
 at Loerine for his Realmes defence,
 ead against them make and strong muni-
 ficence.

XVI

hem encountred, a confused rout,
 y the River that whylome was hight
 acient Abus, where with courage stout
 em defeated in victorious fight,
 haste so fiercely after fearefull flight,
 orst their chiefetain, for his safeties sake,
 Chiefetain Humber named was aright,)
 he mighty streame him to betake,
 he an end of batteill and of life did
 make.

XVII

The king retourned proud of victory,
 And insolent wox through unwonted ease,
 That shortly he forgot the jeopardy,
 Which in his land he lately did appease,
 And fell to vaine voluptuous disease:
 He lov'd faire Ladie Estrild, leudly lov'd,
 Whose wanton pleasures him too much did
 please,
 That quite his hart from Guendolene remov'd,
 From Guendolene his wife, though alwaies
 faithful prov'd.

XVIII

The noble daughter of Corinæus
 Would not endure to bee so vile disdaind,
 But, gathering force and corage valorous,
 Encountred him in batteill well ordaind,
 In which him vanquisht she to fly constraind:
 But she so fast pursewd, that him she tooke
 And threw in bands, where he till death re-
 maind;
 Als his faire Leman flying through a brooke
 She overhent, nought moved with her piteous
 looke;

XIX

But both her selfe, and eke her daughter deare,
 Begotten by her kingly Paramoure,
 The faire Sabrina, almost dead with feare,
 She there attached, far from all succoure;
 The one she slew upon the present floure;
 But the sad virgin, innocent of all,
 Adowne the rolling river she did poure,
 Which of her name now Severne men do call:
 Such was the end that to disloyall love did fall.

XX

Then for her sonne, which she to Locrin bore,
 Madan was young, unmeet the rule to sway,
 In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,
 Till ryper years he raught and stronger stay;
 During which time her powre she did display
 Through all this Realme, the glory of her sex,
 And first taught men a woman to obey:
 But, when her sonne to mans estate did wex,
 She it surrendred, ne her selfe would lenger
 vex.

XXI

Tho Madan raignd, unworthie of his race,
 For with all shame that sacred throne he fild.
 Next Memprise, as unworthy of that place;
 In which being consorted with Manild,
 For thirst of single kingdom him he kild.
 But Ebranck salved both their infamies
 With noble deedes, and warreyd on Brunchild
 In Henault, where yet of his victories
 Brave monuments remaine, which yet that land
 envies.

XXII

An happy man in his first dayes he was,
 And happy father of faire progeny:
 For all so many weekes as the yeare has,
 So many children he did multiply:
 Of which were twentie sonnes, which did apply
 Their mindes to prayse and chevalrous desyre:
 Those germans did subdew all Germany,
 Of whom it hight; but in the end their Syre
 With foule repulse from Fraunce was forced to
 retyre.

XXIII

Which blott his sonne succeeding in his seat,
 The second Brute, the second both in name
 And eke in semblaunce of his puissaunce great,
 Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
 With recompence of everlasting fame:
 He with his victour sword first opened
 The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne Dame,
 And taught her first how to be conquered;
 Since which, with sondrie spoiles she hath been
 ransacked.

XXIV

Let Scaldis tell, and let tell Hania,
 And let the marsh of Esthambruges tell,
 What colour were their waters that same day,
 And all the moore twixt Elversham and Dell,
 With blood of Henalois which therein fell.
 How oft that day did sad Brunchildis see
 The greene shield dyde in dolorous vermell?
 That not *Scuith quiridh* it mote seeme to bee,
 But rather *y scuith gogh*, signe of sad crueltee.

XXV

His sonne, king Leill, by fathers labour long,
 Enjoyd an heritage of lasting peace,
 And built Cairleill, and built Cairleon strong.
 Next Huddibras his realme did not encrease,
 But taught the land from wearie wars to cease:
 Whose footsteps Bladud following, in artes
 Exceld at Athens all the learned preace,
 From whence he brought them to these salvage
 parts,
 And with sweet science mollifide their stub-
 borne hartes.

XXVI

Ensampl of his wondrous faculty,
 Behold the boyling bathes at Cairbadon,
 Which seeth with secret fire eternally,
 And in their entrailles, full of quick Brimston,
 Nourish the flames which they are warmd
 upon,
 That to their people wealth they forth do well,
 And health to every forreyne nation:
 Yet he at last, contending to excell
 The reach of men, through flight into fond
 mischief fell.

XXVII

Next him king Leyr in happie peace lor-
 raynd,
 But had no issue male him to succeed,
 But three faire daughters, which were we
 uptraine
 In all that seemed fitt for kingly seed:
 Mongst whom his realme he equally decreed
 To have divided. Tho, when feeble age
 Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,
 He cald his daughters, and with speeches sa-
 Inquyrd, which of them most did love his
 parentage?

XXVIII

The eldest, Gonorill, gan to protest [lov'd
 That she much more than her owne life hi-
 And Regan greater love to him | rofest
 Then all the world, when ever it were proof'd
 But Cordeill said she lov'd him as behoov'd
 Whose simple answer, wanting colours sayd
 To paint it forth, him to displeasaunce moov'd
 That in his crown he counted her no hayre,
 But twixt the other twain his kingdom who
 did shayre.

XXIX

So wedded th' one to Maglan king of Scotie
 And thother to the king of Cambria, [lottes
 And twixt them shayrd his realme by equall
 But without dowre the wise Cordelia
 Was sent to Aggannip of Celtica.
 Their aged Syre, thus eased of his crowne,
 A private life ledd in Albania
 With Gonorill, long had in great renowne,
 That nought him griev'd to beene from ru-
 deposed downe.

XXX

But true it is that, when the oyle is spent,
 The light goes out, and weeke is throwne away
 So, when he had resign'd his regiment,
 His daughter gan despise his drouping day,
 And wearie wax of his continuall stay.
 Tho to his daughter Regan he repayrd,
 Who him at first well used every way;
 But when of his departure she despayrd,
 Her bountie she abated, and his cheare empayrd

XXXI

The wretched man gan then advise too late,
 That love is not where most it is profest;
 Too truely tryde in his extremest state.
 At last, resolv'd likewise to prove the rest,
 He to Cordelia him selfe addressd,
 Who with entyre affection him receav'd,
 As for her Syre and king her seemed best;
 And after all an army strong she leav'd,
 To war on those which him had of his realme
 bereav'd.

XXXII

his crowne she him restord againe;
 ch he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,
 ter wild it should to her remaine,
 eaceably the same long time did weld,
 mens harts in dew obedience held;
 at her sisters children, woxen strong,
 ch proud ambition against her rebeld,
 ercommen kept in prison long, [hong.
 ary of that wretched life her selfe she

XXXIII

gan the bloody brethren both to raine;
 ree Cundah gan shortly to envy
 ther Morgan, prickt with proud disdaine
 e a pere in part of soverainty;
 ndling coles of cruell enmity,
 warre, and him in batteill overthrew.
 e as he to those woody hilles did fly,
 hight of him Glamorgan, there him
 slew:
 id he raigne alone, when he none equall
 knew.

XXXIV

anne Rivall' his dead rowme did supply;
 se sad time blood did from heaven rayne.
 reat Gurgustus, then faire Cæcily,
 tant peace their kingdomes did contayne.
 whom Lago, and Kinmarke did rayne,
 orbogud, till far in years he grew:
 is ambitious sonnes unto them twayne
 bt the rule, and from their father drew;
 errex and sterne Porrex him in prison
 threw.

XXXV

! the greedy thirst of royall crowne,
 howes no kinred, nor regards no right,
 Porrex up to put his brother downe;
 unto him assembling forreigne might,
 varre on him, and sell him selfe in fight:
 death t'avenge, his mother mercilesse,
 mercilesse of women, Wyden hight,
 her sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,
 with most cruell hand him muredred
 pittlesse.

XXXVI

ended Brutus sacred progeny, [borne
 had seven hundred yeares this scepter
 igh renowne and great felicity: [torne
 ble branch from th' antique stocke was
 ch discord, and the roiall throne forlorne.
 forth this Realme was into factions rent,
 t each of Brutus boasted to be borne,
 the end was left no moniment
 tus, nor of Britons glorie auncient.

XXXVII

Then up arose a man of matchlesse might,
 And wondrous wit to menage high affayres,
 Who, stird with pittie of the stressed plight
 Of this sad realme, cut into sondry shayres
 By such as claymd themselves Brutes right-
 full hayres,
 Gathered the Princes of the people loose
 To taken counsell of their common cares;
 Who, with his wisdom won, him streight did
 choose [loose.
 Their king, and swore him fealty to win or

XXXVIII

Then made he head against his enimies,
 And Ymner slew of Logris miscreate;
 Then Ruddoc and proud Stater, both allies,
 This of Albany newly nominate,
 And that of Cambry king confirmed late,
 He overthrew through his owne valiaunce;
 Whose countries he redus'd to quiet state,
 And shortly brought to civile governaunce,
 Now one, which earst were many made through
 variaunce.

XXXIX

Then made he sacred lawes, which some men
 Were unto him reveald in vision; [say
 By which he freed the Travellers high-way,
 The Churches part, and Ploughmans portion,
 Restraining stealth and strong extortion,
 The grations Numa of great Britany;
 For till his dayes, the chiefe dominion
 By strength was wielded without pollicy:
 Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for
 dignity.

XL

Donwallo dyde, (for what may live for ay?)
 And left two sonnes, of pearelesse prowesse
 both,
 That sacked Rome too dearely did assay,
 The recompence of their perjured oth;
 And ransackt Greece wel tryde, when they
 were wroth;
 Besides subjected France and Germany,
 Which yet their praises speake, all be they
 And inly tremble at the memory [loth,
 Of Brennus and Belinus, kinges of Britany.

XLI

Next them did Gurgiunt, great Belinus sonne,
 In rule succede, and eke in fathers praise;
 He Easterland subdewd, and Denmarke wonne,
 And of them both did foy and tribute raise,
 The which was dew in his dead fathers daies.
 He also gave to fugitives of Spayne,
 Whom he at sea found wandring from their
 waies,

A seate in Ireland safely to remayne,
Which they should hold of him, as subject to
Britayne.

XLII

After him raigned Guitheline his hayre,
The justest man and trewest in his daies,
Who had to wife Dame Mertia the fayre,
A woman worthy of immortall praise, [layes,
Which for this Realme found many goodly
And wholesome Statutes to her husband
brought.

Her many deemd to have beene of the Fayes,
As was Aegerie that Numa taught:
Those yet of her be Mertian lawes both nam'd
and thought.

XLIII

Her sonne Sisillus after her did rayne;
And then Kimarus; and then Danius:
Next whom Morindus did the crowne sustayne;
Who, had he not with wrath outrageous
And cruell rancour dim'd his valorous
And mightie deedes, should matched have
the best:

As well in that same field victorious
Against the forreine Morands he exprest;
Yet lives his memorie, though carcas sleepe in
rest.

XLIV

Five sonnes he left, begotten of one wife,
All which successively by turnes did rayne:
First Gorboman, a man of vertuous life;
Next Archigald, who for his proud disdayne
Deposed was from principedome soverayne,
And pitteous Elidure put in his sted;
Who shortly it to him restord agayne,
Till by his death he it recovered:
But Peridure and Vigent him dithronized.

XLV

In wretched prison long he did remaine,
Till they outraigned had their utmost date,
And then therein reseized was againe,
And ruled long with honorable state,
Till he surrendered Realme and life to fate.
Then all the sonnes of these five brethren raynd
By dew successe, and all their Nephewes late;
Even thriase eleven descents the crowne retaynd,
Till aged Hely by dew heritage it gaynd.

XLVI

He had two sonnes, whose eldest, called Lud,
Left of his life most famous memory,
And endlesse moniments of his great good:
The ruin'd wals he did reedifye
Of Troynovant, gainst force of enemy,
And built that gate which of his name is hight,
By which he lyes entombed solemnly.

He left two sonnes, too young to rule arigh
Androgeus and Tenantius, pictures of his mig

XLVII

Whilst they were young, Cassibalane, th
Was by the people chosen in their sted, [En
Who on him tooke the roiall Diademe,
And goodly well long time it governed;
Till the prowde Romanes him disquieted,
And warlike Cæsar, tempted with the name
Of this sweet Island never conquered,
And envying the Britons blazed fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominion!) hither cam

XLVIII

Yet twice they were repulsed backe againe
And twice renforst backe to their ships to f
The whiles with blood they all the shore d
staine,
And the gray Ocean into purple dy:
Ne had they footing found at last, perdie,
Had not Androgeus, false to native soyle,
And envious of Uncles soveraintie,
Betrayd his countrey unto forreine spoyle.
Nought els but treason from the first this la
did foyle.

XLIX

So by him Cæsar got the victory,
Through great bloodshed and many a sad assa
In which himselfe was charged heavily
Of hardy Nennius, whom he yet did slay,
But lost his sword, yet to be seene this day.
Thenceforth this land was tributarie made
T'ambitious Rome, and did their rule obay,
Till Arthur all that reckoning defrayd:
Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongl
swayd.

L

Next him Tenantius raigned; then Kimbelin
What time th' eternall Lord in fleshly slime
Enwombd was, from wretched Adams line
To purge away the guilt of sinfull crime.
O joyous memorie of happy time,
That heavenly grace so plenteously displayd
(O too high ditty for my simple rime!)
Soone after this the Romanes him warrayd;
For that their tribute he refusd to let be payd

LI

Good Claudius, that next was Emperour,
An army brought, and with him batteile fough
In which the king was by a Treachetour
Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought:
Yet ceased not the bloody fight for ought;
For Arvirage his brothers place supplyde
Both in his armes and crowne, and by the
draught

drive the Romanes to the weaker syde,
at they to peace agreed. So all was paci-
fyde.

LII

As never king more highly magnifide,
dredd of Romanes, then was Arvirage;
which the Emperour to him allide
a daughter Genuiss' in marriage:
shortly he renounst the vassallage
Rome againe, who hither hastily sent
spasian, that with great spoile and rage
wastued all, till Genuissa gent
suaded him to ceasse, and her lord to relent.

LIII

He dide, and him succeeded Marius,
no joyd his dayes in great tranquillity.
en Coyll; and after him good Lucius,
at first received Christianity,
a sacred pledge of Christes Evangely.
true it is, that long before that day
her came Joseph of Arimathy, [say,
no brought with him the holy grayle, they
d preacht the truth; but since it greatly
dide decay.

LIV

his good king shortly without issew dide,
ereof great trouble in the kingdome grew,
at did her selfe in sondry parts divide,
with her powre her owne selfe overthrew,
lest Romanes daily did the weake subdew:
rich seeing, stout Banduca up arose,
l taking armes the Britons to her drew;
h whom she marched streight against her
foes, [close.
d them unwares besides the Severne did en-

LV

ere she with them a cruell batteill tryde,
with so good successe as shee deserv'd;
reason that the Captaines on her syde,
rupted by Paulinus, from her swerv'd:
, such as were through former flight pre-
serv'd
hering againe, her Host she did renew,
d with fresh corage on the victor servd:
being all defeated, save a few, [slew.
her then fly, or be captiv'd, her selfe she

LVI

famous moniment of womens prayse!
schable either to Semiramis,
om antique history so high doth rayse,
to Hypsiphil', or to Thomiris.
Host two hundred thousand numbred is;
o, whiles good fortune favoured her might,
umphed oft against her enemies;

And yet, though overcome in haplesse fight,
Shee triumphed on death, in enemies despight.

LVII

Her reliques Fulgent having gathered,
Fought with Severus, and him overthrew,
Yet in the chace was slaine of them that fled,
So made them victors whome he did subdew.
Then gan Carausius tyrannize anew,
And gainst the Romanes bent their proper
powre;
But him Allectus treacherously slew,
And tooke on him the robe of Emperoure:
Nath'lesse the same enjoyed but short happy
howre:

LVIII

For Asclepiodate him overcame,
And left inglorious on the vanquisht playne,
Without or robe or rag to hide his shame:
Then afterwards he in his stead did raigne,
But shortly was by Coyll in batteill slaine:
Who after long debate, since Lucies tyme,
Was of the Britons first crownd Soveraine.
Then gan this Realme renew her passed prime:
He of his name Coylchester built of stone and
lime.

LIX

Which when the Romanes heard, they hither
sent
Constantius, a man of mickle might,
With whome king Coyll made an agreement,
And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,
Fayre Helena, the fairest living wight;
Who in all godly thewes and goodly praise
Did far excell, but was most famous hight
For skil in Musicke of all in her daies,
As well in curious instruments as cunning
laies.

LX

Of whom he did great Constantine begett,
Who afterward was Emperour of Rome,
To which whiles absent he his mind did sett,
Octavius here lept into his roome,
And it usurped by unrighteous doome:
But he his title justifie by might,
Slaying Traherne, and having overcome
The Romane legion in dreadfull fight.
So settled he his kingdome, and confirmd
his right:

LXI

But wanting yssew male, his daughter deare
He gave in wedlocke to Maximian,
And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,
Who soone by meanes thereof the Empire wan,
Till murdered by the freends of Gratian. [land,
Then gan the Hunnes and Picts invade this
During the raigne of Maximinian;

Who dying left none heire them to withstand,
But that they overran all parts with easy
hand.

LXII

The weary Britons, whose war-hable youth
Was by Maximian lately ledd away,
With wretched miseries and woefull ruth,
Were to those Pagans made an open pray,
And daily spectacle of sad decay:
Whome Romane warres, which now fowr
hundred yeares
And more had wasted, could no whit dismay;
Til, by consent of Commons and of Peares,
They crownd the second Constantine with
joyous teares.

LXIII

Who having oft in batteill vanquished
Those spoylefull Picts, and swarming Easter-
lings,
Long time in peace his realme established,
Yet oft annoyd with sondry bordragings,
Of neighbour Scots, and forrein Scatterlings
With which the world did in those dayes
abound:

Which to outbarre, with painefull pyonings
From sea to sea he heapt a mighty mound,
Which from Alcluid to Panwelt did that bor-
der bownd.

LXIV

Three sonnes he dying left, all under age;
By means whereof their uncle Vortigere
Usurpt the crowne during their pupillage;
Which th' Infants tutors gathering to feare,
Them closely into Armorick did beare:
For dread of whom, and for those Picts an-
noyes,
He sent to Germany straunge aid to reare;
From whence eftsoones arrived here three
hoyes
Of Saxons, whom he for his safety employes.

LXV

Two brethren were their Capitayns, which
hight
Hengist and Horsus, well approv'd in warre,
And both of them men of renowned might;
Who making vantage of their civile jarre,
And of those forreyners which came from
farre,
Grew great, and got large portions of land,
That in the Realme ere long they stronger
arre [hand,
Then they which sought at first their helping
And Vortiger have forst the kingdome to
aband.

LXVI

But by the helpe of Vortimere his sonne,
He is againe unto his rule restord;
And Hengist, seeming sad for that was donr
Received is to grace and new accord, [wor
Through his faire daughters face and flatter
Soone after which three hundred Lords he s
Of British blood, all sitting at his bord;
Whose dolefull monuments who list to rew,
Th' eternall marks of treason may at Stonhe
vew.

LXVII

By this the sonnes of Constantine, which fle
Ambrose and Uther, did ripe yeares attayne
And, here arriving, strongly challenged
The crowne which Vortiger did long detain
Who, flying from his guilt, by them w
slayne; [deat
And Hengist eke soon brought to shamef
Thenceforth Aurelius peaceably did rayne,
Till that through poyson stopped was his breac
So now entombd lies at Stonchenge by t
heath.

LXVIII

After him Uther, which Pendragon hight,
Succeeding—There abruptly it did end,
Without full point, or other Cesure right;
As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
Or th' Author selfe could not at least attend
To finish it: that so untimely breach
The Prince him selfe halfe seemed to offend:
Yet secret pleasure did offence empeach,
And wonder of antiquity long stopt his speac

LXIX

At last, quite ravisht with delight to heare
The royall Ofspring of his native land,
Cryde out; 'Deare countrey! O! how deare
deare
Ought thy remembrance and perpetuall bar
Be to thy foster Childe, that from thy han
Did commun breath and nouriture receive.
How brutish is it not to understand
How much to her we owe, that all us gave;
That gave unto us all what ever good we hav

LXX

But Guyon all this while his booke did rea
Ne yet has ended; for it was a great
And ample volume, that doth far exceed
My leasure so long leaves here to repeat:
It told how first Prometheus did create
A man, of many parts from beasts dery'd,
And then stole fire from heven to animate
His worke, for which he was by Jove deprry
Of life him self, and hart-strings of an Aeg
ryv'd.

LXXI

That man so made he called Elfe, to weet
 The first author of all Elfin kynd;
 Wandering through the world with wearie
 feet,
 In the gardins of Adonis fynd
 A deadly creature, whom he deemd in mynd
 No earthly wight, but either Spright,
 Or angel, th' authour of all woman kynd;
 Before a Fay he her according hight,
 From all Faeryes spring, and fetch their
 lignage right.

LXXII

These a mighty people shortly grew,
 Puissant kinges which all the world
 Warrayd,
 To them selves all Nations did subdew.
 First and eldest, which that scepter swayd,
 Elfin; him all India obeyd,
 All that now America men call:
 Him was noble Elfinan, who laid
 The foundation first of all:
 Elfiline enclosd it with a golden wall.

LXXIII

His sonne was Elfinell, who overcame
 The wicked Gobbelines in bloody field;
 His Elfant was of most renowned fame,
 Whom all of Christall did Panthea build:
 His Elfar, who two brethren gyauntes kild,
 One of which had two heades, th' other
 three:
 His Elfinor, who was in magick skild;
 Built by art upon the glassy See
 The age of bras, whose sound heuens thunder
 seem'd to bee.

LXXIV

Left three sonnes, the which in order raynd,
 All their Ofspring, in their dew descents;

Even seven hundred Princes, which maintaynd
 With mightie deedes their sondry govern-
 ments;

That were too long their infinite contents
 Here to record, ne much materiall:
 Yet should they be most famous moniments,
 And brave ensample, both of martiall
 And civil rule, to kinges and states imperiall.

LXXV

After all these Elficleos did rayne,
 The wise Elficleos, in great Majestie,
 Who mightily that scepter did sustayne,
 And with rich spoyles and famous victorie
 Did high advaunce the crowne of Faery:
 He left two sonnes, of which faire Elferon,
 The eldest brother, did untimely dy;
 Whose emptie place the mightie Oberon
 Doubly supplide, in spousall and dominion.

LXXVI

Great was his power and glorie over all
 Which, him before, that sacred seate did fill,
 That yet remains his wide memoriall.
 He dying left the fairest Tanaquill,
 Him to succede therein, by his last will:
 Fairer and nobler liveth none this howre,
 Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill;
 Therefore they Glorian call that glorious flowre:
 Long mayst thou, Glorian, live in glory and
 great powre!

LXXVII

Beguyl'd thus with delight of novelties,
 And naturall desire of cuntryes state,
 So long they redd in those antiquities,
 That how the time was fled they quite forgate;
 Till gentle Alma, seeing it so late,
 Perforce their studies broke, and them besought
 To thinke how supper did them long awaite:
 So halfe unwilling from their bookes them
 brought, [ought.
 And fayrely feasted as so noble knightes she

CANTO XI.

The enimies of Temperaunce
 Besiege her dwelling place:
 Prince Arthure them repelles, and fowle
 Maleger doth deface.

I

For warre so cruel, or what siege so sore,
 At which strong affections doe apply
 Just the forte of reason evermore,
 Bringing the sowle into captivity?

Their force is fiercer through infirmity
 Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage,
 And exercise most bitter tyranny
 Upon the partes brought into their bondage:
 No wretchednesse is like to sinfull vellenage.

II

But in a body which doth freely yeeld
His partes to reasons rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the scepter weeld,
All happy peace and goodly government
Is settled there in sure establishment.
There Alma, like a virgin Queene most bright,
Doth florish in all beautie excellent;
And to her guesates doth bounteous banket dight,
Attempted goodly well for health and for
delight.

III

Early, before the Morne with cremosin ray
The windowes of bright heaven opened had,
Through which into the world the dawning
day
Might looke, that maketh every creature glad,
Uprose Sir Guyon, in bright armour clad,
And to his purposed journey him prepar'd:
With him the Palmer eke in habit sad
Him selfe addrest to that adventure hard:
So to the rivers syde they both together far'd:

IV

Where them awaited ready at the ford
The Ferriman, as Alma had behight,
With his well-rigged bote: They goe aboard,
And he eftsoones gan launch his barke forth-
right.
Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,
And fast the land behynd them fled away.
But let them pas, whiles wind and wether
right
Doe serve their turnes: here I a while must stay,
To see a cruell fight doen by the prince this
day.

V

For all so soone as Guyon thence was gon
Upon his voyage with his trustie guyde,
That wicked band of villeins fresh begon
That castle to assaile on every side,
And lay strong siege about it far and wyde.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they under them did hyde;
So fowle and ugly, that exceeding feare
Their visages imprest when they approched
neare.

VI

Them in twelve troupes their Captein did
dispart,
And round about in fittest steades did place,
Where each might best offend his proper part,
And his contrary object most deface,
As every one seem'd meetest in that cace.
Seven of the same against the Castle gate
In strong entrenchments he did closely place,

Which with inessaunt force and endlesse h
They battred day and night, and entraun
did awate.

VII

The other five sondry wayes he sett
Against the five great Bulwarkes of that p
And unto each a Bulwarke did arrett,
T' assaile with open force or hidden guyle,
In hope thereof to win victorious spoile.
They all that charge did fervently apply
With greedie malice and importune toyle,
And planted there their huge artillery,
With which they dayly made most dreadf
battery.

VIII

The first troupe was a monstrous rablemen
Of fowle misshapen wightes, of which so
were
Headed like Owles, with beekes uncomely be
Others like Dogs; others like Gryphons drear
And some had wings, and some had clawes
teare:
And every one of them had Lynces eyes;
And every one did bow and arrowes beare.
All those were lawlesse lustes, corrupt envy
And covetous aspects, all cruell enmyes.

IX

Those same against the bulwarke of the Sig
Did lay strong siege and battailous assault,
Ne once did yield it respitt day nor night;
But soone as Titan gan his head exault,
And soone againe as he his light withhault,
Their wicked engins they against it bent:
That is, each thing by which the eyes m
fault:
But two then all more huge and violent,
Beautie and Money, they that Bulwarke sora
rent.

X

The second Bulwarke was the Hearing sen
Gainst which the second troupe assignme
makes;
Deformed creatures, in straunge difference,
Some having heads like Harts, some like
Snakes, [brake
Some like wilde Bores late roud out of t
Slaunderous reproches, and fowle infamies.
Leasings, backbytinges, and vain-glorio
crakes,
Bad counsels, prayses, and false flatteries:
All those against that fort did bend the
batteries.

XI

Likewise that same third Fort, that is t
Smell,
Of that third troupe was cruelly assayd;

se hideous shapes were like to feendes of
hell, [dismayd,
e like to houndes, some like to Apes,
e like to Puttockes, all in plumes arayd;
hap't according their conditions:
oy those ugly formes weren pourtrayd
ish delights, and fond abusions,
ch doe that sence besiege with light
illusions.

XII

l that fourth band which cruell battry
bent
nst the fourth Bulwarke, that is the Taste,
as the rest, a grysie rablement; [faste
e mouth'd like greedy Oystreges; some
loathly Toades; some fashioned in the
swine: for so deformd is luxury, [waste
eat, misdiet, and unthriftie waste,
e feastes, and ydle superfluity:
hose this sences Fort assayle incessantly.

XIII

the fift troupe, most horrible of hew
ferce of force, is dreadfull to report;
some like Snailes, some did like spyders
shew,
some like ugly Urchins thick and short:
lly they assayed that fift Fort,
ed with dartes of sensuall Delight,
o stinges of carnall lust, and strong effort
ing pleasures, with which day and night
nst that same fift bulwarke they continued
fight.

XIV

is these twelve troupes with dreadfull
puissance
nst that Castle restlesse siege did lay,
evermore their hideous Ordinaunce
n the Bulwarkes cruelly did play,
now it gan to threaten neare decay:
evermore their wicked Capitayn
oked them the breaches to assay,
etimes with threats, sometimes with hope
of gayn, [attayn.
h by the ransack of that peece they should

XV

th' other syde, th' assieged Castles ward
r stedfast stonds did mightily maintaine,
many bold repulse and many hard
ievement wrought, with perill and with
payne,
goodly frame from ruine to sustaine:
those two brethren Gyauntes did defend
walles so stoutly with their sturdie mayne,
never entraunce any durst pretend,
hey to direfull death their groning ghosts
did send.

XVI

The noble Virgin, Ladie of the Place,
Was much dismayed with that dreadful sight,
For never was she in so evill cace,
Till that the Prince, seeing her wofull plight,
Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,
Offering his service, and his dearest life
For her defence against that Carle to fight,
Which was their chiefe and th' authour of that
strife:

She him remerci'd as the Patrone of her life.

XVII

Eftsoones himselfe in glitterand armes he
dight,
And his well proved weapons to him hent;
So, taking courteous conge, he behight
Those gates to be unbar'd, and forth he went.
Fayre mote he thee, the prowrest and most
gent,

That ever brandished bright steele on hye!
Whome soone as that unruly rablement
With his gay Squyre issewing did espye, [cry:
They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling

XVIII

And therewithall attonce at him let fly [snow,
Their fluttering arrowes, thicke as flakes of
And round about him flocke impetuously,
Like a great water flood, that tumbling low
From the high mountaines, threatens to over-
flow

With suddaine fury all the fertile playne,
And the sad husbandmans long hope doth
throw [vayne;
Adowne the streame, and all his vowes make
Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may
sustayne.

XIX

Upon his shield their heaped hayle he bore,
And with his sword disperst the raskall
flockes,
Which fled asonder, and him fell before;
As withered leaves drop from their dried
stockes, [locks:
When the wroth Western wind does reave their
And underneath him his courageous steed,
The fierce Spumador, trode them downe like
docks;
The fierce Spumador, borne of heavenly seed,
Such as Laomedon of Phoebeus race did breed.

XX

Which suddaine horror and confused cry
When as their Capteine heard, in haste he yode
The cause to weet, and fault to remedy:
Upon a Tygre swift and fierce he rode,

That as the winde ran underneath his lode,
Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the
ground.

Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode,
But of such subtille substance and unsound,
That like a ghost he seem'd whose grave-
clothes were unbound :

XXI

And in his hand a bended bow was seene,
And many arrowes under his right side,
All deadly daungerous, all cruell keene,
Headed with flint, and fethers bloody dide ;
Such as the Indians in their quivers hide :
Those could he well direct and streight as line,
And bid them strike the marke which he had
eyde ;

Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,
That mote recure their wounds ; so inly they
did tine.

XXII

As pale and wan as ashes was his looke,
His body leane and meagre as a rake,
And skin all withered like a dried rooke ;
Thereto as cold and drery as a snake,
That seemd to tremble evermore and quake ;
All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twisted brake :
Upon his head he wore an Helmet light,
Made of a dead mans skull, that seemd a
ghastly sight.

XXIII

Maleger was his name ; and after him
There follow'd fast at hand two wicked Hags,
With hoary lockes all loose, and visage grim ;
Their feet unshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,
And both as swift on foot as chased Stags ;
And yet the one her other legge had lame,
Which with a staffe, all full of litle snags,
She did support, and Impotence her name .
But th' other was Impatience, arm'd with
raging flame

XXIV

Soone as the Carle from far the Prince espyde
Glistring in armes and warlike ornament,
His Beast he felly prickt on either syde,
And his mischievous bow full readie bent,
With which at him a cruell shaft he sent :
But he was warie, and it warded well
Upon his shield, that it no further went,
But to the ground the idle quarrell fell :
Then he another and another did expell.

XXV

Which to prevent the Prince his mortall speare
Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did
ride,

To be avenged of that shot whyleare ;
But he was not so hardy to abide
That bitter stownd, but turning quicke aside
His light-foot beast, fled fast away for feare
Whom to pursue the Infant after hide
So fast as his good Courser could him beare
But labour lost it was to weene approach
neare.

XXVI

For as the winged wind his Tigre fled,
That vew of eye could scarce him overtake,
Ne scarce his feet on ground were seene to tread
Through hills and dales he speedy way did
make,

Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake :
And in his flight the villen turn'd his face
(As wonts the Tartar by the Caspian lake,
Whenas the Russian him in fight does chase
Unto his Tygres taile, and shot at him apace

XXVII

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
Still as the greedy knight nigh to him drew
And oftentimes he would relent his pace,
That him his foe more fiercely should pursue :

But when his uncouth manner he did vew,
He gan avize to follow him no more,
But keepe his standing, and his shaftes escheue
Untill he quite had spent his perillous store,
And then assaile him fresh, ere he could shew
for more.

XXVIII

But that lame Hag, still as abroad he strew
His wicked arrowes, gathered them againe,
And to him brought, fresh batteill to renew
Which he espying cast her to restraine
From yielding succour to that cursed Swaine
And her attaching thought her hands to tye
But soone as him dismounted on the plaine
That other Hag did far away espye
Binding her sister, she to him ran hastily ;

XXIX

And catching hold of him, as downe he leane
Him backward overthrew, and downe he
stayd
With their rude handes and gryesly grapling
ment ;

Till that the villen, comming to their ayd,
Upon him fell, and lode upon him layd :
Full litle wanted but he had him slaine,
And of the battell balefull end had made,
Had not his gentle Squire beheld his paine,
And commen to his reskew, ere his bitter
bane.

XXX

greatest and most glorious thing on
ground
often need the helpe of weaker hand ;
eeble is mans state, and life unsound,
t in assurance it may never stand,
it dissolved be from earthly band.
oft be thou, Prince, the prowest man alyve,
noblest borne of all in Britayne land ;
thee fierce Fortune did so nearely drive,
t, had not grace thee blest, thou shouldst
not survive.

XXXI

e Squyre arriving fiercely in his armes
tcht first the one, and then the other Jade,
chiefest letts and authors of his harmes,
them perforce withheld with threatned
blade,
st that his Lord they should behinde invade ;
whiles the Prince, prickt with reprochful
shame,
one awakke out of long slombring shade,
ivying thought of glory and of fame,
ted all his powres to purge him selfe from
blame.

XXXII

ke as a fire, the which in hollow cave
h long bene underkept and down suppress,
h murmurous disdayne doth inly rave,
grudge in so streight prison to be prest,
ast breakes forth with furious unrest,
strives to mount unto his native seat ;
that did earst it hinder and molest, [heat,
now devours with flames and scorching
carries into smoake with rage and horror
great.

XXXIII

mightely the Briton Prince him rouza
of his holde, and broke his caytive bands ;
as a Beare, whom angry curres have touzd,
ing off-shakt them and escapt their hands,
omes more fell, and all that him withstands
ads down and overthrowes. Now had the
Carle
ghted from his Tigre, and his hands
harged of his bow and deadly quar'le,
eize upon his foe flatt lying on the marle.

XXXIV

hich now him turnd to disavantage deare ;
neither can he fly, nor other harme,
trust unto his strength and manhood
meare,
now he is far from his monstrous swarme,
of his weapons did himselfe disarme.
knight, yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,
cely advaunst his valorous right arme,

And him so sore smott with his yron mace,
That groveling to the ground he fell, and fild
his place.

XXXV

Wel weened hee that field was then his owne,
And all his labor brought to happy end ;
When suddain up the villeine overthrowne
Out of his swowne arose, fresh to contend,
And gan him selfe to second battaill bend,
As hurt he had not beene. Thereby there lay
An huge great stone, which stood upon one
end,

And had not bene removed many a day ;
Some land-marke seemd to bee, or signe of
sundry way :

XXXVI

The same he snatcht, and with exceeding
sway
Threw at his foe, who was right well aware
To shonne the engin of his meant decay ;
It booted not to thinke that throw to beare,
But grownd he gave, and lightly lept areare :
Eft fierce retourning, as a faulcon fayre,
That once hath failed of her souse full neare,
Remounts againe into the open ayre,
And unto better fortune doth her selfe pre-
payre.

XXXVII

So brave retourning, with his brandisht blade
He to the Carle him selfe agayn adress,
And strooke at him so sternely, that he made
An open passage through his riven brest,
That halfe the steele behind his backe did rest ;
Which drawing backe, he looked evermore
When the hart blood should gush out of his
chest,

Or his dead corse should fall upon the flore ;
But his dead corse upon the flore fell nathe-
more.

XXXVIII

Ne drop of blood appeared shed to bee,
All were the wovnd so wide and wonderous
That through his carcas one might playnly
see.

Halfe in amaze with horror hideous,
And halfe in rage to be deluded thus,
Again through both the sides he strooke him
quight,
That made his spright to grone full piteous ;
Yet nathemore forth fled his groning spright,
But freshly, as at first, prepard himselfe to
fight.

XXXIX

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
And trembling terror did his hart apall ;
Ne wist he what to thinke of that same sight,
Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all :

He doubted least it were some magicall
 Illusion that did beguile his sense,
 Or wandring ghost that wanted funerall,
 Or aery spirite under false pretence,
 Or hellish feend raysd up through diuinish
 science.

XL

His wonder far exceeded reasons reach,
 That he began to doubt his dazeled sight,
 And oft of error did himselfe appeach:
 Flesh without blood, a person without spright,
 Wounds without hurt, a body without might,
 That could doe harme, yet could not harmed
 bee,

That could not die, yet seemd a mortall wight,
 That was most strong in most infirmitee;
 Like did he never heare, like did he never see.

XLI

Awhile he stood in this astonishment,
 Yet would he not for all his great dismay
 Give over to effect his first intent,
 And th' utmost meanes of victory assay,
 Or th' utmost yssew of his owne decay.
 His owne good sword Mordure, that never
 fayld

At need till now, he lightly threw away,
 And his bright shield that nought him now
 awayld,

And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

XLII

Twixt his two mighty armes him up he
 snatcht,

And crusht his carcas so against his brest,
 That the disdainfull sowle he thence dispatcht,
 And th' ydle breath all utterly exprest.

Tho, when he felt him dead, adowne he kest

The lumpish corse unto the sencelesse grownd;

Adowne he kest it with so puissant wrest,

That backe againe it did alofte rebownd,

And gave against his mother earth a grone-
 full sownd.

XLIII

As when Joves harnesse-bearing Bird from
 hye

Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdayne,

The stone-dead quarrey falls so forcibly,

That yt rebownds against the lowly playne,

A second fall redoubling backe agayne.

Then thought the Prince all peril sure was
 past,

And that he victor onely did remayne;

No sooner thought, then that the Carle as fast

Gan heap huge strokes on him, as ere he down
 was cast.

XLIV

Nigh his wits end then woxe th' amaz-
 knight,

And thought his labor lost, and travell vayne

Against this lifelesse shadow so to fight:

Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty mayne

That, whiles he marveild still, did still
 payne;

Forthy he gan some other wayes advize,

How to take life from that dead-living
 swayne,

Whom still he marked freshly to arize

From th' earth, and from her womb new spiri-
 to reprice.

XLV

He then remembred well, that had bene sayd

How th' Earth his mother was, and first him
 bore,

She eke, so often as his life decayd,

Did life with usury to him restore,

And reysd him up much stronger then before

So soone as he unto her wombe did fall:

Therefore to grownd he would him cast
 more,

Ne him committ to grave terrestriall,

But beare him farre from hope of succour
 usuall.

XLVI

Tho up he caught him twixt his puissan-
 hands,

And having scrud out of his carrion corse

The lothfull life, now loosed from sinfull bands

Upon his shoulders carried him perforce

Above three furlongs, taking his full course

Until he came unto a standing lake;

Him thereinto he threw without remorse,

Ne stird, till hope of life did him forsake:

So end of that Carles dayes and his owne
 paynes did make.

XLVII

Which when those wicked Hags from far di-
 spyed,

Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands,

And th' one of them with dreadfull yelling
 crye,

Throwing away her broken chaines and bands

And having quencht her burning fier-brands,

Hedlong her selfe did cast into that lake;

But Impotence with her owne wilfull hands

One of Malegers cursed darts did take,

So ryv'd her trembling hart, and wicked end
 did make.

XLVIII

Thus now alone he conquerour remains:

Tho, camming to his Squire that kept his steed

ght to have mounted; but his feeble
vaines
failld thereto, and served not his need,
ough losse of blood which from his wounds
did bleed,
he began to faint, and life decay:
his good Squyre, him helping up with
speed,
a stedfast hand upon his horse did stay,
led him to the Castle by the beaten
way.

XLIX

Where many Groomes and Squyres ready were
To take him from his steed full tenderly:
And eke the fayrest Alma mett him there
With balme, and wine, and costly spicery,
To comfort him in his infirmity.
Eftsoones shee causd him up to be conuayd,
And of his armes despoyled easily
In sumptuous bed shee made him to be layd;
And al the while his wounds were dressing by
him stayd.

CANTO XII.

Guyon, by Palmers governaunce,
Passing through perilles great,
Doth overthrow the Bowre of blis,
And Acrasy defeat.

I

w ginnes that goodly frame of Temper-
aunce
ely to rise, and her adorned hed
ricke of highest prayse forth to aduance,
erly grounded and fast setteled
rme foundation of true bountyhed:
this brave knight, that for this vertue
fightes,
comes to point of that same perilous sted,
re Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,
gst thousand dangers, and ten thousand
Magick mights.

II

o dayes now in that sea he sayled has,
ver land beheld, ne living wight,
ought save perill still as he did pas:
when appeared the third Morrow bright
n the waves to spred her trembling light,
hideous roling far away they heard,
t all their sences filled with affright;
streight they saw the raging surges reard
to the skyes, that them of drowning made
affeard.

III

d then the Boteman, 'Palmer, stere aright,
keepe an even course; for yonder way
needes must pas (God doe us well acquight!)
t is the Gulfe of Greedinesse, they say,
t deepe engorgeth all this worldes pray;
ich having swallowd up excessively,
soone in vomit up againe doth lay,
belcheth forth his superfluity,
t all the seas for feare doe seeme away to fly.

IV

'On thother syde an hideous Rocke is pight
Of mightie Magnes stone, whose craggie clift
Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,
Over the waves his rugged armes doth lift,
And threatneth downe to throw his ragged rift
On whoso cometh nigh; yet nigh it drawes
All passengers, that none from it can shift:
For, whiles they fly that Gulfes devouringjaves,
They on this rock are rent, and sunck in helples
wawes.'

V

Forward they passe, and strongly he them
rowes,
Untill they nigh unto that Gulfe arryve,
Wherestreamore violent and greedy growes:
Then he with all his puisaunce doth stryve
To strike his oares, and mightily doth drive
The hollow vessell through the threatfull wave;
Which, gaping wide to swallow them alyve
In th' huge abyse of his engulging grave,
Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great
terroure rave.

VI

They, passing by, that grisely mouth did see
Sucking the seas into his entralles deepe,
That seemd more horrible then hell to bee,
Or that darke dreadfull hole of Tartare steepe
Through which the damned ghosts doen often
creepe
Backe to the world, bad livers to torment:
But nought that falles into this direfull deepe
Ne that approacheth nigh the wyde descent,
May backe retourne, but is condemned to be
drent.

VII

On thother side they saw that perilous Rocke,
Threatning it selfe on them to ruinate,
On whosesharp cliftes the ribs of vessels broke;
And shivered ships, which had bene wrecked
Yet stuck with carcases exanimate [late,
Of such, as having all their substance spent
In wanton joyes and lustes intemperate,
Did afterwards make shipwrack violent
Both of their life and fame, for ever fowly blent.

VIII

Forthy this hight The Rocke of vile Reproch,
A daungerous and detestable place,
To which nor fish nor fowle did once approch,
But yelling Meawes, with Seagulles hoars and
 bace,
And Cormoyraunts, with birds of ravenous race,
Which still sat waiting on that wastfull clift
For spoile of wretches, whose unhappy cace,
After lost credit and consumed thrift,
At last them driven hath to this despairefull
 drift.

IX

The Palmer, seeing them in safetie past,
Thus saide; 'Behold th' ensamples in our sights
Of lustfull luxurie and thriftlesse wast.
What now is left of miserable wightes,
Which spent their looser daies in leud delightes,
But shame and sad reproch, here to be red
By these rent reliques, speaking their ill
Let all that live hereby be counselled [plighes?
To shunne Rocke of Reproch, and it as death
 to dred!'

X

So forth they rowed; and that Ferryman
With his stiffe oares did brush the sea so
 strong,
That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,
And the light bubbles daunced all along,
Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes sprong.
At last far off they many Islandes spy
On every side floting the floodes emong:
Then said the knight; 'Lo! I the land descry;
Therefore, old Syre, thy course doe thereunto
 apply.'

XI

'That may not bee,' said then the Ferryman,
'Least wee unweeting hap to be fordonne;
For those same Islandes, seeming now and than,
Are not firme land, nor any certein wonne,
But stragling plots which to and fro doe ronne
In the wide waters: therefore are they hight
The Wandering Islandes. Therefore doe them
 shonne;
For they have ofte drawne many a wandering
Into most deadly daunger and distressed plight.

XII

'Yet well they seeme to him, that farre do
 vew,
Both faire and fruitfull, and the grownd dispr
With grassy greene of delectable hew;
And the tall trees with leaves appareled
Are deckt with blossoms dyde in white and
That mote the passengers thereto allure;
But whosoever once hath fastened
His foot thereon, may never it recure,
But wandreth evermore uncertein and unsu

XIII

'As th' Isle of Delos whylome, men report,
Amid th' Aegaeon sea long time did stray,
Ne made for shipping any certeine port,
Till that Latona travailing that way,
Flying from Junoes wrath and hard assay,
Of her fayre twins was there delivered,
Which afterwards did rule the night and day
Thenceforth it firmly was established,
And for Apoloes temple highly herried.'

XIV

They to him hearken, as beseemeth meete,
And passe on forward: so their way does ly
That one of those same Islandes, which do
 fleet
In the wide sea, they needes must passen by
Which seemd so sweet and pleasaunt to th
 eye,
That it would tempt a man to touchen there
Upon the banck they sitting did espy
A daintie damsell dressing of her heare,
By whom a little skippet floting did appeare.

XV

She, them espying, loud to them can call,
Bidding them nigher draw unto the shore,
For she had cause to busie them withall;
And therewith lowdly laught: But nathemore
Would they once turne, but kept on as afore.
Which when she saw, she left her lockes un
 dight,
And running to her boat withouten ore,
From the departing land it launched light,
And after them did drive with all her power
 and might.

XVI

Whom overtaking, she in merry sort
Them gan to bord, and purpose diversly;
Now faining dalliaunce and wanton sport,
Now throwing forth lewd wordes immodestly,
Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly
Her to rebuke for being loose and light:
Which not abiding, but more scornfully

ing at him that did her justly wite,
 turned her bote about, and from them
 rowed quite.

XVII

It was the wanton Phædria, which late
 ferry him over the Idle lake:
 on morn regarding they kept on their
 gate,
 all her vaine allurements did forsake;
 then them the wary Boteman thus bespake:
 'Now behoveth us well to avyse,
 of our safety good heede to take;
 here before a perious passage lyes,
 ere many Mermayds haunt making false
 melodies:

XVIII

At by the way there is a great Quicksand,
 a whirlepoole of hidden jeopardy;
 before, Sir Palmer, keepe an even hand,
 twixt them both the narrow way doth ly.
 He had he saide, when hard at hand they
 spy
 the quicksand nigh with water covered;
 by the checked wave they did descrie
 mine, and by the sea discoloured:
 called was the quicksand of Unthriftyhed.

XIX

By, passing by, a goodly Ship did see
 then from far with precious merchandize,
 bravely furnished as ship might bee,
 which through great disaventure, or mesprize,
 selfe had ronned into that hazardize;
 these mariners and merchants with much
 toyle
 pur'd in vaine to have recur'd their prize,
 the rich wares to save from pitteous spoyle;
 neither toyle nor traveill might her backe
 recoyle.

XX

On th' other side they see that perious Poole,
 that called was the Whirlepoole of decay;
 which full many had with haplesse doole
 bene suncke, of whom no memorie did stay:
 these circled waters rapt with whirling sway,
 to a restlesse wheele, still ronning round,
 covet, as they passed by that way,
 draw their bote within the utmost bound
 of this Labyrinth, and then to have them
 dround.

XXI

At th' heedful Boteman strongly forth did
 stretch
 his brawnie armes, and all his bodie straine,
 at th' utmost sandy breach they shortly
 fetch,
 while the dredd daunger does behind remaine.

Suddeine they see from midst of all the Maine
 The surging waters like a mountaine rise,
 And the great sea, puft up with proud dis-
 daine,
 To swell above the measure of his guise,
 As threatning to devoure all that his powre
 despise.

XXII

The waves come rolling, and the billowes rore
 Outragiously, as they enraged were,
 Or wrathfull Neptune did them drive before
 His whirling charret for exceeding feare;
 For not one puffed of winde there did appeare,
 That all the three thereat woxe much afayd
 Unweeting what such horreur straunge did
 reare.

Eftsoones they saw an hideous hoast arrayd
 Of huge Sea monsters, such as living sence
 dismayd:

XXIII

Most ugly shapes and horrible aspects,
 Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
 Or shame that ever should so fowle defects
 From her most cunning hand escaped bee;
 All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee:
 Spring-headed Hydres; and sea-shouldring
 Whales;
 Great whirlepooles which all fishes make to flee;
 Bright Scolopendraes arm'd with silver scales;
 Mighty Monoceroses with immeasured tayles

XXIV

The dreadful Fish that hath deserv'd the name
 Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull
 hew;
 The griesly Wasserman, that makes his game
 The flying ships with swiftness to pursue;
 The horrible Sea-satyre, that doth shew
 His fearefull face in time of greatest storme;
 Huge Zifius, whom Mariners eschew
 No lesse then rockes, (as travellers informe)
 And greedy Rosmarines with visages deforme

XXV

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
 And more deformed Monsters thousand fold,
 With dreadfull noise and hollow rombling
 rore
 Came rushing, in the fomy waves enrolld,
 Which seem'd to fly for feare them to behold.
 Ne wonder, if these did the knight appall;
 For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,
 Be but as bugs to fearene babes withall,
 Compared to the creatures in the seas en-
 trall.

XXVI

'Feare nought,' then saide the Palmer well
aviz'd,

'For these same Monsters are not these in deed,
But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd
By that same wicked witch, to worke us dreed,
And draw from on this journey to proceed.'
Tho lifting up his vertuous staffe on hye.
He smote the sea, which calmed was with
speed,

And all that dreadfull Armie fast gan flye
Into great Tethys bosome, where they hidden
lye.

XXVII

Quit from that danger forth their course they
kept;

And as they went they heard a ruefull cry
Of one that wayld and pittifully wept,
That through the sea resounding plaints did fly:
At last they in an Island did espy
A seemely Maiden sitting by the shore,
That with great sorrow and sad agony
Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,
And lowd to them for succour called evermore.

XXVIII

Which Guyon hearing streight his Palmer bad
To stere the bote towards that dolefull Mayd,
That he might know and ease her sorrow sad;
Who, him avizing better, to him sayd:
'Faie Sir, be not displeasd if disobayd:
For ill it were to hearken to her cry,
For she is inly nothing ill apayd;
But onely womanish fine forgery, [mity.
Your stubborne hart t'affect with fraile infir-

XXIX

'To which when she your courage hath in-
clin'd

Through foolish pittie, then her guilefull bayt
She will embosome deeper in your mind,
And for your ruine at the last awayt.'
The Knight was ruled, and the Boteman strait
Held on his course with stayed stedfastnesse,
Ne ever shroncke, ne ever sought to bayt
His tyred armes for toylesome wearinesse,
But with his oares did sweepe the watry wilder-
nesse.

XXX

And now they nigh approched to the sted
Whereas those Mermayds dwelt: it was a still
And calmy bay, on th' one side sheltered
With the brode shadow of an hoarie hill;
On th' other side an high rocke toured still,
That twixt them both a pleasaunt port they
And did like an halfe Theatre fulfill: [made,

There those five sisters had continuall trade
And usd to bath themselves in that deceiv-
full shade.

XXXI

They were faie Ladies, till they fond
striv'd

With th' Heliconian maides for maystery;
Of whom they, over-comen, were depriv'd
Of their proud beautie, and th' one moyity
Transformd to fish for their bold surquedry:
But th' upper halfe their hew retayned still,
And their sweet skill in wonted melody:
Which ever after they abusd to ill, [did kill
T' allure weake traveillers, whom gotten the

XXXII

So now to Guyon, as he passed by,
Their pleasaunt tunes they sweetly thus
'O thou fayre sonne of gentle Faery, [plyde
That art in mightie armes most magnifyde
Above all knights that ever batteill tryde,
O! turne thy rudder hitherward awhile
Here may thy storme-bett vessell safely ryde
This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,
The worldes sweet In from paine and wear
some turmoyle.'

XXXIII

With that the rolling sea, resounding soft,
In his big base them fitly answered;
And on the rocke the waves breaking aloft
A solemne Meane unto them measured;
The whiles sweet Zephyrus lowd whisteled
His treble, a straunge kinde of harmony,
Which Guyons senses softly tickeled,
That he the boteman bad row easily, [lody
And let him heare some part of their rare me

XXXIV

But him the Palmer from that vanity
With temperate advice discourseled,
That they it past, and shortly gan descry
The land to which their course they leveled;
When suddainly a grosse fog over-spread
With his dull vapour all that desert has,
And heavens chearefull face enveloped,
That all things one, and one as nothing was,
And this great Universe seemd one confus-
mas.

XXXV

Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist
How to direct their way in darkenes wide,
But feard to wander in that wastefull mist,
For tomling into mischiefes unespide:
Worse is the daunger hidden then describe.
Suddainly an innumerable flight [cride,
Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering

with their wicked wiugs them ofte did
smight,
sore annoyed, groping in that griesly night.

XXXVI

en all the nation of unfortunate
fatall birds about them flocked were,
as by nature men abhorre and hate;
ill-faste Owle, deaths dreadfull messengere;
hoars Night-raven, trump of dolefull dreere;
lether-winged Batt, dayes enemy;
ruefull Strich, still waiting on the bere;
whistler shrill, that whoso heares doth dy;
hellish Harpyes, prophets of sad destiny.

XXXVII

l those, and all that els does horror breed,
ut them flew, and fild their sayles with
feare:

stayd they not, but forward did proceed,
iles th' one did row, and th' other stify
steare;

that at last the weather gan to cleare,
the faire land it selfe did playnly sheow.
then the Palmer; 'Lo! where does appeare
sacred soile where all our perills grow.
rfore, Sir knight, your ready arms about
you throw.'

XXXVIII

hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,
whiles the nimble bote so well her sped,
t with her crooked keele the land she
n forth the noble Guyon sallied, [strooke:
his sage Palmer that him governed;
th' other by his bote behind did stay.
y marched fayrly forth, of nought ydred.
a firmly armd for every hard assay,
h constancy and care, gainst daunger and
dismay.

XXXIX

e long they heard an hideous bellowing
many beasts, that roard outrageously,
f that hungers poynt or Venus sting
them enraged with fell surquedry:
nought they feard, but past on hardily,
ill they came in vew of those wilde beasts,
o all attonce, gaping full greedily,
rearing fiercely their upstaring crests,
towards to deuoure those unexpected
guests.

XL

t soone as they approcht with deadly threat,
Palmer over them his staffe upheld, [feat.
mighty staffe, that could all charmes de-
soones their stubborne corages were queld,

And high aduanced crests downe meekely
feld;

Instead of fraying, they them selves did feare,
And trembled as them passing they beheld:
Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,
All monsters to subdew to him that did it
beare.

XLI

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly,
Of which Caduceus whilome was made,
Caduceus, the rod of Mercury, [invade
With which he wonts the Stygian realmes
Through ghastly horror and eternall shade:
Th' infernall feends with it he can asswage,
And Orcus tame, whome nothing can persuade,
And rule the Furies when they most doe rage.
Such vertue in his staffe had eke this Palmer
sage.

XLII

Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arryve
Whereas the Bowre of Blisse was situate;
A place pickt out by choyce of best alyve,
That natures worke by art can imitate:
In which whatever in this worldly state
Is sweete and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may dayntest fantasy aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentiful dispenche,
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

XLIII

Goodly it was enclosed rownd about,
As well their entred guesates to keep within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin:
Nought feard theyr force that fortilage to win,
But wisdomes powre, and temperaunces
might,
By which the mightiest things efforced bin:
And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce
light,
Rather for pleasure then for battery or fight.

XLIV

Yt framed was of precious yvory,
That seemd a worke of admirable witt;
And therein all the famous history
Of Jason and Medæa was ywritt;
Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fitt;
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falsed fayth, and love too lightly flitt;
The wondred Argo, which in venturous peece
First through the Euxine seas bore all the
flour of Greece.

XLV

Ye might have seene the frothy billowes fry
Under the ship as thorough them she went,

That seemd the waves were into yvory,
 Or yvory into the waves were sent;
 And otherwhere the snowy substaunce sprent
 With vermell, like the boyes blood therein
 shed,
 A piteous spectacle did represent;
 And otherwhiles, with gold besprinkled,
 Yt seemd thenchaunted flame which did
 Crœusa wed.

XLVI

All this and more might in that goodly gate
 Be red, that ever open stood to all [sate
 Which thither came; but in the Porch there
 A comely personage of stature tall,
 And semblaunce pleasing, more then naturall,
 That travelers to him seemd to entize:
 His looser garment to the ground did fall,
 And flew about his heeles in wanton wize,
 Not fitt for speedy pace, or manly exercise.

XLVII

They in that place him Genius did call:
 Not that celestiall powre, to whom the care
 Of life, and generation of all
 That lives, pertaines in charge particulare,
 Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
 And straunge phantomes doth lett us ofte
 foresee,
 And ofte of secret ill bids us beware:
 That is our Selfe, whom though we do not see,
 Yet each doth in him selfe it well perceive to bee.

XLVIII

Therefore a God him sage Antiquity
 Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call;
 But this same was to that quite contrary,
 The foe of life, that good envyes to all,
 That secretly doth us procure to fall [us see:
 Through guilefull semblants which he makes
 He of this Gardin had the governall,
 And Pleasures porter was devizd to bee,
 Holding a staffe in hand for mere formalites.

XLIX

With diverse flowres he daintily was deckt,
 And strowed rownd about; and by his side
 A mighty Mazer bowle of wine was sett,
 As if it had to him bene sacrifice,
 Wherewith all new-come guests he gratyfide:
 So did he eke Sir Guyon passing by;
 But he his ydle curtesie defide,
 And overthrew his towle disdainfully,
 And broke his staffe with which he charmed
 semblants sly.

L

Thus being entred, they behold arownd
 A large and spacious plaine, on every side

Strowed with pleasauns; whose fayre grass
 grownd
 Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
 With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,
 Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in scorn
 Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
 Did decke her, and too lavishly adorne,
 When forth from virgin bowre she comes in
 th' early morne.

LI

Therewith the Heavens alwayes joviall
 Lookte on them lovely, still in stedfast state,
 Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,
 Their tender buds or leaves to violate;
 Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
 T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell
 But the milde ayre with season moderate
 Gently attempted, and disposd so well,
 That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and
 holesom smell:

LII

More sweet and holesome then the pleasaunt
 hill
 Of Rhodope, on which the Nimphe that bore
 A gyaunt babe herselfe for griefe did kill;
 Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore
 Fayre Daphne Phœbus hart with love did
 gore;
 Or Ida, where the Gods lov'd to repayre,
 When ever they their heavenly bowres forelore
 Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses fayre:
 Or Eden selfe, if ought with Eden mote com
 payre.

LIII

Much wondred Guyon at the fayre aspect
 Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
 To sincke into his sence, nor mind affect,
 But passed forth, and lookt still forward right
 Brydling his will and maystering his might
 Till that he came unto another gate;
 No gate, but like one, being goodly dight [late
 With bowes and braunches, which did broad di
 Their claspng armes in wanton wreathing
 intricate:

LIV

So fashioned a Porch with rare device.
 Archt over head with an embracing vine,
 Whose bounches hanging downe seemd to en
 tice
 All passers by to taste their lushious wine,
 And did them selves into their hands incline,
 As freely offering to be gathered;
 Some deepe empurpled as the Hyacine,
 Some as the Rubine laughing sweetely red,
 Some like faire Emeraudes, not yet well
 ripened.

LV

l them amongst some were of burnisht
gold,
made by art to beautify the rest,
ch did themselves amongst the leaves en-
fold,
rking from the vew of covetous guest,
the weake boughes, with so rich load
opprest
bow adowne as overburdened.
er that Porch a comely dame did rest
in fayre weedes but fowle disordered,
garments loose that seemd unmeet for
womanhed.

LVI

her left hand a Cup of gold she held,
with her right the riper fruit did reach,
se sappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,
her cup she scruzd with daintie breach
er fine fingers, without fowle empeach,
so faire winepresse made the wine more
sweet:
eef she usd to give to drinke to each,
m passing by she happened to meet:
as her guise all Straungers goodly so to
greet.

LVII

he to Guyon offred it to tast,
taking it out of her tender hond,
cup to ground did violently cast,
all in peeces it was broken fond,
with the liquor stained all the lond:
reat Excesse exceedingly was wroth,
o'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
suffered him to passe, all were she loth;
nought regarding her displeasure, forward
goth.

LVIII

re the most daintie Paradise on ground
fe doth offer to his sober eye,
hich all pleasures plenteously abownd,
none does others happinesse envye;
painted flowres, the trees upshooting hye,
dales for shade, the hilles for breathing
space,
rembling groves, the christall running by,
that which all faire workes doth most
aggrace, [place]
rt which all that wrought appeared in no

LIX

would have thought, (so cunningly the
rude
scorned partes were mingled with the fine)
nature had for wantonnesse ensude
and that Art at nature did repine;

So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the others worke more beautify;
So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine:
So all agreed, through sweete diversity,
This Gardin to adorne with all variety.

LX

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might bee,
So pure and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channell running one might
see;
Most goodly it with curious ymageree
Was overwrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seemd with lively jollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whylest others did them selves embay in liquid
joyes.

LXI

And over all of purest gold was spred
A trayle of yvie in his native hew;
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight who did not well avis'd it vew
Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew:
Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,
Which drops of Christall seemd for wantones
to weep.

LXII

Infinit streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew into so great quantitie,
That like a litle lake it seemd to bee;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waves one might the bottom
see,
All pav'd beneath with Jaspas shining bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle
upright.

LXIII

And all the margent round about was sett
With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames which on the billowes bett,
And those which therein bathed mote offend.
As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,
Two naked Damzelles he therein espyde,
Which therein bathing seemed to contend
And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde
Their dainty partes from vew of any which
them eyd.

LXIV

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
Above the waters, and then downe againe
Her plong, as over-maystered by might,
Where both awhile would covered remaine,

And each the other from to rise restraints;
The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a
vele,
So through the christall waves appeared plaine:
Then suddenly both would themselves unhele,
And th' amorous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes
revele.

LXV

As that faire Starre, the messenger of morne,
His deawy face out of the sea doth reare;
Or as the Cyprian goddess, newly borne
Of th' Ocean's fruitfull froth, did first appeare:
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Christalline humor dropped downe apace.
Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him
neare,
And somewhat began relent his earnest pace;
His stubborn brest can secret pleasaunce to
embrace.

LXVI

The wanton Maidens, him espying, stood
Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise;
Then th' one her selfe low ducked in the flood,
Abasht that her a straunger did avise;
But thother rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
And all that might his melting hart entyse
To her delights she unto him bewrayd;
The rest hidd underneath him more desirous
made.

LXVII

With that the other likewise up arose,
And her faire lockes, which formerly were
bownd
Up in one knott, she low adowne did lose,
Which flowing low and thick her cloth'd arownd,
And th' yvorie in golden mantle gownd:
So that faire spectacle from him was reft,
Yet that which reft it no lesse faire was fownd.
So hidd in lockes and waves from lookers theft,
Nought but her lovely face she for his looking
left.

LXVIII

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.
Now when they spyde the knight to slacke his
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face [pace
The secrete signes of kindled lust appeare,
Their wanton meriments they did encrease,
And to him beckned to approach more neare,
And shewd him many sights that corage cold
could reare.

LXIX

On which when gazing him the Palmer saw,
He much rebukt those wandring eyes of his,

And counseld well him forward thence d

LXX

Now are they come nigh to the Bowre of blis
Of her fond favorites so nam'd amis,
When thus the Palmer: 'Now, Sir, well avise
For here the end of all our travell is:
Here wonnes Acrasia, whom we must surpris
Els she will slip away, and all our drift despis

LXXI

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
Such as attonce might not on living ground,
Save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare
To read what manner musicke that mote bee
For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmonie;
Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, water
all agree:

LXXII

The joyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shad
Their notes unto the voice attempted sweet;
Th' Angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th' instruments divine response meet:
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the waters fall;
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all

LXXIII

There, whence that Musick seemed heard to
bee,
Was the faire Witch her selfe now solacing
With a new Lover, whom, through sorcerie
And witchcraft, she from farre did thither
bring:
There she had him now laid aslumbering
In secret shade after long wanton joyes;
Whilst round about them pleasantly did sing
Many faire Ladies and lascivious boyes,
That ever mixt their song with light licentious
toyes.

LXXIV

And all that while right over him she hong
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
As seeking medicine whence she was stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight;
And oft inclining downe, with kisses light
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did sucke his
spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;
Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case sh
rewd.

LXXIV

whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay:

see, whoso fayre thing doest faine to see,
ringing flowre the image of thy day.
see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee
first peepe forth with bashfull modestee,
fairer seemes the lesse ye see her may.
see soone after how more bold and free
pared bosome she doth broad display;
see soone after how she fades and falls
away.

LXXV

passeth, in the passing of a day,
ortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre;
more doth florish after first decay, [bowre
earst was sought to deck both bed and
any a lady', and many a Paramowre.
er therefore the Rose whilest yet is prime,
soone comes age that will her pride de-
flowre;
er the Rose of love whilest yet is time,
est loving thou mayst loved be with equall
crime.

LXXVI

beast; and then gan all the quire of birdes
diverse notes t'attune unto his lay,
approvaunce of his pleasing wordes.
constant payre heard all that he did say,
warved not, but kept their forward way
ugh many covert groves and thickets close,
rich they creeping did at last display
wanton Lady with her lover lose, [pose.
se sleepe head she in her lap did soft dis-

LXXVII

n a bed of Roses she was layd, [sin;
int through heat, or dight to pleasant
was arayd, or rather disarayd,
a vele of silke and silver thin,
hid no whit her alabaster skin, [bee:
ather shewd more white, if more might
subtile web Arachne cannot spin;
he fine nets, which oft we woven see
porched deaw, do not in th' ayre more
lightly flee.

LXXVIII

snowy brest was bare to ready spoyle
angry eies, which n'ote therewith be fild;
yet, through languour of her late sweet
toyle, [tild,
drops, more cleare then Nectar, forth dis-
like pure Orient perles adowne it trild;
ner faire eyes, sweet smyling in delight,
tened their fierie beames, with which she
thrild

Frailharts, yet quenched not; like starry light,
Which, sparkling on the silent waves, does
seeme more bright.

LXXIX

The young man, sleeping by her, seemd to be
Some goodly swayne of honorable place,
That certes it great pittie was to see
Him his nobility so fowle deface:
A sweet regard and amiable grace,
Mixed with manly sternesse, did appeare,
Yet sleeping, in his well proportiond face;
And on his tender lips the downy heare
Did now but freshly spring, and silken blos-
soms beare.

LXXX

His warlike Armes, the ydle instruments
Of sleeping praise, were hong upon a tree;
And his brave shield, full of old monuments,
Was fowly ras't, that none the signes might
Ne for them ne for honour cared hee, [see:
Ne ought that did to his advauncement tend;
But in lewd loves, and wastfull luxurie,
His dayes, his goods, his bodie, he did spend:
O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend!

LXXXI

The noble Elfe and carefull Palmer drew
So nigh them, minding nought but lustfull
game, [threw
That suddain forth they on them rusht, and
A subtile net, which only for that same
The skilfull Palmer formally did frame:
So held them under fast; the whiles the rest
Fled all away for feare of fowler shame.
The faire Enchauntresse, so unwares opprest,
Tryde all her arts and all her sleights thence
out to wrest.

LXXXII

And eke her lover strove, but all in vaine;
For that same net so cunningly was wound,
That neither guile nor force might it distraine.
They tooke them both, and both them strongly
bound [found:
In captive bandes, which there they readie
But her in chaines of adamant he tyde;
For nothing else might keepe her safe and
sound:

But Verdant (so he hight) he soone untyde,
And counsell sage in steed thereof to him ap-
plyde.

LXXXIII

But all those pleasaunt bowres, and Pallace
brave,
Guyon broke downe with rigour pittillesse;
Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,

But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse.
 Their groves he feld; their gardins did deface;
 Their arbers spoyle; their Cabinets suppresses;
 Their banket houses burne; their buildings race;
 And, of the fayrest late, now made the fowlest
 place.

LXXXIV

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
 They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad.
 The way they came, the same retourn'd they
 right,

Till they arrived where they lately had
 Charm'd those wild-beasts that rag'd with
 furie mad;

Which, now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
 As in their mistresse reskew whom they lad;
 But them the Palmer soone did pacify.

Then Guyon askt, what meant those beastes
 which there did ly?

LXXXV

Sayd he; 'These seeming beasts are men in-
 deed, [thus;
 Whom this Enchauntresse hath transformed
 Whylome her lovers, which her lustes did feed,
 Now turned into figures hideous,
 According to their mindes like monstrous.'
 'Sad end,' (quoth he) 'of life intemperate,

And mourneful meed of joyes delicious!
 But, Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
 Let them returned be unto their former stat

LXXXVI

Streight way he with his vertuous staffe th
 strooke,

And streight of beastes they comely men b
 Yet being men they did unmanly looke, [cam
 And stared ghastly; some for inward shame
 And some for wrath to see their captive Dan
 But one above the rest in speciall [nan
 That had an hog beene late, hight Grylle
 Repyned greatly, and did him miscall
 That had from hoggish forme him brought
 naturall.

LXXXVII

Saide Guyon; 'See the mind of beastly ma
 That hath so soone forgot the excellence
 Of his creation, when he life began,
 That now he chooseth with vile difference
 To be a beast, and lacke intelligence!' [kin
 To whom the Palmer thus: 'The dongh
 Delights in filth and fowle incontinence:
 Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggish mind
 But let us hence depart whilest wether serv
 and winde.'

THE THIRDE BOOKE
OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS, OR OF CHASTITY.

I

alls me here to write of Chastity,
Fayrest vertue, far above the rest:
Which what needes me fetch from Faery
ine ensamples it to have exprest?
it is shrined in my Soveraines brest,
formd so lively in each perfect part,
to all Ladies, which have it profest,
but behold the pourtraict of her hart;
arrayd it might bee by any living art.

II

living art may not least part expresse,
life-resembling pencill it can paynt:
see it Zeuxis or Praxiteles,
adale hand would faile and greatly faynt,
her perfections with his error t ynt:
sets witt, that passeth Painter farre
sturing the parts of beauty daynt,
rd a workemanship adventure darre,
ear, through want of words, her excel-
lence to marre.

III

then shall I, Apprentice to the skill
whilome in divinest wits did rayne,
me so high to stretch mine humble quill?
ow my luckelesse lott doth me constrainne.

Hereto perforce. But, O dredd Soverayne!
Thus far-forth pardon, sith that choicest witt
Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure playne,
That I in colourd showes may shadow itt,
And antique praises unto present persons fitt.

IV

But if in living colours, and right hew,
Thy selfe thou covet to see pictured,
Who can it doe more lively, or more trew,
Then that sweete verse, with Nectar sprinck-
In which a gracious servaunt pictured [eled,
His Cynthia, his heavens fayrest light?
That with his melting sweetnes ravished,
And with the wonder of her beames bright,
My senses lulled are in slomber of delight.

V

But let that same delitious Poet lend
A little leave unto a rusticke Muse [mend,
To sing his mistresse prayse; and let him
If ought amis her liking may abuse:
Ne let his fayrest Cynthia refuse
In mirrours more then one her selfe to see;
But either Gloriana let her chuse,
Or in Belphebe fashioned to bee; [chastitee.
In th' one her rule, in th' other her rare

CANTO I.

Guyon encountreth Britomart:
Fayre Florimell is chased:
Duessaes traines and Malecas-
taes champions are defaced.

I

famous Briton Prince and Faery knight,
long wayes and perilous paines endur'd,
g their weary limbes to perfect plight
d, and sory wounds right well re-
cur'd,

Of the faire Alma greatly were procur'd
To make there lenger sojourn and abode;
But when thereto they might not be allur'd,
From seeking praise and deeds of armes abroad,
They courteous congé tooke, and forth together
yode.

II

But the captiv'd Acrasia he sent,
Because of travaill long, a nigher way,
With a strong gard, all reskew to prevent,
And her to Faery court safe to convay;
That her for witnes of his hard assay
Unto his Faery Queene he might present:
But he him selfe betooke another way,
To make more triall of his hardiment, [went.
And seek adventures as he with Prince Arthure

III

Long so they travaylled through wastefull
wayes, [wonne,
Where daungers dwelt, and perils most did
To hunt for glory and renowned prayse.
Full many Countreyes they did overronne,
From the uprising to the setting Sunne,
And many hard adventures did atchieve;
Of all the which they honour ever wonne,
Seeking the weake oppressed to relieve, [grieve.
And to recover right for such as wrong did

IV

At last, as through an open plaine they yode,
They spide a knight that towards pricked fayre;
And him beside an aged Squire there rode,
That seemd to couch under his shield three-
square,
As if that age badd him that burden spare,
And yield it those that stouter could it wield.
He them espying gan him selfe prepare,
And on his arme addresse his goodly shield
That bore a Lion passant in a golden field.

V

Which seeing, good Sir Guyon deare besought
The Prince of grace to let him ronne that turne.
He gaunted: then the Faery quickly raught
His poynant speare, and sharply gan to spurne
His fomy steed, whose fiery feete did burne
The verdant gras as he thereon did tread;
Ne did the other backe his foote returne,
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
And bent his dreadful speare against the
others head.

VI

They beene ymett, and both theyr points
arriv'd;
But Guyon drove so furious and fell, [have riv'd;
That seemd both shield and plate it would
Nathelesse it bore his foe not from his sell,
But made him stagger, as he were not well:
But Guyon selfe, ere well he was aware,
Nigh a speares length behind his crouper fell;
Yet in his fall so well him selfe he bare,
That mischievous mischaunce his life and
limbs did spare.

VII

Great shame and sorrow of that fall he took
For never yet, sith warlike armes he bore
And shivering speare in bloody field first shook
He fownd him selfe dishonored so sore.
Ah! gentlest knight, that ever armor bore,
Let not thee grieve dismounted to have be-
And brought to grownd that never wast before
For not thy fault, but secret powre unseen
That speare enchanted was which layd th
on the greene.

VIII

But weenedst thou what wight thee over-
threw,
Much greater grieve and shamefuller regret
For thy hard fortune then thou would
renew,
That of a single damzell thou wert mett
On equall plaine, and there so hard besett:
Even the famous Britomart it was,
Whom straunge adventure did from Britay
sett
To seeke her lover (love far sought alas!)
Whose image shee had seene in Venus looki
glas.

IX

Full of disdainfull wrath he fierce uprose.
For to revenge that fowle reprochfull shame
And snatching his bright sword began
close
With her on foot, and stoutly forward came
Dye rather would he then endure that same.
Which when his Palmer saw, he gan to fear
His toward perill, and untoward blame,
Which by that new rencounter he should reas
For death sate on the point of that enchaunte
speare:

X

And hasting towards him gan fayre pa
swade
Not to provoke misfortune, nor to weene
His speares default to mend with cruell blad
For by his mightie Science he had seene
The secrete vertue of that weapon keene,
That mortall puissance mote not withstand
Nothing on earth mote alwaies happy beene
Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,
To loose long gotten honour with one ev
hond.

XI

By such good meanes he him discourselled
From prosecuting his revenging rage:
And eke the Prince like treaty handeled,
His wrathfull will with reason to aswage;
And laid the blame, not to his carriage,
But to his starting steed that swarv'd asyde
And to the ill purveyaunce of his page,

had his furnitures not firmly tyde.
his angry corage fayrly pacifyde.

XII

reconcilement was betweene them knitt,
gh goodly temperaunce and affection
chaste;

ither vowd with all their power and witt
not others honour be defaste
end or foe, who ever it embaste;
es to beare against the others syde:
ich accord the Prince was also plaste,
with that golden chaine of concord tyde.
odly all agreed they forth yfere did ryde.

XIII

oodly usage of those antique tymes,
ich the sword was servaunt unto right;
not for malice and contentious crymes,
ll for prayse, and prooffe of manly might,
artiall brood accustomed to fight:
honour was the meed of victory,
et the vanquished had no despight.
ter age that noble use envy,
rancor to avoid and cruel surquedry.

XIV

they thus traveled in friendly wise,
gh countreyes waste, and eke well
edifyde,
g adventures hard, to exercise
puissaunce, whylome full dernly tryde.
ngth they came into a forest wyde,
hideous horror and sad tremblingsownd,
griesly seemd: Therein they long did
ryde,
act of living creature none they fownd,
Beares, Lyons, and Buls, which romed
them arownd.

XV

uddenly out of the thickest brush,
a milkwhite Palfrey all alone,
dly Lady did foreby them rush,
e face did seeme as cleare as Christall
stone,
ke, through feare, as white as whales bone:
arments all were wrought of beaten gold,
ll her steed with tinsell trappings shone,
fledd so fast that nothing mote him hold,
carse them leasure gave her passing to
behold.

XVI

as she fledd hereye she backward threw,
ring evill that poursewd her fast;
er faire yellow locks behind her flew,
y disperst with puff of every blast:

All as a blazing starre doth farre outcast
His hearie beames, and flaming lockes dis-
predd,
At sight whereof the people stand aghast;
But the sage wisard telles, as he has redd,
That it importunes death and dolefull drery-
hedd.

XVII

So as they gazed after her a whyle,
Lo! where a griesly foster forth did rush,
Breathing out beastly lust her to defyle:
His tyreling Jade he fiersly forth did push
Through thicke and thin, both over banck and
bush,
In hope her to attain by hooke or crooke,
That from his gory sydes the blood did gush.
Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,
And in his clownish hand a sharp bore speare
he shooke.

XVIII

Which outrage when those gentle knights
did see,
Full of great envy and fell gealosy
They stayd not to avise who first should bee,
But all spurd after, fast as they mote fly,
To reskew her from shamefull villany.
The Prince and Guyon equally bylive
Her selfe pursewd, in hope to win thereby
Most goodly meede, the fairest Dame alive:
But after the foule foster Timias did strive.

XIX

The whiles faire Britomart, whose constant
mind
Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,
Ne reckt of Ladies Love, did stay behynd,
And them awayted there a certaine space,
To weet if they would turne backe to that place;
But when she saw them gone she forward
went,
As lay her journey, through that perlous Pace,
With stedfast corage and stout hardiment:
Ne evil thing she feard, ne evill thing she ment.

XX

At last, as nigh out of the wood she came,
A stately Castle far away she spyde,
To which her steps directly she did frame.
That Castle was most goodly edifyde,
And plaste for pleasure nigh that forrest syde:
But faire before the gate a spatious playne,
Mantled with greene, it selfe did spredden wyde,
On which she saw six knights, that did dar-
rayne
Fiers battail against one with cruell might and
mayne.

XXI

Mainely they all attonce upon him laid,
And sore beset on every side arownd, [maid,
That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought dis-
Ne ever to them yielded foot of grownd,
All had he lost much blood through many a
wound,

But stoutly dealt his blowes, and every way,
To which he turned in his wrathfull stownd,
Made them recoile, and fly from dredd decay,
That none of all the six before him durst assay.

XXII

Like dastard Curses that, having at a bay
The salvage beast embost in wearie chace,
Dare not adventure on the stubborn pray,
Ne byte before, but rome from place to place
To get a snatch when turned is his face.
In such distresse and doubtfull jeopardy
When Britomart him saw, she ran apace
Unto his reskew, and with earnest cry
Badd those same six forbear that single enemy.

XXIII

But to her cry they list not lenden eare,
Ne ought the more their mightie strokes sur-
ceasse.

But gathering him rownd about more neare,
Their firefull rancour rather did encrease;
Till that she rushing through the thickest
preasse

Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,
And soone compeld to hearken unto peace.
Tho gan she myldly of them to inquire
The cause of their dissention and outrageous yre.

XXIV

Whereto that single knight did answere frame:
'These six would me enforce by oddes of might
To chaunge my liefe, and love another Dame;
That death me liefer were then such despight,
So unto wrong to yield my wrested right:
For I love one, the truest one on grownd,
Ne list me chaunge; she th' Errant Damzell
hight;

For whose deare sake full many a bitter stownd
I have endurd, and tasted many a bloody
wound.'

XXV

'Certes,' (said she) 'then beene ye sixe to blame,
To weene your wrong by force to justify;
For knight to leave his Lady were great shame
That faithfull is, and better were to dy.
All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy,
Then losse of love to him that loves but one:
Ne may love be compeld by maistery;

For soone as maistery comes sweet Love and
Taket his nimble winges, and soone away
gone.'

XXVI

Then spake one of those six; 'There dwell
Within this castle wall a Lady fayre, [h
Whose soveraine beautie hath no living pe
Thereto so bounteous and so debonayre,
That never any mote with her compayre:
She hath ordaind this law, which we appro
That every knight which doth this way repay
In case he have no Lady nor no love,
Shall doe unto her service, never to remove

XXVII

'But if he have a Lady or a Love,
Then must he her forgoe with fowle defame,
Or els with us by dint of sword approve,
That she is fairer then our fairest Dame;
As did this knight, before ye hither came.'
'Perdy,' (said Britomart) 'the choise is ha
But what reward had he that overcame?'
'He should advanced bee to high regard,'
(Said they) 'and have our Ladies love for b
reward.

XXVIII

'Therefore aread, Sir, if thou have a love
'Love have I sure,' (quoth she) 'but Lady none
Yet will I not fro mine own love remove,
Ne to your Lady will I service done,
But wreake your wronges wrought to th
knight alone,
And prove his cause.' With that, her morta
speare
She mightily aventred towards one,
And downe him smot ere well aware he wear
Then to the next she rode, and downe the nex
did beare.

XXIX

Ne did she stay till three on ground she lay
That none of them himselfe could reare again
The fourth was by that other knight dismay
All were he wearie of his former paine;
That now there do but two of six remaine,
Which two did yield before she did them smigh
'Ah!' (said she then) 'now may ye all se
plaine, [migh
That truth is strong, and trew love most
That for his trusty servaunts doth so strong
fight.'

XXX

'Too well we see,' (saide they) 'and prove to
well [migh
Our faulty weakenes, and your matchless
Forthy, faire Sir, yours be the Damozell,
Which by her owne law to your lot doth ligh

your liegemen faith unto you plight,
 Underneath her feet their swords they mard,
 After, her besought, well as they might,
 Her in and reape the dew reward.
 Haunted; and then in they all together
 Far'd.

XXXI

were it to describe the goodly frame,
 Stately port of Castle Joyeous,
 To that Castle hight by commun name)
 They were entertaýnd with courteous
 Somely glee of many gracious
 Ladies, and of many a gentle knight,
 Through a Chamber long and spacious,
 Whence them brought unto their Ladies
 Sight,
 Of them cleeped was the Lady of Delight.

XXXII

For to tell the sumptuous aray
 Of that great chamber should be labour lost;
 Ring wit, I weene, cannot display
 All riches and exceeding cost
 Of every pillour and of every post,
 All of purest bullion framed were, [bost;
 With great perles and pretious stones em-
 Bedd the bright glister of their beames cleare
 Sparkle forth great light, and glorious did
 Appeare.

XXXIII

Stranger knights, through passing,
 Forth were led
 In inner rowme, whose royaltee
 Rich purveyance might uneach be red;
 Princes place be seeme so deckt to bee.
 In stately manner whenas they did see,
 Page of superfluous riotize,
 Dining much the state of meane degree,
 Greatly wondred whence so sumptuous
 Guize [devize.
 Be maintaynd, and each gan diversely

XXXIV

Valis were round about appareiled
 In costly clothes of Arras and of Toure;
 Each with cunning hand was pourtraied
 In the ve of Venus and her Paramoure,
 Pyre Adonis, turned to a flowre;
 Of rare device and wondrous wit.
 Did it shew the bitter balefull stowre,
 Her essayd with many a fervent fit,
 First her tender hart was with his beautie
 Smit.

XXXV

With what sleights and sweet allure-
 ments she
 The Boy, as well that art she knew,

And wooed him her Paramoure to bee,
 Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,
 To crowne his golden lockes with honour dew;
 Now leading him into a secret shade [vew,
 From his Beauperes, and from bright heavens
 Where him to sleepe she gently would per-
 swade,
 Or bathe him in a fountaine by some covert
 glade:

XXXVI

And whilst he slept she over him would spred
 Her mantle, colour'd like the starry skyes,
 And her soft arme lay underneath his hed,
 And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes;
 And whilst he bath'd with her two crafty spies
 She secretly would search each daintie lim,
 And throw into the well sweet Rosemaryes,
 And fragrant violets, and Paunces trim;
 And ever with sweet Nectar she did sprinkle
 him.

XXXVII

So did she steale his heedelesse hart away,
 And joyd his love in secret unespyde:
 But for she saw him bent to cruell play,
 To hunt the salvage beast in forrest wyde,
 Dreadfull of daunger that mote him betyde,
 She oft and oft adviz'd him to refraine
 From chase of greater beastes, whose brutish
 pryde
 Mote breede him scath unwares but all in
 vaine; [doth ordaine?
 For who can shun the chance that dest'ny

XXXVIII

Lo! where beyond he lyeth languishing,
 Deadly engored of a great wilde Bore;
 And by his side the Goddess groveling
 Makes for him endlesse mone, and evermore
 With her soft garment wipes away the gore
 Which staynes his snowy skin with hatefull
 hew:
 But, when she saw no helpe might him restore,
 Him to a dainty flowre she did transmew,
 Which in that cloth was wrought as if it lively
 grew.

XXXIX

So was that chamber clad in goodly wize:
 And rownd about it many beds were dight,
 As whylome was the antique worldes guize,
 Some for untimely ease, some for delight,
 As pleased them to use that use it might;
 And all was full of Damzels and of Squyres,
 Dauncing and reveling both day and night,
 And swimming deepe in sensuall desyres;
 And Cupid still amongst them kindled lustfull
 fyres.

XL

And all the while sweet Musicke did divide
Her looser notes with Lydian harmony;
And all the while sweet birdes thereto applide
Their daintie layes and dulcet melody,
Ay caroling of love and jollity,
That wonder was to heare their trim consort.
Which when those knights beheld, with scorne-
full eye
They sdeigned such lascivious disport,
And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wan-
ton sort.

XLI

Thence they were brought to that great
Ladies vew,
Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed
That glistred all with gold and glorious shew,
As the proud Persian Queenes accustomed.
She seemd a woman of great bountihed,
And of rare beautie, saving that askaunce
Her wanton eyes, ill signes of womanhed,
Did roll too lightly, and too often glaunce,
Without regard of grace or comely amenaunce.

XLII

Long worke it were, and needlesse, to devise
Their goodly entertainment and great glee.
She caused them be led in courteous wize
Into a bowre, disarmed for to be,
And cheared well with wine and spiceree:
The Redcrosse Knight was soon disarmed
there;
But the brave Mayd would not disarmed bee,
But onely vented up her umbriere,
And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

XLIII

As when fayre Cynthia, in darkesome night,
Is in a noyous cloud enveloped, [light,
Where she may finde the substance thin and
Breakes forth her silver beames, and her bright
hed
Discovers to the world discomfited:
Of the poore traveller that went astray
With thousand blessings she is heried.
Such was the beautie and the shining ray,
With which fayre Britomart gave light unto
the day.

XLIV

And eke those six, which lately with her
fought,
Now were disarmd, and did them selves present
Unto her vew, and company unsought;
For they all seemed courteous and gent,
And all sixe brethren, borne of one parent,
Which had them traynd in all civilltee,
And goodly taught to tilt and turnament:

Now were they liegmen to this Ladie free,
And her knights service ought, to hold of
in fee.

XLV

The first of them by name Gardantè high
A jolly person, and of comely vew;
The second was Parlantè, a bold knight;
And next to him Jocantè did ensue;
Basciantè did him selfe most courteous shew
But fierce Bacchantè seemd too fell and keene
And yett in armes Noctantè greater grew:
All were faire knights, and goodly well besee
But to faire Britomart they all but shadow
beene.

XLVI

For shee was full of amiable grace
And manly terror mixed therewithall;
That as the one stird up affections base,
So th' other did mens rash desires apall,
And hold them backe that would in error fa
As hee that hath espide a vermeill Rose,
To which sharp thornes and breres the w
forstall,
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,
But wishing it far off his ydle wish doth lo

XLVII

Whom when the Lady saw so faire a wight
All ignorant of her contrary sex,
(For shee her weend a fresh and lusty knight)
Shee greatly gan enamoured to wex
And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy ve
Her fickle hart conceived hasty fyre,
Like sparkes of fire which fall in slender fle
That shortly brent into extreme desyre,
And ransackt all her veines with passion enty

XLVIII

Eftsoones shee grew to great impatience,
And into termes of open outrage brust,
That plaine discovered her incontinence;
Ne rekt shee who her meaning did mistrus
For she was given all to fleshly lust,
And poured forth in sensuall delight,
That all regard of shame she had discust,
And meet respect of honor putt to flight:
So shamelesse beauty soone becomes a loath
sight.

XLIX

Faire Ladies, that to love captived arre,
And chaste desires doe nourish in your mine
Let not her fault your sweete affections mar
Ne blott the bounty of all womankind. [fin
Mongst thousands good one wanton Dame
Emongst the Roses grow some wicked weed
For this was not to love, but lust, inclind;

love does alwaies bring forth bounteous
deeds,
in each gentle hart desire of honor breeds.

L

ought so of love this looser Dame did skill,
as a cole to kindle fleshly flame,
ing the bridle to her wanton will,
treading under foote her honest name:
love is hate, and such desire is shame.
did she rove at her with crafty glaunce
er false eies, that at her hart did ayme,
told her meaning in her countenance;
Britomart dissembled it with ignoraunce.

LI

per was shortly dight, and downe they satt;
re they were served with all sumptuous fare,
les fruitfull Ceres and Lyæus fatt
d out their plenty without spight or spare.
ght wanted there that dainty was and rare,
aye the cups their bancks did overflow;
aye betweene the cups she did prepare
to her love, and secret darts did throw;
Britomart would not such guilfull message
know.

LII

when they slaked had the fervent heat
petite with meates of every sort,
lady did faire Britomart entreat
o disarm, and with delightfull sport
ose her warlike limbs and strong effort;
hen shee mote not thereunto be wonne,
shee her sexe under that straunge purport
se to hide, and plaine apparaunce shonne)
ayner wise to tell her grievance she
begonne.

LIII

all attonce discovered her desire [griefe,
sighes, and sobs, and plaints, and piteous
utward sparkes of her inburning fire;
h spent in vaine, at last she told her
briebe,
but if she did lend her short reliefe
oe her comfort, she mote algates dye:
he chaste damzell, that had never priefe
h malengine and fine forgerye.
asely beleewe her strong extremitie.

LIV

easy was for her to have believe,
by self-feeling of her feeble sexe,
y long triall of the inward griefe
ewith imperious love her hart did vexe,
judge what paines doe loving harts
perplexe.
meanes no guile be guiled soonest shall,
of faire semblaunce doth light faith annexe:

The bird that knowes not the false fowlers call,
Into his hidden nett full easely doth fall.

LV

Forthy she would not in discourteise wise
Scorne the faire offer of good will profest;
For great rebuke it is love to despise,
Or rudely sdeigne a gentle harts request,
But with faire countenance, as beseemed best,
Her entertaynd: nath'lesse shee inly deemd
Her love too light, to woove a wandring guest,
Which she misconstruing, thereby esteemd
That from like inward fire that outward smoke
had steemd.

LVI

Therewith a while she her flit fancy fedd,
Till she mote winne fit time for her desire;
But yet her wound still inward freshly bledd,
And through her bones the false instilled fire
Did spred it selfe, and venime close inspire.
Tho were the tables taken all away;
And every knight, and every gentle Squire,
Gan choose his Dame with *Bascimano* gay,
With whom he ment to make his sport and
courtly play.

LVII

Some fell to daunce, some fel to hazardry,
Some to make love, some to make meryment,
As diverse witts to diverse things apply;
And all the while faire Malecasta bent
Her crafty engins to her close intent.
By this th'eternall lampes, wherewith high Jove
Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspent,
And the moist daughters of huge Atlas strove
Into the Ocean deepe to drive their weary
drove.

LVIII

High time it seemed then for everie wight
Them to betake unto their kindly rest:
Efesoones long waxen torches weren light
Unto their bowres to guiden every guest.
Tho, when the Britonesse saw all the rest
Avoided quite, she gan her selfe despoile,
And safe committ to her soft feathered nest,
Wher through long watch, and late daies
weary toile, [quite assoile,
She soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did

LIX

Now whenas all the world in silence deepe
Yshrowded was, and every mortall wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe;
Faire Malecasta, whose engrieved spright
Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,
Lightly arose out of her wearie bed,
And, under the blacke vele of guilty Night,
Her with a scarlott mantle covered [loped.
That was with gold and Ermines faire enve-

LX

Then panting softe, and trembling every joynt,
Her fearfull feete towards the bowre she mov'd,
Where she for secret purpose did appoynt
To lodge the warlike maide, unwisely loov'd;
And, to her bed approching, first she proov'd
Whether sheslept or wakte: with her softe hand
She softly felt if any member moov'd,
And lent her wary eare to understand
If any puffe of breath or signe of sence shee fond.

LXI

Which whenas none she fond, with easy shifte,
For feare least her unwares she should abrayd,
Th' embroider'd quilt she lightly up did lifte,
And by her side her selfe she softly layd,
Of every finest fingers touch affrayd;
Ne any noise she made, ne word she spake,
But inly sigh'd. At last the royall Mayd
Out of her quiet slomber did awake, [take.
And chaunged her weary side the better ease to

LXII

Where feeling one close couched by her side,
She lightly lept out of her filed bedd,
And to her weapon ran, in minde to gride
The loathed leachour. But the Dame, halfe
dedd
Through suddein feare and ghastly drierihedd,
Did shrieke alowd, that through the hous it
rong,
And the whole family, therewith adredd,
Rashly out of their rouzed couches sprong,
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did
throng.

LXIII

And thosesixe knights, that ladies Champions
And eke the Redecrosse knight ran to the stownd,
Halfe armd and halfe unarmd, with them
attons:
Where when confusedly they came, they fownd
Their lady lying on the sencelesse grownd:
On thother side they saw the warlike Mayd
Al in her snow-white smocke, with locks un-
bownd,
Threatning the point of her avenging blaed;
That with so troublous terror they were all
dismayd.

LXIV

About their Ladye first they flockt arownd
Whom having laid in comfortable couch,
Shortly they reard out of her frosen swownd
And afterwarde they gan with fowle reproch
To stirre up strife, and troublous contem-
broch:
But by ensample of the last dayes losse,
None of them rashly durst to her approach,
Ne in so glorious spoile themselves embosse
Her succourd eke the Champion of the bloo-
Crosse.

LXV

But one of those sixe knights, Gardantèhigh
Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keene,
Which forth he sent, with felonous despight
And fell intent, against the virgin sheene:
The mortall steele stayd not till it was seen
To gore her side; yet was the wound not deep
But lightly rased her soft silken skin,
That drops of purple blood thereout did weep
Which did her lilly smock with staines of ve-
meil steep.

LXVI

Wherewith enrag'd she fiercely at them fle
And with her flaming sword about her layd
That none of them soule mischiefe could esche-
But with her dreadfull strokes were all d-
mayd:
Here, there, and every where, about her swa
Her wrathfull steele, that none mote it aby-
And eke the Redcrosse knight gave her go-
ayd,
Ay joyning foot to foot, and syde to syde;
That in short space their foes they have qu-
terrifyde.

LXVII

Tho, whenas all were put to shamefull flig
The noble Britomartis her arayd,
And her bright armes about her body dight
For nothing would she lenger there be stayd
Where so loose life, and so ungentele trade,
Was usd of knightes and Ladies seeming ge-
So earely, ere the grosse Earthes gryesy sh-
Was all disperst out of the firmament,
They tooke their steeds, and forth upon th-
journey went.

CANTO II.

The Redcrosse knight to Britomart

Describeth Artegall :

The wondrous myrrhour, by which she

In love with him did fall.

I

E have I cause in men just blame to find,
In their proper praise too partiall bee,
Not indifferent to woman kind,
From no share in armes and chevalree
Doe impart, ne maken memoree
Of their brave gestes and prowesse martiall:
Do they spare to one, or two, or three,
In their writtes; yet the same writing
Small [glories all.
All their deedes deface, and dims their

II

By record of antique times I finde
Of men wont in warres to beare most sway,
To all great exploités them selves inclind,
Which they still the girlond bore away;
Of various Men, fearing their rules decay,
To keepe streight lawes to curb their liberty:
In they warlike armes have laide away,
Have exceld in artes and pollicy,
Now we foolish men that prayse gin eke
T'envy.

III

Warlike puissance in ages spent,
Of faire Britomart, whose prayse I wryte;
Of all wisdom bee thou precedent,
Of faire Queene! whose prayse I would
Endyte,
I would as dewtie doth excyte;
Of my rymes too rude and rugged arre,
In so high an object they do lyte,
Striving fit to make, I feare, doe marre:
If life thy prayses tell, and make them
Knownen farre.

IV

Traveling with Guyon, by the way
Of dry things faire purpose gan to find,
Of long their journey long, and lingring day;
Of which it fell into that Fairies mind
Of this Briton Maid, what uncouth wind
Of her into those partes, and what inquest
Of her dissemble her disguised kind?
Of lady she him seemd, like Lady drest.
Of best knight alive, when armed was her
Of forest.

V

Thereat she sighing softly had no powre
To speake a while, ne ready answer make,
But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowe,
As if she had a fever fitt, did quake,
And every daintie limbe with horrou shake;
And ever and anone the rosy red
Flasht through her face, as it had beene a flake
Of lightning through bright heaven fulmined:
At last, the passion past, she thus him answered.

VI

' Faire Sir, I let you weete, that from the howre
I taken was from nourses tender pap,
I have been trained up in warlike stowre,
To tossen speare and shield, and to affrap
The warlike ryder to his most mishap:
Sithence I loathed have my life to lead,
As Ladies wont, in pleasures wanton lap,
To finger the fine needle and nyce thread,
Me lever were with point of foemans speare be
dead.

VII

' All my delight on deedes of armes is sett,
To hunt out perilles and adventures hard,
By sea, by land, where so they may be mett,
Onely for honour and for high regard,
Without respect of riches or reward:
For such intent into these partes I came,
Withouten compasse or withouten card,
Far fro my native soyle, that is by name
The greater Brytayne, here to seek for praise
and fame.

VIII

' Fame blazed hath, that here in Faery lond
Doe many famous knightes and Ladies wonne,
And many straunge adventures to bee fond,
Of which great worth and worship may be
wonne;
Which to prove, I this voyage have begonne.
But mote I weete of you, right courteous
knight,
Tydings of one that hath unto me donne
Late foule dishonour and reprochfull spight,
The which I seeke to wreake, and Arthegall
he hight.'

IX

The worde gone out she backe againe would
 As her repenting so to have missayd, [call,
 But that he, it uptaking ere the fall,
 Her shortly answered: 'Faïre martiall Mayd,
 Certes ye misadvised beene t' upbrayd
 A gentle knight with so unknighly blame;
 For, weet ye well, of all that ever playd
 At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
 The noble Arthegall hath ever borne the name.

X

'Forthy great wonder were it, if such shame
 Should ever enter in his bounteous thought,
 Or ever doe that mote deservén blame:
 The noble corage never weeneth ought
 That may unworthy of it selfe be thought.
 Therefore, faïre Damzell, be ye well aware,
 Least that too farre ye have your sorrow sought:
 You and your countrey both I wish welfare,
 And honour both; for each of other worthy
 are.'

XI

The royall Maid woxe inly wondrous glad,
 To heare her Love so highly magnifyde;
 And joyd that ever she affixed had
 Her hart on knight so goodly glorifyde,
 How ever finely she it faïnd to hyde.
 The loving mother, that nine monethes did
 beare

In the deare closett of her painefull syde
 Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,
 Doth not so much rejoyce as she rejoyced
 theare.

XII

But to occasion him to further talke,
 To feed her humor with his pleasing style,
 Her list in stryfull termes with him to balke,
 And thus replyde: 'How ever, Sir, ye fyle
 Your courteous tongue his prayses to compyle,
 It ill beseemes a knight of gentle sort,
 Such as ye have him boasted, to beguyle
 A simple maide, and worke so hainous tort,
 In shame of knighthood, as I largely can
 report.

XIII

'Let bee therefore my vengeaunce to disswade,
 And read where I that faytoure false may find.'
 'Ah! but if reason faïre might you perswade
 To slake your wrath, and mollify your mind'
 (Said he) 'perhaps ye should it better find:
 For hardie thing it is, to weene by might
 That man to hard conditions to bind,
 Or ever hope to match in equall fight,
 Whose prowesse paragone saw never living
 wight

XIV

'Ne soothlich is it easie for to read
 Where now on earth, or how, he may be fownd
 For he ne wonneth in one certeine stead,
 But restlesse walketh all the world arownd,
 Ay doing thinges that to his fame redownd
 Defending Ladies cause and Orphans right
 Whereso he heares that any doth confownd
 Them comfortlesse through tyranny or might
 So is his sovaine honour raise to hev
 hight.'

XV

His feeling wordes her feeble sence mu
 And softly sunck into her molten hart: [pleas
 Hart that is inly hurt is greatly eased
 With hope of thing that may allegge
 smart;
 For pleasing wordes are like to Magick art,
 That doth the charmed Snake in slomber l
 Such secrete ease felt gentle Britomart,
 Yet list the same efforce with faïnd gaines
 So dischord ofte in Musick makes the swe
 lay:—

XVI

And sayd; 'Sir knight, these ydle ter
 forbear;
 And, sith it is uneath to finde his haunt,
 Tell me some markes by which he may
 If chaunce I him encounter paravaunt; [pe
 For perdy one shall other slay, or daunt:
 What shape, what shield, what armes, w
 steed, what stedd,
 And what so else his person most may vaur
 All which the Redcrosse knight to point ar
 And him in everie part before her fashione

XVII

Yet him in everie part before she knew,
 However list her now her knowledge fayne
 Sith him whylome in Britayne she did ve
 To her revealed in a mirrhour playne;
 Whereof did grow her first engrafted payn
 Whose root and stalke so bitter yet did ta
 That but the fruit more sweetnes did conta
 Her wretched dayes in dolour she mote w
 And yield the pray of love to lothsome d
 at last.

XVIII

By straunge occasion she did him behold
 And much more straungely gan to love
 sight,
 As it in bookes hath written beene of old.
 In Deheubarth, that now South-wales is hi
 What time king Ryence raïgn'd and de
 right,
 The great Magitien Merlin had deviz'd,
 By his deepe science and hell-dreaded mi

king glasse, right wondrously aguiz'd,
 se vertues through the wyde worlde soone
 were solemniz'd.

XIX

ertue had to shew in perfect sight
 euer thing was in the world contaynd,
 ixt the lowest earth and heuens hight,
 at it to the looker appertaynd:
 euer foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,
 ein discovered was, ne ought mote pas,
 ight in secret from the same remaynd;
 y it round and hollow shaped was,
 to the world itselfe, and seemd a world
 of glas.

XX

o wonders not, that reades so wonderful
 worke?
 who does wonder, that has red the Towre
 rein th' Aegyptian Phao long did lurke
 at all mens vew, that none might her dis-
 coure,
 he might all men vew out of her bowre?
 t Ptolomæe it for his lemans sake
 dded all of glasse, by Magicke powre,
 also it impregnable did make; [brake.
 hen his love was false he with a peaze it

XXI

u was the glassy globe that Merlin made,
 gave unto king Ryence for his gard,
 never foes his kingdome might invade,
 he it knew at home before he hard
 ings thereof, and so them still debar'd.
 s a famous Present for a Prince,
 worthy worke of infinite reward,
 treasons could bewray, and foes convince:
 y this Realme, had it remaind ever
 since!

XXII

day it fortun'd fayre Britomart
 her fathers closet to repayre;
 othing he from her reserv'd apart,
 his onely daughter and his hayre;
 e when she had espyde that mirrhour
 fayre,
 elfe awhile therein she vewd in vaine:
 her avizing of the vertues rare
 h thereof spoken were, she gan againe
 o bethinke of that mote to her selfe per-
 taine.

XXIII

as it falleth, in the gentlest harts
 ious Love hath highest set his throne,
 yrrannizeth in the bitter smarts
 em that to him buxome are and prone:

So thought this Mayd (as maydens use to
 done)

Whom fortune for her husband would allot:
 Not that she lusted after any one,
 For she was pure from blame of sinfull blott;
 Yet wist her life at last must lincke in that
 same knot.

XXIV

Eftsoones there was presented to her eye
 A comely knight, all arm'd in complete wize,
 Through whose bright ventayle, lifted up on
 His manly face, that did his foes agrize, [hye,
 And frends to termes of gentle truce entize,
 Lookt forth, as Phœbus face out of the east
 Betwixt two shady mountaynes doth arise:
 Portly his person was, and much increast
 Through his Heroicke grace and honorable
 gest.

XXV

His crest was covered with a couchant Hownd,
 And all his armour seemd of antique mould,
 But wondrous massy and assured sownd,
 And round about yfretted all with gold,
 In which there written was, with cyphres old,
Achilles armes, which Arthegall did win:
 And on his shield enveloped sevenfold
 He bore a crowned little Ermelin,
 That deckt the azure field with her fayre
 pouldred skin.

XXVI

The Damzell well did vew his Personage
 And liked well, ne further fastned not,
 But went her way; ne her unguilty age
 Did weene, unwares, that her unlucky lot
 Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot.
 Of hurt unwist most daunger doth redound;
 But the false Archer, which that arrow shot
 So sylly that she did not feele the wound,
 Did smyle full smoothly at her weetlesse wo-
 full stound.

XXVII

Thenceforth the fether in her lofty crest,
 Ruffed of love, gan lowly to availe;
 And her prowd portance and her princely gest,
 With which she earst tryumphed, now did
 quail:
 Sad, solemne, sowre, and full of fancies fraile,
 She woxe; yet wist she nether how, nor why.
 She wist not, silly Mayd, what she did aile,
 Yet wist she was not well at ease perdy;
 Yet thought it was not love, but some melan-
 choly.

XXVIII

So soone as Night had with her pallid hew
 Defaste the beautie of the shyning skye,
 And reft from men the worldes desired vew,
 She with her Nourse adowne to sleepe did lye;

But sleepe full far away from her did fly :
 In stead thereof sad sighes and sorrowes deepe
 Kept watch and ward about her warily,
 That nought she did but wayle, and often
 steepe [she did weepe.
 Her dainty couch with teares which closely

XXX

And if that any drop of slombring rest
 Did chaunce to still into her weary spright,
 When feeble nature felt her selfe opprest,
 Streight-way with dreames, and with fantas-
 tick sight
 Of dreadfull things, the same was put to flight;
 That oft out of her bed she did astart,
 As one with vew of ghastly feends affright :
 Tho gan she to renew her former smart, [hart.
 And thinke of that fayre visage written in her

XXX

One night, when she was tost with such un-
 rest, [hight,
 Her aged Nourse, whose name was Glaucé
 Feeling her leape out of her loathed nest,
 Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,
 And downe againe her in her warme bed dight :
 'Ah! my deare daughter, ah! my dearest
 dread,
 What uncouth fit,' (sayd she) 'what evill plight
 Hath thee opprest, and with sad drearyhead
 Chaunged thy lively cheare, and living made
 thee dead ?

XXXI

'For not of nought these suddain ghastly
 All night afflict thy naturall repose; [feares
 And all the day, when as thine equall peares
 Their fit disports with faire delight doe chose,
 Thou in dull corners doest thy selfe inclose;
 Ne tastest Princes pleasures, ne doest spred
 Abroad thy fresh youths fayrest flowre, but
 lose
 Both leafe and fruite, both too untimely shed.
 As one in wilfull bale for ever buried.

XXXII

'The time that mortall men their weary cares
 Do lay away, and all wilde beastes do rest,
 And every river eke his course forbeares,
 Then doth this wicked evill thee infest,
 And rive with thousand throbs thy thrilled
 brest :
 Like an huge Aetn' of deepe engulfed gryefe,
 Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest, [ryfe,
 Whence forth it breakes in sighes and anguish
 As smoke and sulphure mingled with confused
 stryfe.

XXXIII

'Ay me! how much I feare least love it be
 But if that love it be, as sure I read
 By known signes and passions which I see
 Be it worthy of thy race and royall sead,
 Then I avow, by this most sacred head
 Of my deare foster childe, to ease thy grie-
 And win thy will : Therefore away doe drea-
 For death nor daunger from thy dew reliefe
 Shall me debarre : tell me therefore, my lief-
 life !'

XXXIV

So having sayd, her twixt her armes twai-
 Shee streightly straynd, and colled tenderly
 And every trembling joynt and every vaine
 Shee softly felt, and rubbed busily,
 To doe the frozen cold away to fly;
 And her faire deawy eies with kisses deare
 Shee ofte did bathe, and ofte againe did dry
 And ever her importund not to feare
 To let the secret of her hart to her appeare.

XXXV

The Damzell pauzd ; and then thus fearfull
 'Ah! Nurse, what needeth thee to eke
 Is not enough that I alone doe dye, [payn
 But it must doubled bee with death of twain
 Fornought for me but death there doth remain
 'O daughter deare!' (said she) 'despeire
 whit;
 For never sore but might a salve obtaine:
 That blinded God, which hath ye blindly sm
 Another arrow hath your lovers hart to hit

XXXVI

'But mine is not' (quoth she) 'like oth-
 wovnd;
 For which no reason can finde remedy.'
 'Was never such, but mote the like be fownd
 (Said she) 'and though no reason may app-
 Salve to your sore, yet love can higher st-
 Then reasons reach, and oft hath wou-
 donne.'
 'But neither God of love nor God of skye
 Can doe' (said she) 'that which cannot
 donne.' [ere begonn
 'Things ofte impossible' (quoth she) 'seer

XXXVII

'These idle wordes' (said she) 'doe noup-
 aswage [bre-
 My stubborne smart, but more annoia-
 For no, no usuall fire, no usuall rage
 Yt is, O Nourse! which on my life doth fe-
 And sucks the blood which from my hart d-
 bleed :
 But since thy faithful zeale lets me not hy-
 My crime, (if crime it be) I will it reed.

prince nor pere it is, whose love hath gryde
feeble brest of late, and launched this
wound wyde.

XXXVIII

man it is, nor other living wight,
when some hope I might unto me draw;
th' only shade and semblant of a knight,
the shape or person yet I never saw,
me subjected to loves cruell law:
came one day, as me misfortune led,
my fathers wondrous mirrhour saw,
pleased with that seeming goodly-hed,
sweares the hidden hooke with baite I swal-
lowed.

XXXIX

hens it hath infixed faster hold
in my bleeding bowells, and so sore
crackleth in this same fraile fleshy mould,
all my entrailes flow with poisonous gore,
th' ulcer groweth daily more and more;
in my ronning sore finde remedee,
then my hard fortune to deplore,
languish, as the leafe faln from the tree,
death make one end of my daies and
miseree!

XL

ughter,' (said she) 'what need ye be dis-
mayd?
my make ye such Monster of your minde?
much more uncouth thing I was affrayd,
thy lust, contrary unto kinde;
his affection nothing straunge I finde;
who with reason can you aye reprove
ove the semblaunt pleasing most your
minde, [move?
yield your heart whence ye cannot re-
uilt in you, but in the tyranny of love.

XLI

t so th' Arabian Myrrhe did set her mynd.
so did Biblis spend her pining hart;
ov'd their native flesh against al kynd,
to their purpose used wicked art:
layd Pasiphaë a more monstrous part,
lov'd a Bul, and leard a beast to bee.
shamefull lustes who loaths not, which
depart
course of nature and of modestee?
te love such lewdnes bands from his faire
companee.

XLII

t thine, my Deare, (welfare thy heart, my
deare!)
gh straunge beginning had, yet fixed is
he that worthy may perhaps appeare;
certes seemes bestowed not amis:

Joy thereof have thou and eternall blis!'
With that, upleaning on her elbow weake,
Her alabaster brest she soft did kis, [quake,
Which all that while shee felt to pant and
As it an Earth-quake were: at last she thus
bespake.

XLIII

'Beldame, your words doe worke me litle ease;
For though my love be not so lewdly bent
As those ye blame, yet may it nought appease
My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,
But rather doth my helpelesse grieve augment;
For they, how ever shamefull and unkinde,
Yet did possesse their horrible intent;
Short end of sorrowes they therby did finde;
So was their fortune good, though wicked were
their minde.

XLIV

'But wicked fortune mine, though minde be
good,
Can have no ende nor hope of my desire,
But feed on shadowes whiles I die for food,
And like a shadowe wexe, whiles with entire
Affection I doe languish and expire.
I, fonder then Cephisus foolish chyld,
Who, having vewed in a fountaine shere
His face, was with the love thereof begyld;
I, fonder, love a shade, the body far exyld.'

XLV

'Nought like,' (quoth shee) 'for that same
wretched boy
Was of him selfe the ydle Paramoure,
Both love and lover, without hope of joy,
For which he faded to a watry flowre:
But better fortune thine, and better howre,
Which lov'st the shadow of a warlike knight;
No shadow but a body hath in powre:
That body, wheresoever that it light, [might.
May learned be by cyphers, or by Magicke

XLVI

'But if thou may with reason yet repress
The growing evill, ere it strength have gott,
And thee abandon wholly do possesse,
Against it strongly strive, and yield thee nott
Til thou in open felde adowne be smott:
But if the passion mayster thy fraile might,
So that needs love or death must bee thy lott,
Then, I avow to thee, by wrong or right
To compas thy desire, and find that loved
knight.'

XLVII

Her chearefull words much heard the feeble
spright
Of the sicke virgin, that her downe she layd

In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might;
And the old-woman carefully displayd
The clothes about her round with busy ayd;
So that at last a litle creeping sleepe
Surprisd her sence: Shee, therewith well apayd,
The dronken lamp down in the oyl did steepe,
And sett her by to watch, and sett her by to
weepe.

XLVIII

Earely, the morrow next, before that day
His joyous face did to the world revele,
They both uprose and tooke their ready way
Unto the Church, their praiera to appele
With great devotion, and with little zeale:
For the faire Damzel from the holy herse
Her love-sicke hart to other thoughts did steale;
And that old Dame said many an idle verse,
Out of her daughters hart fond fancies to re-
verse.

XLIX

Retourned home, the royall Infant fell
Into her former fitt; for-why no powre
Nor guidaunce of herselfe in her did dwell:
But th' aged Nourse, her calling to her bowre,
Had gathered Rew. and Savine, and the flowre
Of Camphora, and Calamint, and Dill;
All which she in a earthen Pot did poure,
And to the brim with Coltwood did it fill,
And many drops of milk and blood through it
did spill.

L

Then, taking thrise three heares from off her
head,
Them trebly breaded in a threefold lace,

And round about the Pots mouth bound
thread;
And, after having whispered a space
Certain sad words with hollow voice and bac
Shee to the virgin sayd, thrise sayd she itt;
'Come daughter, come; come, spit upon m
face;
Spitt thrise upen me, thrise upon me spitt;
Th' uneven number for this busines is mo
fitt.'

LI

That sayd, her rownd about she from her turn
She turned her contrary to the Sunne;
Thrise she her turnd contrary, and returnd
All contrary; for she the right did shunne;
And ever what she did was streight undonn
So thought she to undoe her daughters love
But love, that is in gentle brest begonne,
No ydle charmes so lightly may remove:
That well can witnesse who by tryall it do
prove.

LII

Ne ought it mote the noble Mayd awayle,
Ne slake the fury of her cruell flame, [way
But that shee still did waste, and still d
That, through long languour and hart-burnin
brame,
She shortly like a pynded ghost became
Which long hath waited by the Stygian stron
That when old Glaucè saw, for feare least bla
Of her miscarriage should in her be fond,
She wist not how t'amend, nor how it to wi
stond.

CANTO III.

Merlin bewrayes to Britomart
The state of Arthegall;
And shews the famous Progeny,
Which from them springen shall.

I

Most sacred fyre, that burnest mightily
In living brests, ykindled first above
Emongst th' eternall spheres and lamping sky,
And thence poud into men, which men call
Love! [move
Not that same, which doth base affections
In brutish mindes, and filthy lust inflame,
But that sweete fit that doth true beautie love,
And choseth vertue for his dearest Dame,
Whence spring all noble deedes and never
dying fame:

II

Well did Antiquity a God thee deeme,
That over mortall mindes hast so great might
To order them as best to thee doth seeme,
And all their actions to direct aright:
The fatall purpose of divine foresight
Thou doest effect in destined descents,
Through deepe impression of thy seer
might,
And stirredst up th' Heroës high intents.
Which the late world admyres for wondro
moniments.

III

thy dredd dartes in none doe triumph
more,
aver prooffe in any of thy powre
'st thou, then in this royall Maid of yore,
g her seeke an unknowne Paramoure,
the worlds end, through many a bitter
stowre: [rayse
whose two loynes thou afterwarde did
amous fruites of matrimoniall bowre,
n through the earth have spreadd their
living prayse,
ame in tromp of gold eternally displayes.

IV

n then, O my dearest sacred Dame!
ter of Phoebus and of Memorye,
doest ennoble with immortall name
arlike Worthies, from antiquyte,
r great volume of Eternitye:
O Clio! and recount from hence
orious Soveraines goodly auncestrye,
at by dew degrees, and long protense,
ave it lastly brought unto her Excellence.

V

many wayes within her troubled mind
launce cast to cure this Ladies grieve;
many waies she sought, but none could find,
erbes, nor charmes, nor counsel, that is
chiefe
noicest med'cine for sick harts reliefe:
y great care she tooke, and greater feare,
that it should her turne to fowle reprehensive
ore reproch, when so her father deare
d of his dearest daughters hard misfortune
heare.

VI

st she her avisde, that he which made
nirrhour, wherein the sicke Damosell
aungely vewed her straunge lovers shade,
et, the learned Merlin, well could tell
what coast of heaven the man did dwell,
y what means his love might best be
wrought:
ough beyond the Africk Ismael
Indian Peru he were, she thought
orth through infinite endeavour to have
sought.

VII

with them selves disguising both in
straunge
ase atyre, that none might them bewray,
ridunum, that is now by chaunge [way:
me Cayr-Merdin cald, they tooke their
the wise Merlin whylome wont (they say)
ke his wonne, low underneath the ground,
eepe delve, farre from the vew of day,

That of no living wight he mote be found,
When so he counseld with his sprights encom-
past round.

VIII

And, if thou ever happen that same way
To travell, go to see that dreadful place.
It is an hideous hollow cave (they say)
Under a Rock that lyes a litle space
From the swift Barry, tombling downe apace
Emongst the woody hilles of Dynevowre:
But dare thou not, I charge, in any cace
To enter into that same balefull Bowre,
For feare the cruell Feendes should thee un-
wares devowre:

IX

But standing high aloft low lay thine eare,
And there such ghastly noyse of yron chaines
And brasen Caudrons thou shalt rombling
heare, [paines
Which thousand sprights with long enduring
Doe tosse, that it will stonn thy feeble braines;
And oftentimes great grones, and grievous
stownds; [straines,
When too huge toyle and labour them con-
And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing
sowndes [rebowndes.
From under that deepe Rock most horribly

X

The cause, some say, is this: A litle whyle
Before that Merlin dyde, he did intend
A brasen wall in compas to compyle
About Cairmardin, and did it commend
Unto these Sprights to bring to perfect end:
During which worke the Lady of the Lake,
Whom long he lov'd, for him in hast did send;
Who, thereby forst his workemen to forsake,
Them bownd till his retourne their labour not
to slake.

XI

In the meane time, through that false Ladies
traine
He was surprisd, and buried under beare,
Ne ever to his worke returid againe:
Nath'lesse those feends may not their work
forbeare,
So greatly his commandement they feare,
But there doe toyle and traveile day and night,
Untill that brasen wall they up doe reare;
For Merlin had in Magick more insight
Then ever him before, or after, living wight:

XII

For he by wordes could call out of the sky
Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him
obay;

The Land to sea, and sea to maineland dry,
And darksom night he eke could turne to day:
Huge hostes of men he could alone dismay,
And hostes of men of meanest thinges could
When so him list his enimies to fray; [frame,
That to this day, for terror of his fame,
The feendes do quake when any him to them
does name.

XIII

And, sooth, men say that he was not the sonne
Of mortall Syre or other living wight,
But wondrously begotten, and begonne
By false illusion of a guilefull Spright
On a faire Lady Nonne, that whilome hight
Matilda, daughter to Pubidius,
Who was the lord of Mathraual by right,
And coosen unto king Ambrosius;
Whence he indued was with skill so merveilous.

XIV

They, here arriving, staid awhile without,
Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,
But of their first intent gan make new dout,
For dread of daunger which it might portend;
Untill the hardy Mayd (with love to frend)
First entering, the dreadfull Mage there fownd
Deepe busied bout worke of wondrous end,
And writing straunge characters in the grownd,
With which the stubborne feendes he to his
service bownd.

XV

He nought was moved at their entraunce
bold,
For of their comming well he wist afore;
Yet list them bid their businesse to unfold,
As if ought in this world in secrete store
Were from him hidden, or unknowne of yore.
Then Glaucè thus: 'Let not it thee offend,
That we thus rashly through thy darksom
dore
Unwares have prest; for either fatall end,
Or other mightie cause, us two did hither
send.'

XVI

He bad tell on; And then she thus began.
'Now have three Moones with borrowd bro-
thers light [wan,
Thrise shined faire, and thrise seemd dim and
Sith a sore evill, which this virgin bright
Tormenteth and doth plunge in dolefull plight,
First rooting tooke; but what thing it mote
bee,
Or whence it sprong, I can not read aright:
But this I read, that, but if remedee
Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall
see.'

XVII

Therewith th' Enchaunter softly gan to smy
At her smooth speeches, weeting inly well
That she to him dissembled womanish guy
And to her said: 'Beldame, by that ye tell
More neede of leach-crafte hath your Damoze
Then of my skill: who helpe may have e
where,
In vaine seekes wonders out of Magick spell
Th' old woman wox half blanck those word
to heare,
And yet was loth to let her purpose plain
appeare;

XVIII

And to him said: 'Yf any leaches skill,
Or other learned meanes, could have redrest
This my deare daughters deepe engrafted ill
Certes I should be loth thee to molest;
But this sad evill, which doth her infest,
Doth course of naturall cause farre exceed,
And housed is within her hollow wretch,
That either seemes some cursed witches deede
Or evill spright, that in her doth such torme
breed.'

XIX

The wisard could no lenger beare her bord,
But, brusting forth in laughter, to her said:
'Glaucè, what needes this colourable word
To cloke the cause that hath it selfe bewrayd
Ne ye, fayre Britomartis, thus arayd,
More hidden are then Sunne in cloudy vele;
Whom thy good fortune, having fate obayd,
Hath hither brought for succour to appele;
The which the powres to thee are pleased
revele.'

XX

The doubtfull Mayd, seeing her selfe de
Was all abasht, and her pure yvory [cryd
Into a cleare Carnation suddeine dyde;
As fayre Aurora, rysing hastily,
Doth by her blushing tell that she did lye
All night in old Tithonus frozen bed,
Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly:
But her olde Nourse was nought dishartene
But vantage made of that which Merlin ha
ared;

XXI

And sayd; 'Sith then thou knowest all o
griefe,
(For what doest not thou knowe?) of grace
pray,
Pitty our playnt, and yield us meet reliefe.'
With that the Prophet still awhile did stay,
And then his spirite thus gan foorth display
'Most noble Virgin, that by fatall lore
Hast learn'd to love, let no whit thee dismay

ard beginne that meetes thee in the dore,
with sharpe fits thy tender hart oppres-
seth sore:

XXII

so must all things excellent begin;
ke enrooted deepe must be that Tree,
e big embodied braunches shall not lin
rey to heuens hight forth stretched bee:
om thy wombe a famous Progenee
spring out of the auncient Trojan blood,
e shall revive the sleeping memoree
se same antique Peres, the heuens brood,
n Greeke and Asian rivers stayned with
their blood.

XXIII

owmed kings, and sacred Emperours,
ruitfull Ofspring, shall from thee descend;
Captaines, and most mighty warriours,
shall their conquests through all lands
extend,
their decayed kingdomes shall amend:
eeble Britons, broken with long warre,
shall upreare, and mightily defend
st their forren foe that commes from
farre,
niversall peace compound all civill jarre.

XXIV

was not, Britomart, thy wandring eye
eing unware in charmed looking glas,
e streight course of heavenly destiny,
with eternall providence, that has
ed thy glaunce, to bring his will to pas:
thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
ve the prowtest knight that ever was.
fore submit thy wayes unto his will,
oe by all dew meanes thy destiny fulfill.

XXV

read,' (saide Glaucè) 'thou Magitian,
e meanes shall she out seeke, or what
waies take? [man?
shall she know, how shall she finde the
hat needes her to toyle, sith fates can
make
for themselves their purpose to pertake?'
Merlin thus: 'Indeede the fates are
firme, [shake;
may not shrink, though all the world do
ight mens good endeavours them confirme,
guyde the heavenly causes to their con-
stant terme.

XXVI

e man, whom heavens have ordaynd to
pouse of Britomart, is Arthegall: [bee
oneth in the land of Fayeree,
s no Fary borne, ne sib at all

To Elfes, but sprong of seed terrestriall,
And whylome by false Faries stolne away,
Whyles yet in infant cradle he did crall;
Ne other to himselfe is knowne this day,
But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a Fay:

XXVII

'But sooth he is the sonne of Gorlois,
And brother unto Cador, Cornish king;
And for his warlike feates renownmed is,
From where the day out of the sea doth
Untill the closure of the Evening: [spring,
From thence him, firmly bound with faith-
full band, [bring,
To this his native soyle thou backe shalt
Strongly to ayde his countrey to withstand
The powre of forreine Paynims which invade
thy land.

XXVIII

'Great ayd thereto his mighty puissance
And dreaded name shall give in that sad day;
Where also proofe of thy prow valiaunce,
Thou then shalt make, t' increase thy lover's
pray. [sway,
Long time ye both in armes shall beare great
Till thy wombes burden thee from them dc
call,
And his last fate him from thee take away;
Too rathe cut off by practise criminall
Of secrete foes, that him shall make in mis-
chiefe fall.

XXIX

'With thee yet shall he leave, for memory
Of his late puissance, his ymage dead,
That living him in all activity
To thee shall represent. He, from the head
Of his coosen Constantius, without dread
Shall take the crowne that was his fathers
right, [stead:
And therewith crowne himselfe in th' others
Then shall he issew forth with dreadfull might
Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

XXX

'Like as a Lyon that in drowsie cave
Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he
shake; [brave
And comming forth shall spread his banner
Over the troubled South, that it shall make
The warlike Mertians for feare to quake:
Thrise shall he fight with them, and twise
shall win; [make:
But the third time shall fayre accordaunce
And, if he then with victorie can lin,
He shall his dayes with peace bring to his
earthly In.

XXXI

'His sonne, hight Vortipore, shall him suc-
In kingdome, but not in felicity: [ceede
Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed,
And with great honour many batteills try;
But at the last to th' importunity
Of froward fortune shall be first to yield:
But his sonne Malgo shall full mightily
Avenge his fathers losse with speare and shield,
And his proud foes discomfit in victorious
field.

XXXII

'Behold the man! and tell me, Britomart,
If ay more goodly creature thou didst see?
How like a Gyaunt in each manly part
Beares he himselfe with portly majestee,
That one of th' old Heroës seemes to bee!
He the six Islands, comprovinciall
In auncient times unto great Britaine,
Shall to the same reduce, and to him call
Their sondry kings to do their homage severall.

XXXIII

'All which his sonne Careticus awhile
Shall well defend, and Saxons powre suppress;
Untill a straunger king, from unknowne soyle
Arriving, him with multitude oppresse;
Great Gormond, having with huge mightinesse
Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,
Like a swift Otter, fell through emptinesse,
Shall overswim the sea, with many one
Of his Norveyses, to assist the Britons fone.

XXXIV

'He in his furie all shall overronne,
And holy Church with faithlesse handes deface,
That thy sad people, utterly fordonne,
Shall to the utmost mountaines fly apace.
Was never so great waste in any place,
Nor so fowle outrage doen by living men;
For all thy Citties they shall sacke and race,
And the greene grasse that groweth they shall
bren, [den.
That even the wilde beast shall dy in starved

XXXV

'Whiles thus thy Britons doe in languour pine,
Proud Etheldred shall from the North arise,
Serving th' ambitious will of Augustine,
And, passing Dee, with hardy enterprise
Shall backe repulse the valiaunt Brockwell
twise,
And Bangor with massacred Martyrs fill,
But the third time shall rew his foolhardise:
For Cadwan, pitting his peoples ill, [kill.
Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand Saxons

XXXVI

'But after him, Cadwallin mightily
On his sonne Edwin all those wrongs shall
Ne shall avails the wicked sorcery [wreake
Of false Pellite his purposes to breake,
But him shall slay, and on a gallowes bleak
Shall give th' enchaunter his unhappy hire,
Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weal,
From their long vassalage gin to respire, [ire
And on their Paynim foes avenge their ranckle

XXXVII

'Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,
Till both the sonnes of Edwin he have slayne
Offricke and Orsicke, twinnes unfortunate,
Both slaine in battaile upon Layburne playne
Together with the king of Louthiane,
Hight Adin, and the king of Orkeny,
Both joynt partakers of their fatall payne:
But Penda, fearefull of like desteny, [fealty
Shall yield him selfe his liegeman, and swear

XXXVIII

'Him shall he make his fatall Instrument
T' afflict the other Saxons unsubdewd;
He marching forth with fury insolent
Against the good king Oswald, who indewd
With heavenly powre, and by Angels reskewd
Al holding crosses in their hands on hye,
Shall him defeate withouten blood imbrewd:
Of which that field, for endlesse memory,
Shall Hevenfield be cald to all posterity.

XXXIX

'Whereat Cadwallin wroth shall forth issew,
And an huge hoste into Northumber lead,
With which he godly Oswald shall subdew,
And crowne with martiredome his sacred head
Whose brother Oswin, daunted with like dread
With price of silver shall his kingdome buy;
And Penda, seeking him adowne to tread,
Shall tread adowne, and doe him fowly dye:
But shall with guifts his Lord Cadwallin pacify

XL

'Then shall Cadwallin die; and then the raine
Of Britons eke with him attonce shall dye;
Ne shall the good Cadwallader, with paine
Or powre, be hable it to remedy,
When the full time, prefixt by destiny,
Shall be expird of Britons regiment:
For heven it selfe shall their successe envy,
And them with plagues and murrins pestilence
Consume, till all their warlike puissance be
spent.

XLI

Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge hills
Of dying people, during eight yeares space,

blader, not yielding to his ills,
 Armoricke, where long in wretched cace
 d, retourning to his native place,
 e by vision staide from his intent:
 ' heavens have decreed to displace
 ritons for their sinnes dew punishment
 the Saxons over-give their government.

XLII

n woe, and woe, and everlasting woe,
 the Briton babe that shal be borne
 e in thraldome of his fathers foe!
 ing, now captive; late lord, now forlorne;
 orlds reproch; the cruell victors scorne;
 ut from princely bowre to wastefull wood!
 ho shal helpe me to lament and mourne
 yall seed, the antique Trojan blood,
 e empire lenger here then ever any stood?'

XLIII

Damzell was full deepe empassioned
 for his grieve, and for her peoples sake,
 e future woe so plaine he fashioned;
 sighing sore, at length him thus bespake:
 ' but will heavens fury never slake,
 engeance huge relent it selfe at last?
 not long misery late mercy make,
 hall their name for ever be defaste,
 quite from off the earth their memory be
 waste?'

XLIV

y but the terme' (sayd he) 'is limited,
 in this thraldome Britons shall abide;
 the just revolution measured
 they as Straungers shal be notifide: [plide,
 wise fowre hundreth yeares shalbe sup-
 they to former rule restor'd shal bee,
 their importune fates all satisfide:
 uring this their most obscuritee,
 beames shall ofte breake forth, that men
 them faire may see.

XLV

Rhodoricke, whose surname shal be
 Great,
 of him selfe a brave ensample shew,
 Saxon kinges his friendship shal intreat;
 Howell Dha shall goodly well indew
 alvage minds with skill of just and trew:
 Griffyth Conan also shall upreare
 treaded head, and the old sparkes renew
 tive corage, that his foes shall feare,
 back againe the kingdom he from them
 should beare.

XLVI

shall the Saxons selves all peaceably
 y the crowne, which they from Britons
 wonne

First ill, and after ruled wickedly;
 For, ere two hundred yeares be full outronne,
 There shall a Raven, far from rising Sunne,
 With his wide wings upon them fiercely fly,
 And bid his faithlesse chickens overronne
 The fruitfull plaines, and with fell cruelty
 In their avenge tread downe the victors sur-
 quedry.

XLVII

' Yet shall a third both these and thine sub-
 dew.
 There shall a Lion from the sea-bord wood
 Of Neustria come roring, with a crew
 Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,
 Whose claywes were newly dipt in cruddy
 blood,
 That from the Daniske Tyrants head shall rend
 Th' usurped crowne, as if that he were wood,
 And the spoile of the countrey conquered
 Emongst his young ones shall divide with
 bountyhed.

XLVIII

' Tho, when the terme is full accomplishid,
 There shall a sparke of fire, which hath long-
 while
 Bene in his ashes raked up and hid,
 Bee freshly kindled in the fruitfull Ile
 Of Mona, where it lurked in exile;
 Which shall breake forth into bright burning
 flame,
 And reach into the house that beares the stile
 Of roiall majesty and souveraine name:
 So shall the Briton blood their crowne agayn
 reclame.

XLIX

' Thenceforth eternall union shall be made
 Betweene the nations different afore,
 And sacred Peace shall lovingly persuade
 The warlike minds to learne her goodly lore,
 And civile armes to exercise no more:
 Then shall a royall Virgin raine, which shall
 Stretch her white rod over the Belgicke shore,
 And the great Castle smite so sore withall,
 That it shall make him shake, and shortly
 learn to fall.

L

' But yet the end is not.'—There Mérlin
 stayd,
 As overcome of the spirites powre,
 Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,
 That secretly he saw, yet note discoure:
 Which sudden fitt, and halfe extaticke stoure,
 When the two fearefull women saw, they grew
 Greatly confused in behaveoure.
 At last, the fury past, to former hew
 Hee turnd againe, and chearfull looks as earst
 did shew.

LI

Then, when them selves they well instructed
had

Of all that needed them to be inquired,
They both, conceiving hope of comfort glad,
With lighter hearts unto their home retird;
Where they in secret counsell close conspird,
How to effect so hard an enterprize,
And to possesse the purpose they desird:
Now this, now that, twixt them they did devise,
And diverse plots did frame to maske in strange
disguise.

LII

At last the Nourse in her foolhardy wit
Conceiv'd a bold devise, and thus, bespake:
'Daughter, I deeme that counsel aye most fit,
That of the time doth dew advauntage take.
Ye see that good king Uther now doth make
Strong warre upon the Paynim brethren,
hight
Octa and Oza, whome hee lately brake
Beside Cayr Verolame in victorious fight,
That now all Britany doth burne in armes
bright.

LIII

'That, therefore, nought our passage may
enpeach,
Let us in feigned armes our selves disguise,
And our weake hands (need makes good
schollers) teach
The dreadful speare and shield to exercize:
Ne certes, daughter, that same warlike wize,
I weene, would you misseeme; for ye beene
tall,
And large of limbe t' atchieve an hard emprize;
Ne ought ye want but skil, which practize small
Will bring, and shortly make you a mayd
Martiall.

LIV

'And, sooth, it ought your corage much
inflame
To heare so often, in that royall hous,
From whence, to none inferior, ye came,
Bards tell of many women valorous,
Which have full many feats adventurous
Performd, in paragone of proudest men:
The bold Bunduca, whose victorious [dolen;
Exploits made Rome to quake; stout Guen-
Renowned Martia; and redoubted Emmilen.

LV

'And, that which more then all the rest may
sway,
Late dayes ensample, which these eyes beheld:
In the last field before Menevia,
Which Uther with those forrein Pagans held,

I saw a Saxon Virgin, the which feld
Great Ulfin thrise upon the bloody playne;
And, had not Carados her hand withheld
From rash revenge, she had him surely slayn
Yet Carados himselve from her escapt wi-
payne.'

LVI

'Ah! read,' (quoth Britomart) 'how is
hight?'
'Fayre Angela' (quoth she) 'men do her ca-
No whit lesse fayre then terrible in fight:
She hath the leading of a Martiall
And mightie people, dreaded more then all
The other Saxons, which doe, for her sake
And love, themselves of her name *Angles* ca-
Therefore, faire Infant, her ensample make
Unto thy selfe, and equall corage to thee tak

LVII

Her harty wordes so deepe into the mynd
Of the yong Damzell sunke, that great desir
Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tyn-
And generous stout courage did inspyre,
That she resolv'd, unweeting to her Syre,
Advent'rous knighthood on her selfe to don:
And counsell'd with her Nourse her Maid
To turne into a massy habergeon, [att
And bad her all things put in readinesse and

LVIII

Th' old woman nought that needed did om-
But all thinges did conveniently purvay.
It fortun'd (so time their turne did fitt)
A band of Britons, ryding on forray
Few dayes before, had gotten a great pray
Of Saxon goods: emongst the which was seen
A goodly Armour, and full rich aray,
Which long'd to Angela, the Saxon Queene,
All fretted round with gold, and goodly w-
beseene.

LIX

The same, with all the other ornaments,
King Ryence caused to be hanged hy
In his chiefe Church, for endlesse monuments
Of his successe and gladfull victory:
Of which her selfe avising readily.
In th' evening late old Glaucé thither led
Faire Britomart, and, that same Armory
Downe taking, her therein appareled
Well as she might, and with brave bauldric
garnished.

LX

Beside those armes there stood a might
speare,
Which Bladud made by Magick art of yore,
And usd the same in batteill aye to beare;
Sith which it had beene here preserv'd in stor

is great vertues proved long afore :
 ever wight so fast in sell could sit,
 him perforce unto the ground it bore.
 speare she tooke and shield which hong
 by it ; [purpose fit.
 speare and shield of great powre, for her

LXI

when she had the virgin all arayd,
 her harnesse which did hang thereby
 her selfe she dight, that the yong Mayd
 light in equall armes accompany,
 s her Squyre attend her carefully.
 o their ready Steedes they clombe full
 light, [them espy,
 through back waies, that none might

CANTO IV.

Bold Marinell of Britomart
 Is throwne on the Rich strond :
 Faire Florimell of Arthure is
 Long followed, but not fond.

I

ERE is the Antique glory now become,
 whylome wont in wemen to appeare ?
 e be the brave atchievements doen by
 some ? [speare,
 e be the batteilles, where the shield and
 all the conquests which them high did
 reare,
 matter made for famous Poets verse,
 boastfull men so oft abasht to heare ?
 they all dead, and laide in dolefull heere,
 en they onely sleepe, and shall againe
 reverse ?

II

ey be dead, then woe is me therefore ;
 they sleepe, O let them soone awake !
 l too long I burne with envy sore
 are the warlike feates which Homere spake
 d Penthesilee, which made a lake
 eekish blood so ofte in Trojan plaine ;
 hen I reade, how stout Debora strake
 Sisera, and how Camill' hath slaine
 uge Orsilochnus, I swell with great dis-
 daine.

III

hese, and all that els had puissance,
 t with noble Britomart compare,
 ll for glorie of great valiaunce,
 pure chastitee and vertue rare,
 ll her goodly deedes doe well declare.
 worthy stock, from which the branches
 sprong
 in late yeares so faire a blossome bare,

Covered with secret cloud of silent night,
 Themselves they forth conuaid, and passed
 forward right.

LXII

Ne rested they, till that to Faery lond
 They came, as Merlin them directed late :
 Where, meeting with this Redcrosse Knight,
 she fond
 Of diverse thinges discourses to dilate,
 But most of Arthegall and his estate.
 At last their wayes so fell, that they mote part :
 Then each to other, well affectionate,
 Friendship professed with unfained hart.
 The Redcrosse Knight diuers, but forth rode
 Britomart.

As thee, O Queene ! the matter of my song,
 Whose lignage from this Lady I derive along.

IV

Who when, through speaches with the Red-
 crosse Knight,
 She learned had th' estate of Arthegall,
 And in each point her selfe informd aright,
 A friendly league of love perpetual
 She with him bound, and Congé tooke withall :
 Then he forth on his journey did proceede,
 To seeke adventures which mote him befall,
 And win him worship through his warlike deed,
 Which alwaies of his paines he made the
 chiefeest meed.

V

But Britomart kept on her former course,
 Ne ever dofte her armes, but all the way
 Grew pensive through that amarous discourse,
 By which the Redcrosse knight did earst display
 Her lovers shape and chevalrous aray :
 A thousand thoughts she fashiond in her
 mind,
 And in her feigning fancie did pourtray
 Him such as fittest she for love could find,
 Wise, warlike, personable, courteous, and kind.

VI

With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound
 she fedd,
 And thought so to beguile her grievous smart ;
 But so her smart was much more grievous bredd,
 And the deepe wound more deep engord her
 hart,

That nought but death her dolour mote depart.
So forth she rode, without repose or rest,
Searching all lands and each remotest part,
Following the guydance of her blinded guest,
Till that to the sea-coast at length she her
address.

VII

There she alighted from her light-foot beast,
And sitting downe upon the rocky shore,
Badd her old Squyre unlace her lofty creast :
Tho having vewd awhile the surges hore
That gainst the craggy cliffs did loudly rore,
And in their raging surquedry disdaynd
That the fast earth affronted them so sore,
And their devouring covetize restraynd ;
Thereat she sighed deepe, and after thus com-
playnd.

VIII

‘Huge sea of sorrow and tempestuous grieve,
Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long
Far from the hoped haven of reliefe,
Why doe thy cruel billowes beat so strong,
And thy moyst mountaines each on others
throng,
Threatning to swallow up my fearefull lyfe ?
O ! doe thy cruell wrath and spightfull wrong
At length allay, and stint thy stormy strife,
Which in thy troubled bowels raignes and
rageth ryfe.

IX

‘For els my feeble vessell, crazd and crackt
Through thy strong buffets and outrageous
blowes,
Cannot endure, but needes it must be wrackt
On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shallowes,
The whiles that love it steres, and fortune
rowes :
Love, my lewd Pilott, hath a restlesse minde ;
And fortune, Boteswaine, no assurance knowes ;
But saile withouten starres gainst tyde and
winde : [blinde ?
How can they other doe, sith both are bold and

X

‘Thou God of windes, that rainest in the seas,
That rainest also in the Continent,
At last blow up some gentle gale of ease,
The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,
Unto the gladsome port of her intent.
Then, when I shall my selfe in safety see,
A table, for eternall monument
Of thy great grace and my great jeoparddee,
Great Neptune, I avow to hallow unto thee !’

XI

Then sighing softly sore, and inly deepe,
She shut up all her plaint in privy grieve

For her great courage would not let her weep.
Till that old Glaucē gan with sharpe reprimē
Her to restraine, and give her good reliefe
Through hope of those, which Merlin had h
told

Should of her name and nation be chiefe,
And fetch their being from the sacred moun
Of her immortall womb, to be in heaven enrol

XII

Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde
Where far away one, all in armour bright,
With hasty gallop towards her did ryde.
Her dolour soone she ceast, and on her dight
Her Helmet, to her Courser mounting light :
Her former sorrow into suddain wrath,
Both coosen passions of distroubled spright,
Converting, forth she beates the dusty path
Love and despight attonce her courage kindl
hath.

XIII

As, when a foggy mist hath overcast
The face of heaven, and the cleare ayre engros
The world in darkenes dwels ; till that at la
The watry Southwinde, from the seabord cu
Upblowing, doth disperse the vapour lo’ste,
And poures it selfe forth in a stormy showre
So the fayre Britomart, having discolo’ste
Her cloudy care into a wrathfull stowre,
The mist of grieve dissolv’d did into vengean
dowre.

XIV

Eftsoones, her goodly shield addressing fay
That mortall speare she in her hand did tak
And unto battaill did her selfe prepayre.
The knight, approching, sternely her bespake
‘Sir knight, that doest thy voyage rashly ma
By this forbidden way in my despight,
Ne doest by others death ensample take,
I read thee soone retyre, whiles thou hast migh
Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flig

XV

Ythrild with deepe disdain of his pro
threat,
She shortly thus : ‘Fly they, that need to f
Wordes fearen babes. I meane not thee entre
To passe, but maugre thee will passe or dy.
Ne lenger stayd for th’ other to reply, [known
But with sharpe speare the rest made dea
Strongly the straunge knight ran, and sturdi
Strooke her full on the brest, that made h
downe [her crow
Decline her head, and touch her crouper wi

XVI

But she againe him in the shield did smite
With so fierce furie and great puissance,

through his three-square scuchin percing
quite
through his mayled hauberque, by mis-
chance [glauce.
ricked steele through his left side did
transfixed she before her bore
d his croupe, the length of all her launce;
adly soucing on the sandy shore, [gore.
mbled on an heape, and wallowd in his

XVII

as the sacred Oxe that carelesse stands,
gilden hornes and flowry girlonds crownd,
of his dying honor and deare bandes,
s th' altars fume with frankincense
arownd,
ddeinly, with mortall stroke astownd,
groveling fall, and with his streaming gore
nes the pillours and the holy grownd,
he faire flowres that decked him afore:
proud Marinell upon the pretious shore.

XVIII

martiall Mayd stayd not him to lament,
forward rode, and kept her ready way
the strond; which, as she over-went,
aw bestrowed all with rich aray
arles and pretious stones of great assay,
the gravell mixt with golden owre:
eat she wondred much, but would not
stay
old, or perles, or pretious stones, an howre,
hem despised all; for all was in her powre.

XIX

les thus he lay in deadly stonishment,
ngs hereof came to his mothers eare:
mother was the blacke-browd Cymoënt,
laughter of great Nereus, which did beare
warlike sonne unto an earthly peare,
amous Dumarin; who, on a day
ng the Nymph asleepe in secret wheare,
e by chance did wander that same way,
aken with her love, and by her closely lay.

XX

re he this knight of her begot, whom borne
of his father, Marinell did name;
in a rocky cave, as wight forlorne,
time she fostred up, till he became
ghty man at armes, and mickle fame
et through great adventures by him donne:
ever man he suffred by that same
strond to travell, whereas he did wonne,
that he must do battail with the Sea-
nymphes sonne.

XXI

An hundred knights of honorable name
He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made
That through all Faerie lond his noble fame
Now blazed was, and feare did all invade,
That none durst passen through that perilous
glade:
And to advance his name and glory more,
Her Sea-god syre she dearely did perswade
T'endow her sonne with treasure and rich store
Bove all the sonnes that were of earthly
wombes ybore.

XXII

The God did graunt his daughters deare
demaund,
To doen his Nephew in all riches flow;
Eftsoones his heaped waves he did commaund
Out of their hollow bosome forth to throw
All the huge treasure, which the sea below
Had in his greedy gulfe devoured deepe,
And him enriched through the overthrow
And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe
And often wayle their wealth, which he from
them did keepe.

XXIII

Shortly upon that shore there heaped was
Exceeding riches and all pretious things,
The spoyle of all the world; that it did pas
The wealth of th' East, and pompe of Persian
kings:
Gold, amber, yvorie, perles, owches, rings,
And all that els was pretious and deare,
The sea unto him voluntary brings;
That shortly he a great Lord did appeare,
As was in all the lond of Faery, or else wheare.

XXIV

Thereto he was a doughty dreaded knight,
Tryde often to the scath of many Deare,
That none in equall armes him matchen might:
The which his mother seeing gan to feare
Least his too haughtie hardines might reare
Some hard mishap in hazard of his life.
Forthy she oft him counseld to forbear
The bloody batteill and to stirre up strife,
But after all his warre to rest his wearie knife.

XXV

And, for his more assuraunce, she inquir'd
One day of Proteus by his mighty spell
(For Proteus was with prophecy inspir'd)
Her deare sonnes destiny to her to tell,
And the sad end of her sweet Marinell:
Who, through foresight of his eternall skill,
Bad her from womankind to keepe him well,
For of a woman he should have much ill;
A virgin straunge and stout him should dismay
or kill.

XXVI

Forthy she gave him warning every day
The love of women not to entertaine;
A lesson too too hard for living clay
From love in course of nature to refraine.
Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,
And ever from fayre Ladies love did fly;
Yet many Ladies fayre did oft complaine,
That they for love of him would algates dy:
Dy, who so list for him, he was loves enemy.

XXVII

But ah! who can deceive his destiny,
Or weene by warning to avoyd his fate?
That, when he sleepes in most security
And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,
And findeth dew effect or soone or late;
So feeble is the powre of fleshly arme.
His mother bad him wemens love to hate,
For she of womans force did feare no harme;
So, weening to have arm'd him, she did quite
disarme.

XXVIII

This was that woman, this that deadly
wound,
That Proteus prophecide should him dismay;
The which his mother vainly did expownd
To be hart-wounding love, which should assay
To bring her sonne unto his last decay.
So ticle be the termes of mortall state,
And full of subtile sophismes, which doe play
With double sences, and with false debate,
T' approve the unknownen purpose of eternall
fate.

XXIX

Too trew the famous Marinell it fownd,
Who, through late triall, on that wealthy
Strond

Inglorious now lies in sencelesse swownd,
Through heavy stroke of Britomartis hond.
Which when his mother deare did understand,
And heavy tidings heard, whereas she playd
Amongst her watry sisters by a pond,
Gathering sweete daffadillyes, to have made
Gay girlonds from the Sun their forheads fayr
to shade;

XXX

Estesoones both flowres and girlonds far away
Shee flong, and her faire deawy lockes yrent;
To sorrow huge she turnd her former play,
And gamesom merth to grievous dreriment:
Shee threw her selfe downe on the Continent,
Ne word did speake, but lay as in a swowne,
Whiles all her sisters did for her lament
With yelling outcries, and with shrieking
sowne;
And every one did teare her girlond from her

XXXI

Soone as shee up out of her deadly fitt
Arose, shee bad her charett to be brought;
And all her sisters that with her did sitt
Bad eke attonce their charettis to be sought:
Tho, full of bitter grieve and pensife thought,
She to her wagon clombe; clombe all the rownd
And forth together went with sorow fraught.
The waves, obedient to theyr behest,
Them yielded ready passage, and their rag
surcast.

XXXII

Great Neptune stooode amazed at their sight
Whiles on his broad rownd backe they soft
slid,
And eke him selfe mournd at their mourn
plight,
Yet wist not what their wailing ment; yet did
For great compassion of their sorow, bid
His mighty waters to them buxome bee:
Estesoones the roaring billowes still abid,
And all the griesly Monsters of the See
Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred then
to see.

XXXIII

A teme of Dolphins raunged in aray
Drew the smooth charett of sad Cymoent:
They were all taught by Triton to obay
To the long raynes at her commaundement:
As swifte as swallowes on the waves they
went,
That their brode flaggy finnes no fome did
Ne bubling rowndell they behinde them sent.
The rest, of other fishes drawn weare,
Which with their finny oars the swelling sea
did sheare.

XXXIV

Soone as they bene arriv'd upon the brim
Of the Rich Strond, their charets they forlore
And let their temed fishes softly swim
Along the margent of the fomy shore,
Least they their finnes should bruze, and
surbate sore
Their tender feete upon the stony grownd:
And comming to the place, where all in gore
And cruddy blood enwallowed they fownd
The lucklesse Marinellying in deadly swownd

XXXV

His mother swowned thrise, and the third time
Could scarce recovered bee out of her paine:
Had she not bene devoide of mortall slime,
Shee should not then have bene rely'd againe
But, soone as life recovered had the raine,
Shee made sopiteous mone and deare wayment,
That the hard rocks could scarce from tear
refraine;

her sister Nymphes with one consent
 e her sobbing breaches with sad comple-
 ment.

XXXVI

e image of my selfe, (she sayd) 'that is
 etched sonne of wretched mother borne,
 thine high aduancement? O! is this
 mortall name, with which thee, yet
 unborne,
 randsire Nereus promist to adorne?
 est thou of life and honor reft;
 est thou a lump of earth forlorne;
 hy late life memory is lefte,
 thy irrevocable desteny bee wefte.

XXXVII

l Proteus, father of false prophecis!
 ey more fond that credit to thee give!
 is the worke of womans hand ywis,
 so deepe wound through these deare
 members drive.
 d love; but they that love doe live,
 ey that dye doe nether love nor hate:
 ease to thee thy folly I forgive;
 o my selfe, and to accursed fate,
 uilt I doe ascribe: deare wisdom bought
 too late!

XXXVIII

what availles it of immortall seed
 ne ybredd and never borne to dye?
 better I it deeme to die with speed
 waste in woe and wayfull miserye:
 eyes, the utmost dolor doth aby;e;
 ho that lives is lefte to waile his losse:
 is losse, and death felicity:
 fe worse then glad death; and greater
 crosse [to engrosse
 frends grave, then dead the grave self

XXXIX

if the heavens did his dayes envie,
 y short blis maligne, yet mote they well
 much afford me, ere that he did die,
 he dim eies of my deare Marinell
 e have closed, and him bed farewell,
 ther offices for mother meet
 would not graunt—
 maulgre them, farewell, my sweetest
 sweet! [shall meet!
 ell, my my sweetest sonne, sith we no more

XI.

when they all had sorowed their fill,
 softly gan to search his griesly wound:
 hat they might him handle more at will,
 him disarmd; and, spreading on the
 grownd

Their watchet mantles frindgd with silver
 rownd,

They softly wipt away the gelly blood
 From th' orifice; which having well upbownd,
 They poud in soveraine balme and Nectar
 good, [food.
 Good both for erthly med'cine and for hevenly

XLI

Tho when the lilly handed Liagore
 (This Liagore whilome had learned skill
 In leaches craft, by great Apolloes lore,
 Sith her whilome upon high Pindus hill
 He loved, and at last her wombe did fill
 With hevenly seed, whereof wise Pæon sprong)
 Did feele his pulse, shee knew there staied still
 Some litle life his feeble sprites emong;
 Which to his mother told, despayre she from
 her flong.

XLII

Tho, up him taking in their tender hands,
 They easely unto her charett beare:
 Her teme at her commaundement quiet stands,
 Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,
 And strowe with flowres the lamentable beare.
 Then all the rest into their coches clim,
 And through the brackish waves their passage
 sheare;
 Upon great Neptunes necke they softly swim,
 And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

XLIII

Deepe in the bottome of the sea her bowre
 Is built of hollow billowes heaped hye,
 Like to thicke clouds that threat a stormy
 showre,
 And vaulted all within, like to the Skye,
 In which the Gods doe dwell eternally;
 There they him laide in easy couch well dight,
 And sent in haste for Tryphon, to apply
 Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might;
 For Tryphon of sea gods the soveraine leach is
 hight.

XLIV

The whiles the Nymphes sitt all about him
 rownd,
 Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight;
 And ofte his mother, vewing his wide wound,
 Cursed the hand that did so deadly smight
 Her dearest sonne, her dearest harts delight:
 But none of all those curses overtooke
 The warlike Maide, th' ensample of that might;
 But fairely well shee thryvd, and well did
 brooke
 Her noble deeds, ne her right course for
 ought forsooke

XLV

Yet did false Archimage her still pursew,
To bring to passe his mischievous intent,
Now that he had her singled from the crew
Of courteous knights, the Prince and Faery gent,
Whom late in chace of beauty excellent
Shee lefte, pursewing that same foster strong,
Of whose fowle outrage they impatient,
And full of fry zeale, him followed long,
To reskew her from shame, and to revenge her
wrong.

XLVI

Through thick and thin, through mountains
and through playns,
Those two great champions did attonce pursew
The fearefull damzell with incessant payns;
Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from
vew

Of hunter swifte and sent of howndes trew.
At last they came unto a double way;
Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,
Themselves they did dispart, each to assay
Whether more happy were to win so goodly
pray.

XLVII

But Timias, the Princes gentle Squire,
That Ladies love unto his Lord forlent,
And with proud envy and indignant yre
After that wicked foster fiercely went:
So beene they three three sondry wayes ybent;
But fayrest fortune to the Prince befell, pent,
Whose chauce it was, that soone he did re-
To take that way in which that Damozell
Was fledd afore, affraid of him as feend of hell.

XLVIII

At last of her far off he gained vew.
Then gan he freshly pricke his fomy steed,
And ever as he nigher to her drew,
So evermore he did increase his speed,
And of each turning still kept wary heed:
Alowd to her he oftentimes did call,
To doe away vaine doubt and needlesse
dreed:

Full myld to her he spake, and oft let fall
Many meeke wordes to stay and comfort her
withall.

XLIX

But nothing might relent her hasty flight,
So deepe the deadly feare of that foule swaine
Was earst impressed in her gentle spright,
Like as a fearefull Dove, which through the
raine

Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,
Having farre off espyde a Tassell gent,
Which after her his nimble winges doth
straine,

Doubleth her hast for feare to bee for-hent,
And with her pineons cleaves the liquid
mament.

L

With no lesse hast, and eke with no lesse dree,
That fearefull Ladie fledd from him, ment

To her no evill thought nor evill deed;
Yet former feare of being fowly shent
Carried her forward with her first intent:
And though, oft looking backward, well a
vewde

Her selfe freed from that foster insolent,
And that it was a knight which now her sewd
Yet she no lesse the knight feard then the
villain rude.

LI

His uncouth shield and straunge armes h
dismayd,

Whose like in Faery lond were seldom seene.
That fast she from him fledd, no lesse afray.
Then of wilde beastes if she had chased been.
Yet he her followd still with corage keene
So long, that now the golden Hesperus
Was mounted high in top of heaven sheene,
And ward his other brethren joyeous
To light their blessed lamps in Joves etern
hous.

LII

All suddainly dim wox the dampish ayre,
And griesly shadowes covered heaven bright
That now with thousand starres was deck
fayre:

Which when the Prince beheld, a lothfull sigh
And that perforce, for want of lenger light,
He mote surceasse his suit, and lose the hope
Of his long labour, he gan fowly wyte
His wicked fortune that had turnd aslope,
And cursed night that reft from him so good
scope.

LIII

Tho, when her wayes he could no mor
descrie,

But to and fro at disaventure strayd;
Like as a ship, whose Lodestar suddainly
Covered with cloudes her Pilott hath dis
mayd;

His wearisome pursuit perforce he stayd,
And from his loftie steed dismounting low
Did let him forage. Downe himselfe he layd
Upon the grassy ground to sleepe a throw:
The cold earth was his couch, the hard steel
his pillow.

LIV

But gentle Sleepe envyde him any rest:
In stead thereof sad sorow and disdain

hard hap did vex his noble brest,
 thousand Fancies bett his ydle brayne
 their light wings, the sights of semblants
 vaine.
 Had he wish that Lady faire mote bee
 Faery Queene, for whom he did com-
 plaine,
 at his Faery Queene were such as shee;
 ever hasty Night he blamed bitterlie.

LV

ght! thou foule Mother of annoyaunce
 sad,
 of heaue death, and nourse of woe,
 h wast begot in heaven, but for thy bad
 brutish shape thrust downe to hell
 below,
 re, by the grim floud of Cocytus slow,
 dwelling is in Herebus black hous,
 ek Herebus, thy husband, is the foe
 l the Gods,) where thou ungratious
 e of thy dayes doest lead in horreur
 hideous.

LVI

that had th' eternall Maker need of thee
 world in his continuall course to keepe,
 doest all thinges deface, ne lettest see
 beautie of his worke? Indeed, in sleepe
 slouthfull body that doth love to steepe
 rustleselimb, and drowne his baser mind,
 a praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian
 deepe
 es thee his goddess, in his error blind,
 great Dame Natures handmaide chearing
 every kind.

LVII

at well I wote, that to an heavy hart
 u art the roote and nourse of bitter cares,
 der of new, renewer of old smarts:
 ead of rest thou lendest rayling teares;
 ead of sleepe thou sendest troublous feares
 dreadfull visions, in the which alive
 dreary image of sad death appears:
 rom the wearie spirit thou doest drive
 ured rest, and men of happinesse deprive.

LVIII

'Under thy mantle black there hidden lye
 Light-shonning thefte, and traiterous intent,
 Abhorred bloodshed, and vile felony,
 Shamefull deceit, and daunger imminent,
 Fowle horror, and eke hellish dreriment:
 All these, I wote, in thy protection bee,
 And light doe shonne for feare of being shent;
 For light ylike is loth'd of them and thee;
 And all that lewdnesse love doe hate the light
 to see.

LIX

'For day discovers all dishonest wayes,
 And sheweth each thing as it is in deed:
 The prayes of high God he faire displayes,
 And his large bountie rightly doth areed:
 Dayes dearest children be the blessed seed
 Which darknesse shall subdue and heaven win:
 Truth is his daughter; he her first did breed
 Most sacred virgin without spot of sinne.
 Our life is day, but death with darknesse doth
 begin.

LX

'O! when will day then turne to me againe,
 And bring with him his long expected light?
 O Titan! hast to reare thy joyous waine;
 Speed thee to spread abroad thy beames bright,
 And chace away this too long lingring night;
 Chace her away, from whence she came, to hell:
 She, she it is, that hath me done despight:
 There let her with the damned spirits dwell,
 And yield her rowme to day that can it governe
 well.'

LXI

Thus did the Prince that wearie night out-
 weare
 In restlesse anguish and unquiet paine;
 And earely, ere the morrow did upreare
 His dewy head out of the Ocean maine,
 He up arose, as halfe in great disdaine,
 And clombe unto his steed. So forth he went
 With heavy look and lumpish pace, that plaine
 In him bewraid great grudge and maltalent:
 His steed eke seemd t' apply his steps to his
 intent.

CANTO V.

Prince Arthur heares of Florimell :
 Three fosters Timias wound ;
 Belphebe findes him almost dead,
 And reareth out of sownd.

I

WONDER it is to see in diverse mindes
 How diversly love doth his pageaunts play,
 And shewes his powre in variable kindes :
 The baser wit, whose ydle thoughts alway
 Are lewde to cleave unto the lowly clay,
 It stirreth up to sensuall desire,
 And in lewd slouth to wast his carelesse day,
 But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,
 That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

II

Ne suffereth it uncomely idlenesse
 In his free thought to build her sluggish nest,
 Ne suffereth it thought of ungentlenesse
 Ever to creepe into his noble brest ;
 But to the highest and the worthiest
 Lifteth it up that els would lowly fall :
 It lettes not fall, it lettes it not to rest ;
 It lettes not scarce this Prince to breath at all,
 But to his first poursuit him forward still doth
 call.

III

Who long time wandred through the forest
 wyde
 To finde some issue thence ; till that at last
 He met a Dwarfe that seemed terrifyde
 With some late perill which he hardly past,
 Or other accident which him aghast ;
 Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,
 And whither now he traveled so fast ?
 For sore he swat, and, ronning through that
 same [nigh lame.
 Thicke forest, was bescracht and both his feet

IV

Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,
 The Dwarfe him answerd ; ' Sir, ill mote I stay
 To tell the same : I lately did depart
 From Faery court, where I have many a day
 Served a gentle Lady of great sway
 And high accompt through out all Elfin land,
 Who lately left the same, and tooke this way.
 Her now I seeke ; and if ye understand
 Which way she fared hath. good Sir, tell out
 of hand.'

V

' What mister wight,' (saide he) ' and how
 arayd ?'
 ' Royally clad' (quoth he) ' in cloth of gold,
 As meetest may beseeme a noble mayd :
 Her faire lockes in rich circlet be enrolld,
 A fayrer wight did never Sunne behold ;
 And on a Palfrey rydes more white then snow,
 Yet she her selfe is whiter manifold.
 The surest signe, whereby ye may her know,
 Is that she is the fairest wight alive, I trow.

VI

' Now certes, swaine,' (saide he) ' such one, I
 weene,
 Fast flying through this forest from her fo,
 A foule ill-favoured foster, I have seene :
 Her selfe, well as I might, I reskewd tho,
 But could not stay, so fast she did foregoe,
 Carried away with wings of speedy feare.'
 ' Ah, dearest God !' (quoth he) ' that is great
 woe,
 And wondrous ruth to all that shall it heare :
 But can ye read, Sir, how I may her finde, or
 where ?'

VII

' Perdy, me lever were to weeten that,'
 (Saide he) ' then ransome of the richest knight,
 Or all the good that ever yet I gat :
 But froward fortune, and too forward Night,
 Such happinesse did, maulgre, to me spight,
 And fro me reft both life and light attone.
 But, Dwarfe, aread what is that Lady bright
 That through this forrest wandreth thus alone ?
 For of her errour straunge I have great ruth
 and mone.'

VIII

' That Ladie is,' (quoth he) ' where so she bee,
 The bountiest virgin and most debonaire
 That ever living eye, I weene, did see.
 Lives none this day that may with her compare
 In stedfast chastitie and vertue rare,
 The goodly ornaments of beautie bright ;
 And is ycleped Florimell the fayre,
 Faire Florimell belov'd of many a knight,
 Yet she loves none but one, that Marinell is
 hight.

IX

a-nymphes sonne, that Marinell is hight,
deare Dame is loved dearely well :
er none, but him, she sets delight ;
r delight is set on Marinell,
e sets nought at all by Florimell ;
adies love his mother long ygoe
im, they say, forwarne through sacred
spell :
me now flies, that of a forreine foe
yslaine, which is the ground of all our
woe.

X

e daies there be since he (they say) was
slaine,
owre since Florimell the Court forwent,
owed never to returne againe,
im alive or dead she did invent.
fore, faire Sir, for love of knighthood
onour of trew Ladies, if ye may [gent,
ur good counsell, or bold hardiment,
ecour her, or me direct the way,
e or other good, I you most humbly pray.

XI

may ye gaine to you full great renowme
good Ladies through the worlde so wide,
aply in her hart finde highest rowme
om ye seeke to be most magnifide ;
st eternall meede shall you abide.
hom the Prince : 'Dwarfe, comfort to
thee take,
ll thou tidings learne what her betide,
avow thee never to forsake.
eares he armes, that nill them use for
Ladies sake.'

XII

ith the Dwarfe he back retourn'd againe,
ke his Lady where he mote her finde ;
y the way he greatly gan complaine
rant of his good Squire late lefte behinde,
whom he wondrous pensive grew in
minde,
doubt of daunger which mote him betide ;
im he loved above all mankinde,
ng him trew and faithfull ever tride,
bold, as ever Squire that waited by
knights side :

XIII

all this while full hardly was assayd
adly daunger, which to him betidd ;
hiles his Lord pursewd that noble Mayd,
that foster fowle he fiercely ridd
ne avenged of the shame he did
at faire Damzell : Him he chaced long
gh the thicke woods wherein he would
have hid

His shamefull head from his avengement strong,
And oft him threatned death for his outrageous
wrong.

XIV

Nathlesse the villain sped himselfe so well,
Whether through swiftnesse of his speedie
beast, [dwell,
Or knowledge of those woods where he did
That shortly he from daunger was releast,
And out of sight escaped at the least :
Yet not escaped from the dew reward
Of his bad deedes, which daily he increast,
Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard
The heavie plague that for such leachours is
prepard.

XV

For soone as he was vanisht out of sight,
His coward courage gan emboldned bee,
And cast t' avenge him of that fowle despight
Which he had borne of his bold enimee :
Tho to his brethren came, for they were three
Ungratious children of one gracelesse syre,
And unto them complayned how that he
Had used beene of that foolehardie Squire :
So them with bitter words he stird to bloodie
yre.

XVI

Forthwith themselves with their sad instru-
ments
Of spoyle and murder they gan arme bylive,
And with him forth into the forrest went
To wreake the wrath, which he did earst
revive [drive
In their sterne breasts, on him which late did
Their brother to reproch and shamefull flight ;
For they had vow'd that never he alive
Out of that forest should escape their might :
Vile rancour their rude harts had fild with
such despight.

XVII

Within that wood there was a covert glade,
Foreby a narrow foord, to them well knowne,
Through which it was uneath for wight to
And now by fortune it was overflowne. [wade ;
By that same way they knew that Squire un-
knowne [set
Mote algates passe : forthy themselves they
There in await with thicke woods overgrowne,
And all the while their malice they did whet
With cruell threats his passage through the
ford to let.

XVIII

It fortun'd, as they devised had :
The gentle Squire came ryding that same way,

Unweeting of their wile and treason bad,
And through the ford to passen did assay;
But that fierce foster, which late fled away,
Stoutly foorth stepping on the further shore,
Him boldly bad his passage there to stay,
Till he had made amends, and full restore
For all the damage which he had him doen
afore.

XIX

With that at him a quiv'ring dart he threw,
With so fell force, and villenous despite,
That through his haberjeon the forkehead flew,
And through the linked mayles empierced
quite,
But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite.
That stroke the hardy Squire did sore displease,
But more that him he could not come to smite;
For by no meanes the high banke he could
sease, [vaine disease.
But labour'd long in that deepe ford with

XX

And still the foster with his long bore-speare
Him kept from landing at his wished will.
Anone one sent out of the thickest neare
A cruell shaft, headed with deadly ill,
And fethered with an unlucky quill:
The wicked steele stayd not till it did light
In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill:
Exceeding grieffe that wound in him empight,
But more that with his foes he could not come
to fight.

XXI

At last, through wrath and vengeance making
ing way,
He on the bancke arrayvd with mickle payne,
Where the third brother him did sore assay,
And drove at him with all his might and
mayne.
A forest-bill, which both his hands did strayne;
But warily he did avoide the blow,
And with his speare requited him againe,
That both his sides were thrilled with the
throw, [did flow.
And a large streame of blood out of the wound

XXII

He, tomling downe, with gnashing teeth did
The bitter earth, and bad to lett him in [bite
Into the balefull house of endlesse night, [sin.
Where wicked ghosts doe waile their former
Tho gan the battaile freshly to begin;
For nathemore for that spectacle bad
Did th' other two their cruell vengeance blin,
But both attonce on both sides him bestad,
And load upon him layd his life for to have had.

XXIII

Tho when that villayn he aviz'd, which late
Affrighted had the fairest Florimell,
Full of fiers fury and indignant hate
To him he turned, and with rigor fell
Smote him so rudely on the Pannikell,
That to the chin he clefte his head in twaine
Downe on the ground his carkas groveling fell
His sinfull sowle with desperate disdaine
Out of her fleshly ferme fled to the place
paine.

XXIV

That seeing, now the only last of three
Who with that wicked shafte him wounded had
Trembling with horror, as that did foresee
The fearefull end of his avengement sad, [bar
Through which he follow should his brethre
His bootelesse bow in feeble hand upcaught,
And therewith shott an arrow at the lad:
Which, fayntly fluttering, scarce his helme
raught, [naught
And glauncing fel to ground, but him annoye

XXV

With that he would have fled into the wood
But Timias him lightly overhent,
Right as he entring was into the flood,
And strooke at him with force so violent,
That headlesse him into the foord he sent:
The carcas with the streame was carried downe
But th' head fell backward on the Continent
So mischief fel upon the meaners crowne.
They three be dead with shame, the Squire
lives with renowne.

XXVI

He lives, but takes small joy of his renowne
For of that cruell wound he bled so sore,
That from his steed he fell in deadly swowne
Yet still the blood forth gusht in so great store
That he lay wallowd all in his owne gore.
Now God thee keepe, thou gentlest squire alive
Els shall thy loving Lord thee see no more;
But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive.
And eke thy selfe of honor which thou did
atchive.

XXVII

Providence heavenly passeth living thought,
And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way
For loe! great grace or fortune thither brought
Comfort to him that comfortlesse now lay.
In those same woods ye well remember may
How that a noble hunteresse did wonne,
Shee, that base Braggadochio did affray,
And make him fast out of the forest ronne.
Belphebe was her name, as faire as Phoebus
sunne.

XXVIII

in a day, as shee pursu'd the chace
 the wilde beast, which with her arrowes
 keene
 wounded had, the same along did trace
 et of blood, which she had freshly seene
 re besprinkled all the grassy greene:
 e great persue which she there perceav'd,
 oped shee the beast engor'd had beene,
 ade more haste the life to have bereav'd;
 ! her expectation greatly was deceav'd.

XXIX

ly she came whereas that wofull Squire,
 blood deformed, lay in deadly swound;
 ose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
 ristall humor stood congealed rownd;
 ecks, like faded leaves fallen to grownd,
 ed with blood in bounches rudely ran;
 his sweete lips, on which before that
 stownd
 id of youth to blossome faire began, [wan.
 of their rosy red were woxen pale and

XXX

never living eie more heavy sight,
 ould have made a rocke of stone to rew,
 in twaine: which when that Lady bright,
 all hope, with melting eies did vew,
 ddely abasht shee chaunged hew,
 ith sterne horror backward gan to start;
 hen shee better him beheld shee grew
 f soft passion and unwonted smart: [hart.
 oint of pitty perce'd through her tender

XXXI

ely shee bowed downe, to weete if life
 n his frozen members did remaine;
 feeling by his pulses beating rife
 the weake sowle her seat did yett retaine,
 ast to comfort him with busie paine.
 ouble folded necke she reard upright,
 ubd his temples and each trembling vaine;
 ayled haberjeon shee did undight,
 rom his head his heavy burganet did light.

XXXII

the woods thenceforth in haste shee went,
 eke for hearbes that mote him remedy;
 hee of herbes had great intendment,
 ht of the Nympe which from her infancy
 ourced had in trew Nobility:
 e, whether yt divine Tobacco were,
 anachæa, or Polygony,
 fownd, and brought it to her patient deare,
 al this while lay bleding out his hart-
 blood neare.

XXXIII

The soveraine weede betwixt two marbles
 plaine
 Shee pownded small, and did in peeces bruze;
 And then atweene her lilly handes twaine
 Into his wound the juice thereof did scruze;
 And round about, as shee could well it uze,
 The flesh therewith shee suppld and did steepe,
 T' abate all spasme, and soke the swelling bruze;
 And, after having searcht the intuse deepe,
 Shee with her scarf did bind the wound from
 cold to keepe.

XXXIV

By this he had sweet life recur'd agayne,
 And, groning inly deepe, at last his eies,
 His watry eies drizzling like dewy rayne,
 He up gan lifte toward the azure skies,
 From whence descend all hopelesse remedies:
 Therewith he sigh'd; and, turning him aside,
 The goodly Maide, ful of divinities
 And gifts of heavenly grace, he by him spide,
 Her bow and gilden quiver lying him beside.

XXXV

'Mercy, deare Lord!' (said he) 'what grace
 is this
 That thou hast shewed to me sinfull wight,
 To send thine Angell from her bowre of blis
 To comfort me in my distressed plight,
 Angell, or Goddesse doe I call thee right?
 What service may I doe unto thee meete,
 That hast from darkenes me returnd to light,
 And with thy heavenly salves and med'cines
 sweete [blessed feete.'
 Hast drest my sinfull wounds? I kisse thy

XXXVI

Thereat shee blushing said; 'Ah! gentle
 Squire,
 Nor Goddesse I, nor Angell; but the Mayd
 And daughter of a woody Nympe, desire
 No service but thy safety and ayd;
 Which if thou gaine, I shal be well apayd.
 Wee mortall wights, whose lives and fortunes
 To commun accidents stil open layd, [bee
 Are bownd with commun bond of frailtee,
 To succor wretched wights whom we captived
 see.'

XXXVII

By this her Damzells, which the former chace
 Had undertaken after her, arryv'd,
 As did Belphebe, in the bloody place,
 And thereby deemd the beast had bene depriv'd
 Of life, whom late their ladies arrow ryv'd:
 Forthly the bloody tract they followd fast,
 And every one to ronne the swiftest stryv'd,

But two of them the rest far overpast,
And where their Lady was arrived at the last.

XXXVIII

Where when they saw that goodly boy with
blood

Defowled, and their Lady dresse his wovnd,
They wondred much; and shortly understood
How him in deadly case theyr Lady fownd,
And reskew'd out of the heavy stownd.

Eftsoones his warlike courser, which was strayd,
Farre in the woodes whiles that he lay in
swownd, [stayd,

She made those Damzels search; which being
They did him set thereon, and forth with them
convayd.

XXXIX

Into that forest farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade
With mountaines rownd about environed,
And mightie woodes which did the valley shade
And like a stately Theatre it made,
Spreading it selfe into a spacious plaine:
And in the midst a little river plaide
Emongst the pumy stones, which seemd to
plaine [restraine.
With gentle murmure that his cours they did

XL

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with mirtle trees and laurells greene,
In which the birds song many a lovely lay
Of Gods high praise, and of their loves sweet
teene,

As it an earthly Paradize had beene:
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight
A faire Pavilion, scarcely to bee seene,
The which was al within most richly dight,
That greatest Princes liking it mote well de-
light.

XLI

Thither they brought that wounded Squire,
and layd

In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest.
He rested him awhile; and then the Mayd
His readie wound with better salves new drest:
Daily she dressed him, and did the best
His grievous hurt to guarish, that she might;
That shortly she his dolour hath redrest,
And his foule sore reduced to faire plight:
It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

XLII

O foolish physick, and unfruitfull paine,
That heales up one, and makes another wound!
She his hurt thigh to him recurd againe,
But hurt his hart, the which before was sound,

Through an unwary dart, which did rebownd
From her faire eyes and gracious countenance
What bootes it him from death to be unbownd
To be captived in endlesse duraunce
Of sorrow and despayre without aleggeaunce

XLIII

Still as his wound did gather, and grow hol
So still his hart woxe sore, and health decayd
Madnesse to save a part, and lose the whole
Still whenas he beheld the heavenly Mayd,
Whiles dayly playsters to his wovnd she layd
So still his Malady the more increast,
The whiles her matchlesse beautie him di-
mayd.

Ah God! what other could he do at least,
But love so fayre a Lady that his life releast

XLIV

Long while he strove in his corageous brest
With reason dew the passion to subdew,
And love for to dislodge out of his nest:
Still when her excellencies he did vew,
Her soveraine bountie and celestiall hew,
The same to love he strongly was constraind
But when his meane estate he did review,
He from such hardy boldnesse was restraynd
And of his lucklesse lott and cruell love th
playnd:

XLV

'Unthankfull wretch,' (said he) 'is this th
need, [quight
With which her soverain mercy thou doe
Thy life she saved by her gracious deed;
But thou doest weene with villenous despight
To blott her honour, and her heavenly light.
Dye rather, dye, then so disloyally
Deeme of her high desert, or seeme so light
Fayre death it is, to shonne more shame, to dy
Dye rather, dy, then ever love disloyally.

XLVI

'But if to love disloyalty it bee,
Shall I then hate her that from deathes dore
Me brought? ah, farre be such reproch fro me
What can I lesse doe then her love therefore
Sith I her dew reward cannot restore?
Dye rather, dye, and dying doe her serve:
Dying her serve, and living her adore;
Thy life she gave, thy life she doth deserve:
Dye rather, dye, then ever from her serv
swerve.

XLVII

'But, foolish boy, what bootes thy service ba
To her to whom the heavens doe serve and sew
Thou, a meane Squire of meeke and lowly plao
She, heavenly borne and of celestiall hew.

hen? of all love taketh equall vew;
 oth not highest God vouchsafe to take
 ve and service of the basest crew?
 will not, dye meekly for her sake:
 rather, dye, then ever so faire love for-
 sake!

XLVIII

warreid he long time against his will;
 at through weaknesse he was forst at last
 id himselfe unto the mightie ill,
 as a victour proud, gan ransack fast
 ward partes, and all his entrayles wast,
 either blood in face nor life in hart
 but both did quite drye up and blast;
 cing levin, which the inner part
 ry thing consumes, and calcineth by art.

XLIX

h seeing fayre Belphebe gan to feare,
 that his wound were inly well not heald,
 the wicked steele empoysned were:
 he weend that love he close conceald.
 ll he wasted, as the snow congeald
 the bright sunne his beams thereon
 doth beat:
 ver he his hart to her reveald;
 ther chose to dye for sorow great,
 with dishonorable termes her to entreat.

L

gracious Lady, yet no paines did spare
 him ease, or doe him remedy.
 Restoratives of vertues rare,
 ostly Cordialles she did apply,
 igrate his stubborne malady:
 at sweet Cordiall, which can restore
 -sick hart, she did to him envy;
 n, and to all th' unworthy world forlore
 d envy that soveraine salve in secret
 store.

LI

daintie Rose, the daughter of her Morne,
 leare then life she tendered, whose flowre
 rlonde of her honour did adorne:
 fred she the Middayes scorching powre,
 sharp Northerne wind thereon to showre;
 pped up her silken leaves most chayre,
 so the froward skye began to lowre;

But, soone as calmed was the christall ayre,
 She did it fayre dispred and let to florish fayre.

LII

Eternall God, in his almightie powre,
 To make ensample of his heavenly grace,
 In Paradize whylome did plant this flowre;
 Whence he it fetcht out of her native place,
 And did in stocke of earthly flesh enrace,
 That mortall men her glory should admyre.
 In gentle Ladies breste and bounteous race
 Of woman kind it fayrest Flowre doth spyre,
 And beareth fruit of honour and all chaste
 desyre.

LIII

Fayre ympes of beautie, whose bright shining
 beames
 Adorne the world with like to heavenly light,
 And to your willes both royalties and Reames
 Subdew, through conquest of your wondrous
 might,
 With this fayre flowre your goodly girlonds
 Of chastity and vertue virginall, [dight
 That shall embellish more your beautie bright,
 And crowne your heades with heavenly
 coronall,
 Such as the Angels weare before Gods tribunall!

LIV

To your faire selves a faire ensample frame
 Of this faire virgin, this Belphebe fayre;
 To whom, in perfect love and spotlesse fame
 Of chastitie, none living may compayre:
 Ne poysnous Envy justly can empayre
 The prayse of her fresh flowring Maydenhead;
 Forthy she standeth on the highest stayre
 Of th' honorable stage of womanhead,
 That Ladies all may follow her ensample dead.

LV

In so great prayse of stedfast chastity
 Nathlesse she was so courteous and kynde,
 Tempred with grace and goodly modesty,
 That seemed those two vertues strove to fynd
 The higher place in her Heroick mynd:
 So striving each did other more augment,
 And both encreast the prayse of woman kynde,
 And both encreast her beautie excellent:
 So all did make in her a perfect complement.

CANTO VI.

The birth of fayre Belpheobe and
Of Amorett is told :
The Gardins of Adonis fraught
With pleasures manifold.

I

WELL may I weene, faire Ladies, all this while
Ye wonder how this noble Damozell
So great perfectioun did in her compile,
Sith that in salvage forests she did dwell,
So farre from court and royall Citadell,
The great schoolmaistresse of all courtesy :
Seemeth that such wilde woodes should far
expell

All civile usage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity.

II

But to this faire Belpheobe in her berth
The hevens so favorable were and free,
Looking with myld aspect upon the earth
In th' Horoscope of her nativitee,
That all the gifts of grace and chastitee
On her they poured forth of plenteous horne:
Jove laught on Venus from his soverayne see,
And Phœbus with faire beames did her
adorne, [borne,
And all the Graces rockt her cradle being

III

Her berth was of the wombe of Morning dew,
And her conception of the joyous Prime;
And all her whole creation did her shew
Pure and unspotted from all loathly crime
That is ingenerate in fleshly slime.
So was this virgin borne, so was she bred;
So was she trayned up from time to time
In all chaste vertue and true bounti-bed,
Till to her dew perfection she were ripened.

IV

Her mother was the faire Chrysogonee,
The daughter of Amphisa, who by race
A Faerie was, yborne of high degree.
She bore Belpheobe; she bore in like cace
Fayre Amoretta in the second place:
These two were twinnes, and twixt them two
did share
The heritage of all celestially grace;
That all the rest it seemd they robbed bare
Of bounty, and of beautie, and all vertues
rare.

V

It were a goodly storie to declare
By what straunge accident faire Chrysogonee
Conceiv'd these infants, and how them she bore
In this wilde forrest wandring all alone,
After she had nine moneths fullild and gone
For not as other wemens commune brood
They were enwombed in the sacred throne
Of her chaste bodie; nor with commune food
As other wemens babes, they sucked vit-
blood:

VI

But wondrously they were begot and bred
Through influence of th' hevens fruitfull ray
As it in antique bookes is mentioned.
It was upon a Sommers shinie day,
When Titan faire his beames did display,
In a fresh fountaine, far from all mens view
She bath'd her brest the boyling heat t'allay
She bath'd with roses red and violets blew,
And all the sweetest flowers that in the forrest
grew:

VII

Till faint through yrkesome wearines, adown
Upon the grassy ground her selfe she layd
To sleepe, the whiles a gentle slombrie
swowne
Upon her fell, all naked bare displayd.
The sunbeames bright upon her body playd,
Being through former bathing molliide,
And pierst into her wombe, where th' embryo
embayd
With so sweet sence and secret powre unsuspice
That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructi-
fide.

VIII

Miraculous may seeme to him that reade
So straunge ensample of conception;
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seade
Of all things living, through impression
Of the sunbeames in moyst complexion,
Doe life conceive and quickned are by kynd
So, after Nilus inundation,
Infinite shapes of creatures men doe fynd
Informed in the mud on which the Sunne h-
shynd.

IX

Father he of generation
 y cald, th' authour of life and light;
 faire sister for creation
 with matter fit, which, tempred right
 ate and humour, breeds the living
 right. [gone;
 ing these twinnes in womb of Chryso-
 t she nought thereof, but sore affright,
 d to see her belly so upblone,
 still increast till she her terme had full
 utgone.

X

of conceiving shame and foule disgrace,
 r guiltlesse conscience her cleard,
 into the wilderness a space,
 t unweeldy burden she had reard,
 and dishonor which as death she feard:
 wearie of long travaill, downe to rest
 e she set, and comfortably cheard:
 sad cloud of sleepe her overkest,
 sized every sence with sorrow sore
 pprest.

XI

uned, faire Venus having lost
 le sonne, the winged god of love,
 or some light displeasure which him
 rost,
 om her fled as flit as ayery Dove,
 her blisfull bowre of joy above:
 n her often he had fled away,
 he for ought him sharply did reprove,
 andred in the world in straunge aray,
 'd in thousand shapes, that none might
 him bewray.)

XII

or to seeke, she left her heavenly hous,
 use of goodly formes and faire aspect,
 e all the world derives the glorious
 s of beautie, and all shapes select,
 hich high God his workmanship hath
 deckt; [wings
 archd everie way through which his
 me him, or his tract she mote detect:
 mist kisses sweet, and sweeter things,
 he man that of him tydings to her
 orings.

XIII

she him sought in Court, where most he
 as'd [not;
 me to haunt, but there she found him
 ny there she found which sore accus'd
 shood, and with fowle infamous blot
 tell deedes and wicked wyles did spot:
 and Lordes she everywhere mote heare
 ynning, how with his empoysned shot

Their wofull harts he wounded had whyleare
 And so had left them languishing twixt hope
 and feare.

XIV

She then the Cities sought from gate to gate,
 And everie one did aske, did he him see?
 And everie one her answerd, that too late
 He had him seene, and felt the cruelteo
 Of his sharpe dartes and whot artilleree:
 And every one threw forth reproches rife
 Of his mischievous deedes, and sayd that hee
 Was the disturber of all civill life,
 The enemy of peace, and authour of all strife.

XV

Then in the countrey she abroad him sought,
 And in the rurall cottages inquir'd;
 Where also many plaintes to her were brought,
 How he their heedelesse harts with love had fir'd,
 And his false venim through their veines in-
 spir'd: [sat
 And eke the gentle Shepheard swaynes, which
 Keeping their fleecy flockes as they were hyr'd,
 She sweetly heard complaine, both how and
 what [thereat.
 Her sonne had to them doen; yet she did smile

XVI

But when in none of all these she him got,
 She gan avize where els he mote him hyde:
 At last she her bethought that she had not
 Yet sought thesalvage woods and forests wyde,
 In which full many lovely Nymphes abyde;
 Mongst whom might be that he did closely lye,
 Or that the love of some of them him tyde:
 Forthy she thither cast her course t' apply,
 To search the secret haunts of Diances company

XVII

Shortly unto the wastefull woods she came,
 Whereas she found the Goddesses with her crew,
 After late chace of their embrewed game,
 Sitting beside a fountaine in a rew;
 Some of them washing with the liquid dew
 From off their dainty limbs the dusty sweat
 And soyle, which did deforme their lively hew;
 Others lay shaded from the scorching heat,
 The rest upon her person gave attendance great.

XVIII

She, having hong upon a bough on high
 Her bow and painted quiver, had unlaste
 Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,
 And her lanck loynes ungirt, and breasts un-
 braste,
 After her heat the breathing cold to taste:
 Her golden lockes, that late in tresses bright
 Embreaded were for hindring of her haste,

Now loose about her shoulders hong undight,
And were with sweet Ambrosia all besprinkled
light.

XIX

Soone as she Venus saw behinde her backe,
She was asham'd to be so loose surpriz'd;
And woxe halfe wroth against her damzels
That had not her thereof before aviz'd, [slacke,
But suffred her so carelesly disguiz'd
Be overtaken. Soone her garments loose
Upgath'ring, in her bosome she compriz'd
Well as she might, and to the Goddess rose;
Whiles all her Nymphes did like a girlond her
enclose.

XX

Goodly she gan faire Cytherea greet,
And shortly asked her, what cause her brought
Into that wilderness for her unmeet,
From her sweete bowres, and beds with pleasures
fraught? [thought.
That sudein chaunge she straunge adventure
To whom halfe weeping she thus answered;
That she her dearest sonne Cupido sought,
Who in his frowardnes from her was fled,
That she repented sore to have him angered.

XXI

Thereat Diana gan to smile, in scorne
Of her vaine playnt, and to her scoffing sayd:
'Great pittie sure that ye be so forlorne
Of your gay sonne, that gives ye so good ayd
To your disports: ill mote ye bene apayd.'
But she was more enrieved, and replide;
'Faire sister, ill besemes it to upbrayd
A dolefull heart with so disdainfull pride:
The like that mine may be your paine another
tide.

XXII

'As you in woods and wanton wildernesses
Your glory sett to chace the salvage beasts,
So my delight is all in joyfulness,
In beds, in bowres, in banquetts, and in feasts:
And ill becomes you, with your lofty creasts,
To scorne the joy that Jove is glad to seeke:
We both are bownd to follow heavens behests,
And tend our charges with obeisaunce meeke.
Spare, gentle sister, with reproch my paine to
eeke;

XXIII

'And tell me, if that ye my sonne have heard
To lurke amongst your Nymphes in secret
wize,
Or keepe their cabins: much I am affeard
Least he like one of them him selfe disguise,
And turne his arrowes to their exercize.
So may he long him selfe full easie hide;
For he is faire and fresh in face and guize

As any Nimphe; (let not it be envide.)'
So saying, every Nymph full narrowly shee espyd

XXIV

But Phœbe therewith sore was angered,
And sharply saide: 'Goe, Dame; goe, seeke
your boy,
Where you him lately lefte, in Mars his bed.
He comes not here; we scorne his foolish jeer.
Ne lend we leisure to his idle toy:
But if I catch him in this company,
By Stygian lake I vow, whose sad annoy
The Gods doe dread, he dearly shall abyde:
He clip his wanton wings, that he no more
shall flye.'

XXV

Whom whenas Venus saw so sore displeas'd
Shee inly sory was, and gan relent
What shee had said; so her she soone appeas'd
With sugred words and gentle blandishment
Which as a fountaine from her sweete
went.
And welled goodly forth, that in short space
She was well pleas'd, and forth her damzell
sent [place
Through all the woods, to search from place to place
If any tract of him or tidings they mote tra

XXVI

To search the God of love her Nymphes
sent
Throughout the wandring forest every where
And after them her selfe eke with her went
To seeke the fugitive both farre and nere.
So long they sought, till they arriv'd were
In that same shady covert whereas lay
Faire Crysgone in slombry traunce whiler
Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)
Unwares had borne two babes, as faire
springing day.

XXVII

Unwares she them conceiv'd, unwares
bore:
She bore withouten paine, that she conceiv'd
Withouten pleasure; ne her need implore
Lucinaes aide: which when they both perceiv'd
They were through wonder nigh of sence
rev'd,
And gazing each on other nought bespake.
At last they both agreed her seeming griev'd
Out of her heavie swowne not to awake [till
But from her loving side the tender babes

XXVIII

Up they them tooke; each one a babe
And with them carried to be fostered. [to the

me Phœbe to a Nympe her babe betooke
 be upbrought in perfect Maydenhed,
 d, of her selfe, her name Belphebe red :
 t Venus hers thence far away conuayd,
 be upbrought in goodly womanhed ;
 d, in her litle loves stead, which was strayd,
 Amoretta cald, to comfort her dismayd.

XXIX

bee brought her to her joyous Paradize,
 her most she wonnes when she on earth does
 faire a place as Nature can devise : [dwell ;
 hether in Paphos, or Cytheron hill,
 it in Gnidus bee, I wote not well ;
 t well I wote by triall, that this same
 l other pleasaunt places doth excell,
 d called is by her lost lovers name,
 e Gardin of Adonis, far renowmd by fame.

XXX

n that same Gardin all the goodly flowres,
 herewith dame Nature doth her beautify,
 ed decks the girlonds of her Paramoures,
 e fetcht : there is the first seminary
 f all things that are borne to live and dye,
 eording to their kynds. Long worke it were
 e to account the endlesse progeny
 f all the weeds that bud and blossome there ;
 t so much as doth need must needs be
 counted here.

XXXI

t sited was in fruitfull soyle of old,
 d girt in with two walls on either side ;
 e one of yron, the other of bright gold,
 at none might thorough breake, nor over-
 stride.

nd double gates it had which opened wide,
 y which both in and out men moten pas ;
 h' one faire and fresh, the other old and dride.
 d Genius the porter of them was,
 d Genius, the which a double nature has.

XXXII

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend
 ll that to come into the world desire :
 thousand thousand naked babes attend
 bout him day and night, which doe require
 at he with fleshly weeds would them attire :
 ch as him list, such as eternall fate
 rdned hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,
 nd sendeth forth to live in mortall state,
 ll they agayn returne backe by the hinder
 gate

XXXIII

After that they againe retourned beene,
 hey in that Gardin planted bee agayne,

And grow afresh, as they had never seene
 Fleshly corruption, nor mortall payne. [mayne,
 Some thousand yeares so doen they there re-
 And then of him are clad with other hew,
 Or sent into the chaungefull world agayne,
 Till thither they retourne where first they
 grew : [to new.
 So, like a wheele, afownd they ronne from old

XXXIV

Ne needs there Gardiner to sett or sow,
 To plant or prune ; for of their owne accord
 All things, as they created were, doe grow,
 And yet remember well the mighty word
 Which first was spoken by th' Almighty Lord,
 That bad them to increase and multiply :
 Ne doe they need with water of the ford,
 Or of the clouds, to moysten their roots dry ;
 For in themselves eternall moisture they im-
 ply.

XXXV

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
 And uncouth formes, which none yet ever
 And every sort is in a sondry bed [knew :
 Sett by it selfe, and ranckt in comely rew ;
 Some fitt for reasonable sowles t' indew ;
 Some made for beasts, some made for birds to
 weare ;
 And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew
 In endlesse rankes along enraunged were,
 That seemd the Ocean could not containe
 them there.

XXXVI

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent
 Into the world, it to replenish more ;
 Yet is the stocke not lessened nor spent,
 But still remains in everlasting store,
 As it at first created was of yore :
 For in the wide wombe of the world there lyes,
 In hatefull darknes and in deepe horrore,
 An huge eternall Chaos, which supplies
 The substaunces of natures fruitfull progenyes.

XXXVII

All things from thence doe their first being
 fetch,
 And borrow matter whereof they are made ;
 Which, whenas forme and feature it does ketch,
 Becomes a body, and doth then invade
 The state of life out of the griesly shade.
 That substaunce is eterne, and bideth so ;
 Ne when the life decayes and forme does fade,
 Doth it consume and into nothing goe,
 But chaunged is, and often aldre to and froe.

XXXVIII

The subst,unce is not chaungd nor altered,
 But th' only forme and outward fashion ;

For every substaunce is conditioned
To chaunge her hew, and sondry formes to don,
Meet for her temper and complexion:
For formes are variable, and decay
By course of kinde and by occasion;
And that faire flowre of beautie fades away,
As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

XXXIX

Great enmy to it, and to all the rest
That in the Gardin of Adonis springs,
Is wicked Tyme; who with his seyth addrest
Does mow the flowring herbes and goodly
things,
And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
Where they do wither, and are fowly mard:
He flies about, and with his flaggy winges
Beates downe both leaves and buds without
regard,
Ne ever pittie may relent his malice hard.

XL

Yet pittie often did the gods relent,
To see so faire thinges mard and spoiled
quight;
And their great mother Venus did lament
The losse of her deare brood, her deare de-
light:
Her hart was pierst with pittie at the sight,
When walking through the Gardin them she
saw,
Yet no'te she find redresse for such desight:
For all that lives is subject to that law;
All thinges decay in time, and to their end
doe draw.

XLI

But were it not that Time their troubler is,
All that in this delightfull Gardin growes
Should happy bee, and have immortall blis:
For here all plenty and all pleasure flowes;
And sweete love gentle fitts emongst them
throwes,
Without fell rancor or fond gealosity.
Franckly each Paramor his leman knowes,
Each bird his mate; ne any does envy
Their goodly meriment and gay felicity.

XLII

There is continuall Spring, and harvest there
Continuall, both meeting at one tyme;
For both the boughes doe laughing blossoms
beare,
And with fresh colours decke the wanton Pryme,
And eke attonce the heavy trees they
clyme,
Which seeme to labour under their fruites lode:
The whiles the joyous birdes make their pas-
tyme

Emongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
And their trew loves without suspition
abrode.

XLIII

Right in the midst of that Paradise
There stood a stately Mount, on whose ro
A gloomy grove of mirtle trees did rise,
Whose shady boughes sharp steele did ne
lop,
Nor wicked beastes their tender buds did er
But like a girlond compassed the hight; [dr
And from their fruitfull sydes sweet gum
That all the ground, with pretious deaw bedig
Threw forth most dainty odours and m
sweet delight.

XLIV

And in the thickest covert of that shade
There was a pleasaunt Arber, not by art
But of the trees owne inclination made,
Which knitting their rancke braunches, p
to part,
With wanton yvie twine entrayld athwart,
And Eglantine and Caprifole emong,
Fashiond above within their inmost part,
That nether Phœbus beams could throu
them throng, [wro
Nor Aeolus sharp blast could worke them a

XLV

And all about grew every sort of flowre,
To which sad lovers were transformde of yo
Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus paramoure
And dearest love;
Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watry shor
Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre but late,
Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
Me seemes I see Amintas wretched fate,
To whom sweet Poets verse hath given e
lesse date.

XLVI

There wont sayre Venus often to enjoy
Her deare Adonis joyous company,
And reape sweet pleasure of the wanton boy
There yet, some say, in secret he does ly,
Lapped in flowres and pretious spycery,
By her hid from the world, and from the sl
Of Stygian Gods, which doe her love envy
But she her selfe, when ever that she will,
Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse ta
her fill.

XLVII

And sooth, it seemes, they say; for he may
For ever dye, and ever buried bee
In balefull night where all thinges are forg
All be he subject to mortalitie,

is eterne in mutabilitie,
by succession made perpetuall,
transformed oft, and chaunged diverslie;
him the Father of all formes they call:
before needs mote he live, that living gives
to all.

XLVIII

ere now he liveth in eternall blis,
ing his goddesse, and of her enjoyd;
eareth he henceforth that foe of his,
ich with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd:
that wilde Bore, the which him once an-
firmely hath emprisoned for ay, [noyd,
t her sweet love his malice mote avoyd,
strong rocky Cave, which is, they say,
ven underneath that Mount, that none him
losen may.

XLIX

ere now he lives in everlasting joy,
h many of the Gods in company
ich thither haunt, and with the winged boy,
rting him selfe in safe felicity:
o when he hath with spoiles and cruelty
sackt the world, and in the wofull harts
many wretches set his triumphes hye,
ther resortes, and, laying his sad dartes
de, with faire Adonis playes his wanton
partes.

L

ad his trew love faire Psyche with him
playes,
re Psyche to him lately reconcyld,
er long troubles and unmeet upbrayes
th which his mother Venus her revyld,
d like himselfe her cruelly exyld:
now in stedfast love and happy state
with him lives, and hath him borne a chyld,
asure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,
asure, the daughter of Cupid and Psyche late.

LI

ither great Venus brought this infant fayre,
yonger daughter of Chrysogonee,

And unto Psyche with great trust and care
Committed her, yfostered to bee
And trained up in trew feminitee:
Who no lesse carefully her tendered
Then her owne daughter Pleasure, to whom shee
Made her companion, and her lessoned
In all the lore of love, and goodly womanhead.

LII

In which when she to perfect ripenes grew,
Of grace and beautie noble Paragone,
She brought her forth into the worldes vew,
To be th' ensample of true love alone,
And Lodestarre of all chaste affection
To all fayre Ladies that doe live on grownd.
To Faery court she came; where many one
Admyrd her goodly haveour, and fownd
His feeble hart wide launched with loves cruel
wound.

LIII

But she to none of them her love did cast,
Save to the noble knight Sir Scudamore,
To whom her loving hart she linked fast
In faithfull love, t' abide for evermore;
And for his dearest sake endured sore
Sore trouble of an hainous enimy,
Who her would forced have to have forlore
Her former love and stedfast loialty,
As ye may elsewhere reade that ruefull history.

LIV

But well I weene, ye first desire to learne
What end unto that fearefull Damozell,
Which fledd so fast from that same foster
stearne
Whom with his brethren Timias slew, befell:
That was, to weete, the goodly Florimell;
Who wandering for to seeke her lover deare,
Her lover deare, her dearest Marinell,
Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,
And from Prince Arthure fled with wings of
idle feare.

CANTO VII.

The witches sonne loves Florimell:
She flies; he faines to dy.
Satyrane saves the Squire of Dames
From Gyaunts tyranny.

I

KE as an Hynd forth singled from the heard,
at hath escaped from a ravenous beast,
flies away of her owne feete afeard,
d every leafe, that shaketh with the least
rmure of winde, her terror hath encreast;

So fledd fayre Florimell from her vaine feare,
Long after she from perill was releast:
Each shade she saw, and each noyse she did
heare,
Did seeme to be the same which she escapt
whileare.

II

All that same evening she in flying spent,
And all that night her course continew'd,
Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,
Nor wearinesse to slack her hast, but fled
Ever alike, as if her former dred
Were hard behind, her ready to arrest;
And her white Palfrey, having conquered
The maistring raines out of her weary wrest,
Perforce her carried where ever he thought
best.

III

So long as breath and hable puisaunce
Did native corage unto him supply,
His pace he freshly forward did aduance,
And carried her beyond all jeopardy;
But nought that wanteth rest can long aby:
He, having through incessant traveill spent
His force, at last perforce adowne did ly,
Ne foot could further move. The Lady gent
Thereat was sudden strook with great aston-
ishment;

IV

And, forst t' alight, on foot mote algates
fare
A traveller unwonted to such way:
Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,
That fortune all in equall launce doth sway,
And mortall miseries doth make her play.
So long she traveild, till at length she came
To an hilles side, which did to her bewray
A litle valley subject to the same,
All coverd with thick woodes that quite it
overcame.

V

Through the tops of the high trees she did
desery
A litle smoke, whose vapour thin and light
Reeking aloft uprolled to the sky:
Which chearefull signe did send unto her sight
That in the same did wonne some living
wight.
Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applyd,
And came at last in weary wretched plight
Unto the place, to which her hope did guyde,
To finde some refuge there, and rest her wearie
syde.

VI

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
A litle cottage, built of stickes and reedes
In homely wize, and wald with sods around;
In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes
And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needes;
So choosing solitarie to abide
Far from all neighbours, that her divelish
deedes

And hellish arts from people she might hid
And hurt far off unknowne whom ever
envide.

VII

The Damzell there arriving entred in;
Where sitting on the flore the Hag she fo
Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin:
Who, soone as she beheld that sudden stor
Lightly upstartd from the dustie ground,
And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze
Stared on her awhile, as one astound,
Ne had one word to speake for great amaze
But shewd by outward signes that dread
sence did daze.

VIII

At last, turning her feare to foolish wrath
She askt, what devill had her thither brou
And who she was, and what unwonted pat
Had guided her, unwelcomed, unsought?
To which the Damzell, full of doubt
thought,
Her mildly answer'd: 'Beldame, be not w
With silly Virgin, by adventure brought
Unto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
That crave but rowme to rest while tem
overblo'th.'

IX

With that adowne out of her christall ey
Few trickling teares she softly forth let fa
That like to orient perles did purely shyne
Upon her snowy cheeke; and therewithall
She sighed soft, that none so bestiall
Nor salvage hart, but ruth of her sad pligh
Would make to melt, or pitteously appall.
And that vile Hag, all were her whole deli
In mischief, was much moved at so pitte
sight;

X

And gan recomfort her in her rude wyse,
With womanish compassion of her plaint,
Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,
And bidding her sit downe, to rest her fair
And wearie limbes awhile. She, not
quaint

Nor s'deignfull of so homely fashion,
Sith brought she was now to so hard

STRAIT,

Sate downe upon the dusty ground anon;
As glad of that small rest as Bird of tem
gon.

XI

Tho gan she gather up her garments ren
And her loose lockes to dight in order dew
With golden wreath and gorgeous ornam
Whom such whenas the wicked Hag did

was astonisht at her heavenly hew,
doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,
or some Goddesse, or of Dianes crew,
thought her to adore with humble spright:
dore thing so diuine as beauty were but
right.

XII

is wicked woman had a wicked sonne,
comfort of her age and weary dayes,
easy loord, for nothing good to donne,
stretched forth in ydlenesse alwayes,
ouer cast his mind to covet prayse,
only himselfe to any honest trade,
all the day before the sunny rayes
as'd to slug, or sleepe in slothfull shade:
in laesinesse both lewd and poore attonce
him made.

XIII

comming home at undertime, there found
fayrest creature that he ever saw
ing beside his mother on the ground;
sight whereof did greatly him adaw,
his base thought with terrour and with
aw
only smot, that as one, which hath gaz'd
the bright Sunne unwares, doth soone
withdraw
feeble eyne, with too much brightnes daz'd,
amaz'd on her, and stood long while
amaz'd.

XIV

tly at last he gan his mother aske,
at mister wight that was, and whence
deriv'd, [maske,
t in so straunge disguizement there did
by what accident she there arriv'd?
she, as one nigh of her wits depriv'd,
hought but ghastly looks him answered;
e to a ghost, that lately is reviv'd
m Stygian shores where late it wandered:
both at her, and each at other wondered.

XV

at the fayre Virgin was so meeke and myld,
t she to them vouchsafed to embrace
goodly port, and to their senses vyld
gentle speach applyde, that in short space
grew familiare in that desert place.
ing which time the Chorle, through her so
kind
l courtesie use, conceiv'd affection bace,
l cast to love her in his brutish mind:
love, but brutish lust, that was so beastly
kind.

XVI

osely the wicked flame his bowels brent,
l shortly grew into outrageous fire;

Yet had he not the hart, nor hardiment,
As unto her to utter his desire;
His caytive thought durst not so high aspire:
But with soft sighes and lovely semblaunces
He ween'd that his affection entire
She should aread; many resembaunces
To her he made, and many kinde remem-
braunces.

XVII

Oft from the forrest wildings he did bring,
Whose sides empurpled were with smyling red;
And oft young birds, which he had taught to
sing,
His maistresse praises sweetly caroled:
Girlands of flowres sometimes for her faire hed
He fine would dight; sometimes the squirrel
wild
He brought to her in bands, as conquered
To be her thrall, his fellow-servant vild:
All which she of him tooke with countenance
meeke and mild.

XVIII

But, past a while, when she fit season saw
To leave that desert mansion, she cast
In secret wize herselfe thence to withdraw,
For feare of mischief, which she did forecast
Might by the witch or by her sonne compast.
Her wearie Palfrey, closely as she might,
Now well recovered after long repast,
In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,
His late miswandred wayes now to remeasure
right.

XIX

And earely, ere the dawning day appear'd,
She forth issewed, and on her journey went:
She went in perill, of each noyse affeard,
And of each shade that did it selfe present;
For still she feared to be overhent
Of that vile hag, or her uncivile sonne;
Who when, too late awaking, well they kent
That their fayre guest was gone, they both
begonne [undonne.
To make exceeding mone, as they had been

XX

But that lewd lover did the most lament
For her depart, that ever man did heare:
He knockt his brest with desperate intent,
And scratcht his face, and with his teeth did
teare
His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged heare;
That his sad mother, seeing his sore plight,
Was greatly woe begon, and gan to feare
Least his fraile senses were emperisht quight,
And love to frenzy turnd, sith love is franticke
hight.

XXI

All wayes shee sought him to restore to plight,
 With herbs, with charms, with counsel, and
 with teares; [might
 But tears, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsell,
 Asswage the fury which his entrails teares :
 So strong is passion that no reason heares.
 Tho when all other helpes she saw to faile,
 She turnd her selfe backe to her wicked leares;
 And by her diuelish arts thought to preuaile
 To bringe her backe againe, or worke her finall
 bale.

XXII

Eftesoones out of her hidden cave she cald
 An hideous beast of horrible aspect,
 That could the stoutest corage have appald;
 Monstrous, mishapt, and all his backe was
 spect
 With thousand spots of colours queint elect,
 Thereto so swifte that it all beasts did pas:
 Like never yet did living eie detect;
 But likest it to an Hyena was, [gras.
 That feeds on wemens flesh as others feede on

XXIII

It forth she cald, and gave it streight in charge
 Through thicke and thin her to poursew apace,
 Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,
 Till her he had attaind and brought in place,
 Or quite devourd her beauties scornefull grace.
 The Monster, swifte as word that from her
 went,
 Went forth in haste, and did her footing trace
 So sure and swiftly, through his perfect sent
 And passing speede, that shortly he her over-
 hent.

XXIV

Whom when the fearefull Damzell nigh es-
 pide,
 No need to bid her fast away to fie:
 That ugly shape so sore her terrifide,
 That it she shund no lesse then dread to die;
 And her flitt palfrey did so well apply
 His nimble feet to her conceived feare,
 That whilst his breath did strength to him
 supply,
 From peril free he away her did beare;
 But when his force gan faile his pace gan wex
 areare.

XXV

Which whenas she perceiv'd, she was dismayd
 At that same last extremity ful sore,
 And of her safety greatly grew afraid.
 And now she gan approach to the sea shore,
 As it befell, that she could fie no more,
 But yield herselfe to spoile of greedinesse:
 Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,

From her dull horse, in desperate distresse
 And to her feet betooke her doubtfull sic-
 nesse.

XXVI

Not halfe so fast the wicked Myrrha fled
 From dread of her revenging fathers hond
 Nor halfe so fast to save her maydenhed
 Fled fearfull Daphne on th' Egæan strond
 As Florimell fled from that Monster yond
 To reach the sea ere she of him were aught
 For in the sea to drowne herselfe she fond
 Rather then of the tyrant to be caught:
 Thereto fear gave her wings, and need
 corage taught.

XXVII

It fortun'd (high God did so ordaine)
 As shee arrived on the roring shore,
 In minde to leape into the mighty maine,
 A little bote lay hoving her before,
 In which there slept a fisher old and pore,
 The whiles his nets were drying on the sa-
 Into the same shee lept, and with the ore
 Did thrust the shallop from the floting stra-
 So safety fownd at sea which she fownd no
 land.

XXVIII

The Monster, ready on the pray to sease,
 Was of his forward hope deceived quight;
 Ne durst assay to wade the perlous seas,
 But greedily long gaping at the sight,
 At last in vaine was forst to turne his flig-
 And tell the idle tidings to his Dame:
 Yet, to avenge his diuelish despight,
 He sett upon her Palfrey tired lame,
 And slew him cruelly ere any reskew cam

XXIX

And, after having him embowelled
 To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunst a kni-
 To passe that way, as forth he traveled:
 Yt was a goodly Swaine, and of great mig-
 As ever man that bloody field did fight;
 But in vain sheows, that wont yong kni-
 bewitch,
 And courtly services, tooke no delight;
 But rather joyd to bee then seemen sich,
 For both to be and seeme to him was labor

XXX

It was to weete the good Sir Satyrane,
 That raungd abroad to seeke adventures w-
 As was his wont, in forest and in plaine:
 He was all armd in rugged steele unfilde,
 As in the smoky forge it was compilde,
 And in his Scutehin bore a Satyres hedd.
 He comming present, where the Monster

that milke-white Palfreyes carcas fedd,
his reskew ran, and greedily him spedd.

XXXI

re well perceivd he that it was the horse
yon faire Florimell was wont to ride,
of that feend was rent without remorse:
he feared he least ought did ill betide
at faire Maide, the flowre of wemens pride;
her he dearely loved, and in all
famous conquests highly magnifide:
les, her golden girdle, which did fall
her in flight, he fownd, that did him sore
apall.

XXXII

d of sad feare and doubtfull agony
ely he flew upon that wicked feend,
with huge strokes and cruell battery
forst to leave his pray, for to attend
selfe from deadly daunger to defend:
many wounds in his corrupted flesh
did engrave, and muchell blood did spend,
might not doe him die: but aie more fresh
fierce he still appeard, the more he did him
thresh.

XXXIII

wist not how him to despoile of life,
how to win the wished victory,
him he saw still stronger grow through
strife,
him selfe weaker through infirmity.
tly he grew enrag'd, and furiously
ling his sword away he lightly lept
n the beast, that with great cruelty
ed and raged to be underkept; [hept.
he perforce him held, and strokes upon him

XXXIV

he that strives to stop a suddein flood,
in strong bancks his violence enclose,
ceth it swell above his wonted mood,
largely overflow the fruitfull plaine,
at all the countrey seemes to be a Maine,
the rich furrowes fote, all quite fordonne:
wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine
see his whole yeares labor lost so soone,
which to God he made so many an idle
boone:

XXXV

him he held, and did through might amate.
ong he held him, and him bett so long,
at at the last his fierceness gan abate,
meekely stoup unto the victor strong.
o, to avenge the implacable wrong
ich he supposed donne to Florimell,
ght by all meanes his dolor to prolong,

Sith dint of steele his carcas could not quell;
His maker with her charmes had framed him
so well.

XXXVI

The golden ribband, which that virgin wore
About her sclender waste, he tooke in hand,
And with it bownd the beast, that lowd did
rore
For great despight of that unwonted band,
Yet dared not his victor to withstand,
But trembled like a lambe fled from the pray;
And all the way him followd on the strand,
As he had long bene learned to obey;
Yet never learned he such service till that day.

XXXVII

Thus as he led the Beast along the way,
He spide far off a mighty Giauntesse
Fast flying, on a Courser daped gray,
From a bold knight that with great hardinesse
Her hard pursewd, and sought for to sup-
presse.
She bore before her lap a dolefull Squire,
Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,
Fast bounden hand and foote with cords of
wire, [her desire.
Whom she did meane to make the thrall of

XXXVIII

Which whenas Satyrane beheld, in haste
He lefte his captive Beast at liberty,
And crost the nearest way, by which he cast
Her to encounter ere she passed by;
But she the way shund nathemore forthy,
But forward gallopt fast; which when he
spyde,
His mighty speare he couched warily,
And at her ran: she, having him descryde,
Her selfe to fight address, and threw her lode
aside.

XXXIX

Like as a Goshauke, that in foote doth beare
A trembling Culver, having spide on hight
An Eagle that with plummy wings doth sheare
The subtile ayre stouping with all his might,
The quarry throwes to ground with fell de-
spight,
And to the batteill doth her selfe prepare:
So ran the Geauntesse unto the fight,
Her fyrie eyes with furious sparkes did stare,
And with blasphemous bannes high God in
peesces tare.

XL

She caught in hand an huge great yron mace,
Wherewith she many had of life depriv'd;
But, ere the stroke could seize his aymed place,
His speare amids her sun-brode shield arriv'd;

Yet nathemore the steele asonder riv'd,
All were the beame in bignes like a mast,
Ne her out of the stedfast sadle driv'd;
But, glauncing on the tempred metall, brast
In thousand shivers, and so forth beside her
past.

XLI

Her Steed did stagger with that puissaunt
strooke;
But she no more was moved with that might
Then it had lighted on an aged Oke,
Or on the marble Pillour that is pight
Upon the top of Mount Olympus hight,
For the brave youthly Champions to assay
With burning charet wheelles it nigh to smite;
But who that smites it mars his joyous play,
And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.

XLII

Yet, therewith sore enrag'd, with sterne re-
gard
Her dreadfull weapon she to him addrest,
Which on his helmet martelled so hard
That made him low incline his lofty crest,
And bowd his battred visour to his brest:
Wherewith he was so stund that he n'ote ryde,
But reeled to and fro from east to west.
Which when his cruell enemy espyde,
She lightly unto him adjoynd syde to syde;

XLIII

And, on his collar laying puissaunt hand,
Out of his wavering seat him pluckt perforce,
Perforce him pluckt, unable to withstand
Or helpe himselfe; and laying thwart her
horse,
In loathly wise like to a carrion corse,
She bore him fast away. Which when the
knight
That her pursewed saw, with great remorse
He nere was touched in his noble spright,
And gan encrease his speed as she encreast her
flight.

XLIV

Whom when as nigh approaching she espyde,
She threw away her burden angrily;
For she list not the batteill to abide,
But made her selfe more light away to fly:
Yet her the hardy knight pursewd so nye
That almost in the backe he oft her strake;
But still, when him at hand she did espy,
She turnd, and semblaunce of faire fight did
make, [her take.
But, when he stayd, to flight againe she did

XLV

By this the good Sir Satyrane gan awake
Out of his dreame that did him long entraunce,

And, seeing none in place, he gan to make
Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell chaine
Which reft from him so faire a chevisaunt
At length hespyde whereas that wofull Squ
Whom he had reskewed from captivaunce
Of his strong foe, lay tombled in the myr
Unable to arise, or foote or hand to styrr

XLVI

To whom approching, well he mote perce
In that fowle plight a comely personage
And lovely face, made fit for to deceive
Fraile Ladies hart with loves consuming r
Now in the blossome of his freshest age
He reard him up and loosd his yron bands
And after gan inquire his parentage,
And how he fell into the Gyaunts hands,
And who that was which chaced her along
lands.

XLVII

Then trembling yet through feare the So
bepake:
'That Geantesse Argantè is behight,
A daughter of the Titans which did make
Warre against heven, and heaped hils on hi
To scale the skyes and put Jove from
right:
Her syre Typhoeus was; who, mad thro
merth, [mi
And dronke with blood of men slaine by
Through incest her of his owne mother Ea
Whylome begot, being but halfe twin of t
berth:

XLVIII

'For at that berth another Babe she bore
To weet, the mightie Ollyphant, that wrou
Great wreake to many errant knights of y
And many hath to foule confusion broug
These twinnes, men say, (a thing far pass
thought) [w
While in their mothers wombe enclosd t
Ere they into the lightsom world were broug
In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,
And in that monstrous wise did to the w
appere.

XLIX

'So liv'd they ever after in like sin,
Gainst natures law and good behaveoure;
But greatest shame was to that maiden tw
Who, not content so fowly to devoure
Her native flesh and staine her brothers bo
Did wallow in all other fleshly myre,
And suffred beastes her body to deflowre,
So whot she burned in that lustfull fyre;
Yet all that might not slake her sensuall desy

L

at over all the countrie she did raunge
 eeke young men to quench her flaming
 thrust,
 feed her fancy with delightfull chaunge:
 m so she fittes findes to serve her lust,
 ough her maine strength, in which she
 most doth trust,
 with her brings into a secret Ile,
 are in eternall bondage dye he must,
 e the vassall of her pleasures vile,
 in all shamefull sort him selfe with her
 defile.

LI

e, seely wretch, she so at vantage caught,
 r she long in waite for me did lye,
 meant unto her prison to have brought,
 lothsom pleasure there to satisfye;
 t thousand deathes me lever were to dye
 a breake the vow that to faire Columbello
 ghted have, and yet keepe stedfastly.
 or my name, it mistreth not to tell:
 me the Squire of Dames; that me
 beseemeth well.

LII

at that bold knight, whom ye pursuing saw
 t Geauntesse, is not such as she seemd,
 a faire virgin that in martiall law
 deedes of armes above all Dames is
 deemd,
 above many knightes is eke esteemd
 her great worth: She Palladine is hight.
 you from death, you me from dread, re-
 deemd;
 ny may that Monster match in fight,
 she, or such as she, that is so chaste a
 wight.

LIII

er well beseemes that Quest,' (quoth Saty-
 rane) [is this,
 t read, thou Squire of Dames, what vow
 ch thou upon thy selfe hast lately ta'ne?'
 at shall I you recount,' (quoth he) 'ywis,
 e ye pleased to pardon all amis.
 t gentle Lady whom I love and serve,
 r long suit and wearie servicis,
 aske me, how I could her love deserve,
 how she might be sure that I would never
 swerve?

LIV

glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,
 l her commaund my life to save or spill.
 oones she badd me, with inessaunt paine
 ander through the world abroad at will,
 every where, where with my power or
 ght doe service unto gentle Dames, [skill
 I the same should faithfully fulfill;

And at the twelve monethes end should bring
 their names [games.
 And pledges, as the spoiles of my victorious

LV

'So well I to faire Ladies service did,
 And found such favour in their loving hartes,
 That ere the yeare his course had compassid,
 Thre hundred pledges for my good desartes,
 And thrice three hundred thanks for my good
 partes,
 I with me brought, and did to her present:
 Which when she saw, more bent to eke my
 smartes

Then to reward my trusty true intent,
 She gan for me devise a grievous punishment;

LVI

'To weet, that I my travell should resume,
 And with like labour walke the world arownd,
 Ne ever to her presence should presume,
 Till I so many other Dames had fownd,
 The which, for all the suit I could propownd,
 Would me refuse their pledges to afford,
 But did abide for ever chaste and sownd.'
 'Ah! gentle Squire,' (quoth he) 'tell at one
 word, [record?
 How many fownd'st thou such to put in thy

LVII

'Indeed, Sir knight,' (said he) 'one word
 may tell
 All that I ever fownd so wisely stayd,
 For onely three they were disposd so well;
 And yet three yeares I now abroad have strayd,
 To fynd them out.' 'Mote I,' (then laughing
 sayd [three,
 The knight) 'inquire of thee what were those
 The which thy proffred curtesie denyd?
 Or ill they seemed sure avizd to bee, [see.'
 Or brutishly brought up, that nev'r did fashions

LVIII

'The first which then refused me,' (said hee)
 'Certes was but a common Courtisane;
 Yet flat refusd to have adoe with mee,
 Because I could not give her many a Jane.'
 (Thereat full hartely laughed Satyrane.)
 'The second was an holy Nunne to chose,
 Which would not let me be her Chappellane,
 Because she knew, she said, I would disclose
 Her counsell, if she should her trust in me re-
 pose.

LIX

'The third a Damzell was of low degree,
 Whom I in countrey cottage fownd by chaunce:
 Full litle weened I that chastitee
 Had lodging in so meane a maintenaunce;

Yet was she fayre, and in her countenance
Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion.
Long thus I woo'd her with due observ-

ance,

In hope unto my pleasure to have won;
But was as far at last, as when I first begon.

LX

'Safe her, I never any woman found
That chastity did for it's selfe embrace,
But were for other causes firme and sound;
Either for want of handsome time and place,
Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace.
Thus am I hopelesse ever to attaine
My Ladies love in such a desperate case,

But all my dayes am like to waste in vain
Seeking to match the chaste with th' unchaste
Ladies traine.'

LXI

'Perdy' (sayd Satyrane) 'thou Squyr
Dames,
Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand
To get small thanks, and therewith n
blames,
That may amongst Alcides labours stand.
Thence backe returning to the former land
Where late he left the Beast he overcame,
He found him not; for he had broke his band
And was returnd againe unto his Dame,
To tell what tydings of fayre Florimell becom

CANTO VIII.

The Witch creates a snowy Lady like to Florimell;
Who wrong'd by Carle, by Proteus sav'd,
Is sought by Paridell.

I

So oft as I this history record,
My heart doth melt with meere compassion,
To thinke how causelesse, of her owne accord,
This gentle Damzell, whom I write upon,
Should plunged be in such affliction
Without all hope of comfort or reliefe;
That sure, I weene, the hardest hart of stone
Would hardly finde to aggravate her griefe;
For misery craves rather mercy then reprieve.

II

But that accursed Hag, her hostesse late,
Had so enranckled her malicious hart,
That she desyrd th' abridgement of her fate,
Or long enlargement of her painefull smart.
Now when the Beast, which by her wicked art
Late forth she sent, she backe retourningspyde
Tyde with her golden girdle; it a part
Of her rich spoyles whom he had earst destroyd
She weend, and wondrous gladnes to her hart
applyde.

III

And, with it ronning hast'ly to her sonne,
Thought with that sight him much to have
reliv'd

Who, thereby deeming sure the thing as donne,
His former griefe with furie fresh reviv'd
Much more then earst, and would have algates
riv'd

The hart out of his brest: for sith her dedd
He surely dempt, himselfe he thought depriv'd

Quite of all hope wherewith he long had
His foolish malady, and long time had mis

IV

With thought whereof exceeding mad he grew
And in his rage his mother would have slayd
Had she not fled into a secret mew;
Where she was wont her Sprightes to employ
taine,

The maisters of her art: there was she faine
To call them all in order to her ayde,
And them conjure, upon eternall paine,
To counsell her, so carefully dismayd,
How she might heale her sonne whose senses
were decayd.

V

By their advice, and her owne wicked will
She there deviz'd a wondrous worke to fulfill
Whose like on earth was never framed yit
That even Nature selfe envide the same,
And grudg'd to see the counterfet should shew
The thing it selfe: In hand she boldly tooke
To make another like the former Dame,
Another Florimell, in shape and looke
So lively and so like, that many it mistooke

VI

The substance, whereof she the body made
Was purest snow in massy mould congeal'd
Which she had gathered in a shady glade
Of the Rhiphoean hills, to her reveald

errant Sprights, but from all men conceald:

same she tempred with fine Mercury
virgin wax that never yet was seald,
mingled them with perfect vermil; ;
t like a lively sanguine it seemd to the eye

VII

ead of eyes two burning lampes she set
silver sockets, shynig like the skyes,
a quicke moving Spirit did arret
tire and roll them like to womens eyes:
ead of yellow lockes she did devyse
h golden wyre to weave her curled head;
golden wyre was not so yellow thryse
Florimells fayre heare: and, in the stead
ife, she put a Spright to rule the carcas
dead;

VIII

wicked Spright, yfraught with fawning
guyle
fayre resemblance above all the rest,
ich with the Prince of Darkenes fell some-
why
n heavens blis and everlasting rest:
a needed not instruct which way were best
a selfe to fashion likest Florimell,
how to speake, ne how to use his gest;
he in counterfesaunce did excell,
all the wyles of wemens wits knew pass-
ing well.

IX

m shaped thus she deckt in garments gay,
ich Florimell had left behind her late;
t who so then her saw would surely say
as her selfe whom it did imitate,
fayrer then her selfe, if ought algate
ht fayrer be. And then she forth her
o her sonnet that lay in feeble state; [brought
o seeing her gan streight upstart, and
thought [sought.
was the Lady selfe whom he so long had

X

o fast her clipping twixt his armes twayne,
remely joyed in so happy sight,
d soone forgot his former sickely payne:
she, the more to seeme such as she hight,
ly rebutted his embracement light;
still, with gentle countenance, retain'd
ough to hold a foole in vaine delight.
n long she so with shadowes entertain'd,
her Creatresse had in charge to her ordain'd.

XI

ll on a day, as he disposed was
walke the woodes with that his Idole faire,

Her to disport and idle time to pas
In th' open freshnes of the gentle aire,
A knight that way there chaunced to repaire;
Yet knight he was not, but a boastfull swaine
That deedes of armes had ever in despaire,
Proud Braggadocchio, that in vaunting vaine
His glory did repose, and credit did maintaine.

XII

He, seeing with that Chorle so faire a wight,
Decked with many a costly ornament,
Much merveiled thereat, as well he might,
And thought that match a fowle disparagement:
His bloody speare estesoones he boldly bent
Against the silly clowne, who dead through
feare
Feil streight to ground in great astonishment.
'Vilein,' (sayd he) 'this Lady is my deare;
Dy, if thou it gainesay: I will away her beare.'

XIII

The fearefull Chorle durst not gainesay nor
dooe,
But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray;
Who, finding litle leasure her to wooe
On Tromparts steed her mounted without stay,
And without reskew led her quite away.
Proud man himselfe then Braggadocchio deem'd,
And next to none after that happy day,
Being possessed of that spoyle, which seem'd
The fairest wight on ground, and most of men
esteem'd.

XIV

But, when heesaw him selfe free from poursute,
He gan make gentle purpose to his Dame
With termes of love and lewdnesse dissolute;
For he could well his glozing speeches frame
To such vaine uses that him best became:
But she thereto would lend but light regard,
As seeming sory that she ever came
Into his powre, that used her so hard [prefard.
To reave her honor, which she more then life

XV

Thus as they two of kindnes treated long,
There them by chaunce encountred on the way
An armed knight upon a courser strong,
Whose trampling feete upon the hollow lay
Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
That Capons corage: yet he looked grim,
And faynd to cheare his lady in dismay,
Who seemd for feare to quake in every lim,
And her to save from outrage meekely prayed
him.

XVI

Fiercely that straunger forward came: and,
nigh
Approching, with bold words and bitter threat

Bad that same boaster, as he mote, on high,
To leave to him that lady for excheat,
Or bide him batteill without further treat.
That challenge did too peremptory seeme,
And fild his senses with abashment great;
Yet seeing nigh him jeopardy extreme,
He it dissembled well, and light seemd to
esteeme

XVII

Saying, 'Thou foolish knight, that weenst
with words

To steale away that I with blowes have wonne,
And brought through points of many perilous
swords:

But if thee list to see thy Courser ronne,
Or prove thy selfe, this sad encounter shoune,
And seeke els without hazard of thy hedd.
At those prowd words that other knight
begonne

To wex exceeding wroth, and him aredd
To turne his steede about, or sure he should
be dedd.

XVIII

'Sith then,' (said Braggadochio) 'needes thou
wilt

Thy daies abridge through prooffe of puissaunce,
Turne we our steeds; that both in equall tilt
May meete againe, and each take happy
chaunce.

This said, they both a furlongs mountaunce
Retird their steeds, to ronne in even race;
But Braggadochio, with his bloody launce,
Once having turnd, no more returnd his face,
But lefte his love to losse, and fled him selfe
apace.

XIX

The knight, him seeing flie, had no regard
Him to poursew, but to the lady rode;
And having her from Trompart lightly reard,
Upon his Courser sett the lovely lode,
And with her fled away without abode.
Well weened he, that fairest Florimell
It was with whom in company he yode,
And so her selfe did alwaies to him tell;
So made him thinke him selfe in heven that
was in hell.

XX

But Florimell her selfe was far away,
Driven to great distresse by fortune straunge,
And taught the carefull Mariner to play,
Sith late mischaunce had her compeld to
chaunge

The land for sea, at randon there to raunge:
Yett there that cruell Queene avengeresse,
Not satisfyde so far her to estraunge

From courtly blis and wonted happinesse,
Did heape on her new waves of weary wret
resse.

XXI

For being fled into the fishers bote
For refuge from the Monsters cruelty,
Long so she on the mighty maine did flo
And with the tide drove forward carelesly
For th' ayre was milde and cleared was
skie,

And all his windes Dan Aeolus did keepe
From stirring up their stormy enmity,
As pitying to see her waile and weepe:
But all the while the fisher did securely sk

XXII

At last when droncke with drowsinesse
woke,
And saw his drover drive along the strear
He was dismayd; and thrise his brest
stroke,

For marveill of that accident extreame:
But when he saw that blazing beauties be
Which with rare light his bote did beauti
He marveild more, and thought he yet
dreame

Not well awakte; or that some extasye
Assotted had his sence, or dazed was his

XXIII

But when her well avizing hee perceiv'd
To be no vision nor fantasticke sight,
Great comfort of her presence he conceiv'd
And felt in his old corage new delight
To gin awake, and stir his frosen spright:
Tho rudely askte her, how she thither cam
'Ah!' (sayd she) 'father, I note read arig
What hard misfortune brought me to this sa
Yet am I glad that here I now in safety a

XXIV

'But thou, good man, sith far in sea we
And the great waters gin apace to swell,
That now no more we can the mayn-land
Have care, I pray, to guide the cock-bote v
Least worse on sea then us on land befell.
Thereat th' old man did nought but fondly g
And saide his boat the way could wisely t
But his deceiptfull eyes did never lin [s
To looke on her faire face and marke her sn

XXV

The sight whereof in his congealed flesh
Infxt such secrete sting of greedy lust,
That the drie withered stocke it gan refres
And kindled heat that soone in flame f
brust:

the driest wood is soonest burnt to dust.
 And to her he leapt, and his rough hond
 there ill became him rashly would have
 thrust;
 And she with angry scorne did him withstood,
 And shamefully reproved for his rudenes fond.

XXVI

But he, that never good nor maners knew,
 Her sharpe rebuke full litle did esteeme;
 And is to teach an old horse amble trew:
 He inward smoke, that did before but steeme,
 Toke into open fire and rage extreme;
 And now he strength gan adde unto his will,
 Crying to doe that did him fowle misseeme.
 Lastly he threwe her downe, ne car'd to spill
 Her garments gay with scales of fish that all
 did fill.

XXVII

The silly virgin strove him to withstand
 And that she might, and him in vaine revild:
 She struggled strongly both with foote and
 hand
 To save her honor from that villaine vilde,
 And cride to heven, from humane help exild.
 O ye brave knights, that boast this Ladies
 love,
 Where be ye now, when she is nigh defild
 And filthy wretch? well may she you reprove
 For falsehood or of slouth, when most it may
 behove.

XXVIII

But if that thou, Sir Satyran, didst weete,
 And thou, Sir Peridure, her sory state,
 How soone would yee assemble many a flete,
 To fetch from sea that ye at land lost late!
 And wres, citties, kingdomes, ye would ruinate
 Your avengement and despiteous rage,
 Ye ought your burning fury mote abate;
 But if Sir Calidore could it presage,
 No living creature could his cruelty asswage.

XXIX

But sith that none of all her knights is nye,
 And how the heavens, of voluntary grace
 And soveraine favor towards chastity,
 To succor send to her distressed cace;
 O much high God doth innocence embrace.
 Fortuned, whilst thus she stifly strove,
 And the wide sea importuned long space
 With shrilling shriekes, Proteus abroad did
 rove,
 Along the fomy waves driving his finny drove.

XXX

Proteus is Shepheard of the seas of yore,
 And hath the charge of Neptunes mighty
 heard;

An aged sire with head all frory hore,
 And sprinkled frost upon his deawy beard:
 Who when those pittifull outcries he heard
 Through all the seas so ruefully resownd,
 His charett swifte in hast he thither steard,
 Which with a teeme of scaly Phocas bownd
 Was drawne upon the waves that fomed him
 around.

XXXI

And comming to that Fishers wandring bote,
 That went at will withouten card or sayle,
 He therein saw that yrkesome sight, which
 smote
 Deepe indignation and compassion frayle
 Into his hart attonce: streight did he hayle
 The greedy villein from his hoped pray,
 Of which he now did very litle fayle,
 And with his staffe, that drives his heard
 astray, [dismay.
 Him bett so sore, that life and sence did much

XXXII

The whiles the pitteous Lady up did ryse,
 Ruffed and fowly raid with filthy soyle,
 And blubbred face with teares of her faire eyes:
 Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle,
 To save her selfe from that outrageous spoyle;
 But when she looked up, to weet what wight
 Had her from so infamous fact assoyld,
 For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,
 Downe in her lap she hid her face, and lowdly
 shright.

XXXIII

Her selfe not saved yet from daunger dredd
 She thought, but chaung'd from one to other
 feare:
 Like as a fearefull partridge, that is fledd
 From the sharpe hauke which her attached
 neare,
 And fals to ground to seeke for succor theare,
 Whereas the hungry Spaniells she does spye
 With greedy jawes her ready for to teare:
 In such distresse and sad perplexity [by.
 Was Florimell, when Proteus she did see her

XXXIV

But he endeavored with speaches milde
 Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,
 Bidding her feare no more her foeman vilde,
 Nor doubt himselfe; and who he was her told:
 Yet all that could not from affright her hold,
 Ne to recomfort her at all prevayld;
 For her faint hart was with the frosen cold
 Benumbd so inly, that her wits nigh fayld,
 And all her sences with abashment quite were
 quayld.

XXXV

Her up betwixt his rugged hands he reard,
And with his frory lips full softly kist, [beard
Whiles the cold ysickles from his rough
Dropped adowne upon her yvory brest:
Yet he him selfe so busily address,
That her out of astonishment he wrought;
And out of that same fishers filthy nest
Removing her, into his charet brought,
And there with many gentle termes her faire
besought.

XXXVI

But that old leachour, which with bold assault
That beautie durst presume to violate,
He cast to punish for his hainous fault:
Then tooke he him, yet trembling sith of late,
And tyde behind his charet, to aggrate
The virgin whom he had abusde so sore;
So drag'd him through the waves in scornfull
And after cast him up upon the shore: [state,
But Florimell with him unto his bowre he bore.

XXXVII

His bowre is in the bottom of the maine,
Under a mightie rocke, gainst which doe rave
The roring billowes in their proud disdaine,
That with the angry working of the wave
Therein is eaten out an hollow cave, [keene
That seemes rough Masons hand with engines
Had long while laboured it to engrave.
There was his wonne; ne living wight was
seene [it cleane.
Save one old Nymph, hight Panopè, to keepe

XXXVIII

Thither he brought the sory Florimell,
And entertained her the best he might,
And Panopè her entertaind eke well,
As an immortall mote a mortall wight,
To winne her liking unto his delight:
With flattering wordes he sweetly wooed her,
And offered faire guiftes t' allure her sight;
But she both offers and the offerer
Despysde, and all the fawning of the flatterer

XXXIX

Dayly he tempted her with this or that,
And never suffred her to be at rest;
But evermore she him refused flat,
And all his fained kindnes did detest,
So firmly she had sealed up her brest.
Sometimes he boasted that a God he hight,
But she a mortall creature loved best:
Then he would make him selfe a mortall wight;
But then she said she lov'd none, but a Faery
knight.

XL

Then like a Faerie knight him selfe he dre
For every shape on him he could endew;
Then like a king he was to her exprest,
And offred kingdoms unto her in vew,
To be his Lemman and his Lady trew:
But when all this he nothing saw prevail
With harder meanes he cast her to subdew
And with sharpe threatres her often did assay
So thinking for to make her stubborne cor
quayle.

XLI

To dreadfull shapes he did him selfe tra
forme;
Now like a Gyaunt; now like to a feend;
Then like a Centaure; then like to a storm
Raging within the waves: thereby he ween
Her will to win unto his wished eend;
But when with feare, nor favour, nor with
He els could doe, he saw him selfe esteemd,
Downe in a Dongeon deepe he let her fall,
And threatned there to make her his eterna
thrall.

XLII

Eternall thraldome was to her more lief
Then losse of chastitie, or change of love:
Dye had she rather in tormenting grieve
Then any should of falsenesse her reprove
Or loosenes, that she lightly did remove.
Most vertuous virgin! glory be thy meed,
And crowne of heavenly prayse with Sain
above, [de
Where most sweet hymmes of this thy famo
Are still emongst them song, that far r
rymes exceed.

XLIII

Fit song of Angels caroled to bee!
But yet whatso my feeble Muse can frame
Shal be t' advance thy goodly chastitee
And to enroll thy memorable name
In th' heart of every honourable Dame,
That they thy vertuous deedes may imitate
And be partakers of thy endlesse fame.
Yt yrkes me leave thee in this wofull state,
To tell of Satyrane where I him left of late.

XLIV

Who having ended with that Squire of Dam
A long discourse of his adventures vayne,
The which himselfe then Ladies more defam
And finding not th' Hyena to be slayne,
With that same Squire retourned back agai
To his first way. And, as they forward we
They spyde a knight fayre pricking on t
As if he were on some adventure bent, [playe
And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

XLV

Sir Satyrane him towards did addresse,
 To weet what wight he was, and what his
 quest,
 And, comming nigh, eftsoones he gan to gesse,
 Both by the burning hart which on his brest
 bare, and by the colours in his crest,
 That Paridell it was. Tho to him yode,
 And him saluting as beseemed best,
 In first inquire of tydings farre abroad, [rode.
 And afterwarde on what adventure now he

XLVI

Who thereto answering said: 'The tydings
 bad,
 Which now in Faery court all men doe tell,
 Which turned hath great mirth to mourning
 sad,
 The late ruine of proud Marinell,
 And suddein parture of faire Florinell
 find him forth: and after her are gone
 The brave knights that doen in armes
 savegard her ywandred all alone: [excell
 Amongst the rest my lott (unworthy) is to be
 one.'

XLVII

Ah! gentle knight,' (said then Sir Satyrane)
 Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
 That hast a thanklesse service on thee ta'ne,
 And offrest sacrifice unto the dead:
 For dead, I surely doubt, thou maist aread
 Henceforth for ever Florimell to bee;
 That all the noble knights of Maydenhead,
 Which her ador'd, may sore repent with mee,
 And all faire Ladies may for ever sory bee.'

XLVIII

Which wordes when Paridell had heard, his
 hew
 In greatly chaunge and seemd dismaid to bee;
 Then said: 'Fayre Sir, how may I weene it
 That ye doe tell in such uncerteintee? [trew,
 That speake ye of report, or did ye see [sore?
 That cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so
 To perdie, elles how mote it ever bee,
 That ever hand should dare for to engore
 The noble blood? The hevens such crueltie
 Abhore.'

XLIX

'These eyes did see that they will ever rewe
 T' have seene,' (quoth he) 'when as a mon-
 strous beast
 The Palfrey whereon she did travell slew,
 And of his bowels made his bloody feast:
 Which speaking token sheweth at the least
 Her certeine losse, if not her sure decay:
 Besides, that more suspicion encreast,
 I found her golden girdle cast astray,
 Distaynd with durt and blood, as relique of
 the pray.'

L

'Ay me!' (said Paridell) 'the signes be sadd;
 And, but God turne the same to good sooth-say,
 That Ladies safetie is sore to be dradd.
 Yet will I not forsake my forward way,
 Till triall doe more certeine truth bewray.'
 'Faire Sir,' (quoth he) 'well may it you succeed!
 Ne long shall Satyrane behind you stay,
 But to the rest, which in this Quest proceed,
 My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed.'

LI

'Ye noble knights,' (said then the Squire of
 Dames)
 'Well may yeespeede in so praiseworthy payne!
 But sith the Sunne now ginnes to slake his
 beames
 In dewy vapours of the westernne mayne,
 And lose the teme out of his weary wayne,
 Mote not mislike you also to abate
 Your zealous hast, till morrow next againe
 Both light of heven and strength of men relate:
 Which if ye please, to yonder castle turne your
 gate.'

LII

That counsell pleased well: so all yfere
 Forth marched to a Castle them before;
 Where soone arryving they restrained were
 Of ready entraunce, which ought evermore
 To errant knights be commune: wondrous sore
 Thereat displeasd they were, till that young
 Squire [dore
 Gan them informe the cause, why that same
 Was shut to all which lodging did desyre:
 The which to let you weet will further time
 requyre.

CANTO IX.

Malbecco will no straunge knights host,
 For peevish gealously.
 Paridell giusts with Britomart:
 Both shew their auncestry.

I

REDOUBTED knights, and honorable Dames,
 To whom I leuell all my labours end,
 Right sore I feare, least with unworthie blames
 This odious argument my rymes should shend,
 Or ought your goodly patience offend,
 Whiles of a wanton Lady I doe write,
 Which with her loose incontinence doth blend
 The shyning glory of your soveraine light;
 And knighthood fowle defaced by a faithlesse
 knight.

II

But never let th' ensample of the bad
 Offend the good; for good, by paragone
 Of evill, may more notably be rad, [tone;
 As white seemes fayrer macht with blacke at-
 Ne all are shamed by the fault of one:
 For lo! in heaven, whereas all goodnes is,
 Emongst the Angels, a whole legione
 Of wicked Sprights did fall from happy blis;
 What wonder then if one, of women all, did mis?

III

Then listen, Lordings, if ye list to weet
 The cause why Satyrane and Paridell
 Mote not be entertaynd, as seemed meet,
 Into that Castle, (as that Squyre does tell.)
 'Therein a cancred crabbed Carle does dwell,
 That has no skill of Court nor courtesie,
 Ne cares what men say of him, ill or well;
 For all his dayes he drownes in privitie,
 Yet has full large to live and spend at libertie.

IV

'But all his minde is set on mucky pelfe,
 To hoord up heapes of evill gotten masse,
 For which he others wrongs, and wreckes him-
 Yet is he lincked to a lovely lasse, [selfe:
 Whose beauty doth her bounty far surpasse;
 The which to him both far unequall yeares,
 And also far unlike conditions has;
 For she does joy to play emongst her peares,
 And to be free from hard restraynt and gealous
 feares.

V

'But he is old, and withered like hay,
 Unfit faire Ladies service to supply:

The privie guilt whereof makes him alway
 Suspect her truth, and keepe continuall spy
 Upon her with his other bliunked eye;
 Ne suffreth he resort of living wight
 Approch to her, ne keepe her company,
 But in close bowre her mewes from all
 sight,
 Depriv'd of kindly joy and naturall delight

VI

'Malbecco he, and Hellenore she hight;
 Unfitly yokt together in one teeme.
 That is the cause why never any knight
 Is suffred here to enter, but he seeme
 Such as no doubt of him he neede misdeeme
 Thereat Sir Satyrane gan smyle, and say;
 'Extremely mad the man I surely deeme,
 That weenes with watch and hard restraynt
 to stay
 A womans will, which is disposd to go astray

VII

'In vaine he feares that which he can
 shonne;
 For who wotes not, that womans subtiltye
 Can guylen Argus, when she list misdonne
 It is not yron bandes, nor hundred eyes,
 Nor brasen walls, nor many wakefull spies
 That can withhold her wilfull wandring fee
 But fast goodwill, with gentle courtesyes,
 And timely service to her pleasures meet,
 May her perhaps containe, that else wou
 algates fleet.'

VIII

'Then is he not more mad,' (sayd Paridell
 'That hath himselfe unto such service sold,
 In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell
 For sure a foole I doe him firmly hold,
 That loves his fetters, though they were
 gold.
 But why doe wee devise of others ill,
 Whyles thus we suffer this same dotard old
 To keepe us out in scorne, of his owne will.
 And rather do not ransack all, and him se
 kill?'

IX

Nay, let us first' (sayd Satyrane) 'entrea
 The man by gentle meanes to let us in,

and afterwarde affray with cruell threat,
 re that we to efforce it doe begin :
 en, if all fayle, we will by force it win,
 ad eke reward the wretch for his mesprise,
 e may be worthy of his haynous sin.'
 at counsell pleasd : then Paridell did rise
 and to the Castle gate approcht in quiet wise.

X

Whereat soft knocking entrance he desyrd.
 he good man selfe, which then the Porter
 playd,
 im answered, that all were now retyrd
 into their rest, and all the keyes conveyd
 into their maister, who in bed was layd,
 at none him durst awake out of his dreme;
 and therefore them of patience gently prayd.
 en Paridell began to chaunge his theme,
 and threatned him with force and punishment
 extreme :

XI

but all in vaine, for nought mote him relent.
 and now so long before the wicket fast
 ey wayted, that the night was forward spent,
 and the faire welkin fowly overcast
 n blown up a bitter stormy blast,
 ith showre and hayle so horrible and dred,
 at this faire many were compeld at last
 fly for succour to a little shed,
 which beside the gate for swyne was
 ordered.

XII

fortunate, soone after they were gone,
 other knight, whom tempest thither brought,
 me to that Castle, and with earnest mone,
 ke as the rest, late entrance deare besought :
 t, like so as the rest, he prayd for nought ;
 r flatly he of entrance was refusd.
 ely thereat he was displeased, and thought
 w to avenge himselfe so sore abusd,
 d evermore the Carle of courtesie accusd.

XIII

at, to avoyde th' intollerable stowre,
 was compeld to seeke some refuge neare,
 d to that shed, to shrowd him from the
 showre,
 came, which full of guests he found why-
 as he was not let to enter there : [leare,
 ereat he gan to wex exceeding wroth,
 d swore that he would lodge with them
 yfere,
 them dislodge, all were they liefe or loth ;
 d so defyde them each, and so defyde them
 both.

XIV

Both were full loth to leave that needfull tent,
 And both full loth in darkenesse to debate ;
 Yet both full liefe him lodging to have lent,
 And both full liefe his boasting to abate :
 But chiefly Paridell his hart did grate
 To heare him threaten so despightfully,
 As if he did a dogge in kenell rate
 That durst not barke ; and rather had he dy
 Then, when he was defyde, in coward corner ly.

XV

Tho hastily remounting to his steed
 He forth issew'd : like as a boystrous winde,
 Which in th' earthes hollow caves hath long
 ben hid
 And shut up fast within her prisons blind,
 Makes the huge element, against her kinde,
 To move and tremble as it were aghast,
 Untill that it an issew forth may finde : [blast
 Then forth it breakes, and with his furious
 Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth
 overcast.

XVI

Their steel-hed speares they strongly coucht,
 and met
 Together with impetuous rage and forse,
 That with the terroure of their fierce affret
 They rudely drove to ground both man and
 horse,
 That each awhile lay like a sencelesse corse.
 But Paridell sore brused with the blow
 Could not arise the counterchaunge to scorse,
 Till that young Squyre him reared from below ;
 Then drew he his bright sword, and gan about
 him throw.

XVII

But Satyrane forth stepping did them stay,
 And with faire treaty pacifide their yre.
 Then, when they were accorded from the fray,
 Against that Castles Lord they gan conspire,
 To heape on him dew vengeance for his hire.
 They beene agreed ; and to the gates they goe
 To burn the same with unquenchable fire,
 And that uncurteous Carle, their commune foe,
 To doe fowle death to die, or wrap in grievous
 woe.

XVIII

Malbecco, seeing them resoldv indeed
 To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
 For fire in earnest, ran with fearfull speed,
 And to them calling from the castle wall,
 Besought them humbly him to beare withall,
 As ignorant of servants bad abuse
 And slacke attendaunce unto straungers call.

The knights were willing all things to excuse,
Though nought belev'd, and entraunce late did
not refuse.

XIX

They beene ybrought into a comely bowre,
And servd of all things that mote needfull bee;
Yet secretly their hoste did on them lowre,
And welcomde more for feare then charitee;
But they dissembled what they did not see,
And welcomed themselves. Each gan undight
Their garments wett, and weary armour free,
To dry them selves by Vulcanes flaming light,
And eke their lately bruized parts to bring in
plight.

XX

And eke that straunger knight amongst the
Was for like need enforst to disaray: [rest
Tho, whenas vailed was her lofty crest,
Her golden locks, that were in trammells gay
Upbouden, did them selves adowne display
And raught unto her heeles; like sunny
beames,
That in a cloud their light did long time stay,
Their vapour vaded, shewe their golden
gleames, [their azure streames.
And through the persant aire shoote forth

XXI

Shee also dofte her heavy haberjeon,
Which the faire feature of her limbs did hyde;
And her well-plighted frock, which she did won
To tucke about her short when she did ryde,
Shee low let fall, that flowd from her lanck
syde
Downe to her foot with carelesse modestee.
Then of them all she plainly was espyde
To be a woman-wight, unwist to bee,
The fairest woman-wight that ever eie did see.

XXII

Like as Bellona (being late returnd
From slaughter of the Giaunts conquered;
Where proud Encelade, whose wide nosethrills
burnd
With breathed flames, like to a furnace redd,
Transfixd with her speare downe tombled dedd
From top of Hemus by him heaped hye;)
Hath loosd her helmet from her lofty hedd,
And her Gorgonian shield gins to untie
From her lefte arme, to rest in glorious victorie.

XXIII

Which whenas they beheld, they smitten were
With great amazement of so wondrous sight;
And each on other, and they all on her,
Stood gazing, as if suddein great affright

Had them surprizd. At last, avizing right
Her goodly personage and glorious hew,
Which they so much mistooke, they tooke
delight

In their first error, and yett still anew [ve
With wonder of her beauty fed their hong

XXIV

Yet note their hongry vew be satisfide,
But seeing still the more desir'd to see,
And ever firmly fixed did abide
In contemplation of divinitee:
But most they mervaild at her chevalree
And noble prowess, which they had approv
That much they faynd to know who she m
Yet none of all them her thereof amor'd [be
Yet every one her likte, and every one h
lov'd.

XXV

And Paridell, though partly discontent
With his late fall and fowle indignity,
Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,
Through gracious regard of her faire eye,
And knightly worth which he too late did t
Yet tried did adore. Supper was dight;
Then they Malbecco prayd of courtesy,
That of his lady they might have the sight
And company at meat, to doe them more d
light.

XXVI

But he, to shifte their curious request,
Gan causen why she could not come in plac
Her crased helth, her late recourse to rest,
And humid evening ill for sicke folkes cace
But none of those excuses could take place,
Ne would they eate till she in presence cam
Shee came in presence with right comely gra
And fairely them saluted, as became, [Dan
And shewd her selfe in all a gentle courtee

XXVII

They sate to meat; and Satyrane his chaun
Was her before, and Paridell beside;
But he him selfe sate looking still askaunce
Gainst Britomart, and ever closely eide
Sir Satyrane, that glaunces might not glide
But his blinde eie, that sided Paridell,
All his demesnure from his sight did hide
On her faire face so did he feede his fill,
And sent close messages of love to her at wi

XXVIII

And ever and anone, when none was ware,
With speaking lookes, that close embassa
bore,
He rov'd at her, and told his secret care
For all that art he learned had of yore;

was she ignoraunt of that leud lore,
t in his eye his meaning wisely redd,
d with the like him aunswerd evermore.
e sent at him one fyrie dart, whose hedd
apointed was with privy lust and gealous
dredd.

XXXIX

e from that deadly throw made no defence,
t to the wound his weake heart opened
wyde:

e wicked engine through false influence
st through his eies, and secretly did glyde
o his heart, which it did sorely gryde.
t nothing new to him was that same paine,
paine at all; for he so ofte had tryde
e powre thereof, and lov'd so oft in vaine,
at thing of course he counted love to enter-
taine.

XXX

uenceforth to her he sought to intimate
s inward grieve, by meanes to him well
knowne:

w Bacchus fruit out of the silver plate
on the table dasht, as overthrowne,
of the fruitfull liquor overflowne;
d by the dauncing bubbles did divine,
therein write to lett his love be showne;
ich well she redd out of the learned line:
sacrament prophane in mistery of wine.

XXXI

nd, when so of his hand the pledge she raught,
e guilty cup she fained to mistake,
d in her lap did shed her idle draught,
ewing desire her inward flame to slake.
such close signes they secret way did make
to their wils, and one eies watch escape:
o eies him needeth. for to watch and wake,
o lovers will deceive. Thus was the ape,
their faire handling, put into Malbecco's
cape.

XXXII

ow, when of meats and drinks they had
their fill,
pose was moved by that gentle Dame
to those knights adventurous, to tell
deeds of armes which unto them became,
d every one his kindred and his name.
en Paridell, in whom a kindly pride
gratious speach and skill his words to frame
ounded, being glad of so fitte tide
n to commend to her, thus spake, of al
well eide.

XXXIII

Troy, that art now nought but an idle name,
d in thine ashes buried low dost lie, [fame,
ough whilome far much greater then thy

Before that angry Gods and cruell skie
Upon thee heapt a direfull destinie;
What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
And fetch from heven thy great genealogie,
Sith all thy worthie prayses being blent
Their ofspring hath embaste, and later glory
shent?

XXXIV

'Most famous Worthy of the world, by whome
That warre was kindled which did Troy inflame,
And stately towres of Ilion whilome
Brought unto balefull ruine, was by name
Sir Paris far renownd through noble fame;
Who, through great prowess and bold hardi-
nesse,
From Lacedæmon fetcht the fayrest Dame
That ever Greece did boast, or knight possesse,
Whom Venus to him gave for meed of worthi-
nesse;

XXXV

'Fayre Helene, flowre of beautie excellent,
And girlond of the mighty Conquerours,
That madest many Ladies deare lament
The heavie losse of their brave Paramours,
Which they far off beheld from Trojan toures,
And saw the fieldes of faire Scamander strowne
With carcasses of noble warriours
Whose fruitlesse lives were under furrow sowne.
And Xanthus sandy bankes with blood all
overflowne.

XXXVI

'From him my linage I derive aright,
Who long before the ten yeares siege of Troy,
Whiles yet on Ida he a shepeheard hight,
On faire Oenone got a lovely boy,
Whom, for remembrance of her passed joy,
She, of his Father, Parius did name;
Who, after Greekes did Priams realme destroy,
Gathred the Trojan reliques sav'd from flame,
And with them saying thence to th' isle of
Paros came.

XXXVII

'That was by him cald Paros, which before
Hight Nausa: there he many yeares did raine,
And buil't Nausicle by the Pontick shore;
The which he dying lefte next in remaine
To Paridas his sonne,
From whom I Paridell by kin descend:
But, for faire ladies love and glories gaine,
My native soile have lefte, my dayes to spend
In seeing deeds of armes, my lives and labors
end.'

XXXVIII

Whenas the noble Britomart heard tell
Of Trojan warres and Priams citie sackt,
The ruefull story of Sir Paridell,

She was empassiond at that piteous act,
With zelous envy of Greekes cruell fact
Against that nation, from whose race of old
She heard that she was lineally extract;
For noble Britons sprong from Trojans bold,
And Troynovant was built of old Troyes ashes
cold.

XXXIX

Then, sighing soft awhile, at last she thus:
'O lamentable fall of famous towne!
Which raignd so many yeares victorious,
And of all Asie bore the soveraine crowne,
In one sad night consumd and throwen downe.
What stony hart, that heares thy haplesse fate,
Is not empiert with deepe compassionne,
And makes ensample of mans wretched state,
That floures so fresh at morne, and fades at
evening late?

XL

'Behold, Sir, how your pitifull complaint
Hath fownd another partner of your payne;
For nothing may impresse so deare con-
straint

As countries cause, and commune foes disdayne.
But if it should not grieve you backe agayne
To turne your course, I would to heare desyre
What to Aeneas fell; sith that men sayne
He was not in the cities wofull fyre
Consum'd, but did him selfe to safety retyre.'

XLI

'Anchyses sonne, begott of Venus fayre,
Said he, 'out of the flames for safegard fled,
And with a remnant did to sea repayre;
Where he through fatall errour long was led
Full many yeares, and weetesle wandered
From shore to shore emongst the Lybick sandes,
Ere rest he fownd. Much there he suffered,
And many perilles past in forreine landes,
To save his people sad from victours vengefull
handes.

XLII

'At last in Latium he did arryve,
Where he with cruell warre was entertaind
Of th' inland folke, which sought him backe
to drive,
Till he with old Latinus was constraind
To contract wedlock, (so the fates ordaind)
Wedlocke contract in blood, and eke in blood
Accomplished, that many deare complaind:
The rivall slaine, the victour, through the flood
Escaped hardly, hardly praisd his wedlock good.

XLIII

'Yet, after all, he victour did survive,
And with Latinus did the kingdom part;

But after, when both nations gan to strive
Into their names the title to convart,
His sonne Iulus did from thence depart
With all the warlike youth of Trojans bloud
And in long Alba plast his throne apart;
Where faire it florished and long time stode
Till Romulus, renewing it, to Rome remoued

XLIV

'There; there,' (said Britomart) 'afresh
pear'd

The glory of the later world to spring,
And Troy againe out of her dust was reard
To sitt in second seat of soveraine king
Of all the world, under her governing.
But a third kingdom yet is to arise
Out of the Trojans scattered ofspring,
That in all glory and great enterprise,
Both first and second Troy shall dare to equall

XLV

'It Troynovant is hight, that with the wa-
Of wealthy Thamias washed is along,
Upon whose stubborne neck, (whereat he ra-
With roring rage, and sore him selfe does thron
That all men feare to tempt his billowes stro
She fastned hath her foot; which stands so
That it a wonder of the world is song
In forreine landes; and all which passen by
Beholding it from farre, doe thinke it threa-
the skye.

XLVI

'The Trojan Brute did first that citie fownd
And Hygate made the meare thereof by We-
And Overt gate by North: that is the bownd
Toward the land; two rivers bownd the rest
So huge a scope at first him seemed best,
To be the compasse of his kingdoms seat:
So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,
Ne in small meares containe his glory grea
That Albion had conquered first by warli
feat.'

XLVII

'Ah! fairest Lady knight,' (said Paridell)
'Pardon, I pray, my heedlesse oversight,
Who had forgot that whylome I heard tell
From aged Mnemon; for my wits beene lig
Indeed he said, (if I remember right)
That of the antique Trojan stocke there gre
Another plant, that raught to wondrous hig
And far abroad his mightie branches threv
Into the utmost Angle of the world he knev

XLVIII

'For that same Brute, whom much he did
vaunce
In all his speach, was Sylvius his sonne,

hom having slain through luckles arrowes
glaunce,
fled for feare of that he had misdonne,
els for shame, so fowle reproch to shonne,
d with him ledd to sea an youthly trayne;
ere wearie wandring they long time did
wonne,
d many fortunes prov'd in th' Ocean mayne,
d great adventures found, that now were
long to sayne.

XLIX

At last by fatall course they driven were
o an Island spatious and brode,
e furthest North that did to them appeare:
ich, after rest, they, seeking farre abrode,
und it the fittest soyle for their abode,
itfull of all thinges fitt for living foode,
t wholly waste and void of peoples trode,
e an huge nation of the Geaunts broode
at fed on living flesh, and dronck mens
vitall blood.

L

Whom he, through wearie wars and labours
long,
bdewd with losse of many Britons bold:
which the great Goemagot of strong
rineus, and Coulin of Debon old, [cold,
ere overthrowne and laide on th' earth full
ich quaked under their so hideous masse,
amous history to bee enrold
everlasting monuments of brasse,
at all the antique Worthies merits far did
passe.

LI

'His worke great Troynovant, his worke is
Faïre Lincolne, both renowned far away; [eke
That who from East to West will endlong
Cannot two fairer Cities find this day, [seeke,
Except Cleopolis : so heard I say
Old Mnemon. Therefore, Sir, I greet you well
Your countrey kin; and you entyrelly pray
Of pardon for the strife, which late befell
Betwixt us both unknowne.' So ended Pari-
dell.

LII

But all the while that he these speeches spent,
Upon his lips hong faïre Dame Hellenore
With vigilant regard and dew attent,
Fashioning worldes of fancies evermore
In her fraile witt, that now her quite forlore:
The whiles unwares away her wondring eye
And greedy eares her weake hart from her
Which he perceiving, ever privily, [bore;
In speaking many false belgardes at her let
fly.

LIII

So long these knights discoursed diversly
Of straunge affaires, and noble hardiment,
Which they had past with mickle jeopardy,
That now the humid night was farforth spent,
And hevenly lampes were halfendeale ybrent:
Which th' old man seeing wel, who too long
thought
Every discourse, and every argument,
Which by the houres he measured, besought
Them go to rest. So all unto their bowres
were brought.

CANTO X.

Paridell rapeth Hellenore :
Malbecco her poursewes;
Fynds emongst Satyres, whence with him
To turne she doth refuse.

I

HE morow next, so soone as Phœbus Lamp
wrayed had the world with early light,
d fresh Aurora had the shady damp
t of the goodly heven amoved quight,
ire Britomart and that same Faery knight
rose, forth on their journey for to wend:
t Paridell complaynd, that his late fight
ith Britomart so sore did him offend,
at ryde he could not, till his hurts he did
amend,

II

So forth they far'd; but he behind them stayd,
Maulgre his host, who grudged grievously
To house a guest that would be needes obayd,
And of his owne him lefte not liberty:
Might wanting measure moveth surquedry.
Two things he feared, but the third was death;
That fiers youngmans unruly maystery;
His money, which he lov'd as living breath;
And his faïre wife, whom honest long he kept
uneath

III

But patience perforce, he must abide
 What fortune and his fate on him will lay;
 Fond is the feare that findes no remedie:
 Yet warily he watcheth every way,
 By which he feareth evill happen may;
 So th' evill thinkes by watching to prevent:
 Ne doth he suffer her, nor night nor day,
 Out of his sight her selfe once to absent:
 So doth he punish her, and eke him selfe
 torment.

IV

But Paridell kept better watch then hee,
 A fit occasion for his turne to finde.
 False love! why do men say thou canst not see,
 And in their foolish fancy feigne thee blinde,
 That with thy charmes the sharpest sight
 doest binde,
 And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest free,
 And seest every secret of the minde;
 Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee:
 All that is by the working of thy Deitee.

V

So perfect in that art was Paridell,
 That he Malbeccoos halfen eye did wyle;
 His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,
 And Hellenors both eyes did eke beguyle,
 Both eyes and hart attonce, during the whyle
 That he there sojourned his woundes to heale;
 That Cupid selfe, it seeing, close did smyle
 To weet how he her love away did steale,
 And bad that none their joyous treason should
 reveale.

VI

The learned lover lost no time nor tyde
 That least advantage mote to him afford,
 Yet bore so faire a sayle, that none espyde
 His secret drift, till he her layd aboard.
 When so in open place and commune bord
 He fortun'd her to meet, with commune speach
 He courted her; yet bayted every word,
 That his ungentle hoste n'ote him appeach
 Of vile ungentlenesse, or hospitages breach.

VII

But when apart (if ever her apart)
 He found, then his false engins fast he plyde,
 And all the sleights unbosomd in his hart:
 He sigh'd, he sobd, he swoynd, he perdy dyde,
 And cast himselfe on ground her fast besyde:
 Tho, when againe he him bethought to live,
 He wept, and wayld, and false laments belyde,
 Saying, but if she Mercie would him give,
 That he mote algates dye, yet did his death
 forgive.

VIII

And otherwhyles with amorous delights
 And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine
 Now singing sweetly to surprize her spright
 Now making layes of love and lovers paine
 Bransles, Ballads, virelayes, and verses vain
 Oft purposes, oft riddles, he devysd,
 And thousands like which flowed in his brain
 With which he fed her fancy, and entysd
 To take to his new love, and leave her
 despyd.

IX

And every where he might, and everie while
 He did her service dewtifull, and sewd
 At hand with humble pride and pleasing guile
 So closely yet, that none but she it vewd,
 Who well perceived all, and all indewd.
 Thus finely did he his false nets disprede,
 With which he many weake harts had subdewd
 Of yore, and many had ylike misled:
 What wonder then, if she were likewise carried

X

No fort so fensible, no wals so strong,
 But that continuall battery will rive,
 Or daily siege, through dispurvaynace long
 And lacke of reskewes, will to parley drive
 And Peece, that unto parley eare will give,
 Will shortly yield it selfe, and will be made
 The vassall of the victors will bylive:
 That stratageme had oftentimes assayd
 This crafty Paramoure, and now it plaine di
 play'd:

XI

For through his traines he her intrapped hath
 That she her love and hart hath wholly sold,
 To him, without regard of gaine or scath,
 Or care of credite, or of husband old,
 Whom she hath vow'd to dub a fayre Cucquo
 Nought wants but time and place, whic
 shortly shee
 Devized hath, and to her lover told.
 It pleased well: So well they both agree:
 So readie rype to ill ill womens counsels bee

XII

Darke was the Evening, fit for lovers stealth
 When chaunst Malbecco busie be elsewhere,
 She to his closet went, where all his wealth
 Lay hid; thereof she countlesse summes di
 reare,
 The which she meant away with her to beare
 The rest she fyr'd, for sport, or for despight:
 As Hellene, when she saw aloft appeare
 The Trojane flames and reach to heavens high
 Did clap her hands, and joyed at that doleful
 sight.

XIII

his second Helene, fayre Dame Hellenore,
 e whiles her husband ran with sory haste
 quench the flames which she had tyn'd
 before,
 ight at his foolish labour spent in waste,
 ran into her lovers armes right fast;
 ere streight embraced she to him did cry
 I call alowd for helpe, ere helpe were past;
 lo! that Guest did beare her forcibly,
 I meant to ravish her, that rather had to
 dy.

XIV

he wretched man hearing her call for ayd,
 ready seeing him with her to fly,
 his disquiet mind was much dismayd:
 when againe he backward cast his eye,
 saw the wicked fire so furiously
 consume his hart, and scorch his Idoles face,
 was therewith distressed diversely,
 wist he how to turne, nor to what place:
 s never wretched man in such a wofull cace.

XV

when to him she cryde, to her he turnd,
 left the fire; love money overcame:
 when he marked how his money burnd,
 left his wife; money did love disclame:
 was he loth to loose his loved Dame,
 loth to leave his liefest pelfe behinde;
 sith he n'ote save both, he sav'd that same
 ich was the dearest to his dounghill minde,
 God of his desire, the joy of misers blinde.

XVI

as whilst all things in troublous uprore
 were,
 all men busie to suppress the flame,
 loving couple neede no reskew feare,
 leasure had and liberty to frame
 ir purpost flight, free from all mens reclame,
 Night, the patronesse of love-stealth fayre,
 e them safe conduct, till to end they came.
 eene they gone yfere, a wanton payre
 overs loosely knit, where list them to re-
 payre.

XVII

one as the cruell flames yslaked were,
 becco, seeing how his losse did lye, [lere,
 of the flames which he had quencht why-
 huge waves of grieve and gealosye
 deepe emplonged was, and drowned nye
 xt inward doole and felonous despight:
 av'd, he wept, he stamp, he lowd did cry,
 all the passions that in man may light
 him attonce oppresse, and vex his caytive
 spright.

XVIII

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward grieve,
 And did consume his gall with anguish sore:
 Still when he mused on his late mischiefe,
 Then still the smart thereof increased more,
 And seemd more grievous then it was before.
 At last when sorrow he saw booted nought,
 Ne grieve might not his love to him restore,
 He gan devise how her he reskew mought:
 Ten thousand wayes he cast in his confused
 thought.

XIX

At last resolving, like a Pilgrim pore,
 To search her forth where so she might be fond,
 And bearing with him treasure in close store,
 The rest he leaves in ground: So takes in hond
 To seeke her endlong both by sea and lond.
 Long he her sought, he sought her far and
 nere,
 And every where that he mote understand
 Of knights and ladies any meetings were;
 And of each one he mett he tidings did inquire.

XX

But all in vaine: his woman was too wise
 Ever to come into his clouch againe,
 And hee too simple ever to surprise
 The jolly Paridell, for all his paine.
 One day, as hee forpassed by the plaine
 With weary pace, he far away espide
 A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,
 Which hove close under a forest side, [hide.
 As if they lay in wait, or els them selves did

XXI

Well weened hee that those the same mote bee,
 And as he better did their shape avize,
 Him seemed more their maner did agree;
 For th' one was armed all in warlike wize,
 Whom to be Paridell he did devize;
 And th' other, al yclad in garments light
 Discolourd like to womanish disguise,
 He did resemble to his lady bright; [sight:
 And ever his faint hart much earned at the

XXII

And ever faine he towards them would goe,
 But yet durst not for dread approchen nie,
 But stood aloofe, unweeting what to doe;
 Till that prick't forth with loves extremity
 That is the father of fowle gealosy,
 He closely nearer crept the truth to weet:
 But, as he nigher drew, he easily
 Might scerne that it was not his sweetest sweet,
 Ne yet her Belamour. the partner of his sheet:

XXIII

But it was scornfull Braggadochio,
That with his servant Trompart hovered there,
Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe:
Whom such whenas Malbecco spied clere,
He turned backe, and would have fled arere,
Till Trompart, ronning hastely, him did stay,
And bad before his souveraine Lord appere.
That was him loth, yet durst he not gainesay,
And comming him before low louted on the
lay.

XXIV

The Boaster at him sternely bent his browe,
As if he could have kild him with his looke,
That to the ground him meekely made to
bowe,

And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,
That every member of his body quooke.
Said he, 'Thou man of nought, what doest
thou here

Unfitly furnisht with thy bag and booke,
Where I expected one with shield and spere
To prove some deeds of armes upon an equall
pere?'

XXV

The wretched man at his imperious speach
Was all abasht, and low prostrating said:
'Good Sir, let not my rudenes be no breach
Unto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;
For I unwares this way by fortune straid,
A silly Pilgrim driven to distresse,
That seeke a Lady'—There he suddein staid,
And did the rest with grievous sighes sup-
presse, [bitternesse.
While teares stood in his eies, few drops of

XXVI

'What Lady, man?' (said Trompart) 'take
good hart,
And tell thy grieve, if any hidden lye:
Was never better time to shew thy smart
Then now that noble succor is thee by,
That is the whole worlds commune remedy.'
That chearful word his weak heart much did
cheare,
And with vaine hope his spirits faint supply,
That bould he said; O most redoubted Pere!
Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches cace to
heare.'

XXVII

Then sighing sore, 'It is not long,' (saide hee)
'Sith I enjoyd the gentlest Dame alive;
Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdee,
But shame of all that doe for honor strive,
By treacherous deceit did me deprive:
Through open outrage he her bore away,
And with fowle force unto his will did drive;

Which al good knights, that armes doe be-
this day, [m:
Are bownd for to revenge, and punish if th

XXVIII

'And you, most noble Lord, that can and d
Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,
Cannot employ your most victorious speare
In better quarell then defence of right,
And for a Lady gainst a faithlesse knight:
So shall your glory bee advaunced much,
And all faire Ladies magnify your might,
And eke my selfe, albee I simple such,
Your worthy paine shall wel reward wi
guerdon rich.'

XXIX

With that out of his bouget forth he drew
Great store of treasure, therewith him to temp
But he on it lookt scornfully askew,
As much disdeigning to be so misdempt,
Or a war-monger to be basely nempt;
And said; 'Thy offers base I greatly loth,
And eke thy words uncourteous and unkemp
I tread in dust thee and thy money both,
That, were it not for shame'—So turned fro
him wroth

XXX

But Trompart, that his maistres humor k
In lofty looks to hide an humble minde,
Was inly tickled with that golden vew.
And in his eare him rownded close behinde:
Yet stoupt he not, but lay still in the winde,
Waiting advauntage on the pray to sease,
Till Trompart, lowly to the grownd inclinde
Besought him his great corage to appease,
And pardon simple man that rash did him di
please.

XXXI

Big looking like a doughty Doucepere,
At last he thus; 'Thou clod of vilest clay,
I pardon yield, and with thy rudenes beare
But weete henceforth, that all that golden pra
And all that els the vaine world vaunten ma
I loath as doun, ne deeme my dew reward:
Fame is my meed, and glory vertues pay:
But minds of mortall men are muchell mard
And mov'd amisse with massy mucks unme
regard.

XXXII

'And more: I graunt to thy great misery
Gratious respect; thy wife shall backe be sent
And that vile knight, who ever that he bee,
Which hath thy lady reft and knightthoo
shent,
By Sanglamort my sword, whose deadly deu
The blood hath of so many thousands shedd,
I sweare, ere long shall dearely it repent;

he twixt heven and earth shall hide his
hedd, [be dedd.]
soone he shal be fownd, and shortly doen

XXXIII

e foolish man thereat woxe wondrous blith,
f the word so spoken were halfe donne,
humbly thanked him a thousand sith
t had from death to life him newly wonne.
forth the Boaster marching brave begonne
stolen steed to thunder furiously,
f he heaven and hell would over-ronne,
all the world confound with cruelty;
t much Malbecco joyed in his jollity.

XXXIV

us long they three together traveiled,
ough many a wood and many an uncouth
eeke his wife that was far wandered: [way,
those two sought nought but the present
pray,
weete, the treasure which he did bewray,
which their eies and harts were wholly sett,
h purpose how they might it best betray;
sith the howre that first he did them lett
same behold, therewith their keene desires
were whett.

XXXV

fortuned, as they together far'd,
spide where Paridell came pricking fast
n the plaine; the which him selfe prepar'd
giust with that brave straunger knight a
n adventure by the way he past. [cast,
ne he rode without his Paragone;
having filcht her bells, her up he cast
he wide world, and lett her fly alone:
ould be clogd. So had he served many
one.

XXXVI

e gentle Lady, loose at randon lefte,
greene-wood long did walke, and wander
wide
wilde adventure, like a forlorne wefte;
on a day the Satyres her espide
ying alone withouten groome or guide:
up they tooke, and with them home her
ledd,
h them as housewife ever to abide,
milk their gotes, and make them cheese and
bredd;
every one as commune good her handeled

XXXVII

at shortly she Malbecco has forgott,
eke Sir Paridell, all were he deare;
from her went to seeke another lott,
now by fortune was arrived here,

Where those two guilers with Malbecco were.
Soone as the old man saw Sir Paridell,
He fainted, and was almost dead with feare,
Ne word he had to speake his grieve to tell,
But to him louted low, and greeted goodly
well;

XXXVIII

'And, after, asked him for Hellenore:
'I take no keepe of her,' (sayd Paridell)
'She wonneth in the forrest there before.'
So forth he rode as his adventure fell;
The whiles the Boaster from his loftie sell
Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend;
But the fresh Swayne would not his leasure
dwell,
But went his way: whom when he passed kend,
He up remounted light, and after faind to
wend.

XXXIX

'Perdy, nay,' (said Malbecco) 'shall ye not;
But let him passe as lightly as he came:
For litle good of him is to be got,
And mickle perill to bee put to shame.
But let us goe to seeke my dearest Dame,
Whom he hath left in yonder forest wyld;
For of her safety in great doubt I ame,
Least salvage beastes her person have despoild:
Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine
have toyl'd.'

XL

They all agree, and forward them addresse:
'Ah! but,' (said crafty Trompart) 'weete ye
well,
That yonder in that wastefull wilderness
Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers
dwell;
Dragons, and Minotaures, and feendes of hell,
And many wilde woodmen which robbe and
rend
All travelers: therefore advise ye well
Before ye enterprise that way to wend:
One may his journey bring too soone to evill
end.'

XLI

Malbecco stopt in great astonishment,
And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,
Their counsell crav'd in daunger imminent.
Said Trompart; 'You, that are the most op-
prest
With burdein of great treasure, I thinke best
Here for to stay in safetie behynd:
My Lord and I will search the wide forest.'
That counsell pleased not Malbeccoes mynd,
For he was much afraid him selfe alone to
fynd.

XLII

'Then is it best,' (said he) 'that ye doe leave

Your treasure here in some security,
Either fast closed in some hollow greave,
Or buried in the ground from jeopardy,
Till we returne againe in safety:

As for us two, least doubt of us ye have,
Hence farre away we will blyndfolded ly,
Ne privy bee unto your treasures grave.'

It pleased; so he did. Then they march forward brave.

XLIII

Now, when amid the thickest woodes they were,

They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,
And shrieking Hububs them approching nere,

Which all the forest did with horreur fill.
That dreadfull sound the bosters hart did thrill

With such amazment, that in hast he fledd,
Ne ever looked back for good or ill;
And after him eke fearefull Trompart spedd:
The old man could not fly, but fell to ground half dedd.

XLIV

Yet afterwarde, close creeping as he might,
He in a bush did hyde his fearefull hedd.
The joly Satyres, full of fresh delight,
Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly ledd

Faire Helenore with girlonds all bespredd,
Whom their May-lady they had newly made:
She, proude of that new honour which they redd,

And of their lovely fellowship full glade,
Daunst lively, and her face did with a Lawrell shade.

XLV

The silly man that in the thickett lay
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved sore;
Yet durst he not against it doe or say,
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
To see th' unkindnes of his Hellenore.
All day they daunced with great lusty-hedd,
And with their horned feet the greene gras wore,

The whiles their Gotes upon the brouzes fedd,
Till drouping Phœbus gan to hyde his golden hedd.

XLVI

Tho up they gan their mery pypes to trusse,
And all their goodly heardees did gather rownd;

But every Satyre first did give a busse
To Hellenore; so busses did abound.

Now gan the humid vapour shed the grownd
With perly deaw, and th' Earthes gloom shade

Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin rownd
That every bird and beast awarned made
To shrowd themselves, whiles sleepe the senses did invade.

XLVII

Which when Malbecco saw, out of the bed
Upon his handes and feete he crept full light
And like a Gote amongst the Gotes did ruel
That, through the helpe of his faire hornes

hight,
And misty dampe of misconceyving night,
And eke through likenesse of his gotish beare
He did the better counterfeite aright:

So home he marcht amongst the horned heare
That none of all the Satyres him espyde heard.

XLVIII

At night, when all they went to sleepe, l
vewd

Whereas his lovely wife amongst them lay,
Embraced of a Satyre rough and rude,
Who all the night did minde his joyous play
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day.
That all his hart with gealosy did swell;
But yet that nights ensample did bewray
That not for nought his wife them loved well,

When one so oft a night did ring his matine [bel

XLIX

So closely as he could he to them crept,
When wearie of their sport to sleepe they fel
And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,
He whispered in her eare, and did her tell
That it was he which by her side did dwell:
And therefore prayd her wake to heare him plaine.

As one out of a dreame not waked well
She turnd her, and returned backe againe;
Yet her for to awake he did the more constrainne.

L

At last with irkesom trouble she abrayd,
And then perceiving that it was indeed
Her old Malbecco, which did her upbrayd
With loosenesse of her love and loathly deed
She was astonisht with exceeding dreed,
And would have wakt the Satyre by her syde
But he her prayd, for mercy or for meed,
To save his life, ne let him be descryde,
But hearken to his lore, and all his counsa
hyde.

LI

o gan he her perswade to leave that lewd
loathsome life, of God and man abhord,
home returne, where all should be renewd
a perfect peace and bandes of fresh accord,
she receivd againe to bed and bord,
no trespas ever had bene donne:
she it all refused at one word,
by no meanes would to his will be wonne,
chose amongst the jolly Satyres still to
wonne

LII

wooded her till day-spring he espyde,
all in vaine; and then turnd to the heard,
butted him with hornes on every syde,
trode downe in the durt, where his hore
beard
fowly dight, and he of death afeard.
y, before the heavens fairest light
of the ruddy East was fully reard,
heardes out of their foldes were loosed
quight, [plight.
he amongst the rest crept forth in sory

LIII

soone as he the Prison-dore did pas,
an as fast as both his feet could beare,
never looked who behind him was,
carsely who before: like as a Beare,
creeping close amongst the hives to reare
ny-combe, the wakefull dogs espy,
him assayling sore his carkas teare,
hardly he with life away does fly, [pardy.
tays, till safe him selfe he see from jeo-

LIV

stayd he, till he came unto the place
re late his treasure he entombed had;
re when he found it not, (for Trompart
it purloyned for his maister bad) [bace
an extreme fury he became quite mad,
ran away, ran with him selfe away;
who so straungely had him scene bestadd,
upstart haire and staring eyes dismay,
a Limbo lake him late escaped sure would
say.

LV

h over hilles and over dales he fledd,
the wind him on his winges had borne;
anck nor bush could stay him, when he
spedd
nimble feet, as treading still on thorne:
e, and despyght, and gealosy, and scorne,
all the way him follow hard behynd;
he himselfe himselfe loath'd so forlorne,
namefully forlorne of womankynd,
as a Snake, still lurked in his wounded
mynd.

LVI

Still fled he forward, looking backward still;
Ne stayd his flight nor fearefull agony,
Till that he came unto a rocky hill
Over the sea suspended dreadfully,
That living creature it would terrify
To looke adowne, or upward to the hight:
From thence he threw him selfe despitiously,
All desperate of his fore-damned spright,
That seemd no help for him was left in living
sight.

LVII

But through long anguish and selfe-murdring
thought,
He was so wasted and forpined quight,
That all his substance was consum'd to nought,
And nothing left but like an aery Spright,
That on the rockes he fell so fit and light,
That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all;
But chauncd on a craggy cliff to light,
Whence he with crooked clawes so long did
crall, [small.
That at the last he found a cave with entrance

LVIII

Into the same he creepes, and thenceforth
Resolv'd to build his balefull mansion [there
In drery darkenes and continuall feare
Of that rocks fall, which ever and anon
Threates with huge ruine him to fall upon,
That he dare never sleepe, but that one eye
Still ope he keepes for that occasion;
Ne ever rests he in tranquillity,
The roring billowes beat his bowre so boys-
trously.

LIX

Ne ever is he wont on ought to feed
But todes and frogs, his pasture poysonous,
Which in his cold complexion doe breed
A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,
Matter of doubt and dread suspitious,
That doth with curelesse care consume the hart,
Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,
Cros-cuts the liver with internall smart,
And doth transfixe the soule with deathes eter-
nall dart.

LX

Yet can he never dye, but dying lives,
And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,
That death and life attonce unto him gives,
And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.
There dwels he ever, miserable swaine,
Hatefull both to him selfe and every wight;
Where he, through privy grieve and horrour
vaine,
Is woxen so deform'd that he has quight
Forgot he was a man, and Gelosy is hight.

CANTO XI.

Britomart chaceth Ollyphant;
 Findes Scudamour distrest:
 Assayes the house of Busyrane,
 Where loves spoyles are exprest.

I

O HATEFULL hellish Snake! what furie furst
 Brought thee from balefull house of Proserpine,
 Where in her bosome she thee long had nurst,
 And fostred up with bitter milke of tine,
 Fowle Gealosy! that turnest love divine
 To joylesse dread, and mak'st the loving hart
 With hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,
 And feed it selfe with selfe-consuming smart?
 Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art!

II

O! let him far be banished away,
 And in his stead let Love for ever dwell;
 Sweete Love, that doth his golden wings em-
 bay
 In blessed Nectar and pure Pleasures well,
 Untroubled of vile feare or bitter fell.
 And ye, faire Ladies, that your kingdomes make
 In th' harts of men, them governe wisely well,
 And of faire Britomart ensample take,
 That was as trew in love as Turtle to her make.

III

Who with Sir Satyrane, as earst ye red,
 Forth ryding from Malbeccoes hostlesse hous,
 Far off aspyde a young man, the which fled
 From an huge Geaunt, that with hideous
 And hatefull outrage long him chaced thus;
 It was that Ollyphant, the brother deare
 Of that Argantè vile and vitious,
 From whom the Squire of Dames was reft
 whylere; [ought were.
 This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse

IV

For as the sister did in feminine
 And filthy lust exceede all womankind,
 So he surpassed his sex masculine,
 In beastly use, all that I ever finde:
 Whom when as Britomart beheld behinde
 The fearefull boy so greedily pursue,
 She was emmoued in her noble minde,
 T' employ her puissaunce to his reskew,
 And pricked fiercely forward where she did
 him vew.

V

Ne was Sir Satyrane her far behinde,
 But with like fiercenesse did ensew the cha-
 Whom when the Gyaunt saw, he soone resin-
 His former suit, and from them fled apace:
 They after both, and boldly bad him bace,
 And each did strive the other to outgoe:
 But he them both outran a wondrous space.
 For he was long, and swift as any Roe, [f
 And now made better speed t' escape his fear

VI

It was not Satyrane, whom he did feare,
 But Britomart the flowre of chastity; [bea
 For he the powre of chaste hands might
 But alwayes did their dread encounter fly:
 And now so fast his feet he did apply,
 That he has gotten to a forrest neare,
 Where he is shrowded in security.
 The wood they enter, and search everie whe
 They searched diversely, so both divided we

VII

Fayre Britomart so long him followed,
 That she at last came to a fountaine sheare
 By which there lay a knight all wallowed
 Upon the grassy ground, and by him neare
 His haberjeon, his helmet, and his speare:
 A little off his shield was rudely throwne,
 On which the winged boy in colours cleare
 Depeincted was, full easie to be knowne,
 And he thereby, where ever it in field w
 showne.

VIII

His face upon the grownd did groveling l
 As if he had beene slombring in the shade:
 That the brave Mayd would not for courtes
 Out of his quiet slomber him abraide,
 Nor seeme too suddenly him to invade. [th
 Still as she stood, she heard with grievo
 Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made
 And with most painefull pangs to sigh and s
 That pitty did the Virgins hart of patience n

IX

At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes
 He sayd; 'O soverayne Lord! that sit'st on b

Against in blis amongst thy blessed Saintes,
 suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty
 ng unwreaked of thine enemy?
 st thou, Lord, of good mens cause no heed?
 th thy justice sleepe and silent ly?
 booteth then the good and righteous
 deed, [no need?
 odnesse find no grace, nor righteousness

X

ood find grace, and righteousness reward,
 then is Amoret in caytive band,
 that more bounteous creature never far'd
 ot upon the face of living land?
 that heavenly justice may withstand
 wrongfull outrage of unrighteous men,
 then is Busirane with wicked hand
 ed, these seven monethes day, in secret den
 ady and my love so cruelly to pen!

XI

Lady and my love is cruelly pend
 lefull darkenes from the vew of day,
 est deadly torments doe her chast brest
 rend, [tway,
 the sharpe steele doth rive her hart in
 or she Scudamore will not deny.
 hou, vile man, vile Scudamore, art sound,
 nst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay;
 orthy wretch to tread upon the ground,
 whom so faire a Lady feeles so sore a
 wound!

XII

re an huge heape of singults did oppresse
 struggling soule, and swelling throbs
 empeach
 oltring tounge with pangs of drerinesse,
 ing the remnant of his plaintife speech,
 his dayes were come to their last reach:
 h when she heard, and saw the ghastly fit
 tning into his life to make a breach,
 with great ruth and terroure she was smit,
 ng least from her cage the wearie soule
 would flit.

XIII

stouping downe she him amoved light;
 therewith somewhat starting, up gan
 looke,
 seeing him behind a stranger knight,
 eas no living creature he mistooke,
 great indignaunce he that sight forsooke,
 downe againe himselfe disdainfully
 ting, th' earth with his faire forehead
 strooke:
 h the bold Virgin seeing gan apply
 edicine to his griefe, and spake thus
 courtesly:—

XIV

'Ah gentle knight! whose deepe conceived
 griefe
 Well seemes t' excede the powre of patience,
 Yet, if that heavenly grace some goode reliefe
 You send, submit you to high providence;
 And ever in your noble hart prepense,
 That all the sorrow in the world is lesse
 Then vertues might and values confidence:
 For who nill bide the burden of distresse,
 Must not here thinke to live; for life is wretch-
 ednesse.

XV

Therefore, faire Sir, doe comfort to you take,
 And freely read what wicked felon so [make.
 Hath outrag'd you, and thrald your gentle
 Perhaps this hand may helpe to ease your woe,
 And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe;
 At least it faire endeavour will apply.
 Those feeling words so neare the quicke did
 That up his head he reared easily, [goe,
 And, leaning on his elbowe, these few words
 lett fly.

XVI

'What boots it plaine that cannot be redrest,
 And sow vaine sorrow in a fruitlesse eare,
 Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,
 Ne worldly price, cannot redeeme my deare
 Out of her thraldome and continuall feare:
 For he, the tyrant, which her hath in ward
 By strong enchauntments and blacke Magicke
 leare,
 Hath in a dungeon deepe her close embard,
 And many dreadfull feends hath pointed to her
 gard.

XVII

'There he tormenteth her most terribly
 And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,
 Because to yield him love she doth deny,
 Once to me yold, not to be yolde againe:
 But yet by torture he would her constrain
 Love to conceive in her disdainfull brest;
 Till so she doe, she must in doole remaine,
 Ne may by living meanes be thence relest:
 What boots it then to plaine that cannot be
 redrest?'

XVIII

With this sad hersall of his heavy stresse
 The warlike Damzell was empassiond sore,
 And said; 'Sir knight, your cause is nothing
 Then is your sorrow certes, if not more; [lesse
 For nothing so much pittie doth implore
 As gentle Ladyes helplesse misery:
 But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,
 I will, with prooffe of last extremity,
 Deliver her fro thence, or with her for you dy

XIX

'Ah! gentlest knight alive,' (sayd Scudamore)
'What huge heroicke magnanimity
Dwells in thy bounteous brest! what couldst
thou more,

If shee were thine, and thou as now am I?
O! spare thy happy daies, and them apply
To better boot; but let me die that ought:
More is more losse; one is enough to dy.'
'Life is not lost,' (said she) 'for which is
bought [be sought.]

Endlesse renown, that, more then death, is to

XX

Thus shee at length persuaded him to rise,
And with her wend to see what new successe
Mote him befall upon new enterprise.
His armes, which he had vowed to disprofesse,
She gathered up and did about him dresse,
And his forwardred steed unto him gott:
So forth they both yfere make their progresse,
And march not past the mountenance of a
shott, [did plott.]
Till they arriv'd whereas their purpose they

XXI

There they dismounting drew their weapons
And stoutly came unto the Castle gate, [bold,
Whereas no gate they found them to withhold,
Nor ward to waite at morne and evening late;
But in the Porch, that did them sore amate,
A flaming fire, ymixt with smouldry smoke
And stinking sulphure, that with griesly hate
And dreadfull horror did all entraunce choke,
Enforced them their forward footing to revoke.

XXII

Greatly thereat was Britomart dismayd,
Ne in that stownd wist how her selfe to beare;
For daunger vaine it were to have assayd
That cruell element, which all things feare,
Ne none can suffer to approchen neare:
And, turning backe to Scudamour, thus sayd:
'What monstrous enmity provoke we heare?
Foolhardy as th' Earthes children, the which
made
Batteill against the Gods, so we a God invade.

XXIII

'Daunger without discretion to attempt
Inglorious, beastlike is: therefore, Sir knight,
Arcad what course of you is safest dempt,
And how he with our foe may come to fight.'
'This is' (quoth he) 'the dolorous despight,
Which earst to you I playnd: for neither may
This fire be quencht by any witt or might,

Ne yet by any meanes remov'd away;
So mighty be th' enchantments which
same do stay.

XXIV

'What is there els but cease these fruitles
paines,
And leave me to my former languishing?
Faire Amorett must dwell in wicked chaine
And Scudamore here die with sorrowing.'
'Perdy not so,' (saide shee) 'for shame!
Yt were t' abandon noble chevisaunce [thin]
For shewe of perill, without venturing:
Rather let try extremities of chauce,
Then enterprised praise for dread to disavaunce

XXV

Therewith, resolv'd to prove her utmost might
Her ample shield she threw before her face,
And her swords point directing forward right
Assayld the flame; the which estesoones ga
place,
And did it selfe divide with equall space,
That through she passed, as a thonder bolt
Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displac
The soring clouds into sad showres ymolt;
So to her yold the flames, and did their for
revolt.

XXVI

Whom whenas Scudamour saw past the fire
Safe and untoucht, he likewise gan assay
With greedy will and envious desire, [wa
And bad the stubborne flames to yield h
But cruell Mulciber would not obay
His threatfull pride, but did the more augme
His mighty rage, and with imperious sway
Him forst, (maulgre) his fercenes to relent,
And backe retire, all scorcht and pittifu
brent.

XXVII

With huge impatience he inly swelt,
More for great sorrow that he could not pas
Then for the burning torment which he felt
That with fell woodnes he effierced was,
And wilfully him throwing on the gras
Did beat and bounse his head and brest
sore:

The whiles the Championesse now entred l
The utmost rowme, and past the foremost do
The utmost rowme abounding with all precie
store:

XXVIII

For round about the walls yclothed were
With goodly arras of great majesty,
Woven with gold and silke, so close and ne
That the rich metall lurked privily,

ining to be hidd from envious eye;
ere, and there, and every where, unware
d it selfe and shone unwillingly;
a discoloured Snake, whose hidden snares
ugh the greene gras his long bright bur-
nshit back declares.

XXXIX

in those Tapets weren fashioned
faire pourtraicts, and many a faire feate;
all of love, and al of lusty-hed,
emed by their semblaunt, did entreat:
ke all Cupids warres they did repeate,
ruell battailes, which he whilome fought
t all the Gods to make his empire great;
es the huge massacres, which he wrought
ighty kings and kesars into thraldome
brought.

XXX

ein was writt how often thondring Jove
elt the point of his hart-percing dart,
eaving heavens kingdome, here did rove
raunge disguise, to slake his scalding
smart;
like a Ram, faire Helle to pervart,
like a Bull, Europa to withdraw:
how the fearefull Ladies tender hart
vely seeme to tremble, when she saw
uge seas under her t' obay her servaunts
law.

XXXI

e after that, into a golden showre
selfe he chaung'd, faire Danaë to vew;
through the rooffe of her strong brasen
aine into her lap an hony dew; [towre
hiles her foolish garde, that litle knew
h deceit, kept th' yron dore fast bard,
atcht that none should enter nor issew:
was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,
as the God to golden hew him selfe
transfard.

XXXII

was he turnd into a snowy Swan,
n faire Leda to his lovely trade:
adrous skill! and sweet wit of the man,
er in daffiadillies sleeping made
scorching heat her daintie limbes to shade;
s the proud Bird, ruffing his fethers wyde
rushing his faire brest, did her invade:
ept; yet twixt her eielids closely spyde
owards her he rusht, and smiled at his
pryde.

XXXIII

shewd it how the Thebane Semelee,
d of gealous Juno, did require
him in his soverayne majestee
with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,

Whens dearely she with death bought her
desire.

But faire Alcmena better match did make,
Joying his love in likenes more entire:
Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake
He then did put, her pleasures lenger to par-
take.

XXXIV

Twise was he seene in soaring Eagles shape,
And with wide winges to beat the buxome
ayre:

Once, when he with Asterie did scape;
Againe, when as the Trojane boy so fayre
He snatcht from Ida hill, and with him bare:
Wondrous delight it was there to behould
How the rude Shepheards after him did stare,
Trembling through feare least down he fallen
should,
And often to him calling to take surer hould.

XXXV

In Satyres shape Antiopa he snatcht;
And like a fire, when he Aegin' assayd:
A shepeheard, when Mnemosyne he catcht;
And like a Serpent to the Thracian mayd.
Whyles thus on earth great Jove these page-
aunts playd,
The winged boy did thrust into his throne,
And scoffing thus unto his mother sayd:
'Lo! now the heavens obey to me alone,
And take me for their Jove, whiles Jove to
earth is gone.'

XXXVI

And thou, faire Phœbus, in thy colours bright
Wast there enwoven, and the sad distresse
In which that boy thee plunged, for despight
That thou bewray'dst his mothers wantonnesse,
When she with Mars was meynt in joyfulnesse:
Forthy he thrild thee with a leaden dart
To love faire Daphne, which thee loved lesse;
Lesse she thee lov'd then was thy just desart,
Yet was thy love her death, and her death was
thy smart.

XXXVII

So lovedst thou the lusty Hyacinth;
So lovedst thou the faire Coronis deare;
Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct,
Yet both in flowres doe live, and love thee
beare,

The one a Pounce, the other a sweet-breare:
For grieve whereof, ye mote have lively seene
The God himselfe rending his golden heare,
And breaking quite his garland ever greene,
With other signes of sorrow and impatient
teene.

XXXVIII

Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,

The sonne of Climene, he did repent;
Who, bold to guide the charet of the Sunne,
Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,
And all the world with flashing fire brent;
So like, that all the walles did seeme to flame:
Yet cruell Cupid, not herewith content,
Forst him eftsoones to follow other game,
And love a Shephards daughter for his dearest Dame.

XXXIX

He loved Isse for his dearest Dame,
And for her sake her cattell fedd awhile,
And for her sake a cowheard vile became
The servant of Admetus, cowheard vile,
Whiles that from heaven he suffered exile.
Long were to tell each other lovely fitt;
Now, like a Lyon hunting after spoile;
Now, like a stag; now, like a faulcon fitt:
All which in that faire arras was most lively writ.

XL

Next unto him was Neptune pictured,
In his divine resemblance wondrous lyke:
His face was rugged, and his hoarie hed
Dropped with brackish dew: his threeforkt
Pyke [stryke]
He stearnly shooke, and therewith fierce did
The raging billowes, that on every syde
They treampling stood, and made a long broad
dyke,
That his swift charet might have passage wyde
Which foure great Hippodames did draw in
temewise wyde.

XLI

His seahorses did seeme to snort amayne,
And from their nosethrilles blow the brynie
streame,
That made the sparckling waves to smoke
agayne, [creame]
And flame with gold; but the white fomy
Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his beame.
The God himselfe did pensive seeme and sad,
And hong adowne his head as he did dreame;
For privy love his brest empierced had,
Ne ought but deare Bisaltis ay could make
him glad.

XLII

He loved eke Iphimedia deare,
And Aeolus faire daughter, Arne hight,
For whom he turnd him selfe into a Steare,
And fedd on fodder to beguile her sight.
Also to win Deucalions daughter bright,
He turnd him selfe into a Dolphin fayre;
And like a winged horse he tooke his flight

To snaky-locke Medusa to repayre,
On whom he got faire Pegasus that flitte
in the ayre.

XLIII

Next Saturne was, (but who would ever weene
That sullen Saturne ever weend to love?)
Yet love is sullen, and Saturnlike seene,
As he did for Erigone it prove)
That to a Centaure did him selfe transmove
So proov'd it eke that gracious God of wine,
When for to compasse Philliras hard love,
He turnd himselfe into a fruitfull vine,
And into her faire bosome made his grape
decline.

XLIV

Long were to tell the amorous assayes,
And gentle pangues, with which he maketh
meeke
The mightie Mars, to learne his wanton play
How oft for Venus, and how often eek
For many other Nymphes, he sore did shrewe
With womanish teares, and with unwarlike
Privily moystening his horrid cheekes: [smar]
There was he painted full of burning darts
And many wide woundes launched through
his inner partes.

XLV

Ne did he spare (so cruell was the Elfe)
His owne deare mother, (ah! why should
so?)
Ne did he spare sometime to pricke himselfe
That he might taste the sweet consuming
Which he had wrought to many others mo
But, to declare the mournfull Tragedyes
And spoiles wherewith he all the ground
strow,
More eath to number with how many eyes
High heaven beholdes sad lovers nightly
therewyes.

XLVI

Kings, Queenes, Lords, Ladies, knights,
Damsels gent,
Were heap'd together with the vulgar sort
And mingled with the raskall rabblement,
Without respect of person or of port,
To shew Dan Cupids powre and great effort
And round about a border was entrayld
Of broken bowes and arrowes shivered shorn
And a long bloody river through them rayd
So lively and so like that living sence it fay

XLVII

And at the upper end of that faire rowme
There was an Altar built of pretious stone
Of passing valew and of great renowme,
On which there stood an Image all alone

massy gold, which with his owne light
shone;
winges it had with sondry colours dight,
e sondry colours then the proud Pavone
es in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,
en her discoloured bow she spreads through
hevens hight.

XLVIII

ndfold he was; and in his cruell fist
ortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,
which he shot at randon, when him list,
e headed with sad lead, some with pure
gold; [hold.)
man! beware how thou those dartes be-
ounded Dragon under him did ly,
se hideous tayle his lefte foot did enfold,
with a shaft was shot through either eye,
no man forth might draw, ne no man re-
medye.

XLIX

underneath his feet was written thus,
the Victor of the Gods this bee:
all the people in that ample hous
o that image bowe their humble knee,
oft committed fowle Idolatree.
wondrous sight faire Britomart amazd,
eing could her wonder satisfie,
ever more and more upon it gazd,
whiles the passing brightnes her fraile
sences dazd.

L

as she backward cast her busie eye
arch each secrete of that goodly sted,
the dore thus written she did spy,
bold: she oft and oft it over-red,
ould not find what sence it figured:
hat so were therein or writ or ment,
as no whit thereby discouraged
prosecuting of her first intent,
orward with bold steps into the next
roome went.

LI

h fayrer then the former was that roome,
ichlier by many partes arayd;
ot with arras made in painefull loome,
ith pure gold it all was overlayd,
ght with wilde Antickes, which their
ollies playd
e rich metall as they living were. [made,
ousand monstrous formes therein were

Such as false love doth oft upon him weare;
For love in thousand monstrous formes doth
oft appeare.

LII

And all about the glistring walles were hong
With warlike spoiles and with victorious prayes
Of mightie Conquerours and Captaines strong,
Which were whilome captived in their dayes
To cruell love, and wrought their owne decayes.
Their swards and speres were broke, and hau-
berques rent,
And their proud girlonds of tryumphant bayes
Troden in dust with fury insolent, [tent.
To shew the victors might and mercilesse in-

LIII

The warlike Mayd, beholding earnestly
The goodly ordinaunce of this rich Place,
Did greatly wonder; ne could satisfy
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space:
But more she mervaild that no footings trace
Nor wight appeard, but wastefull emptinesse
And solemne silence over all that place:
Straunge thing it seem'd, that none was to
possesse [fulnesse.
So rich purveyaunce, ne them keepe with care-

LIV

And, as she lookt about, she did behold
How over that same dore was likewise writ,
Be bolde, be bolde, and every where, *Be bold*;
That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it
By any ridling skill, or commune wit.
At last she spyde at that rowmes upper end
Another yron dore, on which was writ,
Be not too bold; whereto though she did bend
Her earnest minde, yet wist not what it might
intend.

LV

Thus she there wayted untill eventyde,
Yet living creature none she saw appeare.
And now sad shadowes gan the world to hyde
From mortall vew, and wrap in darkenes dreare;
Yet nould she d'off her weary armes, for feare
Of secret daunger, ne let sleepe oppresse
Her heavy eyes with natures burdein deare,
But drew her selfe aside in sickernesse,
And her wel-pointed wepons did about her
dresse.

CANTO XII.

The maske of Cupid, and th' enchanted Chamber are displayd;
Whence Britomart redeemes faire Amoret through charmes decayd.

I

Tho, whenas chearelesse Night ycovered had
Fayre heaven with an universall clowd,
That every wight dismayd with darkenes sad
In silence and in sleepe themselves did shrowd,
She heard a shrilling Trompet sound alowd,
Signe of nigh battaill, or got victory:
Nought therewith daunted was her courage
But rather stird to cruell enmity, [prowd,
Expecting ever when some foe she might des-
cry.

II

With that an hideous storme of winde arose,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earthquake, as if it streight would lose
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt:
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
Ensued, whose noyauce filld the fearefull sted
From the fourth howre of night untill the sixt;
Yet the bold Britonesse was nought ydred,
Though much emmov'd, but stedfast still per-
severed.

III

All suddainly a stormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the house, that clapped every dore,
With which that yron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty levers had bene tore;
And forth yssewd, as on the readie flore
Of some Theatre, a grave personage
That in his hand a branch of laurell bore,
With comely haveour and count'nance sage,
Yclad in costly garments fit for tragicke Stage.

IV

Proceeding to the midst he stil did stand,
As if in minde he somewhat had to say;
And to the vulgare beckning with his hand,
In signe of silence, as to heare a play,
By lively actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter passioned:
Which doen, he backe retyred soft away,
And, passing by, his name discovered,
Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

V

The noble Mayd still standing all this vew
And merveild at his straunge intendiment.
With that a joyous fellowship issewd
Of Minstrales making goodly meriment,
With wanton Bardes, and Rymers impudent
All which together song full chearefully
A lay of loves delight with sweet concent:
After whom marcht a jolly company,
In manner of a maske, enranged orderly.

VI

The whiles a most delicious harmony [soun
In full straunge notes was sweetly heard.
That the rare sweetnesse of the melody
The feeble sences wholly did confound,
And the frayle soule in deepe delight nig
drownd:
And, when it ceast, shrill trompets lowd d
That their report did far away rebound; [bra
And, when they ceast, it gan againe to play,
The whiles the maskers marched forth in tri
aray.

VII

The first was Fansy, like a lovely Boy
Of rare aspect, and beantie without peare,
Matchable ether to that ympe of Troy,
Whom Jove did love and chose his cup to beare
Or that same daintie lad, which was so deare
To great Alcides, that, when as he dyde,
He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
And every wood and every valley wyde
He filld with Hylas name; the Nymphes d
Hylas cryde.

VIII

His garment nether was of silke nor say,
But paynted plumes in goodly order dight,
Like as the sunburnt Indians do aray
Their tawney bodies in their proudest pligh
As those same plumes so seemd he vaine a
That by his gate might easily appeare; [lig
For still he far'd as dauncing in delight,

in his hand a windy fan did beare,
in the ydle ayre he mov'd still here and
there.

IX

And him beside marcht amorous Desyre,
seemd of ryper yeares then th' other
Swayne,
was that other swayne this elders syre,
gave him being, commune to them twayne:
garment was disguysed very vayne,
his embrodered Bonet sat awry: [strayne,
at both his hands few sparks he close did
ch still he blew and kindled busily,
soone they life conceiv'd, and forth in
flames did fly.

X

At after him went Doubt, who was yclad
discolour'd cote of straunge disguyse,
at his backe a brode Capuccio had,
sleeves dependaunt Albanesè-wyse:
lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
nycely trode, as thornes lay in his way,
that the flore to shrinke he did avyse;
on a broken reed he still did stay
feeble steps, which shrunk when hard
thereon he lay.

XI

And him went Daunger, cloth'd in ragged
weed [made;
of Beares skin, that him more dreadfull
his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need
unge horror to deforme his griesly shade:
in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
other was; this Mischiefe, that Mishap:
th' one his foes he threatned to invade,
th' other he his friends ment to enwrap;
whom he could not kill he practizd to en-
trap.

XII

At him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,
thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
heard each shadow moving too or froe;
his owne armes when glittering he did spy
rushing heard, he fast away did fly,
hes pale of hew, and winged heeld,
evermore on Daunger fixt his eye,
at whom he alwayes bent a brasen shield,
wh his right hand unarmed fearefully did
wield.

XIII

And him went Hope in rancke, a handsome
Mayd,
carefull looke and lovely to behold:
ken samite she was light arayd,
her fayre lockes were woven up in gold:

She alway smyld, and in her hand did hold
An holy-water sprinkle, dipt in dewe,
With which she sprinkled favours manifold
On whom she list, and did great liking sheowe,
Great liking unto many, but true love to feowe.

XIV

And after them Dissemblaunce and Suspect
Marcht in one rancke, yet an unequall paire;
For she was gentle and of milde aspect,
Courteous to all and seeming debonaire,
Goodly adorned and exceeding faire:
Yet was that all but paynted and pourloyned,
And her bright browes were deckt with bor-
rowed haire; [coynd,
Her deeds were forged, and her words false
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke
she twynd.

XV

But he was fowle, ill favoured, and grim,
Under his eiebrowes looking still askaunce;
And ever, as Dissemblaunce laught on him,
He lowrd on her with daungerous eyeglaunce,
Shewing his nature in his countenance:
His rolling eies did never rest in place,
But walkte each where for feare of hid mis-
chaunce,
Holding a lattis still before his face,
Through which he stil did peep as forward he
did pace.

XVI

Next him went Griefe and Fury, matcht yfere;
Griefe all in sable sorrowfully clad,
Downe hanging his dull head with heavy chere,
Yet inly being more then seeming sad:
A paire of Pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched people to the hart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they
ladd.
In wilfull languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours
dart.

XVII

But Fury was full ill appareled
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
With ghastly looks and dreadfull drerihed;
And from her backe her garments she did teare,
And from her head ofte rente her snarled heare:
In her right hand a firebrand shee did tosse
About her head, still roming here and there;
As a dismayed Deare in chace embost,
Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way
lost.

XVIII

After them went Displeasure and Pleasaunce,
He looking lompish and full sullen sad,

And hanging downe his heavy countenaunce;
 She chearfull, fresh, and full of joyaunce glad,
 As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad;
 That evill matched paire they seemd to bee:
 An angry Waspe th' one in a viall had,
 Th' other in hers an hony-laden Bee.
 Thus marched these six couples forth in faire
 degree.

XIX

After all these there marcht a most faire Dame,
 Led of two grysie Villeins, th' one Despight,
 The other cleped Cruelty by name:
 She, dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright
 Caïd by strong charmes out of eternall night,
 Had Deathes owne ymage figurd in her face,
 Full of sad signes, fearfull to living sight;
 Yet in that horror shewd a seemely grace,
 And with her feeble feete did move a comely
 pace.

XX

Her brest all naked, as nett yvory
 Without adorne of gold or silver bright,
 Wherewith the Craftesman wounts it beautify,
 Of her dew honour was despoyled quight;
 And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight!)
 Entrenched deep with knyfe accursed keene,
 Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright,
 (The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,
 That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy
 cleene.

XXI

At that wide orifice her trembling hart
 Was drawne forth, and in silver basin layd,
 Quite through transfixt with a deadly dart,
 And in her blood yet steeming fresh embayd:
 And those two villeins, which her steps upstayd,
 When her weake feete could scarcely her
 sustaine,
 And fading vitall powres gan to fade,
 Her forward still with torture did constraine,
 And evermore encreased her consuming paine.

XXII

Next after her, the winged God him selfe
 Came riding on a Lion ravenous,
 Taught to obay the menage of that Elfe
 That man and beast with powre imperious
 Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous.
 His blindfold eies he bad awhile unbinde,
 That his proud spoile of that same dolorous
 Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kinde;
 Which seene, he much rejoyced in his cruell
 minde.

XXIII

Of which ful prowd, him selfe up rearing hye
 He looked round about with sterne disdayne,

And did survey his goodly company;
 And, marshallling the evill-ordered trayne,
 With that the darts which his right hand di
 straine
 Full dreadfully he shooke, that all did quak
 And clapt on hye his coulourd winges twaine
 That all his many it affraide did make:
 Tho, blinding him againe, his way he for
 did take.

XXIV

Behinde him was Reproch, Repentaunce
 Shame; [behinde
 Reproch the first, Shame next, Repen
 Repentaunce feeble, sorrowfull, and lame;
 Reproch despightfull, carelesse, and unkinde
 Shame most ill-favourd, bestiall, and blinde
 Shame lowrd, Repentaunce sighd, Reproch di
 scould; [entwind
 Reproch sharpe stings, Repentaunce whi
 Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand
 hold: [moul
 All three to each unlike, yet all made in o

XXV

And after them a rude confused rout
 Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to reau
 Emongst them was sterne Strife, and Aug
 stout;
 Unquiet Care, and fond Unthriftyhead;
 Lewd Losse of Time, and Sorrow seeming dea
 Inconstant Change, and false Disloyalty;
 Consuming Riotise, and guilty Dread
 Of heavenly vengeance; faint Infirmitie;
 Vile Poverty; and, lastly, Death with infam

XXVI

There were full many moe like maladies,
 Whose names and natures I note readen wei
 So many moe, as there be phantasies
 In wavering wemens witt, that none can tell
 Or paines in love, or punishments in hell
 All which disguised marcht in masking wis
 About the chamber by the Damozell;
 And then returned, having marched thrise,
 Into the inner rowme from whence they fir
 did rise.

XXVII

So soone as they were in, the dore streightwa
 Fast locked, driven with that stormy blast
 Which first it opened, and bore all away.
 Then the brave Maid, which al this while w
 plast
 In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
 Issewed forth, and went unto the dore
 To enter in, but fownd it locked fast:
 It vaine she thought with rigorous uprone
 For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afon

XXVIII

re force might not avails, there sleights
and art
st to use, both fitt for hard emprise:
y from that same rowme not to depart
orrow next shee did her selfe avize,
that same Maske againe should forth
arize.
orrowe next appeard with joyous cheare,
g men to their daily exercise:
he, as morrow fresh, her selfe did reare
her secret stand that day for to outweare.

XXIX

at day she outwore in wandering
azing on that Chambers ornament,
at againe the second evening
vered with her sable vestiment, [blent:
with the worlds faire beautie she hath
when the second watch was almost past,
rasen dore flew open, and in went
ritomart, as she had late forecast,
r of ydle shoves, nor of false charmes
aghast.

XXX

one as she was entred, rownd about
ast her eies to see what was become
those persons which she saw without:
they streight were vanisht all and some;
t wight she saw in all that roome,
at same woefull Lady, both whose hands
ounden fast, that did her ill become,
small waste girt rownd with yron bands
brasen pillour, by the which she stands.

XXXI

er before the vile Enchaunter sate,
g straunge characters of his art:
iving blood he those characters wrate,
ully dropping from her dying hart,
g transfixed with a cruell dart;
t perforce to make her him to love.
ho can love the worker of her smart?
and charmes he formerly did prove,
usand charmes could not her stedfast
hart remove.

XXXII

as that virgin knight he saw in place,
eked bookes in hast he overthrew,
ing his long labours to deface;
ercely running to that Lady drew,
trous knife out of his pocket drew,
ich he thought, for villeinous despight,
ormented bodie to embrew:
stout Damzell, to him leaping light,
sed hand withheld, and maistered his
night.

XXXIII

From her, to whom his fury first he ment,
The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest,
And, turning to herselfe, his fell intent,
Unwares it strooke into her snowie chest,
That litle drops empurpled her faire brest,
Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
Albe the wound were nothing deepe imprest,
And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,
To give him the reward for such vile outrage
dew.

XXXIV

So mightily she smote him, that to ground
He fell halfe dead: next stroke him should
have slaine,
Had not the Lady, which by him stood bound,
Dernly unto her called to abstaine
From doing him to dy. For else her paine
Should be remedillesse; sith none but hee
Which wrought it could the same recure againe.
Therewith she stayd her hand, loth stayd to
bee; [see:
For life she him envyde, and long'd revenge to

XXXV

And to him said: 'Thou wicked man, whose
For so huge mischiefe and vile villany [meed
Is death, or if that ought doe death exceed;
Be sure that nought may save thee from to dy
But if that thou this Dame do presently
Restore unto her health and former state:
This doe, and live, els dye undoubtedly.'
He, glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
Did yield him selfe right willing to prolong
his date:

XXXVI

And, rising up, gan streight to over-looke
Those cursed leaves, his charmes back to
reverse.
Full dreadfull things out of that balefull booke
He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,
That horror gan the virgins hart to perse,
And her faire locks up stared stiffe on end,
Hearing him those same bloody lynes reherse;
And, all the while he red, she did extend
Her sword high over him, if ought he did
offend.

XXXVII

Anon she gan perceive the house to quake,
And all the dores to rattle round about:
Yet all that did not her dismaied make, [dout:
Nor slack her threatfull hand for daungers
But still with stedfast eye and courage stout
Abode, to weet what end would come of all.
At last that mightie chaine, which round about

Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,
And that great brasen pillour broke in peeces
small.

XXXVIII

The cruell steele, which thirld her dying hart,
Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord,
And the wyde wound, which lately did dispart
Her bleeding brest, and riven bowels gor'd,
Was closed up, as it had not beene bor'd,
And every part to safety full sownd,
As she were never hurt, was soone restord.
Tho, when she felt her selfe to be unbownd
And perfect hole, prostrate she fell unto the
grownd.

XXXIX

Before faire Britomart she fell prostrate,
Saying; 'Ah noble knight! what worthy meede
Can wretched Lady, quitt from wofull state,
Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?
Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,
Even immortal prayse and glory wyde,
Which I your vassall, by your prowess freed,
Shall through the world make to be notifyde,
And goodly well advaunce that goodly well
was tryde.'

XL

But Britomart, uprearing her from grownd,
Said: 'Gentle Dame, reward enough I weene,
For many labours more then I have found,
This, that in safetie now I have you seene,
And meane of your deliverance have beene.
Henceforth, faire Lady, comfort to you take,
And put away remembrance of late teene;
Insted thereof, know that your loving Make
Hath no lesse grieve endured for your gentle
sake.'

XLI

She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,
Whom of all living wightes she loved best.
Then laid the noble Championesse strong hond
Upon th' enchaunter which had her distrest
So sore, and with foule outrages opprest.
With that great chaine, wherewith not long
ygoe [relest,
He bound that pitteous Lady prisoner, now
Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,
And captive with her led to wretchednesse
and wo.

XLII

Returning back, those goodly rowmes, wh
She saw so rich and royally arayd, [e
Now vanisht utterly and cleane subverst
She found, and all their glory quite decayd
That sight of such a chaunge her much dism
Thence forth descending to that perloous p
Those dreadfull flames she also found delay
And quenched quite like a consumed toreh
That erst all entrens wont so cruelly to scow

XLIII

More easie issew now then entrance late
She found; for now that fained dreadfull fl
Which chokt the porch of that enchaunted g
And passage bard to all that thither came,
Was vanisht quite, as it were not the same
And gave her leave at pleasure forth to pa
Th' Enchaunter selfe, which all that fraud
frame
To have efforst the love of that faire lasse,
Seeing his worke now wasted, deepe engrie
was.

XLIV

But when the Victoresse arrived there
Where late she left the pensife Scudamore,
With her own trusty Squire, both full of fer
Neither of them she found where she them lo
Thereat her noble hart was stonisht sore.
But most faire Amoret, whose gentle sprig
Now gan to feede on hope, which she b for
Conceived had, to see her own deare knight
Being thereof beguyld, was fild with new
fright.

XLV

But he, sad man, when he had long in dr
Awayted there for Britomarts returne,
Yet saw her not, nor signe of her good spec
His expectation to despaire did turne,
Misdeeming sure that her those flames
burne;
And therefore gan advize with her old Squ
Who her deare nourslings losse no lesse
mourne,
Thence to depart for further aide t'enquire
Where let them wend at will, whilst her
doe respire.

THE FOURTH BOOKE

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAINING THE LEGEND OF CAMBEL AND TRIAMOND, OR OF FRIENDSHIP,

I

ugged forhead, that with grave foresight
kingdomes causes and affaires of state,
ser rimes (I wote) doth sharply wite
rising love as I have done of late,
agnifying lovers deare debate;
ch fraile youth is oft to follie led,
h false allurements of that pleasing baite,
etter were in vertues discipled,
ith vaine poemes weeds to have their
ancies fed.

II

ones ill judge of love that cannot love,
heir frosen hearts feeble kindly flame.
they ought not thing unknowne
prove,
rall affection faultlesse blame
lt of few that have abusd the same;
f honor and all vertue is [of fame,
ote, and brings forth glorious flowres
owne true lovers with immortall blis,
ed of them that love, and do not live
misse.

III

who so list looke backe to former ages,
ll to count the things that then were
onne, [sages,
nd that all the workes of those wise
ve exploits which great Heroës wonne,

In love were either ended or begunne:
Witnesse the father of Philosophie,
Which to his Critias, shaded oft from sunne,
Of love full manie lessons did apply, [deny
The which these Stoicke censours cannot well

IV

To such therefore I do not sing at all;
But to that sacred Saint my soveraigne Queene
In whose chaste brest all bountie naturall
And treasures of true love enlocked beene,
Bove all her sexe that ever yet was seene.
To her I sing of love, that loveth best,
And best is lov'd of all alive, I weene,
To her this song most fitly is addressd,
The Queene of love, and Prince of peace from
heaven blest.

V

Which that she may the better deigne to
heare,
Do thou, dreed infant, Venus dearling dove,
From her high spirit chase imperious feare,
And use of awful Majestie remove.
Insted thereof with drops of melting love,
Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten
From thy sweete smyling mother from above,
Sprinkle her heart, and haughtie courage
soften, [lesson often
That she may hearke to love, and reade this

CANTO I.

Fayre Britomart saves Amoret :

Duessa discord breeds

Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour :

Their fight and warlike deedes.

I

ers sad calamities of old
ny piteous stories doe remaine,
e more piteous ever was ytold
at of Amorets hart-binding chaine,

And this of Florimels unworthie paine:
The deare compassion of whose bitter fit
My softened heart so sorely doth constraîne,
That I with teares full oft doe pittie it,
And oftentimes doe wish it never had bene writ.

II

For from the time that Scudamour her bought
In perilous fight she never joyed day;
A perilous fight, when he with force her
brought
From twentie Knights that did him all assay;
Yet fairely well he did them all dismay,
And with great glorie both the shield of love
And eke the Ladie selfe he brought away,
Whom having wedded, as did him behove,
A new unknown mischiefe did from him re-
move.

III

For that same vile Enchauntour Busyran,
The very selfe same day that she was wedded,
Amidst the bridale feast, whilst every man,
Surcharg'd with wine, were heedlesse and ill-
hedded,
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that mask of love which late was
shoven;
And there the Ladie, ill of friends bestedded,
By way of sport, as oft in maskes is knowne,
Conveyed quite away to living wight un-
knowne.

IV

Seven moneths he so her kept in bitter smart,
Because his sinfull lust she would not serve,
Untill such time as noble Britomart
Released her, that else was like to sterve
Through cruell knife that her deare heart did
kerve:

And now she is with her upon the way
Marching in lovely wise, that could deserve
No spet of blame, though spite did oft assay
To blot her with dishonour of so faire a pray.

V

Yet should it be a pleasant tale, to tell
The diverse usage, and demeanure daint,
That each to other made, as oft befell:
For Amoret right fearefull was and faint
Lest she with blame her honor should attaint,
That everie word did tremble as she spake,
And everie looke was coy and wondrous quaint,
And everie limbe that touched her did quake;
Yet could she not but curteous countenance to
her make.

VI

For well she wist, as true it was indeed,
That her lives Lord and patrone of her health
Right well deserved, as his duefull meed,
Her love, her service, and her utmost wealth:
All is his justly that all freely dealth
Nathlesse her honor, dearer then her life,
She sought to save, as thing reserv'd from
stealth.

Die had she lever with Enchanters knife
Then to be false in love, profest a virgine

VII

Thereto her feare was made so much
greater
Through fine abusion of that Briton may
Who, for to hide her fained sex the better,
And maske her wounded mind, both did
sayd
Full many things so doubtfull to be wayd
That well she wist not what by them to ge
For other-whiles to her she purpos made
Of love, and other-whiles of lustfulness,
That much she feared his mind would grow
some excesse.

VIII

His will she feared; for him she surely thou
To be a man, such as indeed he seemed;
And much the more by that he lately wrou
When her from deadly thraldome he redeem
For which no service she too much esteem
Yet dread of shame and doubt of fowle
honor

Made her not yeeld so much as due she deer
Yet Britomart attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her
honor.

IX

It so befell one evening, that they came
Unto a Castell, lodged there to bee,
Where many a knight, and many a lo
Dame,
Was then assembled deeds of armes to see
Amongst all which was none more faire t
shee,
That many of them mov'd to eye her sore.
The custome of that place was such, that b
Which had no love nor lemman there in st
Should either winne him one, or lye without
dore.

X

Amongst the rest there was a jolly knight
Who, being asked for his love, avow'd
That fairest Amoret was his by right,
And offered that to justitie alowd.
The warlike virgine, seeing his so prowd
And boastfull challenge, waxed inlie wroth
But for the present did her anger shrowd,
And sayd, her love to lose she was full lo
But either he should neither of them have
both.

XI

So forth they went, and both together gior
But that same younker soone was o
throwne,

made repent that he had rashly lusted
ing unlawfull, that was not his owne:
ince he seemed valiant, though un-
knowne,
at no lesse was courteous then stout,
how to salve, that both the custome
showne
kept, and yet that Knight not locked out;
eem'd full hard t' accord two things so
far in dout.

XII

Geneschall was cal'd to deeme the right:
she requir'd, that first fayre Amoret
be to her allow'd, as to a Knight
did her win and free from challenge set:
straight to her was yelded without let.
since that strange Knights love from
him was quitted,
aim'd that to her selfe, as Ladies det,
a Knight might justly be admitted;
he should be out shut, sith all of loves
were fitted.

XIII

that, her glistring helmet she unlaced;
doff, her golden lockes, that were up-
bound
a knot, unto her heeles downe traced,
ke a silken veile in compasse round
her backe and all her bodie wound:
the shining skie in summers night,
time the dayes with scorching heat
abound,
sted all with lines of fire light,
t prodigious seemes in common peoples
sight.

XIV

when those Knights and Ladies all
about
her, all were with amazement smit,
very one gan grow in secret dout
and that, according to each wit: [it;
hought that some enchantment faygned
that Bellona in that warlike wise
n appear'd, with shield and armour fit;
that it was a maske of strange disguise:
ersely each one did sundrie doubts de-
vise.

XV

that young Knight, which through her
gentle deed
that goodly fellowship restor'd,
ousand thankes did yeeld her for her
meed,
dubly overcommen, her ador'd.
they all their former strife accord;
e fayre Amoret, now freed from feare,
anke affection did to her afford.

And to her bed, which she was wont forbear,
Now freely drew, and found right safe assu-
rance theare.

XVI

Where all that night they of their loves did
treat,
And hard adventures, twixt themselves alone,
That each the other gan with passion great
And griefull pittie privately bemone.
The morow next, so soone as Titan shone,
They both uprose and to their waies them
dight:
Long wandered they, yet never met with none
That to their willes could them direct aright,
Or to them tydings tell that mote their harts
delight.

XVII

Lo! thus they rode, till at the last they spide
Two armed Knights that toward them did
pace,
And ech of them had ryding by his side
A Ladie, seeming in so farre a space:
But Ladies none they were, albee in face
And outward shew faire semblance they did
beare;
For under maske of beautie and good grace
Vile treason and fowle falshood lidden were,
That mote to none but to the warie wise
appeare.

XVIII

The one of them the false Duessa hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonted
hew:
For she could d'on so manie shapes in sight,
As ever could Cameleon colours new;
So could she forge all colours, save the trew.
The other no whit better was then shee,
But that such as she was she plaine did shew;
Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might bee,
And dayly more offensive unto each degree.

XIX

Her name was Atè, mother of debate
And all dissention which doth dayly grow
Amongst fraile men, that many a publike
state,
And many a private oft doth overthrow.
Her false Duessa, who full well did know
To be most fit to trouble noble knights
Which hunt for honor, raised from below
Out of the dwellings of the damned sprights,
Where she in darknes wastes her cursed daies
and nights.

XX

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is;
There, whereas all the plagues and harmes
abound

Which punish wicked men that walke amisse :
It is a darksome delve farre under ground,
With thornes and barren brakes enviroind
round,

That none the same may easily out-win :
Yet many waies to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in ;
For discord harder is to end then to begin.

XXI

And all within, the riven walls were hung
With ragged monuments of times forepast,
All which the sad effects of discord sung :
There were rent robes and broken scepters
Altars defild, and holy things defast ; [plast ;
Disshivered speares, and shields ytorne in
twaine ;

Great cities ransackt, and strong castles rast ;
Nations captived, and huge armies slaine :
Of all which ruines there some relicks did re-
maine.

XXII

There was the signe of antique Babylor ;
Of fatall Thebes ; of Rome that raigned long ;
Of sacred Salem ; and sad Ilion,
For memorie of which on high there hong
The golden Apple, cause of all their wrong,
For which the three faire Goddesses did strive :
There also was the name of Nimrod strong ;
Of Alexander, and his Princes five
Which shar'd to them the spoiles that he had
got alive.

XXIII

And there the relicks of the drunken fray,
The which amongst the Lapithees befell ;
And of the bloodie feast, which sent away
So many Centaures drunken soules to hell,
That under great Alcides furie fell ;
And of the dreadfull discord, which did drive
The noble Argonauts to outrage fell ;
That each of life sought others to deprive,
All mindlesse of the Golden fleece, which
made them strive.

XXIV

And eke of private persons many moe,
That were too long a worke to count them all ;
Some, of sworne friends that did their faith
forgoe ;
Some, of borne brethren prov'd unnaturall ;
Some, of deare lovers foes perpetuall :
Witnesse their broken bandes there to be seene,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres despoyled all ;
The monuments whereof there byding beene,
As plaine as at the first when they were fresh
and greene.

XXV

Such was her house within ; but all without
The barren ground was full of wicked weeds
Which she her selfe had sowne all about,
Now growen great, at first of little seedes,
The seedes of evill wordes and factious deedes
Which, when to ripenesse due they growe
arre,

Bring forth an infinite increase, that breed
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious jarre,
The which most often end in bloudshed and
warre.

XXVI

And those same cursed seedes doe also serve
To her for bread, and yeeld her living food :
For life it is to her, when others sterve
Through mischievous debate and deadly feode
That she may sucke their life, and drinke the
blood,

With which she from her childhood had be-
For she at first was borne of hellish brood,
And by infernall furies nourished ;
That by her monstrous shape might easily

XXVII

Her face most fowle and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contrarie wayes intend-
And loathly mouth, unmeete a mouth to be-
That nought but gall and venom comprehend-
And wicked wordes that God and man offend-
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did speake, and both co-
tended ;

And as her tongue so was her hart disciden-
That never thought one thing, but doubly
was guided.

XXVIII

Als as she double spake, so heard she doubt-
With matchlesse eares deformed and distort-
Eild with false rumors and seditious trouble
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
That still are led with every light report .
And as her eares, so eke her feet were odde,
And much unlike ; th' one long, the other sho-
And both misplast ; that, when th' one forwa-
yode,

The other backe retired and contrarie trode

XXIX

Likewise unequall were her handes twaine
That one did reach the other pusht away ;
That one did make the other mard againe,
And sought to bring all things unto decay :
Whereby great riches, gathered manie a day
She in short space did often bring to nought
And their possessours often did dismay :

her studie was and all her thought
she might overthrow the things that
Concord wrought.

XXX

uch her malice did her might surpas,
even th' Almighty selfe she did maligne,
se to man so mercifull he was,
nto all his creatures so benigne,
he her selfe was of his grace indigne;
l this worlds faire workmanship she tride
his last confusion to bring,
hat great golden chaine quite to divide,
which it blessed Concord hath together
tide.

XXXI

was that hag which with Duessa roade;
serving her in her malicious use
rt good knights, was, as it were, her
l her borrowed beautie to abuse: [baude
ough, like withered tree that wanteth
juyce,
d and crooked were, yet now of late
sh and fragrant as the floure-deluce
as become, by chaunge of her estate,
made full goodly joyance to her new-
found mate.

XXXII

mate, he was a jollie youthfull knight
ore great sway in armes and chivalrie,
as indeede a man of mickle might;
ame was Blandamour, that did descrie
mkle mind full of inconstancie:
ow himselfe he fitted had right well
two companions of like qualitie,
esse Duessa, and false Paridell, [tell
whether were more false full hard it is to

XXXIII

when this gallant with his goodly crew
farre espide the famous Britomart,
night adventurous in outward vew,
his faire paragon, his conquests part,
ching nigh, eftsoones his wanton hart
icked with delight, and jesting sayd;
here, Sir Paridel, for your desert
ucke presents you with yond lovely mayd,
ie that ye want a fellow for your ayd.'

XXXIV

at the lovely paire drew nigh to hond:
when as Paridel more plaine beheld,
in heart he like affection fond,
indfull how he late by one was feld.
did those armes and that same scutcheon
weld,
d small lust to buy his love so deare,
answered; 'Sir, him wise I never held,

That, having once escaped perill neare,
Would afterwards afresh the sleeping evill
reare.

XXXV

'This knight too late his manhood and his
might
I did assay, that me right dearely cost;
Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,
Ne for light Ladies love that soone is lost.'
The hot-spurre youth so scorning to be crost,
'Take then to you this Dame of mine,' (quoth
hee)
'And I, without your perill or your cost,
Will challenge yond same other for my fee.'
So forth he fiercely prickt that one him scarce
could see.

XXXVI

The warlike Britonesse her soone adrest,
And with such uncouth welcome did receive
Her fayned Paramour, her forced guest,
That being forst his saddle soone to leave,
Him selfe he did of his new love deceave:
And made him selfe thensample of his folie.
Which done, she passed forth, not taking leave,
And left him now as sad, as whilome jollie,
Well warned to beware with whom he dar'd to
dallie.

XXXVII

Which when his other companie beheld,
They to his succour ran with readie ayd;
And, finding him unable once to weld,
They reared him on horsebacke and upstayd,
Till on his way they had him forth conveyd:
And all the way, with wondrous grieve of mynd
And shame, he shewed him selfe to be dismayd
More for the love which he had left behynd,
Then that which he had to Sir Paridel resynd.

XXXVIII

Nathlesse he forth did march, well as he might,
And made good semblance to his companie,
Dissembling his disease and evill plight;
Till that ere long they chaunced to espie
Two other knights, that towards them did ply
With speedie course, as bent to charge them
new:

Whom when as Blandamour approaching nie
Perceiv'd to be such as they seemd in vew,
He was full wo, and gan his former grieve
renew.

XXXIX

For th' one of them he perfectly descride
To be Sir Scudamour, by that he bore
The God of love with wings displayed wide
Whom mortally he hated evermore,

Both for his worth, that all men did adore,
And eke because his love he wonne by right :
Which when he thought, it grieved him full
sore,
That, through the bruises of his former fight,
He now unable was to wreake his old despight.

XL

Forthy he thus to Paridel bespake :
'Faire Sir, of friendship let me now you pray,
That as I late adventured for your sake,
The hurts whereof me now from battell stay,
Ye will me now with like good turne repay,
And justifie my cause on yonder knight.'
'Ah! Sir,' (said Paridell) 'do not dismay
Your selfe for this; my selfe will for you fight,
As ye have done for me: the left hand rubs
the right.'

XLI

With that he put his spures unto his steed,
With speare in rest, and toward him did fare,
Like shaft out of a bow preventing speed :
But Scudamour was shortly well aware
Of his appoch, and gan him selfe prepare
Him to receive with entertainment meete.
So furiously they met, that either bare
The other downe under their horses feete,
That what of them became themselves did
scarsly weete.

XLII

As when two billowes in the Irish sowndes,
Forcibly driven with contrarie tydes,
Do meete together, each abacke rebowndes
With roaring rage; and dashing on all sides,
That fileth all the sea with fome, divydes
The doubtfull current into divers wayes.
So fell those two in spight of both their prydes;
But Scudamour himselfe did soone uprayse,
And, mounting light, his foe for lying long up-
brayes :

XLIII

Who, rolled on an heape, lay still in swound
All carelesse of his taunt and bitter rayle;
Till that the rest him seeing lie on ground
Ran hastily, to weete what did him ayle.
Where finding that the breath gan him to fayle,
With busie care they strove him to awake,
And doft his helmet, and undid his mayle :
So much they did, that at the last they brake
His slomber, yet so mazed that he nothing
spake.

XLIV

Which when as Blandamour beheld, he said;
'False faitour Scudamour, that hast by slight
And foule advantage this good Knight dismayd,
A Knight much better then thy selfe behight,

Well falles it thee that I am not in plight
This day to wreake the damage by thee donn
Such is thy wont, that still when any Knight
Is weakned, then thou doest him overronne :
So hast thou to thy selfe false honour oft
wonne.'

XLV

He little answer'd, but in manly heart
His mightie indignation did forbear;e;
Which was not yet so secret, but some part
Thereof did in his frowning face appeare :
Like as a gloomie cloud, the which doth bea
An hideous storme, is by the Northerne bla
Quite overblowne, yet doth not passe so clea
But that it all the skie doth overcast
With darknes dred, and threatens all the wor
to wast.

XLVI

'Ah gentle knight!' then false Duessa say
'Why do ye strive for Ladies love so sore,
Whose chiefe desire is love and friendly aid
Mongst gentle Knights to nourish evermore
Ne be ye wroth, Sir Scudamour, therefore
That she, your love, list love another knight
Ne do your selfe dislike a whit the more;
For Love is free, and led with selfe delight,
Ne will enforced be with maisterdome or might

XLVII

So false Duessa; but vile Atè thus : [bo
'Both foolish knights! I can but laugh
That strive and storme with stirre outraged
For her, that each of you alike doth loth,
And loves another, with whom now she got
In lovely wise, and sleepes, and sports, a
playes;
Whilest both you here with many a cursed o
Swears she is yours, and stirre up bloudie fray
To win a willow bough, whilest other wea
the bayes.

XLVIII

'Vile hag!' (sayd Scudamour) why d
thou lye,
And falsly seekst a vertuous wight to sham
'Fond knight,' (sayd she) 'the thing that w
this eye
I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same
'Then tell,' (quoth Blandamour) 'and seare
blame :
Tell what thou saw'st, maulgre who so it hear
'I saw' (quoth she) 'a stranger knight, wh
name
I wote not well, but in his shield he beares
(That well I wote) the heads of many brok
speares;

XLIX

him have your Amoret at will;
 him kisse; I saw him her embrace;
 him sleepe with her all night his fill;
 nie nights; and manie by in place
 present were to testifie the case.
 when as Scudamour did heare, his heart
 brild with inward grieve: as when in
 chace
 rthian strikes a stag with shivering dart,
 ast astonisht stands in midst of his
 smart.

L

ood Sir Scudamour when this he heard,
 d had he to speake for great dismay,
 kt on Glaucè grim; who woxe afeard
 rage for the words which she heard say,
 untrue she wist them by assay.
 andamour, whenas he did espie [wray,
 aunge of cheere that anguish did be-
 ke full blithe, as he had got thereby,
 n thereat to triumph without victorie.

LI

recreant,' (sayd he) 'the fruitlesse end
 vaine boast, and spoile of love misgot-
 ten, [shend,
 by the name of knight-hood thou dost
 true lovers with dishonor blotten:
 gs not rooted well will soone be rotten.'
 y! false knight,' (then false Duessa
 cryde) [gotten;
 rthy life, that love with guile hast
 n, where ever thou do go or ryde,
 d of ladies all, and of all knights de-
 fyde!'

LII

But Scudamour, for passing great despight,
 Staid not to answer; scarcely did refraine
 But that in all those knights and ladies sight
 He for revenge had guiltlesse Glaucè slaine:
 But, being past, he thus began amaine:
 'False traitour squire! false squire of falsest
 knight! [abstaine,
 Why doth mine hand from thine avenge
 Whose Lord hath done my love this foule
 despight? [might?
 Why do I not it wreake on thee, now in my

LIII

'Discourteous, disloyall Britomart,
 Untrue to God, and unto man unjust!
 What vengeance due can equall thy desart,
 That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust
 Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust?
 Let ugly shame and endlesse infamy
 Colour thy name with foule reproaches rust!
 Yet thou, false Squire, his fault shalt deare aby,
 And with thy punishment his penance shalt
 supply.'

LIV

The aged Dame, him seeing so enraged,
 Was dead with feare; nathlesse, as neede re-
 quired,
 His flaming furie sought to have assuaged
 With sober words, that sufferance desired,
 Till time the tryall of her truth expyred;
 And evermore sought Britomart to cleare:
 But he the more with furious rage was fyred,
 And thrise his hand to kill her did upreare,
 And thrise he drew it backe; so did at last
 forbear.

CANTO II.

Blandamour winnes false Florimell;
 Paridell for her strives:
 They are accorded: Δ gapè
 Doth lengthen her sonnes lives.

I

BRAND of hell, first tynd in Phlegeton,
 ousand furies, and from thence out
 thrown
 is world to worke confusion,
 t it all on fire by force unknown,
 ked discord; whose small sparkes once
 blown
 ut a God or godlike man can slake;
 s was Orpheus, that, when strife was
 grown

Amongst those famous ympes of Greece, did
 take
 His silver Harpe in hand and shortly friends
 them make:

II

Or such as that celestiaall Psalmist was,
 That, when the wicked feend his Lord tor-
 mented,
 With heavenly notes, that did all other pas
 The outrage of his furious fit relented.

Such Musicke is wise words, with time contented,

To moderate stiffe mindes disposd to strive :
Such as that prudent Romane well invented,
What time his people into partes did rive,
Them reconcyld againe, and to their homes did drive.

III

Such us'd wise Glaucè to that wrathfull knight,

To calme the tempest of his troubled thought :
Yet Blandamour with termes of foule despight,
And Paridell her scornd, and set at nought,
As old and crooked and not good for ought.
Both they unwise, and warelesse of the evill
That by themselves unto themselves is wrought
Through that false witch, and that foule aged drevill ;

The one a feend, the other an incarnate devill.

IV

With whom as they thus rode accompanide,
They were encountred of a lustie Knight
That had a goodly Ladie by his side,
To whom he made great dalliance and delight :
It was to weete the bold Sir Ferraugh hight,
He that from Braggadocchio whilome reft
The snowy Florimell, whose beautie bright
Made him seeme happie for so glorious theft ;
Yet was it in due triall but a wandring weft.

V

Which when as Blandamour, whose fancie light

Was alwaies flitting as the wavering wind
After each beautie that appeared in sight,
Beheld, eftsoones it prickt his wanton mind
With sting of lust that reasons eye did blind,
That to Sir Paridell these words he sent :
'Sir knight, why ride ye dumpish thus behind,
Since so good fortune doth to you present
So fayre a spoyle, to make you joyous meriment?'

VI

But Paridell, that had too late a tryall
Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine, [all :
List not to hearke, but made this faire deny-
'Last turne was mine, well proved to my paine ;

[gaine !'
This now be yours ; God send you better
Whose scoffed words he taking halfe in scorne,
Fiercely forth prickt his steed as in disdaine
Against that Knight, ere he him well could torne ;

By meanes whereof he hath him lightly overborne.

VII

Who, with the sudden stroke astonisht so
Upon the ground awhile in slomber lay ;
The whiles his love away the other bore,
And, shewing her, did Paridell upbray :
'Lo ! sluggish Knight, the victors happie
So fortune friends the bold : ' whom Paridell
Seeing so faire indeede, as he did say,
His hart with secret envie gan to swell,
And inly grudge at him that he had spewell.

VIII

Nathlesse proud man himselve the o
Having so peerelesse paragon ygot : [deen
For sure the fayrest Florimell him seemed
To him was fallen for his happie lot,
Whose like alive on earth he weened not :
Therefore he her did court, did serve, did w
With humblest suit that he imagine mot,
And all things did devise, and all things d
That might her love prepare, and liking theretoo.

IX

She, in regard thereof, him recompens
With golden words and goodly countenance
And such fond favours sparingly dispenst :
Sometimes him blessing with a light glance,
And coy lookes tempring with loose dallian
Sometimes estranging him in sterner wise
That having cast him in a foolish trance,
He seemed brought to bed in Paradise.
And prov'd himselve most foole in what seem'd most wise.

X

So great a mistresse of her art she was,
And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft,
That though therein himselve he thought to
And by his false allurements wylie draft
Had thousand women of their love beraft
Yet now he was surpriz'd : for that false spri
Which that same witch had in this forme
Was so expert in every subtile slight, [gr
That it could overreach the wisest ear
wight.

XI

Yet he to her did dayly service more.
And dayly more deceived was thereby ;
Yet Paridell him envied therefore,
As seeming plast in sole felicity :
So blind is lust false colours to desery.
But Atè soone discovering his desire,
And finding now fit opportunity
To stirre up strife twixt love and spight
Did privily put coles unto his secret fire.

XII

undry meanes thereto she prickt him
forth;
with remembrance of those spightfull
with opinion of his owne more worth,
with recounting of like former breaches
in their friendship, as that Hag him
ver when his passion is allayd, [teaches:
revives, and new occasion reaches;
n a time, as they together way'd,
de him open challenge, and thus boldly
sayd;

XIII

boastfull Blandamoure! too long I beare
pen wrongs thou doest me day by day:
know'st thou, when we friendship first
did sweare,
ovenant was, that every spoyle or pray
d equally be shard betwixt us tway.
is my part then of this Ladie bright,
to thy selfe thou takest quite away?
r therefore therein to me my right,
were for thy wrong as shall fall out in
fight.'

XIV

eding wroth thereat was Blandamour,
an this bitter answeare to him make:
oolish Paridell! that fayrest floure
st gather faine, and yet no paines
wouldst take:
ot so easie will I her forsake;
and her wonne, this hand shall her defend.
that they gan their shivering speares to
shake,
eadly points at eithers breast to bend,
full each to have bene ever others frend.

XV

rie steedes with so untamed forse
are them both to fell avenges end,
both their speares with pitelesse remorse
gh shield and mayle and haberjeon did
wend,
a their flesh a griesly passage rend,
with the furie of their owne affret
other horse and man to ground did send;
y, lying still awhile, both did forget
erilous present stownd in which their
lives were set.

XVI

hen two warlike Brigandines at sea,
murderous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
ete together on the watry lea,
stemme ech other with so fell despight,

That with the shooke of their owne heedlesse
might
Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh asonder.
They which from shore behold the dreadfull
sight
Of flashing fire, and heare the ordnance thon-
Do greatly stand amaz'd at such unwonted
wonder.

XVII

At length they both upstartd in amaze,
As men awaked rashly out of dreme,
And round about themselves awhile did gaze;
Till seeing her, that Florimell did seme,
In doubt to whom she victorie should deeme,
Therewith their dulled sprights they edgd anew,
And, drawing both their swords, with rage ex-
treme,
Like two mad mastiffes, each on other flew,
And shields did share, and mailles did rash,
and helmes did hew.

XVIII

So furiously each other did assayle,
As if their soules they would atonce have rent
Out of their brests, that streames of bloud did
rayle
Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent;
That all the ground with purple bloud was
sprent,
And all their armours staynd with bloudie
Yet scarcely once to breath would they relent,
So mortall was their malice, and so sore
Become, of fayned friendship which they vow'd
afore.

XIX

And that which is for Ladies most besitting,
To stint all strife and foster friendly peace,
Was from those Dames so farre and so un-
fitting,
As that, instead of praying them surcease,
They did much more their cruelty encrease;
Bidding them fight for honour of their love,
And rather die then Ladies cause release:
With which vaine termes so much they did
them move,
That both resolv'd the last extremities to prove.

XX

There they, I weene, would fight untill this
day,
Had not a Squire, even he the Squire of Dames,
By great adventure travelled that way;
Who seeing both bent to so bloody games,
And both of old well knowing by their names,
Drew nigh, to weete the cause of their debate:
And first laide on those Ladies thousand blames,

That did not seeke t'appease their deadly hate,
But gazed on their harmes, not pittying their
estate.

XXI

And then those Knights he humbly did
beseech

To stay their hands, till he awhile had spoken;
Who lookt a little up at that his speech,
Yet would not let their battell so be broken,
Both greedie fiers on othr to be wroken:
Yet he to them so earnestly did call,
And them conjur'd by some well knownen token,
That they at last their wrothfull hands let fall,
Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest
withall.

XXII

First he desir'd their cause of strife to see:
They said, it was for love of Florimell.

'Ah gentle Knights!' (quoth he) 'how may
that bee,

And she so farre astray, as none can tell?'
'Fond Squire,' full angry then sayd Paridell,
'Seest not the Ladie there before thy face?'
He looked backe, and, her avizing well,
Weend, as he said, by that her outward grace
That fayrest Florimell was present there in
place.

XXIII

Glad man was he to see that joyous sight,
For none alive but joy'd in Florimell,
And lowly to her lowting thus behight:
'Fayrest of faire, that fairenesse doest excell,
This happie day I have to greette you well,
In which you safe I see, whom thousand late
Misdoubted lost through mischiefe that befell.
Long may you live in health and happie state!'
She litle answer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

XXIV

Then, turning to those Knights, he gan anew:
'And you, Sir Blandamour, and Paridell,
That for this Ladie, present in your vew,
Have rays'd this cruell warre and outrage fell,
Certes, me seemes, bene not advised well;
But rather ought in friendship for her sake
To joyne your force, their forces to repell
That seeke perforce her from you both to take,
And of your gotten spoyle their owne triumph
to make.'

XXV

Thereat Sir Blandamour, with countenance
sterne

All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake:
'Aread, thou Squire, that I the man may learne,
That dare fro me thinke Florimell to take!'

'Not one,' (quoth he) 'but many doe partake
Herein; as thus: It lately so befell,
That Satyrane a girdle did uptake
Well knowne to appertaine to Florimell, [w
Which for her sake he wore, as him beseech

XXVI

'But, when as she her selfe was lost and g
Full many knights, that loved her like de
Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
That lost faire Ladies ornament should wea
And gan therefore close spight to him to bea
Which he to shun, and stop vile envies stin
Hath lately caus'd to be proclaim'd each wh
A solemne feast, with publike turneyng,
To which all knights with them their Lad
are to bring:

XXVII

'And of them all she, that is fayrest found
Shall have that golden girdle for reward;
And of those Knights, who is most stout
Shall to that fairest Ladie be prefard. [grou
Since therefore she her selfe is now your wa
To you that ornament of hers pertaines
Against all those that chalenge it to gard
And save her honour with your ventrous pain
That shall you win more glory than ye ha
find gaines.'

XXVIII

When they the reason of his words had ha
They gan abate the rancour of their rage,
And with their honours and their loves rega
The furious flames of malice to asswage.
Theo each to other did his faith engage,
Like faithfull friends thenceforth to joyne in o
With all their force, and battell strong to wa
Gainst all those knights, as their professed fo
That chaleng'd ought in Florimell, save th
alone.

XXIX

So, well accorded, forth they rode together
In friendly sort that lasted but a while;
And of all old dislikes they made faire wea
Yet all was forg'd and spred with golden foy
That under it hidde hate and hollow guyle.
Ne certes can that friendship long endure,
However gay and goodly be the style,
That doth ill cause or evill end enure; [au
For vertue is the band that bindeth harts in

XXX

Thus as they marched all in close disguise
Of fayned love, they chaunst to overtake
Two knights that lincked rode in lovely wis
As if they secret counsels did partake;
And each not farre behinde him had his ma
To weete, two Ladies of most goodly hew,
That twixt themselves did gentle purpose ma

full both of that discordfull crew,
which with speedie pace did after them
pursue.

XXXI

as they now approched nigh at hand,
ing them doughtie, as they did appeare,
ent that Squire afore, to understand
mote they be: who, viewing them more
neare,
ed readie newes, that those same weare
the prowrest Knights in Faery lond,
ose two Ladies their two lovers deare;
rious Cambell, and stout Triamond,
Canacee and Cambine linckt in lovely
bond.

XXXII

come, as antique stories tellen us,
two were foes the fellonest on ground,
attell made the dreddest daungerous
ver shrilling trumpet did resound;
h now their acts be no where to be found,
t renowned Poet them compyled
warlike numbers and Heroicke sound,
haucer, well of English undefyled.
mes eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.

XXXIII

wicked Time that all good thoughts doth
waste, [weare,
orkes of noblest wits to nought out-
amous moniment hath quite defaste,
bde the world of threasure endlesse deare,
hich mote have enriched all us heare.
ed Eld! the cankerworme of writs,
ay these rimes, so rude as doth appeare,
o endure, sith workes of heavenly wits
ite devoured, and brought to nought by
little bits?

XXXIV

pardon, O most sacred happie spirit!
thy labours lost may thus revive,
eale from thee the meede of thy due
merit,
one durst ever whilest thou wast alive,
eing dead in vaine yet many strive:
e I like; but, through infusion sweete
he owne spirit which doth in me survive,
w here the footing of thy feete,
ith thy meaning so I may the rather
meete.

XXXV

elloes sister was fayre Canacee,
as the learnedst Ladie in her dayes,
ene in everie science that mote bee,
very secret worke of natures wayes;

In wittie riddles, and in wise soothsayes;
In power of herbes, and tunes of beasts and
burds;

And, that augmented all her other prayse,
She modest was in all her deedes and words,
And wondrous chaste of life, yet lov'd of Knights
and Lords.

XXXVI

Full many Lords and many Knights her loved,
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,
Ne ever was with fond affection moved,
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly governement,
For dread of blame and honours blemishment;
And eke unto her lookes a law she made,
That none of them once out of order went,
But like to warie Centonels well stayd,
Still watcht on every side, of secret foes affrayd,

XXXVII

So much the more as she refusd to love,
So much the more she loved was and sought,
That oftentimes unquiet strife did move
Amongst her lovers, and great quarrels wrought,
That oft for her in bloudie armes they fought.
Which whenas Cambell, that was stout and wise,
Perceiv'd would breede great mischiefe, he be-
thought

How to prevent the perill that mote rise,
And turne both him and her to honour, in this
wise.

XXXVIII

One day, when all that troupe of warlike
woosers
Assembled were to weet whose she should bee,
All mightie men and dreadfull derring-dooers,
(The harder it to make them well agree)
Amongst them all this end he did decree;
That, of them all which love to her did make,
They by consent should chose the stoutest
three [sake,
That with himselfe should combat for her
And of them all the victour should his sister
take.

XXXIX

Bold was the chalenge, as himselfe was bold,
And courage full of haughtie hardiment,
Approved oft in perils manifold,
Which he atchiev'd to his great ornament.
But yet his sisters skill unto him lent
Most confidence and hope of happie speed,
Conceived by a ring which she him sent,
That, mongst the manie vertues which we reed,
Had power to staunch al wounds that mortally
did bleed.

XL

Well was that rings great vertue knowne to all;
That dread thereof and his redoubted might

Did all that youthly rout so much appall,
That none of them durst undertake the fight.
More wise they weend to make of love delight
Then life to hazard for faire Ladies looke;
And yet uncertaine by such outward sight,
Though for her sake they all that perill tooke,
Whether she would them love, or in her liking
brooke.

XLI

Amongst those knights there were three
brethren bold,
Three bolder brethren never were yborne,
Borne of one mother in one happie mold,
Borne at one burden in one happie morne;
Thrise happie mother, and thrise happie morne.
That bore three such, three such not to be fond!
Her name was Agapè, whose children werne
All three as one: the first hight Priamond,
The second Dyamond, the youngest Triamond.

XLII

Stout Priamond, but not so strong to strike;
Strong Diamond, but not so stout a knight;
But Triamond was stout and strong alike:
On horsebacke used Triamond to fight,
And Priamond on foote had more delight;
But horse and foote knew Diamond to wield:
With curtaxe used Diamond to smite,
And Triamond to handle speare and shield,
But speare and curtaxe both usd Priamond in
field.

XLIII

These three did love each other dearly well,
And with so firme affection were allyde,
As if but one soule in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts divyde;
Like three faire branches budding farre and
wide,
That from one roote deriv'd their vitall sap:
And like that roote that doth her life divide,
Their mother was; and had full blessed hap
These three so noble babes to bring forth at
one clap.

XLIV

Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill
Of secret things, and all the powres of nature,
Which she by art could use unto her will,
And to her service bind each living creature,
Through secret understanding of their feature.
Thereto she was right faire, whenso her face
She list discover, and of goodly stature:
But she, as Fayes are wont, in privie place
Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forests wyld
to space.

XLV

There on a day a noble youthly knight,
Seeking adventures in the salvage wood,

Did by great fortune get of her the sight,
As she sate carelesse by a cristall flood
Combing her golden lockes, as seemd her go
And unawares upon her laying hold,
That strove in vaine him long to have wi
stood,
Oppressed her, and there (as it is told)
Got these three lovely babes, that prov'd th
champions bold.

XLVI

Which she with her long fostred in that wo
Till that to ripenesse of mans state they gre
Then shewing forth signes of their fath
blood,
They loved armes, and knighthood did ens
Seeking adventures where they anie knew,
Which when their mother saw, she gan to d
Their safetie; least by searching daungers ne
And rash provoking perils ali about,
Their days mote be abridged through th
corage stout.

XLVII

Therefore desirous th' end of all their daye
To know, and them t' enlarge with long c
tent,
By wondrous skill and many hidden wayes
To the three fatall sisters house she went.
Farre under ground from tract of living we
Downe in the bottome of the deepe Abyss,
Where Demogorgon, in dull darknesse pent
Farre from the view of gods and heavens bli
The hideous Chaos keepes, their dreadf
dwelling is.

XLVIII

There she them found all sitting round abo
The direfull distaffe standing in the mid,
And with unwearied fingers drawing out
The lines of life, from living knowledge hid
Sad Clotho held the rocke, the whiles the th
By griesly Lachesis was spun with paine,
That cruell Atropos eftsoones undid,
With cursed knife cutting the twist in twai
Most wretched men, whose dayes depend
thrids so vaine!

XLIX

She, them saluting, there by them sate sti
Beholding how the thrids of life they span:
And when at last she had beheld her fill,
Trembling in heart, and looking pale and w
Her cause of comming she to tell began.
To whom fierce Atropos: 'Bold Fay, that du
Come see the secret of the life of man,
Well worthie thou to be of Jove accurst,
And eke thy childrens thrids to be asun
burst!'

L
 great she sore affrayd, yet her besought
 hunt her boone, and rigour to abate,
 she might see her childrens thrids forth
 brought,
 know the measure of their utmost date
 érn ordained by eternall fate:
 h Clotho graunting shewed her the same.
 when she saw, it did her much amate
 e their thrids so thin as spiders frame,
 ke so short, that seemd their ends out
 shortly came.

LI
 then began them humbly to intreate
 aw them longer out, and better twine,
 so their lives might be prolonged late:
 achesis thereat gan to repine,
 ayd; 'Fond dame, that deem'st of things
 divine
 humane, that they may alfred bee,
 chaung'd at pleasure for those impes of
 thine!
 o; for what the Fates do once decree,
 ll the gods can chaunge, nor Jove him
 self can free!'

LII
 en since' (quoth she) 'the terme of each
 mans life
 ought may lessened nor enlarged bee,

Graunt this; that when ye shred with fatall
 knife
 His line, which is the eldest of the three,
 Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
 Eftsoones his life may passe into the next:
 And, when the next shall likewise ended bee,
 That both their lives may likewise be annext
 Unto the third, that his may so be trebly wext.

LIII
 They graunted it; and then that carefull Fay
 Departed thence with full contented mynd;
 And, comming home, in warlike fresh aray
 Them found all three according to their kynd:
 But unto them what destinie was assynd,
 Or how their lives were eekt, she did not tell;
 But evermore, when she fit time could fynd,
 She warned them to tend their safeties well,
 And love each other deare, what ever them
 befell.

LIV
 So did they surely during all their dayes,
 And never discord did amongst them fall,
 Which much augmented all their other praise;
 And now, t^e increase affection naturall,
 In love of Canacee they joyned all:
 Upon which ground this same great battell
 grew,
 Great matter growing of beginning small,
 The which, for length, I will not here pursew,
 But rather will reserve it for a Canto new.

CANTO III.

The battell twixt three brethren with
 Cambell for Canacee:
 Cambina with true friendships bond
 Doth their long strife agree.

I
 WHY doe wretched men so much desire
 aw their dayes unto the utmost date,
 doe not rather wish them soone expire,
 ing the miserie of their estate,
 thousand perills which them still awate,
 ng them like a boate amid the mayne,
 every houre they knocke at deathes gate?
 ne that happie seemes, and least in payne,
 as nigh his end as he that most doth
 playne.

II
 before this Fay I hold but fond and vaine,
 which, in seeking for her children three

Long life, thereby did more. prolong their
 paine:
 Yet whilst they lived none did ever see
 More happie creatures then they seem'd to bee;
 Nor more ennobled for their courtesie,
 That made them dearly lov'd of each degree;
 Ne more renowned for their chevalrie,
 That made them dreaded much of all men farre
 and nie.

III
 These three that hardie chalenge tooke in hand,
 For Canacee with Cambell for to fight.
 The day was set, that all might understand,
 And pledges pawnd the same to keepe aright:

That day, the dreddest day that living wight
Did ever see upon this world to shine,
So soone as heavens window shewed light,
These warlike Champions, all in armour shine,
Assembled were in field the challenge to define.

IV

The field with listes was all about enclos'd,
To barre the prease of people farre away;
And at th' one side sixe judges were dispos'd,
To view and deeme the deedes of armes that
And on the other side, in fresh aray, [day:
Fayre Canacee upon a stately stage
Was set, to see the fortune of that fray,
And to be seene, as his most worthie wage
That could her purchase with his lives adven-
tur'd gage.

V

Then entred Cambell first into the list,
With stately steps and fearelesse countenance,
As if the conquest his he surely wist.
Soone after did the brethren three advance
In brave aray and goodly amenance,
With scutchins gilt and banners broad displayd;
And, marching thrise in warlike ordinance,
Thrise lowted lowly to the noble Mayd.
The whiles shrill trompets and loud clarions
sweetly playd.

VI

Which doen, the doughty challenger came
forth,
All arm'd to point, his challenge to abet:
Gainst whom Sir Priamond, with equall worth
And equall armes, himselfe did forward set.
A trompet blew; they both together met
With dreadfull force and furious intent,
Carelesse of perill in their fiers affret,
As if that life to losse they had forelent,
And cared not to spare that should be shortly
spent.

VII

Right practicke was Sir Priamond in fight,
And thoroughly skild in use of shield and speare;
Ne lesse approved was Cambelloes might,
Ne lesse his skill in weapons did appeare;
That hard it was to weene which harder were.
Full many mightie strokes on either side
Were sent, that seemed death in them to beare;
But they were both so watchfull and well eyde,
That they avoyded were, and vainely by did
slyde.

VIII

Yet one, of many, was so strongly bent
By Priamond, that with unluckie glaunce
Through Cambels shoulder it unwarely went,
That forced him his shield to disadvaunce.

Much was he grieved with that graceles
chaunce;

Yet from the wound no drop of blood there fell
But wondrous paine, that did the more
haunce

His haughtie courage to avengement sell:
Smart daunts not mighty harts, but makes them
more to swell.

IX

With that, his poynant speare he fierce
tred

With doubled force close underneath his shield
That through the mayles into his thigh it
tred,

And, there arresting, readie way did yield
For blood to gush forth on the grassie field
That he for paine himselfe n'ote right upreard
But too and fro in great amazement reel'd;
Like an old Oke, whose pith and sap is sear'd
At puffe of every storme doth stagger he
and theare.

X

Whom so dismayd when Cambell had espied
Againe he drove at him with double might.
That nought mote stay the steele, till in
The mortall point most cruelly empight; [st
Where fast infix'd, whilst he sought by st
It forth to wrest, the staffe asunder brake,
And left the head behinde: with which d
pight

He all enrag'd his shivering speare did shal
And charging him afresh thus felly him
spake.

XI

'Lo! faitour, there thy meede unto thee tal
The meede of thy mischallenge and abet.
Not for thine owne, but for thy sisters sake,
Have I thus long thy life unto thee let:
But to forbear doth not forgive the det.'
The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vo
And, passing forth with furious affret,
Pierst through his bever quite into his brow
That with the force it backward forced him
bow.

XII

Therewith asunder in the midst it brast.
And in his hand nought but the troncheon left
The other halfe, behind yet sticking fast.
Out of his headpeece Cambell fiercely rest,
And with such furie backe at him it heft,
That making way unto his dearest life,
His weasand-pipe it through his gorget clef
Thence streames of purple blood issuing rife
Let forth his wearie ghost, and made an el
of strife.

XIII

faerie ghost assoyld from fleshly band
 at, as others wont, directly fly
 her rest in Plutoes griesly land;
 o ayre did vanish presently,
 ungued was into a starre in sky;
 rough traduction was eftsoones derived,
 s his mother prayd the Destinie,
 is other brethren that survived,
 m he liv'd anew, of former life deprived.

XIV

n when on ground his brother next be-
 held,
 h sad and sorie for so heavy sight,
 ve unto his sorrow did not yeeld,
 ther stir'd to vengeance and despight,
 h secret feeling of his generous spright,
 fiercely forth the battell to renew,
 eversion of his brothers right;
 alenging the Virgin as his dew,
 was soone address: the trumpets fresh-
 ly blew.

XV

that they both together fiercely met,
 at each ment other to devoure;
 ith their axes both so sorely bet,
 neither plate nor mayle, where as their
 powre [stowre,
 felt, could once sustaine the hideous
 ed were like rotten wood asunder;
 t through their rifts the ruddie bloud
 did showre,
 edid flash, like lightning after thunder,
 d the lookers on attonce with ruth and
 wonder.

XVI

en two Tygers prickt with hungers rage
 y good fortune found some beasts fresh
 spoyle,
 ich they weene their famine to assuage,
 ine a feastfull guerdon of their toyle,
 alling out doe stirre up strifull broyle,
 uell battell twixt themselves doe make,
 neither lets the other touch the soyle,
 her sdeignes with other to partake:
 ally these Knights strove for that Ladies
 sake.

XVII

many strokes, that mortally were ment,
 hiles were enterchaunged twixt them
 two;
 y were all with so good wariment
 ded, or avoyded and let goe,
 ill the life stood fearelesse of her foe;
 amond, disdeigning long delay
 btfull fortune wavering to and fro,

Resolv'd to end it one or other way,
 And heav'd his murderous axe at him with
 mighty sway.

XVIII

The dreadfull stroke, in case it had arrived
 Where it was ment, (so deadly it was ment)
 The soule had sure out of his bodie rived,
 And stinted all the strife incontinent:
 But Cambels fate that fortune did prevent;
 For, seeing it at hand, he swarv'd asyde,
 And so gave way unto his fell intent;
 Who, missing of the marke which he had eyde,
 Was with the force nigh feld, whilst his right
 foot did slyde.

XIX

As when a Vulture greedie of his pray,
 Through hunger long that hart to him doth
 lend,
 Strikes at an Heron with all his bodies sway,
 That from his force seemes nought may it
 defend;
 The warie fowle, that spies him toward bend
 His dreadfull souse, avoydes it, shunning light,
 And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend;
 That with the weight of his owne weeldlesse
 might [ereth flight.
 He falleth nigh to ground, and scarce recov-

XX

Which faire adventure when Cambello spide,
 Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recover
 From daungers dread to ward his naked side,
 He can let drive at him with all his power,
 And with his axe him smote in evill hower,
 That from his shoulders quite his head he reft:
 The headlesse tronke, as heedlesse of that
 stower,
 Stood still awhile, and his fast footing kept,
 Till, feeling life to fayle, it fell, and deadly
 slept.

XXI

They which that piteous spectacle beheld
 Were much amaz'd the headlesse tronke to see
 Stand up so long, and weapon vaine to weld,
 Unweeting of the Fates divine decree
 For lifes succession in those brethren three.
 For notwithstanding that one soule was reft,
 Yet had the bodie not dismembred bee,
 It would have lived, and revived eft;
 But, finding no fit seat, the lifelesse corse it left.

XXII

It left; but that same soule which therein
 dwelt
 Streight entring into Triamond him fild
 With double life and griefe; which when he felt,
 As one whose inner parts had bene ythrild

With point of steele that close his hartbloud
spild,

He lightly lept out of his place of rest,
And rushing forth into the emptie field,
Against Cambello fiercely him address; [prest.
Who, him affronting soone, to fight was readie

XXIII

Well mote ye wonder how that noble Knight,
After he had so often wounded beene,
Could stand on foot now to renew the fight:
But had ye then him forth advauncing seene,
Some newborne wight ye would him surely
weene;

So fresh he seemed and so fierce in sight:
Like as a Snake, whom wearie winters teene
Hath worne to nought, now feeling sommers
might, [dight.
Casts off his ragged skin and freshly doth him

XXIV

All was through vertue of the ring he wore;
The which not onely did not from him let
One drop of blood to fall, but did restore
His weakned powers, and dulled spirits whet,
Through working of the stone therein yset.
Else how could one of equall might with most,
Against so many no lesse mightie met,
Once thinke to match three such on equall cost,
Three such as able were to match a puissant
host?

XXV

Yet nought thereof was Triamond adredde,
Ne desperate of glorious victorie;
But sharply him assayld, and sore bestedde
With heapes of strokes, which he at him let flie
As thicke as hayle forth poured from the skie:
He stroke, he soust, he foynd, he hewd, he lasht,
And did his yron brond so fast applie,
That from the same the fierie sparkles flasht,
As fast as water-sprinkles gainst a rocke are
dasht.

XXVI

Much was Cambello daunted with his blowes:
So thicke they fell, and forcibly were sent,
That he was forst from daunger of the throwes
Backe to retire, and somewhat to relent,
Till th' heat of his fierce furie he had spent;
Which when for want of breath gan to abate,
He then afresh with new encouragement
Did him assayle, and mightily amate,
As fast as forward erst now backward to
retrate.

XXVII

Like as the tide, that comes fro th' Ocean
mayne,
Flowes up the Shenan with contrarie forse,

And over-ruling him in his owne rayne,
Drives backe the current of his kindly coun
And makes it seeme to have some other sou
But when the floud is spent, then backe agai
His borrowed waters forst to redisbourse,
He sends the sea his owne with double gra
And tribute eke withall, as to his Sovera

XXVIII

Thus did the battell varie to and fro,
With diverse fortune doubtfull to be deeme
Now this the better had, now had his fo;
Then he halfe vanquisht, then the other seem
Yet victors both them selves alwayes esteem
And all the while the disentravled blood
Adowne their sides like litle rivers stremed
That with the wasting of his vitall flood,
Sir Triamond at last full faint and feeble sto

XXIX

But Cambell still more strong and grea
grew,
Ne felt his blood to wast, ne powres emperi
Through that rings vertue, that with rig
new
Still when as he enfeebled was, him cheris
And all his wounds, and all his bruises g
risht; [to
Like as a withered tree, through husb
Is often seene full freshly to have florisht,
And fruitfull apples to have borne awhile.
As fresh as when it first was planted in
soyle.

XXX

Through which advantage, in his stren
he rose,
And smote the other with so wondrous mig
That through the seame, which did his li
berk close,
Into his throate and life it pierced quight,
That downe he fell as dead in all mens sigh
Yet dead he was not, yet he sure did die,
As all men do, that lose the living spright.
So did one soule out of his bodie flie
Unto her native home from mortall-miserie

XXXI

But nathelesse, whilst all the lookers-on
Him dead behight, as he to all appeard,
All unawares he started up anon,
As one that had out of a dreame bene reard
And fresh assayld his foe: who halfe affear
Of th' uncouth sight, as he some ghost
sene,
Stood still amaz'd, holding his idle sword;
Till, having often by him stricken beene.
He forced was to strike, and save himse
from teene.

XXXII

from thenceforth more warily he fought,
 In feare the Stygian gods t' offend,
 Flowd on so fast, but rather sought
 Selfe to save, and daunger to defend,
 Life and labour both in vaine to spend.
 Th' Triamond perceiving weened sure
 An to faint toward the battels end,
 That he should not long on foote endure,
 Ne which did to him the victorie assure.

XXXIII

ereof full blith eftsoones his mightie hand
 Ear'd on high, in mind with that same
 blow
 To make an end of all that did withstand:
 Th' Cambell seeing come was nothing slow
 Selfe to save from that so deadly throw;
 At that instant reaching forth his swerd
 Underneath his shield, that scarce did
 show,
 He him, as he his hand to strike upreard,
 Th' arm-pit full, that through both sides
 The wound appeard.

XXXIV

still that direfull stroke kept on his way,
 Falling heave on Cambelloes crest,
 Tooke him so hugely that in swowne he lay,
 On his head an hideous wound imprest:
 Sure, had it not happily found rest
 On the brim of his brode-plated shield,
 He should have cleft his braine downe to his
 brest.
 Th' at once fell dead upon the field,
 Each to other seemd the victorie to yield.

XXXV

ch when as all the lookers-on beheld,
 Weened sure the warre was at an end;
 Judges rose, and Marshals of the field
 Up the listes, their armes away to rend;
 Canacee gan wayle her dearest frend.
 Suddenly they both upstart light, [blend,
 One out of the swownd, which him did
 Ther breathing now another spright,
 Mercely each assayling gan afresh to fight.

XXXVI

while they then continued in that wize,
 Out then the battell had begonne:
 Es, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did
 Despise,
 Her car'd to ward, or perill shonne,
 Us both to have the battell donne;
 Her cared life to save or spill, [wonne.
 Which of them did winne, ne which were,

So wearie both of fighting had their fill,
 That life it selfe seemd loathsome, and long
 safetie ill.

XXXVII

Whilst thus the case in doubtfull ballance
 hong,
 Unsure to whether side it would incline,
 And all mens eyes and hearts, which there
 among
 Stood gazing, filled were with rufull tine
 And secret feare, to see their fatall fine,
 All suddenly they heard a troublous noyes,
 That seemd some perilous tumult to desine,
 Confusd with womens cries and shouts of
 boyes, [noyes.
 Such as the troubled Theatres oftines an-

XXXVIII

Thereat the Champions both stood still a
 space,
 To weeten what that sudden clamour ment:
 Lo! where they spyde with speedie whirling
 One in a charet of straunge furniment [pace,
 Towards them driving, like a storme out sent.
 The charet decked was in wondrous wize
 With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,
 After the Persian Monarks antique guise,
 Such as the maker selfe could best by art de-
 vize.

XXXIX

And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)
 Of two grim Lyons, taken from the wood,
 In which their powre all others did excell;
 Now made forget their former cruell mood,
 T' obey their riders hest, as seemed good.
 And therein sate a Ladie, passing faire
 And bright, that seemed borne of Angels
 brood,
 And, with her beautie, bountie did compare,
 Whether of them in her should have the greater
 share.

XL

Thereto she learned was in Magicke leare,
 And all the artes, that subtile wits discover,
 Having therein bene trained many a yeare,
 And well instructed by the Fay her mother,
 That in the same she farre exceld all other:
 Who understanding by her mightie art
 Of th' evill plight, in which her dearest brother
 Now stood, came forth in hast to take his part,
 And pacifie the strife, which causd so deadly
 smart.

XLI

And as she passed through th' unruly peace
 Of people, thronging thicke her to behold,
 Her angrie teame breaking their bonds of peace
 Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow fold,

For hast did over-runne, in dust enrould :
That, thorough rude confusion of the rout,
Some fearing shriekt, some being harmed hould,
Some laught for sport, some did for wonder
shout, [turnd to dout.
And some, that would seeme wise, their wonder

XLII

In her right hand a rod of peace shee bore,
About the which two Serpents weren wound,
Entrayled mutually in lovely lore,
And by the tailes together firmly bound,
And both were with one olive garland crown'd,
Like to the rod which Maias sonne doth wield,
Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth confound :
And in her other hand a cup she hild, [ild.
The which was with Nepenthe to the brim up-

XLIII

Nepenthe is a drinck of soverayne grace,
Devised by the Gods, for to asswage
Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace,
Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage :
Instead thereof sweet peace and quiet-age
It doth establish in the troubled mynd.
Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the Gods to drinck thereof assynd ;
But such as drinck, eternall happinesse do fynd.

XLIV

Such famous men, such worthies of the earth,
As Jove will have advaunced to the skie,
And there made gods, though borne of mortall
berth,
For their high merits and great dignitie,
Are wont, before they may to heaven flie,
To drinke hereof, whereby all cares forpast
Are washt away quite from their memorie.
So did those olde Heroës hereof taste,
Before that they in blisse amongst the Gods
were plaste.

XLV

Much more of price and of more gracious powre,
Is this, then that same water of Ardenne,
The which Rinaldo drunck in happie howre,
Described by that famous Tuscan penne :
For that had might to change the hearts of men
Fró love to hate, a change of evill choise :
But this doth hatred make in love to brenne,
And heavy heart with comfort doth rejoyce.
Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his
voice ?

XLVI

At last arriving by the listes side,
Shee with her rod did softly smite the raile,
Which straight flew ope, and gave her way to
Eftsoones out of her Coch she gan avale, [ride.

And pacing fairely forth did bid all haile,
First to her brother, whom she loved deare,
That so to see him made her heart to quail :
And next to Cambell, whose sad ruefull chear
Made her to change her hew, and hidden lov-
t' appeare.

XLVII

They lightly her requit, (for small delight
They had as then her long to entertaine)
And eft them turned both againe to fight :
Which when she saw, downe on the bloud
plaine [amaine
Her selfe she threw, and teares gan she
Amongst her teares immixing prayers meek
And with her prayers reasons, to restraine
From bloody strife, and blessed peace to seek
By all that unto them was deare, did ther
beseeke.

XLVIII

But when as all might nought with ther
prevaile, [wande
Shee smote them lightly with her powrefu
Then suddenly, as if their hearts did faile,
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of the
hand,
And they, like men astonisht, still did stand
Thus whilest their minds were doubtfully di-
traught,
And mighty spirities bound with mightier band
Her golden cup to them for drinke she raugh
Whereof, full glad for thirst, ech drunk a
harty draught ;

XLIX

Of which so soone as they once tasted had,
Wonder it is that sudden change to see :
Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
And lovely haulst, from feare of treason free,
And plighted hands for ever friends to be.
When all men saw this sudden change of thing
So mortall foes so friendly to agree,
For passing joy, which so great marvaile bring
They all gan shout aloud, that all the heave-
rings.

L

All which when gentle Canacee beheld,
In hast she from her lofty chaire descended,
To weet what sudden tidings was befel'd :
Where when she saw that cruell war so ended
And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,
In lovely wise she gan that Lady greet,
Which had so great dismay so well amended
And, entertaining her with curt'sies meet,
Profest to her true friendship and affecti-
sweet.

LI

Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
The trumpets sounded, and they all arose.

ce to depart with glee and gladsome
chere.
warlike champions both together chose
eward to march, themselves there to
repose:
wise Cambina, taking by her side
Canacee, as fresh as morning rose,
her Coch remounting, home did ride,
r'd of all the people and much glori-
fide.

LII

Where making joyous feast their daies they
In perfect love, devoid of hatefull strife, [spent
Allide with bands of mutuall couplement;
For Triamond had Canacee to wife,
With whom he ledd a long and happie life;
And Cambel tooke Cambina to his fere,
The which as life were to each other liefe.
So all alike did love, and loved were, [elsewhere.
That since their dayes such lovers were not found

CANTO IV.

Satyrane makes a Turneyment
For love of Florimell:
Britomart winnes the prize from all,
And Artegall doth quell.

I

ften fals, (as here it earst befell)
mortall foes doe turne to faithfull frends,
friends profest are chaungd to foemen
fell:
ause of both, of both their minds depends,
th' end of both likewise of both their
nmitie, that of no ill proceeds [ends:
f occasion, with th' occasion ends;
friendship, which a faint affection breeds
out regard of good, dyes like ill ground
seeds.

II

t well (me seemes) appeares, by that of
late
t Cambell and Sir Triamond befell,
s by this, that now a new debate
up twixt Blandamour and Paridell,
which by course befalls me here to tell:
having those two other Knights espide
hing afore, as ye remember well,
forth their Squire to have them both des-
eride, [side.
ke those masked Ladies riding them be-

III

backe returning told, as he had seene,
they were doughtie knights of dreaded
name,
those two Ladies their two loves unseene;
therefore wisht them without blot or
blame
t them passe at will, for dread of shame.
Blandamour full of vainglorious spright,
rather stird by his discordfull Dame,
them gladly would have prov'd his might,
hat he yet was sore of his late lucklesse
fight.

IV

Yet nigh approaching he them fowle be-
spake
Disgracing them, him selfe thereby to grace,
As was his wont: so weening way to make
To Ladies love, where so he came in place,
And with lewd termes their lovers to deface.
Whose sharpe provokement them incenst so
sore,
That both were bent t' avenge his usage base,
And gan their shields addresse them selves
afore: [bore.
For evill deedes may better then bad words be

V

But faire Cambina with perswasions myld
Did mitigate the fiercenesse of their mode,
That for the present they were reconcyld,
And gan to treat of deeds of armes abrode,
And strange adventures, all the way they
rode:
Amongst the which they told, as then befell,
Of that great turney which was blazed brode,
For that rich girdle of faire Florimell,
The prize of her which did in beautie most
excell.

VI

To which folke-mote they all with one con-
sent,
Sith each of them his Ladie had him by,
Whose beautie each of them thought ex-
cellent,
Agreed to travell, and their fortunes try.
So as they passed forth they did espy
One in bright armes, with ready speare in rest,
That toward them his course seem'd to apply:
Gainst whom Sir Paridell himselfe adress,
Him weening, ere he nigh approcht, to have
represt.

VII

Which th' other seeing gan his course relent,
And vaunted speare eftsoones to disaduaunce,
As if he naught but peace and pleasure ment,
Now falne into their fellowship by chance:
Whereat they shewed curteous countenance.
So as he rode with them accompanide,
His roving eie did on the Lady glaunce
Which Blandamour had riding by his side:
Whom sure he weend, that he some-where to-
fore had eide.

VIII

It was to weete that snowy Florimell,
Which Ferrau late from Braggadochio wonne:
Whom he now seeing, her remembred well,
How having reft her from the witches sonne,
He soone her lost: wherefore he now begunne
To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,
Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,
And proffer made by force her to reprice:
Which scornfull offer Blandamour gan soone
despize;

IX

And said, 'Sir Knight, sith ye this Lady clame,
Whom he that hath were loth to lose so light,
(For so to lose a Lady were great shame)
Yee shall her winne, as I have done, in fight:
And lo! shee shall be placed here in sight,
Together with this Hag beside her set,
That who so winnes her may her have by right:
But he shall have the Hag that is ybet,
And with her alwaies ride, till he another get.'

X

That offer pleased all the company:
So Florimell with Atè forth was brought,
At which they all gan laugh full merrily:
But Braggadochio said, he never thought
For such an Hag, that seemed worse then
nought,
His person to emperill so in fight;
But if to match that Lady they had sought
Another like, that were like faire and bright,
His life he then would spend to justifie his right.

XI

At which his vaine excuse they all gan smile,
As scorning his unmanly cowardize:
And Florimell him fowly gan revile,
That for her sake refus'd to enterprize
The battell, offred in so knightly wize:
And Atè eke provokt him privily
With love of her, and shame of such mesprize.
But nought he car'd for friend or enemy,
For in base mind nor friendship dwels nor
enmity.

XII

But Cambell thus did shut up all in jest:
'Brave Knights and Ladies, certes, ye do
wrong
To stirre up strife, when most us needeth rest
That we may us reserve both fresh and strong,
Against the Turnement which is not long,
When who so list to fight may fight his fill
Till then your challenges ye may prolong;
And then it shall be tried, if ye will,
Whether shall have the Hag, or hold the Lad-
still.'

XIII

They all agreed: so, turning all to game
And pleasaunt bord, they past forth on their
way.
And all that while, where so they rode or came
That masked Mock-knight was their sport and
play.
Till that at length, upon th' appointed day
Unto the place of turnement they came;
Where they before them found in fresh aray
Manie a brave knight and manie a daintie dam-
Assembled for to get the honour of that game

XIV

There this faire crewe arriving did divide
Them selves asunder: Blandamour with the
Of his on th' one, the rest on th' other side.
But boastful Braggadochio rather chose,
For glorie vaine, their fellowsnip to lose,
That men on him the more might gaze alone
The rest themselves in troupes did else dispose
Like as it seemed best to every one;
The knights in couples marcht with ladies
linckt attone.

XV

Then first of all forth came Sir Satyrane,
Bearing that precious relicke in an arke
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not prophane
Which drawing softly forth out of the darke
He open shewd, that all men it mote marke:
A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost
With pearle and precious stone, worth many
marke;
Yet did the workmanship farre passe the cost
It was the same which lately Florimel had los

XVI

The same aloft he hung in open vew,
To be the prize of beautie and of might;
The which eftsoones discovered, to it drew
The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight.
And hearts quite robbed with so glorious sight
That all men threw out vows and wishes vain
Thrise happie Ladie, and thrise happie knight

men seemd that could so goodly riches gaine,
worthie of the perill, worthy of the paine.

XVII

Then tooke the bold Sir Satyrane in hand
Auge great speare, such as he wont to wield,
vauncing forth from all the other band
Knights, addrest his maiden-headed shield,
aving him seife all ready for the field.
First whom there singled from the other side
A nimble knight that well in armes was skild,
had in many a battell oft bene tride,
That Bruncheval the bold, who fiersly forth
did ride.

XVIII

Furiously they both together met,
neither could the others force sustaine;
Two fierce Bulls, that strive the rule to get
And the heard, meete with so hideous maine,
both rebutted tumble on the plaine:
These two champions to the ground were
weld,
In a maze they both did long remaine,
In their hands their idle troncheons held,
Each neither able were to wag, or once to
weld.

XIX

Which when the noble Ferramont espide,
ricked forth in ayd of Satyrane;
him against Sir Blandamour did ride
all the strength and stifnesse that he can.
The more strong and stiffely that he ran,
much more sorely to the ground he fell,
on an heape were tumbled horse and man:
whose rescue forth rode Paridell;
him likewise with that same speare he eke
did quell.

XX

Which Braggadocchio seeing had no will
to fasten greatly to his parties ayd,
his turne were next; but stood there
still,
he that seemed doubtfull or dismayd.
Triamond, halfe wroth to see him staid,
ly slept forth and raught away his speare,
which so sore he Ferramont assaid,
horse and man to ground he quite did
beare, [upreare.
neither could in hast themselves againe

XXI

Which to avenge Sir Devon him did dight,
with no better fortune then the rest:
him likewise he quickly downe did smight,
after him Sir Douglas him addrest,

And after him Sir Palimord forth prest:
But none of them against his strokes could
stand,
But, all the more, the more his praise increst:
For either they were left uppon the land,
Or went away sore wounded of his haplesse
hand.

XXII

And now by this Sir Satyrane abraid
Out of the swowne, in which too long he lay;
And looking round about, like one dismaid,
When as he saw the mercilesse affray
Which doughty Triamond had wrought that
day

Unto the noble Knights of Maidenhead,
His mighty heart did almost rend in tway,
For very gall, that rather wholly dead
Himselfe he wisht have beene, then in so bad
a stead.

XXIII

Eftsoones he gan to gather up around
His weapons which lay scattered all abroad,
And, as it fell, his steed he ready found;
On whom remounting fiercely forth he rode,
Like sparke of fire that from the anvile glode,
There where he saw the valiant Triamond
Chasing, and laying on them heavy lode,
That none his force were able to withstond,
So dreadfull were his strokes, so deadly was
his hond.

XXIV

With that, at him his beam-like speare he
aimed,
And thereto all his power and might applide:
The wicked steele, for mischiefe first or-
dained,
And having now misfortune got for guide.
Staid not till it arrived in his side,
And therein made a very griesly wound,
That streames of blood his armour all bedide.
Much was he daunted with that direfull stound,
That scarce he him upheld from falling in a
swound.

XXV

Yet, as he might, himselfe he soft withdrew
Out of the field, that none perceiv'd it plaine;
Then gan the part of Chalers anew
To range the field, and victorlike to raine,
That none against them battell durst main-
taine:

By that the gloomy evening on them fell,
That forced them from fighting to refraine,
And trumpets sound to cease did them compell:
So Satyrane that day was judg'd to beare the
bell.

XXVI

The morrow next the Turney gan anew:
And with the first the hardy Satyrane
Appear'd in place, with all his noble crew:
On th' other side full many a warlike swaine
Assembled were, that glorious prize to gaine.
But mongst them all was not Sir Triamond,
Unable he new battell to darraine,
Through grievance of his late received wound,
That doubly did him grieve when so himselfe
he found.

XXVII

Which Cambell seeing, though he could not
salve,
Ne done undoe, yet, for to salve his name
And purchase honour in his friends behalve,
This goodly counterfesaunce he did frame:
The shield and armes, well knowne to be the
same
Which Triamond had worne, unwares to wight
And to his friend unwist, for doubt of blame
If he misdid, he on himselfe did dight,
That none could him discerne; and so went
forth to fight.

XXVIII

There Satyrane Lord of the field he found,
Triumphing in great joy and jolity,
Gainst whom none able was to stand on
ground;
That much he gan his glorie to envy,
And cast t' avenge his friends indignity.
A mightie speare eftsoones at him he bent;
Who, seeing him come on so furiously,
Met him mid-way with equall hardiment,
That forcibly to ground they both together
went.

XXIX

They up againe them selves can lightly reare,
And to their tryed swords them selves betake;
With which they wrought such wondrous
marvels there,
That all the rest it did amazed make,
Ne any dar'd their perill to partake;
Now cuffing close, now chacing to and fro,
Now hurtling round advantage for to take:
As two wild Boares together grapling go,
Chaufing and foming choler each against his
fo.

XXX

So as they courst, and turneyd here and
there,
It chaunst Sir Satyrane his steed at last,
Whether through foundring or through sodein
feare,
To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast;

Which vantage Cambell did pursue so fast
That, ere him selfe he had recovered well,
So sore he sowst him on the compast creast
That forced him to leave his loftie sell,
And rudely tumbling downe under his hor-
feete fell.

XXXI

Lightly Cambello leapt downe from his steed
For to have rent his shield and armes away
That whylome wont to be the victors meed
When all unwares he felt an hideous sway
Of many swords that lode on him did lay.
An hundred knights had him enclosed round
To rescue Satyrane out of his pray,
All which at once huge strokes on him
pound,
In hope to take him prisoner, where he sto-
[on ground]

XXXII

He with their multitude was nought dismayd
But with stout courage turnd upon them
And with his rondiron round about him layd
Of which he dealt large almes, as did befall
Like as a Lion, that by chaunce doth fall
Into the hunters toile, doth rage and rore,
In royall heart disdaining to be thrall.
But all in vaine: for what might one do more
They have him taken captive, though it grie-
him sore.

XXXIII

Whereof when newes to Triamond was brough-
There as he lay, his wound he soone forgot
And starting up streight for his armour sought
In vaine he sought, for there he found it not
Cambello it away before had got.
Cambelloes armes therefore he on him threw
And lightly issewd forth to take his lot.
There he in troupe found all that warlike crew
Leading his friend away, full sorie to his woe

XXXIV

Into the thickest of that knightly preasse
He thrust, and smote downe all that was
tweene,
Caried with fervent zeale: ne did he cease
Till that he came where he had Cambell se
Like captive thral two other Knights atwee
There he amongst them cruell havocke made
That they, which lead him, soone enforced be
To let him loose to save their proper stakes
Who, being freed, from one a weapon fier-
takes.

XXXV

With that he drives at them with dread
might,
Both in remembrance of his friends late har-
And in revengement of his owne despight:
So both together give a new allarme,

f but now the battell waxed warme.
 When two greedy Wolves doe breake by force
 an heard, farre from the husband farme,
 y spoile and ravine without all remorse;
 did these two through all the field their
 foes enforce.

XXXVI

ercely they followd on their bolde emprise,
 trumpets sound did warne them all to rest;
 n all with one consent did yeeld the prize
 Triamond and Cambell as the best.
 Triamond to Cambell it relest,
 Cambell it to Triamond transferd,
 h labouring t' advance the others gest,
 make his praise before his owne preferd:
 hat the doome was to another day differd.

XXXVII

e last day came, when all those knightes
 againe
 embled were their deedes of armes to shew.
 many deedes that day were shewed plaine:
 Satyrane, bove all the other crew,
 wondrous worth declared in all mens view,
 from the first he to the last endured:
 though some while Fortune from him
 withdrew,
 evermore his honour he recured, [sured.
 with unwearied powre his party still as-

XXXVIII

was there Knight that ever thought of
 armes, [known;
 that his utmost prowesse there made
 t, by their many wounds and carelesse
 harmes, [strowen,
 shivered speares, and swords all under
 scattered shields, was easie to be shoven.
 re might ye see loose steeds at randon
 ronne,
 ose lucklesse riders late were overthrown;
 squiers make hast to helpe their Lords
 fordonne. [wonne;
 still the Knights of Maidenhead the better

XXXIX

ll that there entered on the other side
 traunger knight, from whence no man could
 feed,
 quent disguise, full hard to be describe:
 all his armour was like salvage weed
 th woody mosse bedight, and all his steed
 th oaken leaves attrapt, that seemed fit
 salvage wight; and thereto well agreed
 word, which on his ragged shield was writ,
vagesse sans finesse, shewing secret wit.

XL

He, at his first incomming, charg'd his spere
 At him that first appeared in his sight:
 That was to weete the stout Sir Sangliere,
 Who well was knowne to be a valiant Knight,
 Approved oft in many a perloous fight.
 Him at the first encounter downe he smote,
 And overbore beyond his crouper quight;
 And after him another Knight, that hote
 Sir Brianor, so sore that none him life behote.

XLI

Then, ere his hand he reard, he overthrew
 Seven Knights, one after other as they came:
 And, when his speare was brust, his sword he
 drew,
 The instrument of wrath, and with the same
 Far'd like a lyon in his bloodie game,
 Hewing and slashing shields and helmets
 bright,
 And beating downe what ever nigh him came,
 That every one gan shun his dreadfull sight,
 No lesse then death it selfe, in daungerous af-
 fright.

XLII

Much wondred all men what or whence he
 came,
 That did amongst the troupes so tyrannize,
 And each of other gan inquire his name.
 But when they could not learne it by no wize,
 Most answerable to his wyld disguise
 It seemed him to terme the Salvage Knight;
 But certes his right name was otherwise,
 Though knowne to few, that Arthegall he hight,
 The doughtiest knight that liv'd that day, and
 most of might.

XLIII

Thus was Sir Satyrane with all his band
 By his sole manhood and atchievement stout
 Dismay'd, that none of them in field durst stand,
 But beaten were and chased all about.
 So he continued all that day throughout,
 Till evening that the Sunne gan downward
 bend.
 Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout
 A stranger knight, that did his glorie shend:
 So nought may be esteened happie till the end.

XLIV

He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull
 speare
 At Artegal, in midst of his pryde,
 And therewith smote him on his Umbriere
 So sore, that tomling backe he downe did
 Over his horses taile above a stryde; [slyde
 Whence litle lust he had to rise againe:
 Which Cambell seeing much the same envyde,

And ran at him with all his might and maine;
But shortly was likewise seene lying on the
plaine.

XLV

Whereat full inly wroth was Triamond,
And cast t' avenge the shame doon to his
freend:

But by his friend himselfe eke soone he fond
In no lesse neede of helpe then him he weend.
All which when Blandamour from end to end
Beheld, he woxe therewith displeased sore,
And thought in mind it shortly to amend:
His speare he feutred, and at him it bore,
But with no better fortune then the rest afore.

XLVI

Full many others at him likewise ran,
But all of them likewise dismounted were;
Ne certes wonder, for no powre of man
Could bide the force of that enchaunted speare,
The which this famous Britomart did beare;
With which she wondrous deeds of arms
atchieved,
And overthrew what ever came her neare,
That all those stranger knights full sore
agrieved, [lieved.
And that late weaker band of challengers re-

XLVII

Like as in sommers day, when raging hea
Doth burne the earth and boyled rivers dri
That all brute beasts, forst to refraine from
Doe hunt for shade, where shrowded they n

li,

And, missing it, faine from themselves to
All travellers tormented are with paine:
A watry cloud doth overcast the skie,
And poureth forth a sudden shoure of raine
That all the wretched world recomfort
again.

XLVIII

So did the warlike Britomart restore
The prize to knights of Maydenhead that d
Which else was like to have bene lost,
bore
The prayse of prowesse from them all awa
Then shrilling trompets loudly gan to bray
And bad them leave their labours and l
toyle
To joyous feast and other gentle play,
Where beauties prize shold win that preti
spoyl:
Where I with sound of trompe will also
a whyle.

CANTO V.

The Ladies for the girdle strive
Of famous Florimell:
Scudamour, comming to Cares House,
Doth sleepe from him expell.

I

It hath bene through all ages ever seene,
That with the praise of armes and chevalrie
The prize of beautie still hath joynd beene;
And that for reasons speciall privitie,
For either doth on other much relie.
For he, me seemes, most fit the faire to serve,
That can her best defend from villenie;
And she most fit his service doth deserve,
That fairest is, and from her faith will never
swerve.

II

So fitly now here commeth next in place,
After the proove of prowesse ended well,
The contraverse of beauties soveraine grace;
In which, to her that doth the most excell,
Shall fall the girdle of faire Florimell:
That many wish to win for glorie vaine,
And not for vertuous use, which some doe tell

That glorious belt did in it selfe containe,
Which Ladies ought to love, and seeke fo
obtaine.

III

That girdle gave the vertue of chaste love.
And wivehood true, to all that did it beare
But whosoever contrarie doth prove,
Might not the same about her middle wea
But it would loose, or else asunder teare.
Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)
Dame Venus girdle, by her steemed deare
What time she usd to live in wively sort,
But layd aside when so she usd her looser sp

IV

Her husband Vulcan whylome for her sa
When first he loved her with heart entire,
This pretious ornament, they say, did mak
And wrought in Lemno with unquenched

afterwards did for her loves first hire
it to her, for ever to remaine,
ewith to bind lascivious desire,
loose affections streightly to restraine;
ch vertue it for ever after did retaine.

V

the same one day, when she her selfe disposd
to visite her beloved Paramoure,
God of warre, she from her middle loosd,
left behind her in her secret bowre
Acidalian mount, where many an howre
with the pleasant Graces wont to play.
re Florimell, in her first ages flowre,
fostered by those Graces, (as they say)
brought with her from thence that goodly
belt away.

VI

at goodly belt was Cestus hight by name,
as her life by her esteemed deare.
wonder then, if that to winne the same
many Ladies sought, as shall appeare;
pearelesse she was thought that did it
beare.
now by this their feast all being ended,
judge, which thereto selected were,
the Martian field adowne descended
deeme this doutfull case, for which they
all contended.

VII

t first was question made, which of those
Knights
t lately turneyd had the wager wonne:
re was it judged, by those worthie wights,
t Satyrane the first day best had donne:
he last ended; having first begonne.
second was to Triamond behight,
that he sayd the victour from fordonne:
Cambell victour was in all mens sight,
by mishap he in his foemens hand did
light.

VIII

e third dayes prize unto that straunger
Knight,
om all men term'd Knight of the Hebene
Britomart was given by good right;
that with puissant stroke she downe did
beare
Salvage Knight that victour was whileare,
all the rest which had the best afore,
to the last unconquer'd did appeare;
last is deemed best. To her therefore
fayrest Ladie was adjudgd for Paramore.

IX

t thereat greatly grudged Arthegall,
much repynd, that both of victors meede

And eke of honour she did him forestall.
Yet mote he not withstand what was decreede,
But inly thought of that despightfull deede
Fit time t' awaite avenged for to bee.
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
Then next ensew'd the Paragon to see
Of beauties praise, and yeeld the fayrest her
due fee.

X

Then first Cambello brought into their view
His faire Cambina, covered with a veale;
Which, being once withdrawne, most perfect
hew
And passing beautie did eftsoones reveale,
That able was weake harts away to steale.
Next did Sir Triamond unto their sight
The face of his deare Canacee unheale;
Whose beauties beame eftsoones did shine so
bright,
That daz'd the eyes of all as with exceeding
[light.]

XI

And after her did Paridell produce
His false Duessa, that she might be seene;
Who with her forged beautie did seduce
The hearts of some that fairest her did weene,
As diverse wits affected divers beene.
Then did Sir Ferramont unto them shew
His Lucida, that was full faire and sheene:
And after these an hundred Ladies moe
Appear'd in place, the which each other did
outgoe.

XII

All which who so dare thinke for to enchace,
Him needeth sure a golden pen, I weene,
To tell the feature of each goodly face:
For, since the day that they created beene,
So many heavenly faces were not seene
Assembled in one place: ne he that thought
For Chian folke to pourtraict beauties Queene,
By view of all the fairest to him brought,
So many faire did see as here he might have
sought

XIII

At last, the most redoubted Britonesse
Her lovely Amoret did open shew;
Whose face, discovered, plainly did expresse
The heavenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew.
Well weened all, which her that time did vew,
That she should surely beare the bell away;
Till Blandamour, who thought he had the trew
And very Florimell, did her display,
The sight of whom once seene did all the rest
dismay.

XIV

For all afore that seemed fayre and bright,
Now base and contemptible did appeare,

Compar'd to her that shone as Phebes light
Amongst the lesser starres in evening cleare.
All that her saw with wonder ravisht weare,
And weend no mortall creature she should bee,
But some celestiall shape that flesh did beare:
Yet all were glad there Florimell to see,
Yet thought that Florimell was not so faire as
shee.

XV

As guilefull Goldsmith that by secret skill
With golden foyle doth finely over-spread
Some baser metall, which commend he will
Unto the vulgar for good gold insted,
He much more goodly glosse thereon doth shed
To hide his falshood, then if it were trew:
So hard this Idole was to be ared,
That Florimell her selfe in all mens vew
She seem'd to passe: so forged things do fairest
shew.

XVI

Then was that golden belt by doome of all
Graunted to her, as to the fayrest Dame.
Which being brought, about her middle small
They thought to gird, as best it her became,
But by no meanes they could it thereto frame;
For, ever as they fastned it, it loos'd
And fell away, as feeling secret blame.
Full oft about her wast she it enclos'd,
And it as oft was from about her wast disclos'd:

XVII

That all men wondred at the uncouth sight,
And each one thought as to their fancies came.
But she her selfe did thinke it doen for spight,
And touched was with secret wrath and shame
Therewith, as thing deviz'd her to defame.
Then many other Ladies likewise tride
About their tender loynes to knit the same;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it fast, eftsoones it was
untide.

XVIII

Which when that scornefull Squire of Dames
did vew,
He lowdly gan to laugh, and thus to jest;
'Alas! for pittie that so faire a crew,
As like can not be seene from East to West,
Cannot find one this girdle to invest.
Fie on the man that did it first invent
To shame us all with this *Ungirt unblest!*
Let never Ladie to his love assent,
That hath this day so many so unmanly
shent.'

XIX

Thereat all Knights gan laugh, and Ladies
lowre:
Till that at last the gentle Amoret

Likewise assayd to prove that girdles powre
And, having it about her middle set,
Did find it fit withouten breach or let.
Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie,
But Florimell exceedingly did fret,
And snatching from her hand halfe angrily
The belt againe, about her body gan it tie

XX

Yet nathemore would it her bodie fit;
Yet nathelasse to her, as her dew right,
It yielded was by them that judged it:
And she her selfe adjudged to the Knight
That bore the Hebene speare, as wonne
fight.
But Britomart would not thereto assent,
Ne her owne Amoret forgoe so light [derm
For that strange Dame, whose beauties w
She lesse esteem'd then th' others vertue
government.

XXI

Whom when the rest did see her to refuse
They were full glad, in hope themselves to
her:
Yet at her choice they all did greatly muse
But, after that, the judges did arret her
Unto the second best that lov'd her better;
That was the Salvage Knight: but he
gone,

In great displeasure that he could not get
Then was she judged Triamond his one;
But Triamond lov'd Canacee, and other no

XXII

Tho unto Satyran she was adjudged,
Who was right glad to gaine so goodly me
But Blandamour thereat full greatly grudge
And litle prays'd his labours evill speed,
That for to winne the saddle lost the steed.
Ne lesse thereat did Paridell complaine,
And thought t'appeale from that which
decreed

To single combat with Sir Satyrane:
Thereto him Atè stird, new discord to m
taine.

XXIII

And eke, with these, full many o
Knights
She through her wicked working did incen
Her to demanda and challenge as their rig
Deserved for their perils recompense. [te
Amongst the rest, with boastfull vaine
Stept Braggadochio forth, and as his thral
Her claym'd, by him in battell wonne l
sens:

Whereto her selfe he did to witnesse call:
Who, being askt, accordingly confessed all

XXIV

eat exceeding wroth was Satyran;
 wroth with Satyran was Blandamour;
 wroth with Blandamour was Erivan;
 t them both Sir Paridell did loure.
 together stird up strifull stoure,
 eadie were new battell to darraine.
 one profest to be her paramoure, [taine;
 row'd with speare and shield it to main-
 dges powre, ne reasons rule, mote them
 restraine.

XXV

ch troublous stirre when Satyrane aviz'd,
 n to cast how to appease the same,
 o accord them all this meanes devis'd:
 in the midst to set that fayrest Dame,
 om each one his chalenge should dis-
 clame,
 ne himselfe his right would eke releasse:
 looke to whom she voluntarie came,
 ould without disturbance her possesse:
 e is the love that comes alone with
 willingnesse.

XXVI

r all agreed: and then that snowy Mayd
 n the midstest plast among them all;
 a her gazing wisht, and vowd, and
 prayd,
 n the Queene of beautie close did call,
 she unto their portion might befall.
 when she long had lookt upon each one,
 ough she wished to have pleas'd them all,
 t to Braggadochio selfe alone
 ame of her accord, in spight of all his
 fone.

XXVII

ch when they all beheld they chafte, and
 rag'd,
 roxe nigh mad for very harts despight,
 from revenge their willes they scarce
 asswag'd: [might:
 thought from him her to have reft by
 proffer made with him for her to fight.
 e nought ear'd for all that they could
 say,
 e their words as wind esteemed light.
 ot fit place he thought it there to stay,
 ecretly from thence that night her bore
 away.

XXVIII

r which remaynd, so soone as they per-
 ceiv'd
 he was gone, departed thence with speed,
 follow'd them, in mind her to have
 reav'd
 wight unworthie of so noble meed.

In which poursuit how each one did succede,
 Shall else be told in order, as it fell.
 But now of Britomart it here doth neede
 The hard adventures and strange haps to tell,
 Since with the rest she went not after Flori-
 mell.

XXIX

For soone as she them saw to discord set,
 Her list no longer in that place abide;
 But, taking with her lovely Amoret,
 Upon her first adventure forth did ride,
 To seeke her lov'd, making blind love her
 guide.

Unluckie Mayd, to seeke her enimie!
 Unluckie Mayd, to seeke him farre and wide,
 Whom, when he was unto her selfe most nie,
 She through his late disguizement could him
 not descrie!

XXX

So much the more her griefe, the more her
 toyle.

Yet neither toyle nor griefe she once did spare,
 In seeking him that should her paine assoyle;
 Whereto great comfort in her sad misfare
 Was Amoret, companion of her care:
 Who likewise sought her lover long miswent,
 The gentle Scudamour, whose heart whileare
 That stryfull hag with gealous discontent
 Had fild, that he to fell reveng was fully bent:

XXXI

Bent to revenge on blamelesse Britomart
 The crime which cursed Atë kindled earst,
 The which like thornes did pricke his gealous
 hart,

And through his soule like poynsed arrow perst,
 That by no reason it might be reverst,
 For ought that Glaucé could or doe or say.
 For, aye the more that she the same reherst,
 The more it gauld and griev'd him night and
 day, [defray.
 That nought but dire revenge his anger mote

XXXII

So as they travelled, the drouping night,
 Covered with cloudie storme and bitter showre,
 That dreadfull seem'd to every living wight,
 Upon them fell, before her timely howre;
 That forced them to seeke some covert bowre,
 Where they might hide their heads in quiet
 rest, [stowre.
 And shrowd their persons from that stormie
 Not farre away, not meet for any guest,
 They spide a little cottage, like some poore
 mans nest.

XXXIII

Under a steepe hilles side it placed was,
 There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the
 banke;
 And fast beside a little brooke did pas
 Of muddie water, that like puddle stanke,
 By which few crooked sallowes grew in ranke:
 Whereto approaching nigh they heard the
 sound
 Of many yron hammers beating ranke,
 And answering their wearie turnes around,
 That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that
 desert ground.

XXXIV

There entring in, they found the goodman
 selfe
 Full busily unto his worke ybent;
 Who was to weet a wretched wearish elfe,
 With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekes for-
 spent,
 As if he had in prison long bene pent:
 Full blacke and griesly did his face appeare,
 Besmeard with smoke that nigh his eye-sight
 blent;
 With rugged beard, and hoarie shagged heare,
 The which he never wont to combe, or comely
 shcare.

XXXV

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
 Ne better had he, ne for better cared:
 With blistred hands emongst the cinders
 brent,
 And fingers filthie with long nayles unpared,
 Right fit to rend the food on which he fared.
 His name was Care; a blacksmith by his trade,
 That neither day nor night from working
 spared,
 But to small purpose yron wedges made;
 Those be unquiet thoughts that carefull minds
 invade.

XXXVI

In which his worke he had sixe servants
 prest,
 About the Andvile standing evermore
 With huge great hammers, that did never
 rest [sore:
 From heaping stroakes which thereon soused
 All sixe strong groomes, but one then other
 more;
 For by degrees they all were disagreed;
 So likewise did the hammers which they
 bore,
 Like belles in greatnesse orderly succeed,
 That he which was the last the first did farre
 exceede.

XXXVII

He like a monstrous Gyant seem'd in sig
 Farre passing Bronteus or Pyracmon grea
 The which in Lipari doe day and night
 Frame thunderbolts for Joves aveng
 threate.
 So dreadfully he did the andvile beat,
 That seem'd to dust he shortly would it dr
 So huge his hammer, and so fierce his heat
 That seem'd a rocke of Diamond it could r
 And rend asunder quite, if he thereto
 strive.

XXXVIII

Sir Scudamour there entring much admir
 The manner of their worke and wearie pai
 And, having long beheld, at last enquired
 The cause and end thereof, but all in vaine
 For they for nought would from their w
 refraine,
 Ne let his speeches come unto their eare.
 And eke the breathfull bellows blew ama
 Like to the Northren winde, that none c
 heare: [bellows w
 Those Pensifenesse did move; and Sighe

XXXIX

Which when that warriour saw, he sai
 more,
 But in his armour layd him down to rest:
 To rest he layd him downe upon the flore,
 (Whylome for ventrous Knights the bed
 best)
 And thought his wearie limbs to have red
 And that old aged Dame, his faithfull Squ
 Her feeble joynts layd eke adowne to rest,
 That needed much her weake age to desir
 After so long a travell which them both
 tire.

XL

There lay Sir Scudamour long while exp
 When gentle sleepe his heavie eyes w
 close;
 Oft chaunging sides, and oft new place elect
 Where better seem'd he mote himselfe rep
 And oft in wrath he thence againe uprose,
 And oft in wrath he layd him downe again
 But wheresoever he did himselfe dispose,
 He by no meanes could wished ease obtai
 So every place seem'd painefull, and
 chaunging vaine.

XLI

And evermore, when he to sleepe did thi
 The hammers sound his senses did molest
 And evermore, when he began to winke,
 The bellows noyse disturb'd his quiet rea

ffred sleepe to settle in his brest.
all the night the dogs did barke and
howle
t the house, at sent of stranger guest:
ow the crowing Cocke, and now the Owle
a shrieking, him afflicted to the very sowle.

XLII

if by fortune any litle nap
his heaue eye-lids chaunst to fall,
ones one of those villeins him did rap
his headpeece with his yron mall;
he was soone awaked therewithall,
ightly started up as one affrayd,
if one him suddenly did call:
entimes he out of sleepe abrayd,
hen lay musing long on that him ill apayd.

XLIII

ong he muzed, and so long he lay,
at the last his wearie sprite, opprest
fleshy weaknesse, which no creature may
time resist, gave place to kindly rest,
all his senses did full soone arrest:
his soundest sleepe his dayly feare
dle braine gan busily molest,
made him dreame those two disloyall were:
things, that day most minds, at night doe
most appeare.

XLIV

at that the wicked carle, the maister Smith,
e of red-whot yron tongs did take

Out of the burning cinders, and therewith
Under his side him nipt; that, forst to wake,
He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
And started up avenged for to be
On him the which his quiet slomber brake:
Yet, looking round about him, none could see,
Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselfe
did fle.

XLV

In such disquiet and hart-fretting payne
He all that night, that too long night, did passe
And now the day out of the Ocean mayne
Began to peepe above this earthly masse,
With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grasse:
Then up he rose, like heaue lumpe of lead,
That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
The signes of anguish one mote plainly read,
And ghesse the man to be dismayd with
gealous dread,

XLVI

Unto his lofty steede he clombe anone,
And forth upon his former voiage fared,
And with him eke that aged Squire attone;
Who, whatsoever perill was prepared,
Both equall paines and equall perill shared;
The end whereof and daungerous event
Shall for another canticle be spared:
But here my wearie teeme, nigh over spent,
Shall breath it selfe awhile after so long
a went.

CANTO VI.

Both Scudamour and Arthegall
Doe fight with Britomart:
He sees her face; doth fall in love,
And soone from her depart.

I

AR equall torment to the grieve of mind
pyning anguish hid in gentle hart,
nly feeds it selfe with thoughts unkind,
nourisheth her owne consuming smart?
medicine can any Leaches art
such a sore, that doth her grievance hide,
will to none her maladie impart?
was the wound that Scudamour did gride,
which Dan Phebus selfe cannot a salve pro-
vide.

II

having left that restlesse house of Care,
ext day, as he on his way did ride,
of melancholie and sad misfare
gh misconceit, all unawares espide

An armed Knight under a forrest side
Sitting in shade beside his grazing steede;
Who, soone as them approaching he descrie,
Gan towards them to pricke with eger speede,
That seem'd he was full bent to some mis-
chievous deede.

III

Which Scudamour perceiuing forth issewed
To have rencountred him in equall race;
But soone as th' other nigh approaching vewed
The armes he bore, his speare he gan abase
And voide his course: at which so suddain case
He wondred much. But th' other thus can say:
'Ah, gentle Scudamour! unto your grace
I me submit, and you of pardon pray, [day.'
That almost had against you trespassed this

IV

Whereto thus Scudamour: 'Small harme it were

For any knight upon a ventrous knight
Without displeasance for to prove his spere.
But reade you, Sir, sith ye my name have hight,
What is your owne, that I mote you requite?'
'Certes,' (sayd he) 'ye mote as now excuse
Me from discovering you my name aright,
For time yet serves that I the same refuse;
But call ye me the Salvage Knight, as others
use.'

V

'Then this, Sir Salvage Knight,' (quoth he)
'areede:

Or doe you here within this forrest wonne,
That seemeth well to answere to your weede,
Or have ye it for some occasion donne?
That rather seemes, sith knowen armes ye
shonne.'

'This other day' (sayd he) 'a stranger knight
Shame and dishonour hath unto me donne,
On whom I waite to wreake that foule despight,
When ever he this way shall passe by day or
night.'

VI

'Shame be his meede,' (quoth he) 'that
meaneth shame!

But what is he by whom ye shamed were?'
'A stranger knight,' sayd he, 'unknowne by
name,
But knowne by fame, and by an Hebene speare,
With which he all that met him downe did
beare.'

He, in an open Turney lately held,
Fro me the honour of that game did reare;
And having me, all wearie earst, downe feld,
The fayrest Ladie reft, and ever since withheld.'

VII

When Scudamour heard mention of that
speare,

He wist right well that it was Britomart,
The which from him his fairest love did beare.
Tho gan he swell in every inner part
For fell despight, and gnaw his gealous hart,
That thus he sharply sayd: 'Now, by my
head,

Yet is not this the first unknighly part,
Which that same knight, whom by his launce
I read,

Hath doen to noble knights, that many makes

VIII

'For lately he my love hath fro me reft,
And eke defiled with foule villanie

The sacred pledge which in his faith was le
In shame of knighthood and fidelitie;
The which ere long full deare he shall abide
And if to that avenge by you decreed
This hand may helpe, or succour ought supply
It shall not fayle when so ye shall it need.
So both to wreake their wrathes on Britomart
agreed.

IX

Whiles thus they communed, lo! farre av
A Knight soft ryding towards them they spy
Attyr'd in forraine armes and straunge array
Whom, when they nigh approcht, they plain
descryde
To be the same for whom they did abyde.
Sayd then Sir Scudamour: 'Sir Salv
knight,
Let me this crave, sith first I was defyde,
That first I may that wrong to him requit
And, if I hap to fayle, you shall recure
right.'

X

Which being yeilded, he his threatfull sp
Gan fester, and against her fiercely ran.
Who soone as she him saw approaching ne
With so fell rage, her selfe she lightly gar
To dight, to welcome him well as she can
But entertaind him in so rude a wise,
That to the ground she smote both horse
man;
Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
But on their common harmes together
devise.

XI

But Artegall, beholding his mischaunce,
New matter added to his former fire;
And, eft aventing his steele-headed launce
Against her rode, full of despiteous ire,
That nought but spoyle and vengeance
require:

But to himselfe his felonous intent
Returning disappointed his desire,
Whiles unawares his saddle he forwent,
And found himselfe on ground in great am
ment.

XII

Lightly he started up out of that stound,
And snatching forth his direfull deadly bl
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
Thrust to an Hynd within some covert gl
Whom without perill he cannot invade.
With such fell greedines he her assayled,
That though she mounted were, yet he
made
To give him ground, (so much his f
And shun his mightie strokes, gainst whic
armes avayled.

XIII

as they coursed here and there, it chaunst
in her wheeling round, behind her crest
ely he her strooke, that thence it glaunst
ne her backe, the which it fairely blest
foule mischance; ne did it ever rest,
n her horses hinder parts it fell;
e byting deepe so deadly it imprest,
quite it chynd his backe behind the sell,
o alight on foote her algates did compell:

XIV

as the lightning brond from riven skie,
ne out by angry Jove in his vengeance,
dreadfull force falles on some steeple hie;
n battring downe, it on the church doth
glance,
eares it all with terrible mischance.
e no whit dismayd her steed forsooke,
asting from her that enchaunted launce,
er sword and shield her soone betooke;
herewithall at him right furiously she
strooke.

XV

riously she strooke in her first heat,
s with long fight on foot he breathlesse
was,
he him forced backward to retreat,
eld unto her weapon way to pas:
raging rigour neither steele nor bras
stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
pour'd the purple bloud forth on the
gras;
ill his mayle yriv'd, and plates yrent,
d all his bodie bare unto the cruell dent.

XVI

ngth, when as he saw her hastie heat
and panting breath begin to fayle,
rough long sufferance growing now
more great,
a his strength, and gan her fresh assayle,
g huge strokes as thicke as showre of
hayle,
ushing dreadfully at every part,
e thought her soule to disentrayle.
uell hand! and thrise more cruell hart,
orkst such wrecke on her to whom thou
dearest art!

XVII

yron courage ever could endure
rke such outrage on so faire a creature;
e his madnesse thinke with hands im-
pure
yle so goodly workmanship of nature,

The maker selfe resembling in her feature!
Certes some hellish furie or some feend
This mischief framd for their first loves de-
feature,
To bath their hands in bloud of dearest freend,
Thereby to make their loves beginning their
lives end.

XVIII

Thus long they trac'd and travers't to and fro,
Sometimes pursewing, and sometimes pursuw'd,
Still as advantage they espyde thereto:
But toward th' end Sir Arthegall renewed
His strength still more, but she still more
decrew'd.
At last his lucklesse hand he heav'd on hie,
Having his forces all in one accrew'd,
And therewith stroke at her so hideouslie,
That seem'd nought but death mote be her
destinie.

XIX

The wicked stroke upon her helmet chaunst,
And with the force, whiche in it selfe it bore,
Her ventayle shard away, and thence forth
glaunst
Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.
With that her angels face, unseene afore,
Like to the ruddie morne appear'd in sight,
Deaw'd with silver drops through sweating
sore,
But somewhat redder then beseem'd aright,
Through toylesome heate and labour of her
weary fight.

XX

And round about the same her yellow heare,
Having through stirring loosd their wonted
band,
Like to a golden border did appeare,
Framed in goldsmithes forge with cunning
hand:
Yet goldsmithes cunning could not understand
To frame such subtil wire, so shinie cleare;
For it did glisten like the golden sand,
The which Pactolus with his waters shere
Throwes forth upon the rivage round about him
nere.

XXI

And as his hand he up againe did reare,
Thinking to worke on her his utmost wracke,
His powrelesse arme, benumbd with secret
feare,
From his revengefull purpose shronke abacke,
And cruell sword out of his fingers slacke
Fell downe to ground; as if the steele had
sence,
And felt some ruth or sence his hand did lacke,
Or both of them did thinke obedience
To doe to so divine a beauties excellence.

XXII

And he himselſe, long gazing thereupon,
At laſt fell humbly downe upon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening ſome heavenly goddeſſe he did ſee,
Or elſe unweeting what it elſe might bee;
And pardon her beſought his errour frayle,
That had done outrage in ſo high degree:
Whileſt trembling horroure did his ſenſe aſſaile,
And made ech member quake, and manly hart
to quayle.

XXIII

Natheſſe ſhe, full of wrath for that late
ſtroke,
All that long while upheld her wrathfull hand,
With fell intent on him to bene ywroke;
And, looking ſterne, ſtill over him did ſtand,
Threatning to ſtrike unleſſe he would with-
ſtand:

And bad him riſe, or ſurely he ſhould die.
But, die or live, for nought he would upſtand,
But her of pardon prayd more earneſtlye,
Or wreake on him her will for ſo great injurie.

XXIV

Which when as Scudamour, who now a-
brayd,
Beheld, whereas he ſtood not farre aſide,
He was therewith right wondrously diſmayd;
And drawing nigh, when as he plaine deſ-
cride

That peereleſſe paterne of Dame Natures pride
And heavenly image of perfection,
He bleſt himſelfe as one ſore terrifide:
And, turning feare to ſaint devotion,
Did worſhip her as ſome ceſtiall viſion.

XXV

But Glaucè, ſeeing all that chaunced there,
Well weeting how their errour to aſſoyle,
Full glad of ſo good end, to them drew nere,
And her ſalewd with ſeemely bel-accoyle,
Joyous to ſee her ſafe after long toyle.
Then her beſought, as ſhe to her was deare,
To graunt unto thoſe warriours truce a while;
Which yeelded, they their bevers up did reare,
And ſhew'd themſelves to her ſuch as indeed
they were.

XXVI

When Britomart with ſharpe avizefull eye
Beheld the lovely face of Artegall
Tempred with ſterneſſe and ſtout maieſtie,
She gan eſtſoones it to her mind to call
To be the ſame which in her fathers hall
Long ſince in that enchanted glaſſe ſhe ſaw;
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan appall,

And haughtie ſpirits meekely to adaw.
That her enhaunced hand ſhe downe can
withdraw.

XXVII

Yet ſhe it firſt to have againe upheld,
As fayning choler which was turn'd to cold
But ever when his viſage ſhe beheld,
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer
The wrathfull weapon gainſt his countrie
bold:

But, when in vaine to fight ſhe oft aſſayd,
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him
ſcold;

Natheſſe her tongue not to her will obeyd
But brought forth ſpeeches myld when
would have miſſayd.

XXVIII

But Scudamour, now woxen inly glad
That all his gealous feare he falſe had found
And how that Hag his love abuſed had
With breach of faith and loyaltie unſound.
The which long time his grieved hart
wound,

Him thus beſpake: 'Certes, Sir Artegall,
I joy to ſee you lout ſo low on ground,
And now become to live a Ladies thrall,
That whylome in your minde wont to deſ-
them all.'

XXIX

Soone as ſhe heard the name of Artegall,
Her hart did leape, and all her hart-ſtr-
tremble,

For ſudden joy and ſecret feare withall;
And all her vitall powres, with motion nigh
To ſuccour it, themſelves gan there aſſem-
That by the ſwift recourſe of ſuſhing blood
Right plaine appeard, though ſhe it would
ſemble,

And fayned ſtill her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of
flood.

XXX

When Glaucè thus gan wiſely all upkni-
'Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here
To be ſpectators of this uncouth fit, [bro
Which ſecret fate hath in this Ladie wrou-
Againſt the courſe of kind, ne mervaille not
Ne thenceforth feare the thing that hether
Hath troubled both your mindes with
thought,

Fearing leaſt ſhe your loves away ſhould
Feared in vaine, ſith meanes, ye ſee,
wants theretoo.

XXXI

'And you, Sir Artegall, the ſalvage kni-
Henceforth may not diſdaine that womans

conquered you anew in second fight :
 y lome they have conquerd sea and land,
 avenge it selfe, that nought may them
 withstand.

ceforth be rebellious unto love,
 the crowne of knighthood, and the band
 e minds derived from above, [move.
 being knit with vertue, never will re-

XXXII

you, faire Ladie knight, my dearest
 Dame,
 the rigour of your wrathfull will,
 fire were better turn'd to other flame ;
 taping out remembrance of all ill,
 him your grace ; but so that he fulfill
 nance which ye shall to him impart :
 ers heaven must passe by sorrowes hell.
 t full inly blushed Britomart,
 tegall close smyling joy'd in secret hart.

XXXIII

urst he not make love so suddenly,
 nke th' affection of her hart to draw
 one to other so quite contrary :
 s her modest countenance he saw
 dly grave, and full of princely aw,
 t his ranging fancie did refraine,
 oser thoughts to lawfull bounds with-
 draw ; [faine,
 by the passion grew more fierce and
 o a stubborne steede whom strong hand
 would restraine.

XXXIV

Scudamour, whose hart twixt doubtfull
 feare
 eble hope hung all this while suspence,
 og of his Amoret to heare
 gladfull newes and sure intelligence,
 us bespake : ' But, Sir, without offence
 request you tydings of my love,
 moret, sith you her freed fro thence
 she, captived long, great woes did prove ;
 where ye left I may her seeke, as doth
 behove.'

XXXV

om thus Britomart : ' Certes, Sir knight,
 is of her become, or whether reft,
 not unto you aread a right :
 om that time I from enchaunters theft
 eed, in which ye her all hopelesse left,
 preserv'd from perill and from feare,
 vermore from villenie her kept :
 er was there wight to me more deare
 she, ne unto whom I more true love did
 beare :

XXXVI

' Till on a day, as through a desert wyld
 We travelled, both wearie of the way
 We did alight, and sate in shadow myld,
 Where fearelesse I to sleepe me downe did lay :
 But when as I did out of sleepe abray,
 I found her not where I her left whyleare,
 But thought she wandred was, or gone astray :
 I cal'd her loud, I sought her farre and neare,
 But no where could her find, nor tydings of her
 heare.'

XXXVII

When Scudamour those heavie tydings heard,
 His hart was thrild with point of deadly feare,
 Ne in his face or bloud or life appeard ;
 But senselesse stood, like to a mazed steare
 That yet of mortall stroke the stound doth
 beare, [mayd
 Till Glaucè thus : ' Faire Sir, be nought dis-
 With needlesse dread, till certaintie ye heare ;
 For yet she may be safe though somewhat
 strayd : [affrayd.'

Its best to hope the best, though of the worst

XXXVIII

Nathlesse he hardly of her chearefull speech
 Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
 Shew'd change of better cheare : so sore a
 breach

That sudden newes had made into his spright,
 Till Britomart him fairely thus behight :
 ' Great cause of sorrow certes, Sir, ye have ;
 But comfort take ; for, by this heavens light,
 I vow you dead or living not to leave, [reave,
 Till I her find, and wreake on him that did her

XXXIX

Therewith he rested, and well pleased was :
 So, peace being confirm'd amongst them all,
 They tooke their steeds, and forward thence
 did pas

Unto some resting place, which mote befall,
 All being guied by Sir Artegall :
 Where goodly solace was unto them made,
 And dayly feasting both in bowre and hall,
 Untill that they their wounds well healed had,
 And wearie limmes recur'd after late usage bad.

XL

In all which time Sir Artegall made way
 Unto the love of noble Britomart,
 And with meeke service and much suit did lay
 Continuell siege unto her gentle hart ; [dart,
 Which, being whylome launcht with lovely
 More eath was new impression to receive ;
 How ever she her paynd with womanish art
 To hide her wound, that none might it perceive
 Vaine is the art that seekes it selfe for to deceive

XLI

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought
her,
With faire entreatie and sweet blandishment,
That at the length unto a bay he brought her,
So as she to his speeches was content
To lend an eare, and softly to relent. [pour'd,
At last, through many vowes which forth he
And many othes, she yeelded her consent
To be his love, and take him for her Lord,
Till they with marriage meet might finish that
accord.

XLII

Tho, when they had long time there taken rest,
Sir Artegall, who all this while was bound
Upon an hard adventure yet in quest,
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
To follow that which he did long propound,
And unto her his congee came to take;
But her therewith full sore displeasd he found,
And loth to leave her late betrothed make,
Her dearest love full loth so shortly to forsake.

XLIII

Yet he with strong perswasions her asswaged,
And wonne her will to suffer him depart;
For which his faith with her he fast engaged,
And thousand vowes from bottome of his hart,
That, all so soone as he by wit or art
Could that atchieve whereto he did aspire,
He unto her would speedily revert:
No longer space thereto he did desire, [expire.
But till the horned moone three courses did

XLIV

With which she for the present was appeased,
And yeelded leave, how ever malcontent
She inly were and in her mind displeased.
So, early in the morrow next, he went

Forth on his way to which he was ybent
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide
As whylome was the custome ancient
Mongst Knights when on adventures the
Save that she algates him a while accompa

XLV

And by the way she sundry purpose fo
Of this or that, the time for to delay,
And of the perils whereto he was bound,
The feare whereof seem'd much her to aff
But all she did was but to weare out day.
Full oftentimes she leave of him did take
And eft againe deviz'd some what to say,
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to ma
So loth she was his companie for to forsake

XLVI

At last, when all her speeches she had sp
And new occasion fayld her more to find,
She left him to his fortunes government,
And backe returned with right heavie mi
To Scudamour, whom she had left behind
With whom she went to seeke faire Amor
Her second care, though in another kind
For vertues onely sake, which doth beget
True love and faithfull friendship, she by
did set.

XLVII

Backe to that desert forrest they retyre
Where sorie Britomart had lost her late;
There they her sought, and every where
quired
Where they might tydings get of her esta
Yet found they none. But by what haplesse
Or hard misfortune she was thence conva
And stolne away from her beloved mate,
Were long to tell; therefore, I here will s
Until another tyde that I it finish may.

CANTO VII.

Amoret rapt by greedie lust
Belphebe saves from dread:
The Squire her loves; and, being blam'd,
His dayes in dole doth lead.

I

GREAT God of love, that with thy cruell darts
Doeest conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
And setst thy kingdome in the captive harts
Of Kings and Keasars to thy service bound;
What glorie, or what guerdon hast thou found
In feeble Ladies tyranning so sore,
And adding anguish to the bitter wound

With which their lives thou lanchedst
afore,
By heaping stormes of trouble on them d

II

So whylome didst thou to faire Florimel
And so and so to noble Britomart:
So doest thou now to her of whom I tell,
The lovely Amoret, whose gentle hart

nartyrest with sorow and with smart,
 Rage forrests and in deserts wide
 Beares and Tygers taking heaue part,
 Outen comfort and withouten guide,
 Ittie is to heare the perils which she tride.

III

One as she with that brave Britonesse
 Left that Turneyment for beauties prise,
 Travel'd long; that now for wearinesse,
 Of the way and warlike exercise,
 Through a forest ryding did devise
 Light, and rest their wearie limbs awhile.
 Heaue sleepe the eye-lids did surprise
 To mart, after long tedious toyle,
 Did her passed paines in quiet rest assoyle.

IV

Whiles faire Amoret, of nought affeard,
 Through the wood, for pleasure or for
 Need;
 Suddenly behind her backe she heard
 Rushing forth out of the thickest weed,
 Where she backe could turne to taken heed,
 Unawares her snatched up from ground:
 By she shriekt, but so feebly indeed
 Britomart heard not the shrilling sound,
 Where through weary travel she lay
 Sleeping sound.

V

As to weete a wilde and salvage man;
 As no man, but onely like in shape,
 Like in stature higher by a span;
 Overgrown with haire, that could awhape
 Hardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape
 Huge great teeth, like to a tusked Bore:
 He liv'd all on ravin and on rape
 On and beasts; and fed on fleshly gore,
 Whereof yet stain'd his bloudy lips
 Afore.

VI

Weather lip was not like man nor beast,
 Like a wide deepe poke, downe hanging low,
 Which he wont the reliques of his feast
 To quell spoyle, which he had spard, to stow:
 Over it his huge great nose did grow,
 Dreadfully empurpled all with bloud;
 Downe both sides two wide long eares
 Did glow, [stood,
 Caught downe to his waste when up he
 Great then th' eares of Elephants by
 Indus flood.

VII

Fast was with a wreath of yvie greene
 About, ne other garment wore,
 His haire was like a garment seene;
 His hand a tall young oake he bore,

Whose knottie snags were sharpned all afore,
 And beath'd in fire for steele to be in sted.
 But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
 Of beasts, or of the earth, I have not red,
 But certes was with milke of Wolves and
 Tygres fed.

VIII

This ugly creature in his armes her snatcht,
 And through the forrest bore her quite away,
 With briars and bushes all to-rent and scratcht;
 Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray, [day.
 Which many a knight had sought so many a
 He stayd not, but in his armes her bearing
 Ran, till he came to th' end of all his way,
 Unto his cave farre from all peoples hearing,
 And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne
 Nought fearing.

IX

For she, deare Ladie, all the way was dead,
 Whilset he in armes her bore, but, when she
 Felt
 Her selfe downe soust, she waked out of dread
 Streight into grieffe, that her deare hart nigh
 And eft gan into tender teares to melt. [swelt,
 Then, when she lookt about, and nothing found
 But darknesse and dread horrour where she
 She almost fell againe into a swoond, [dwelt,
 Ne wist whether above she were or under
 ground.

X

With that she heard some one close by her side
 Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the paine
 Her tender hart in peeces would divide:
 Which she long listning, softly askt againe
 What mister wight it was that so did plaine?
 To whom thus aunswer'd was: 'Ah, wretched
 Wight!
 That seekes to know anothers grieffe in vaine,
 Unweeting of thine owne like haplesse plight:
 Selfe to forget to mind another is over-sight.'

XI

'Aye me!' (said she) 'where am I, or with
 Whom?
 Among the living, or among the dead?
 What shall of me, unhappy maid, become?
 Shall death be th' end, or ought else worse,
 Aread?'
 'Unhappy mayd' (then answer'd she), 'whose
 Dread
 Untride is lesse then when thou shalt it try:
 Death is to him, that wretched life doth lead,
 Both grace and gaine; but he in hell doth lie,
 That lives a loathed life, and wishing cannot
 die.

XII

'This dismall day hath thee a caytive made,
And vassall to the vilest wretch alive,
Whose cursed usage and ungodly trade
The heavens abhorre, and into darkenesse drive;
For on the spoile of women he doth live,
Whose bodies chaste, when ever in his powre
He may them catch unable to gainestrive,
He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,
And afterwarde themselves doth cruelly de-
voure.

XIII

'Now twenty daies, by which the sonnes of
men [sheene,
Divide their works, have past through heaven
Since I was brought into this dolefull den;
During which space these sory eies have seen
Seaven women by him slaine, and eaten clene:
And now no more for him but I alone,
And this old woman, here remaining beene,
Till thou cam'st hither to augment our mone:
And of us three to morrow he will sure eate
one.'

XIV

'Ah, dreadfull tidings which thou doest de-
clare,'
(Quoth she) 'of all that ever hath bene knowen!
Full many great calamities and rare
This feeble brest endured hath, but none
Equall to this, where ever I have gone.
But what are you, whom like unlucky lot
Hath linckt with me in the same chaine attone?'
'To tell' (quoth she) 'that what ye see, needs
not; [got!
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man for-

XV

'But what I was it irkes me to reherse;
Daughter unto a Lord of high degree;
That joyd in happy peace, till fates perverse
With guilefull love did secretly agree
To overthrow my state and dignitie.
It was my lot to love a gentle swaine,
Yet was he but a Squire of low degree;
Yet was he meet, unless mine eye did faine,
By any Ladies side for Leman to have laine,

XVI

'But for his meannesse and disparagement,
My Sire, who me too dearely well did love,
Unto my choise by no meanes would assent,
But often did my folly fowle reprove:
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remove,
But, whether willed or nilled friend or foe,
I me resolv'd the utmost end to prove;
And, rather then my love abandon so,
Both sire and friends and all for ever to forgo.

XVII

'Thenceforth I sought by secret meanes
worke
Time to my will, and from his wrathfull
To hide th' intent which in my heart did lye
Till I thereto had all things ready dight.
So on a day, unweeting unto wight,
I with that Squire agreede away to flit,
And in a privy place, betwixt us hight,
Within a grove appointed him to meete;
To which I boldly came upon my feeble feet

XVIII

'But ah! unhappy houre me thither broug
For in that place where I him thought to
There was I found, contrary to my thought
Of this accursed 'arle of hellish kind,
The shame of men, and plague of womankin
Who trussing me, as Eagle doth his pray,
Me hether brought with him as swift as w
Where yet untouched till this present day
I rest his wretched thrall, the sad Æmylia

XIX

'Ah, sad Æmylia!' (then sayd Amoret)
'Thy ruefull plight I pittie as mine owne.
But read to me, by what devise or wit
Hast thou in all this time, from him unknow
Thine honor sav'd, though into thrall
throwne?' [man
'Through helpe' (quoth she) 'of this old
I have so done, as she to me hath shown
For, ever when he burnt in lustfull fire,
She in my stead supplide his bestiall desir

XX

Thus of their evils as they did discourse,
And each did other much bewaile and mor
Loe! where the villaine selfe, their sorro
sourse,
Came to the cave; and rolling thence the st
Which wont to stop the mouth thereof,
none
Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in
And, spreading over all the flore alone,
Gan dight him selfe unto his wonted sinne
Which ended, then his bloody banket sh
beginne.

XXI

Which when as fearefull Amoret perceiv
She staid not th' utmost end thereof to tr
But, like a ghastly Gelt whose wits are rea
Ran forth in hast with hideous outcry,
For horreur of his shamefull villany:
But after her full lightly he uprose,
And her pursu'd as fast as she did flie:

st she flies, and farre afore him goes,
es the thornes and thickets pricke her
tender toes.

XXII

edge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale she
staies,
erleapes them all, like Robucke light,
rough the thickest makes her nighest
waies;
ermore, when with regardfull sight
king backe espies that griesly wight
hing nigh, she gins to mend her pace,
akes her feare a spur to hast her flight:
wift then Myrrh' or Daphne in her race,
of the Thracian Nymphes in salvage
chase.

XXIII

so she fled, and so he follow'd long;
ng aide for her on earth appeares,
he heavens helpe to redresse her wrong,
with pity of her plenteous tearres.
ned Belphebe with her peares,
ody Nymphs, and with that lovely boy,
anting then the Libbards and the Beares
e wild woods, as was her wonted joy,
ish sloth that oft doth noble mindes
annoy.

XXIV

befull, as oft it fals in chace,
ng of them from other sundred were;
at same gentle Squire arriv'd in place
this same cursed caytive did appeare
ng that faire Lady full of feare:
ow he her quite overtaken had;
ow he her away with him did beare
his arme, as seeming wondrous glad,
y his grenning laughter mote farre off
be rad.

XXV

h drery sight the gentle Squire espying
ast to crosse him by the nearest way,
th that wofull Ladies piteous crying,
m assailes with all the might he may;
ll not he the lovely spoile downe lay,
th his craggy club in his right hand
is him selfe, and saves his gotten pray:
d it bene right hard him to withstand,
at he was full light and nimble on the
land.

XXVI

to the villaine used craft in fight;
er when the Squire his javelin shooke,
d the Lady forth before him right,
ith her body, as a buckler, broke
issance of his intended stroke:
it chaunst, (as needs it must in fight)
at he on him was greedy to be wroke,

That any little blow on her did light,
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great
delight.

XXVII

Which subtil sleight did him encumber much,
And made him oft, when he would strike,
forbeare;
For hardly could he come the carle to touch,
But that he her must hurt, or hazard neare:
Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,
That at the last he did himselfe attaine,
And therein left the pike-head of his speare:
A streame of coleblacke bloud thence gusht
amaine, [bestaine.
That all her silken garments did with bloud

XXVIII

With that he threw her rudely on the flore,
And, laying both his hands upon his glave,
With dreadfull strokes let drive at him so sore,
That forst him flie abacke, himselfe to save:
Yet he therewith so felly still did rave,
That scarce the Squire his hard could once up-
reare,
But for advantage ground unto him gave,
Tracing and traversing, now here, now there;
For bootlesse thing it was to think such blowes
to beare.

XXIX

Whilest thus in battell they embusied were,
Belphebe, ranging in that forrest wide,
The hideous noise of their huge strokes did
heare,
And drew thereto, making her care her guide:
Whom when that theefe approaching nigh es-
pide
With bow in hand and arrowes ready bent,
He by his former combate would not bide,
But fled away with ghastly dreriment,
Well knowing her to be his deaths sole instru-
ment.

XXX

Whom seeing flie she speedily poursewed
With winged feete as nimble as the winde,
And ever in her bow she ready shewed
The arrow to his deadly marke desynde.
As when Latonaes daughter, cruell kynde,
In vengeance of her mothers great disgrace,
With fell despight her cruell arrowes tynde
Gainst wofull Niobes unhappy race,
That all the gods did mone her miserable case.

XXXI

So well she sped her, and so far she ventred,
That, ere unto his hellish den he raught,
Even as he ready was there to have entred,
She sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,

That in the very dore him overcaught,
And, in his nape arriving, through it thrild
His greedy throte, therewith in two dis-
traught,
That all his vitall spirites thereby spild;
And all his hairy brest with gory bloud was
fild.

XXXII

Whom when on ground she groveling saw to
rowle,
She ran in hast his life to have bereft;
But, ere she could him reach, the sinfull sowle
Having his carrion corse quite sencelesse left
Was fled to hell, surcharg'd with spoile and
theft:

Yet over him she there long gazing stood,
And oft admir'd his monstrous shape, and oft
His mighty limbs, whilest all with filthy bloud
The place there overflowne seemd like a so-
daine flood.

XXXIII

Thence forth she past into his dreadfull den,
Where nought but darkesome drerinesse she
found,

Ne creature saw, but hearkned now and then
Some litle whispering, and soft groning sound.
With that she askt, what ghosts there under
ground

Lay hid in horror of eternall night?
And bad them, if so be they were not bound,
To come and shew themselves before the light,
Now freed from feare and danger of that dis-
mall wight.

XXXIV

Then forth the sad Æmylia issewed, [feare;
Yet trembling every joynt through former
And after her the Hag, there with her mewed,
A foule and lothsome creature, did appeare,
A leman fit for such a lover deare:
That mov'd Belphebe her no lesse to hate,
Then for to rue the others heavy cheare;
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate,
Who all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

XXXV

Thence she them brought toward the place
where late

She left the gentle Squire with Amoret:
There she him found by that new lovely mate,
Who lay the whiles in swoune, full sadly set,
From her faire eyes wiping the dewy wet
Which softly stild, and kissing them atweene,
And handling soft the hurts which she did get;
For of that Carle she sorely bruz'd had beene,
Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to
be seene.

XXXVI

Which when she saw with sodaine glaunci
eye,
Her noble heart with sight thereof was fild
With deepe disdain and great indignity,
That in her wrath she thought them both ha
thrild

With that selfe arrow which the Carle had kn
Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengean
sore:

But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld.
'Is this the faith?' she said—and said no mo
But turnd her face, and fled away for evermo

XXXVII

He seeing her depart arose up light,
Right sore agrieved at her sharpe reproofe,
And follow'd fast; but, when he came in sig
He durst not nigh approach, but kept aloofe.
For dread of her displeasures utmost proofe
And evermore, when he did grace entreat,
And framed speaches fit for his behoofe,
Her mortall arrowes she at him did threat,
And forst him backe with fowle dishonor
retreat.

XXXVIII

At last, when long he follow'd had in vai
Yet found no ease of grieve nor hope of gra
Unto those woods he turned backe againe,
Full of sad anguish and in heavy case:
And, finding there fit solitary place
For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade
Where hardly eye mote see bright heavens fi
For mossy trees, which covered all with sha
And sad melancholy: there he his cabin ma

XXXIX

His wonted warlike weapons all he broke
And threw away, with vow to use no more,
Ne thenceforth ever strike in battell stroke,
Ne ever word to speake to woman more;
But in that wilderness, of men forlore,
And of the wicked world forgotten quight,
His hard mishap in dolor to deplore,
And wast his wretched daies in wofull pligh
So on him selfe to wreake his follies owne
spight.

XL

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,
He wilfully did cut and shape anew; [sw
And his faire lockes, that wont with ointme
To be embaum'd, and sweat out dainty dev
He let to grow and griesly to conerew,
Uncomb'd, uncurl'd, and carelesly unshed;
That in short time his face they overgrew,
And over all his shoulders did dispred, [r
That who he whilome was uneath was to

XL I

he continued in this carefull plight,
 Hedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
 gh wilfull penury consumed quight,
 like a pined ghost he soone appeares:
 ner food then that wilde Forrest beares,
 er drinke there did he ever tast
 running water tempred with his teares,
 ore his weakened body so to wast,
 ut of all mens knowledge he was worne
 at last.

XLII

n a day, by fortune as it fell,
 wne deare Lord Prince Arthure came
 that way,
 g adventures wher he mote heare tell;
 as he through the wandring wood did
 g espide this Cabin far away, [stray,
 it drew, to weet who there did wonne;
 ng therein some holy Hermit lay,
 id resort of sinfull people shonne,
 e some woodman shrowded there from
 scorching sunne.

XLIII

ing there he found this wretched man
 ng his daies in dolour and despaire,
 rough long fasting woxen pale and wan,
 ergrown with rude and rugged haire;
 lbet his owne dear Squire he were,
 him knew not, ne aviz'd at all,
 e strange wight, whom he had seene no
 where,
 ng him gan into speach to fall,
 tty much his plight, that liv'd like out-
 cast thrall.

XLIV

o his speach he aunswered no whit,
 od still mute, as if he had beene dum,
 ne of sence did shew, ne common wit,
 with grieve and anguishe overcum,

And unto every thing did aunswere mum:
 And ever, when the Prince unto him spake,
 He louted lowly, as did him becum,
 And humble homage did unto him make,
 Midst sorrow shewing joyous semblance for his
 sake.

XLV

At which his uncouth guise and usage quaint
 The Prince did wonder much, yet could not
 ghesse
 The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint;
 Yet weend, by secret signes of manlinesse
 Which close appeard in that rude brutishnesse,
 That he whilomesome gentle swaine had beene,
 Traind up in feats of armes and knightlinesse;
 Which he observ'd, by that he him had seene
 To weld his naked sword, and try the edges
 keene.

XLVI

And eke by that he saw on every tree,
 How he the name of one engraven had
 Which likly was his liefest love to be,
 From whom he now so sorely was bestad,
 Which was by him BELPHEBE rightly rad.
 Yet who was that Belphebe he ne wist;
 Yet saw he often how he wexed glad
 When he it heard, and how the ground he kist
 Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he
 blist.

XLVII

Tho, when he long had marked his demeanor,
 And saw that all he said and did was vaine,
 Ne ought mote make him change his wonted
 tenor,
 Ne ought mote ease or mitigate his paine,
 He left him there in languor to remaine,
 Till time for him should remedy provide,
 And him restore to former grace againe:
 Which, for it is too long here to abide,
 I will deferre the end untill another tide.

CANTO VIII.

The gentle Squire recovers grace,
 Sclaunder her guests doth staine:
 Corflambo chaseth Placidus,
 And is by Arthure slaine.

I

said the Wiseman, now prov'd true by this
 to this gentle Squire did happen late,
 he displeasure of the mighty is
 eath it selfe more dread and desperate;
 ight the same may calme ne mitigate,
 ne the tempest doe thereof delay
 ufferance soft, which rigour can abate,

And have the sterne remembrance wypt away
 Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infixed
 lay.

II

Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,
 Whose tender heart the faire Belphebe had
 With one sterne looke so daunted, that no joy
 In all his life, which afterwards he had,

He ever tasted; but with penance sad
 And pensive sorrow pind and wore away,
 Ne ever laught, ne once shew'd countenance
 glad,
 But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
 As blasted bloosme through heat doth languish
 and decay:

III

Till on a day, as in his wonted wise
 His doole he made, there chaunst a turtle Dove
 To come where he his dolours did devise,
 That likewise late had lost her dearest love,
 Which losse her made like passion also prove:
 Who, seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
 With deare compassion deeply did emmove,
 That she gan mone his undeserved smart,
 And with her dolefull accent beare with him a
 part.

IV

Shee sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
 Her mournfull notes full piteously did frame,
 And thereof made a lamentable lay,
 So sensibly compyl'd, that in the same
 Him seemed oft he heard his owne right name.
 With that he forth would poure so plenteous
 teares,
 And beat his breast unworthy of such blame,
 And knocke his head, and rend his rugged
 heares, [of Beares,
 That could have perst the hearts of Tigres and

V

Thus, long this gentle bird to him did use
 Withouten dread of perill to repaire
 Unto his wonne, and with her mournfull muse
 Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
 That much did ease his mourning and misfare:
 And every day, for guerdon of her song,
 He part of his small feast to her would share;
 That, at the last, of all his woe and wrong
 Companion she became, and so continued long.

VI

Upon a day as she him sate beside,
 By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,
 Which yet with him as relickes did abide
 Of all the bounty which Belphebe threw
 On him, whilst goodly grace she him did shew:
 Amongst the rest a jewell rich he found,
 That was a Ruby of right perfect hew,
 Shap'd like a heart yet bleeding of the wound,
 And with a litle golden chaine about it bound.

VII

The same he tooke, and with a riband new,
 In which his Ladies colours were, did bind
 About the turtles necke, that with the vew
 Did greatly solace his engrieved mind.

All unawares the bird, when she did find
 Her selfe so deckt, her nimble wings displa
 And flew away as lightly as the wind:
 Which sodaine accident him much dismaie
 And looking after long did mark which v
 she straid.

VIII

But when as long he looked had in vain
 Yet saw her forward still to make her fligh
 His weary eie returnd to him againe,
 Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
 That both his juell he had lost so light,
 And eke his deare companion of his care.
 But that sweet bird departing flew forthrig
 Through the wide region of the wastfull a
 Untill she came where wonned his Belp
 faire.

IX

There found she her (as then it did betide
 Sitting in covert shade of arbors sweet,
 After late wearie toile which she had trid
 In salvage chase, to rest as seem'd her me
 There she alighting fell before her feet,
 And gan to her her mournfull plaint to ma
 As was her wont, thinking to let her weat
 The great tormenting griefe that for her sa
 Her gentle Squire through her displeasure
 pertake.

X

She, her beholding with attentive eye,
 At length did marke about her purple bre
 That precious juell, which she formerly
 Had knowne right well, with colourd ribbe
 drest:
 Therewith she rose in hast, and her addres
 With ready hand it to have reft away;
 But the swift bird obayd not her behest,
 But swarv'd aside, and there againe did st
 She follow'd her, and thought againe it to as

XI

And ever, when she nigh approcht, the D
 Would flit a litle forward, and then stay
 Till she drew neare, and then againe remo
 So tempting her still to pursue the pray,
 And still from her escaping soft away:
 Till that at length into that forrest wide
 She drew her far, and led with slow delay.
 In th' end she her unto that place did gui
 Whereas that wofull man in languor did ab

XII

Eftsoones she flew unto his fearelesse hau
 And there a piteous ditty new deviz'd,
 As if she would have made her understand
 His sorrowes cause, to be of her despis'd:

when she saw in wretched weedes disguised,
 heary glib deform'd and meiger face,
 ghost late risen from his grave agryz'd,
 new him not, but pittied much his case,
 wisht it were in herto doe him any grace.

XIII

er beholding at her feet downe fell,
 ist the ground on which her sole did tread,
 rasht the same with water which did well
 his moist eies, and like two streames
 proceed;
 pake no word, whereby she might aread
 mister wight he was, or what he ment;
 as one daunted with her presence dread,
 few ruefull looks unto her sent,
 essengers of his true meaning and intent.

XIV

mathemore his meaning she ared,
 vndred much at his so selcouth case;
 by his persons secret seemlyhed
 weend that he had beene some man of
 place,
 e misfortune did his hew deface;
 being mov'd with ruth she thus bespake:
 wofull man, what heavens hard disgrace,
 rath of cruell wight on thee ywrake,
 life-disliked life, doth thee thus wretched
 make?

XV

heaven, then none may it redresse or blame,
 to his powre we all are subject borne:
 rathfull wight, then fowle rebuke and
 shame
 theirs that have so cruell thee forlorne!
 f through inward grieve or wilfull scorne
 e it be, then better doe advise:
 e, whose daies in wilfull woe are worne,
 grace of his Creator doth despise,
 will not use his gifts for thanklesse nig-
 ardise.'

XVI

en so he heard her say, eftsoones he brake,
 odaine silence which he long had pent,
 sighing inly deepe, her thus bespake:
 n have they all themselves against me
 bent:
 heaven, first author of my languishment,
 ing my too great felicity,
 closely with a cruell one consent
 ould my daies in dolefull misery,
 nake me loath this life, still longing for
 to die.

XVII

'Ne any but your selfe, O dearest dred,
 Hath done this wrong, to wreake on worthlesse
 wight [bred:
 Your high displeasure, through misdeeming
 That, when your pleasure is to deeme aright,
 Ye may redresse, and me restore to light?
 Which sory words her mightie hart did mate
 With mild regard to see his ruefull plight,
 That her inburning wrath she gan abate,
 And him receiv'd againe to former favours
 state.

XVIII

In which he long time afterwards did lead
 An happie life with grace and good accord,
 Fearlesse of fortunes chaunge or envies dread,
 And eke all mindlesse of his owne deare Lord
 The noble Prince, who never heard one word
 Of tydings what did unto him betide,
 Or what good fortune did to him afford;
 But through the endlesse world did wander
 wide, [scride.
 Him seeking evermore, yet no where him de-

XIX

Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,
 He chaunst to come where those two Ladies late,
 Æmylia and Amoret, abode,
 Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate:
 The one right feeble through the evill rate
 Of food which in her duresse she had found;
 The other almost dead and desperate
 Through her late hurts, and through that hap-
 lesse wound
 With which the Squire, in her defence, her sore
 astound.

XX

Whom when the Prince beheld, he gan to rew
 The evill case in which those Ladies lay;
 But most was moved at the piteous vew,
 Of Amoret, so neare unto decay,
 That her great daunger did him much dismay.
 Eftsoones that pretious liquour forth he drew,
 Which he in store about him kept alway,
 And with few drops thereof did softly dew,
 Her wounds, that unto strength restor'd her
 soone anew.

XXI

Tho, when they both recovered were right well,
 He gan of them inquire, what evill guide
 Them thether brought, and how their harmes
 befell?
 To whom they told all that did them betide,
 And how from thraldome vile they were untide,
 Of that same wicked Carle, by Virgins hond;
 Whose bloudie corse they shew'd him there
 beside,

And eke his cave in which they both were bond:
At which he wondred much when all those
signes he fond.

XXII

And evermore he greatly did desire
To know what Virgin did them thence unbind,
And oft of them did earnestly inquire,
Where was her won, and how he mote her find.
But, when as nought according to his mind
He could out-learne, he them from ground did
No service lothsome to a gentle kind, [reare,
And on his warlike beast them both did beare,
Himself by them on foot to succour them
from feare.

XXIII

So when that forrest they had passed well,
A litle cotage farre away they spide,
To which they drew ere night upon them fell;
And entring in found none therein abide,
But one old woman sitting there beside
Upon the ground in ragged rude attyre,
With filthy lockes about her scattered wide,
Gnawing her nayles for felnesse and for yre,
And there out sucking venime to her parts entyre.

XXIV

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse;
For she was stuf with rancour and despite
Up to the throat. that oft with bitternesse
It forth would breake, and gush in great excesse,
Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall
Gainst all that truth or vertue doe professe;
Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall
And wickedly backbite: Her name men
Sclaunder call.

XXV

Her nature is all goodnesse to abuse,
And causelesse crimes continually to frame,
With which she guiltlesse persons may accuse,
And steale away the crowne of their good name:
Ne ever Knight so bold, ne ever Dame
So chaste and loyall liv'd, but she would strive
With forged cause them falsely to defame;
Ne ever thing so well was doen alive,
But she with blame would blot, and of due
praise deprive.

XXVI

Her words were not, as common words are
ment,
T'expresse the meaning of the inward mind,
But noysome breath, and poysnous spirit sent
From inward parts, with cancred malice lind,

And breathed forth with blast of bitter wit
Which passing through the eares would picke
the hart, [kin
And wound the soule it selfe with grieve
For, like the stings of aspes that kill w
smart, [inner p
Her sightfull words did pricke and wound

XXVII

Such was that Hag, unmeet to host
guests, [say
Whom greatest Princes court would welco
But neede, that answers not to all requests
Bad them not looke for better entertayne;
And eke that age despysed nicenesse vaine,
Enur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,
Which them to warlike discipline did trayn
And manly limbs endur'd with litle care,
Against all hard mishaps and fortunelesse m
fare.

XXVIII

Then all that evening (welcommed with
And chearelesse hunger) they together spe
Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did se
And rayle at them with grudgfull discont
For lodging there without her owne consen
Yet they endured all with patience milde,
And unto rest themselves all onely lent,
Regardlesse of that queane so base and vil
To be unjustly blamd, and bitterly revild.

XXIX

Here, well I weene, when as these rimes
red
With misregard, that some rash-witted w
Whose looser thought will lightly be misle
These gentle Ladies will misdeeme too ligh
For thus conversing with this noble Knigh
Sith now of dayes such temperance is rare
And hard to finde, that heat of youthfull spri
For ought will from his greedie pleasure spa
More hard for hungry steed t' abstaine f
pleasant lare.

XXX

But antique age, yet in the infancie
Of time, did live then like an innocent,
In simple truth and blamelesse chastitie,
Ne then of guile had made experiment;
But, void of vile and treacherous intent,
Held vertue for it selfe in souveraine awe:
Then loyall love had royall regiment,
And each unto his lust did make a lawe,
From all forbidden things his liking to wi
draw.

XXXI

The Lyon there did with the Lambe cons
And eke the Dove sate by the Faulcons sic

ch of other feared fraud or tort,
 id in safe securitie abide,
 outen perill of the stronger pride: [old,
 hen the world woxe old, it woxe warre
 reof it hight) and, having shortly tride
 raines of wit, in wickednesse woxe bold,
 ared of all sinnes the secrets to unfold.

XXXII

a beautie, which was made to represent
 reat Creatours owne resemblance bright,
 abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,
 made the baite of bestiall delight:
 faire grew foule, and foule grew faire in
 sight; [man,
 that, which wont to vanquish God and
 made the vassall of the victors might;
 did her glorious flowre wex dead and
 wan,
 sd and troden downe of all that over-ran.

XXXIII

now it is so utterly decayd,
 any bud thereof doth scarce remaine,
 f few plants, preserv'd through heavenly
 ayd,
 inces Court doe hap to sprout againe,
 d with her drops of bountie Sovereaine,
 h from that goodly glorious flowre pro-
 ceed, [straine,
 g of the auncient stocke of Princes
 th' onely remnant of that royall breed,
 e noble kind at first was sure of heavenly
 seed.

XXXIV

soone as day discovered heavens face
 full men with darknes overdight,
 gentle crew gan from their eye-lids chace
 rowzie humour of the dampish night,
 did themselves unto their journey dight.
 th they yode, and forward softly paced,
 them to view had bene an uncouth sight,
 all the way the Prince on footpace traced,
 Ladies both on horse, together fast em-
 braced.

XXXV

ne as they thence departed were afore,
 shamefull Hag, the slaunder of her sexe,
 follow'd fast, and them reviled sore,
 calling theefe, them whores; that much
 did vex
 ble hart: thereto she did annexe
 crimes and facts, such as they never ment,
 chose two Ladies much asham'd did wexe:
 ore did she pursue her lewd intent,
 ayld and rag'd, till she had all her poyson
 spent.

XXXVI

At last, when they were passed out of sight,
 Yet she did not her spightfull speech forbear,
 But after them did barke, and still backbite,
 Though there were none her hatefull words to
 heare.

Like as a curre doth felly bite and teare
 The stone which passed straunger at him
 threw:

So she, them seeing past the reach of eare,
 Against the stones and trees did rayle anew,
 Till she had duld the sting which in her tongs
 end grew.

XXXVII

They passing forth kept on their readie way,
 With easie steps so soft as foot could stryde,
 Both for great feeblesse, which did oft assay
 Faire Amoret that scarcely she could ryde,
 And eke through heavie armes which sore
 annoyd

The Prince on foot, not wonted so to fare;
 Whose steadie hand was faine his steede to
 guyde,

And all the way from trotting hard to spare;
 So was his toyle the more, the more that was
 his care.

XXXVIII

At length they spide where towards them
 with speed

A Squire came gallopping, as he would flie,
 Bearing a litle Dwarfie before his steed,
 That all the way full loud for aide did crie,
 That seem'd his shrikes would rend the brassen
 skie:

Whom after did a mightie man pursew,
 Ryding upon a Dromedare on hie,
 Of stature huge, and horrible of hew,
 That would have maz'd a man his dreadfull
 face to vew:

XXXIX

For from his fearefull eyes two fierie beames,
 More sharpe then points of needles, did proceede,
 Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames,
 Full of sad powre, that poynous bale did
 breede

To all that on him lookt without good heed,
 And secretly his enemies did slay:
 Like as the Basiliske, of serpents seede,
 From powrefull eyes close venom doth convey
 Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.

XL

He all the way did rage at that same Squire,
 And after him full many threatnings threw,
 With curses vaine in his avengefull ire;
 But none of them (so fast away he flew)

Him overtooke before he came in vew:
Where when he saw the Prince in armour
bright,
He cald to him aloud his case to rew,
And rescue him, through succour of his might,
From that his cruell foe that him pursewd in
sight.

XLII

Eftsoones the Prince tooke downe those Ladies
twaine
From loftie steede, and mounting in their stead
Came to that Squire, yet trembling every vaine;
Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread:
Who as he gan the same to him aread,
Loe! hard behind his backe his foe was prest,
With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head,
That unto death had doen him unredrest,
Had not the noble Prince his readie stroke re-
prest:

XLIII

Who, thrusting boldly twixt him and the blow,
The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
Upon his shield, which lightly he did throw
Over his head before the harme came neare:
Nathlesse it fell with so despitous dreare
And heavie sway, that hard unto his crowne
The shield it drove, and did the covering
reare: [downe]
Therewith both Squire and dwarfe did tumble
Unto the earth, and lay long while in sense-
lesse swowne.

XLIII

Whereat the Prince full wrath his strong
right hand
In full avengement heaved up on hie,
And stroke the Pagan with his steely brand
So sore, that to his saddle-bow thereby
He bowed low, and so a while did lie:
And, sure, had not his massie yron mace
Betwixt him and his hurt bene happily,
It would have cleft him to the girding place;
Yet, as it was, it did astonish him long space.

XLIV

But, when he to himselfe returnd againe,
All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare,
And vow by Mahoune that he should be slaine.
With that his murderous mace he up did reare,
That seemed nought the souse thereof could
beare,
And therewith smote at him with all his might;
But, ere that it to him approached neare,
The royall child with readie quicke foresight
Did shun the prooffe thereof, and it avoyded
night.

XLV

But, ere his hand he could recure againe
To ward his bodie from the balefull stound,
He smote at him with all his might and mai-
So furiously that, ere he wist, he found
His head before him tomling on the ground
The whiles his babling tongue did yet
pheme
And curse his God that did him so confound
The whiles his life ran forth in bloudie streame
His soule descended downe into the Styg-
reame.

XLVI

Which when that Squire beheld, he woxe
glad
To see his foe breath out his spright in vain
But that same dwarfe right sorie seem'd
sad,
And howld aloud to see his Lord there slaine
And rent his haire and scratcht his face
paine.
Then gan the Prince at leasure to inquire
Of all the accident therè hapned plaine, [6]
And what he was whose eyes did flame w
All which was thus to him declared by t
Squire.

XLVII

'This mightie man,' (quoth he) 'whom
have slaine,
Of an huge Geauntesse whylome was bred
And by his strength rule to himselfe did ga-
Of many Nations into thraldome led,
And mightie kingdomes of his force adred.
Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloudie sig-
Ne hostes of men with banners brode dispr
But by the powre of his infectious sight.
With which he killed all that came within
might.

XLVIII

'Ne was he ever vanquished afore,
But ever vanquisht all with whom he foug
Ne was there man so strong, but he dov
bore;
Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought
Unto his bay, and captived her thought:
For most of strength and beautie his desir
Was spoyle to make, and wast them u
nought,
By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire
From his false eyes into their harts and p
entire.

XLIX

'Therefore Corflambo was he cald aright
Though namelesse there his bodie now
lie;

hath he left one daughter that is hight
faire Pœana, who seemes outwardly
ire as ever yet saw living eie;
were her vertue like her beautie bright,
were as faire as any under skie:
Oh! she given is to vaine delight,
eke too loose of life, and eke of love too
light.

L

as it fell, there was a gentle Squire
lov'd a Ladie of high parentage;
for his meane degree might not aspire
hatch so high, her friends with counsell
aded her from such a disparage: [sage
he, whose hart to love was wholly lent,
of his hands could not redeeme her gage,
firmly following her first intent,
lov'd with him to wend, gainst all her
friends consent.

LI

twixt themselves they pointed time and
place:
which when he according did reparaire,
ard mishap and disaventrous case
chaunst: instead of his Æmylia faire,
Gyants sonne, that lies there on the laire
cadlesse heape, him unawares there caught;
all dismayd through mercilesse despaire
wretched thrall unto his dongeon brought,
he remaines, of all unsuccour'd and
unsought.

LII

is Gyants daughter came upon a day
the prison, in her joyous glee,
ew the thralls which there in bondage lay:
ngst the rest she chaunced there to see
lovely swaine, the Squire of low degree;
hom she did her liking lightly cast,
wood him her paramour to bee:
a day to day she woo'd and prayd him fast,
for his love him promist libertie at last.

LIII

, though affide unto a former love,
hom his faith he firmly ment to hold,
eeing not how thence he mote remove,
oy that meanes which fortune did unfold,
graunted love, but with affection cold,
in her grace his libertie to get:
he him still detaines in captive hold,
ng, least if she should him freely set,
ould her shortly leave, and former love
forget.

LIV

t so much favour she to him hath hight
e the rest, that he sometimes may space

And walke about her gardens of delight,
Having a keeper still with him in place;
Which keeper is this Dwarfe, her dearling base,
To whom the keyes of every prison dore
By her committed be, of speciall grace,
And at his will may whom he list restore,
And whom he list reserve to be afflicted more.

LV

'Whereof when tydings came unto mine eare,
Full inly sorie, for the fervent zeale
Which I to him as to my soule did beare,
I thether went; where I did long conceale
My selfe, till that the Dwarfe did me reveale,
And told his Dame her Squire of low degree
Did secretly out of her prison steale;
For me he did mistake that Squire to bee,
For never two so like did living creature see.

LVI

'Then was I taken and before her brought,
Who, through the likenesse of my outward
Being likewise beguiled in her thought, [hew,
Gan blame me much for being so untrew
To seeke by flight her fellowship t'eschew,
That lov'd me deare, as dearest thing alive.
Thence she commaunded me to prison new;
Whereof I glad did not gaine say nor strive,
But suffred that same Dwarfe me to her don-
geon drive.

LVII

'There did I finde mine onely faithfull frend
In heavy plight and sad perplexitie;
Whereof I sorie, yet myselfe did bend
Him to recomfort with my companie,
But him the more agreev'd I found thereby:
For all his joy, he said, in that distresse
Was mine and his Æmylias libertie.
Æmylia well he lov'd, as I mote ghesse,
Yet greater love to me then her he did professe.

LVIII

'But I with better reason him aviz'd,
And shew'd him how, through error and mis-
thought
Of our like persons, eath to be disguiz'd,
Or his exchange or freedom might be wrought.
Whereto full loth was he, ne would for ought
Consent that I, who stood all fearelesse free,
Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,
Till fortune did perforce it so decree:
Yet, over-ruld at last, he did to me agree.

LIX

'The morrow next, about the wonted howre,
The Dwarfe cald at the doore of Amyas
To come forthwith unto his Ladies bowre:
Instead of whom forth came I, Placidus,

And undiscerned forth with him did pas.
There with great joyance and with gladsome
Of faire Pœana I received was, [glee
And oft imbrast, as if that I were hee,
And with kind words accoyd, vowing great
love to mee.

LX

‘Which I, that was not bent to former love
As was my friend that had her long refus’d,
Did well accept, as well it did behove,
And to the present neede it wisely usd.
My former hardnesse first I faire excusd;
And after promist large amends to make.
With such smooth termes her error I abusd
To my friends good more then for mine owne
sake,
For whose sole libertie I love and life did stake.

LXI

‘Thenceforth I found more favour at her hand,
That to her Dwarfes, which had me in his
charge,
She bad to lighten my too heaue band,
And graunt more scope to me to walke at large.
So on a day, as by the flowrie marge
Of a fresh streame I with that Elfe did play,
Finding no meanes how I might us enlarge,
But if that Dwarfes I could with me convey,
I lightly snatcht him up and with me bore
away.

LXII

‘Thereat he shriekt aloud, that with his cry
The Tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bray,

And me pursew’d; but nathemore would I
Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,
But have perforce him hether brought away,
Thus as they talked, loe! where nigh at hand
Those Ladies two, yet doubtfull through
may,
In presence came, desirous t’ understand
Tydings of all which there had hapned on
land.

LXIII

Where soone as sad Æmylia did espie
Her captive lovers friend, young Placidas,
All mindlesse of her wonted modestie
She to him ran, and him with streight embrace
Enfolding, said; ‘And lives yet Amyas?’
‘He lives,’ (quoth he) ‘and his Æmylia love
‘Then lesse,’ (said she) ‘by all the world
pas,
With which my weaker patience fortune prov
But what mishap thus long him fro my side
removes?’

LXIV

Then gan he all this storie to renew,
And tell the course of his captivitie,
That her deare hart full deeply made to rue
And sigh full sore to heare the miserie
In which so long he mercilesse did lie.
Then, after many teares and sorrowes spent
She deare besought the Prince of remedie,
Who thereto did with readie will consent,
And well perform’d; as shall appeare by
event.

CANTO IX.

The Squire of low degree, releast,
Æmylia takes to wife:
Britomart fightes with many Knights;
Prince Arthur stints their strife.

I

HARD is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
When all three kinds of love together meet
And doe dispart the hart with powre extreme,
Whether shall weigh the balance downe; to
weet,
The deare affection unto kindred sweet,
Or raging fire of love to womankind,
Or zeale of friends combynd with vertues meet:
But of them all the band of vertuous mind,
Me seemes, the gentle hart should most as-
sured bind.

II

For naturall affection soone doth cesse,
And quenched is with Cupids greater flame:

But faithfull friendship doth them both
pre se,
And them with maystring discipline doth tame
Through thoughts aspyring to eternall fame
For as the soule doth rule the earthly mass
And all the service of the bodie frame,
So love of soule doth love of bodie passe,
No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the
meanest brasse.

III

All which who list by tryall to assay
Shall in this storie find approved plaine;
In which these Squires true friendship may
did sway
Then either care of parents could refraine,

ve of fairest Ladie could constraîne;
ough Poëana were as faire as morne,
id this trustie squire with proud disdaine
is friends sake her offred favours scorne,
she her selfe her syre of whom she was
yborne.

IV

, after that Prince Arthur graunted had
eld strong succour to that gentie swayne,
now long time had lyen in prison sad;
an advise how best he mote darrayne
enterprize for greatest glories gayne.
headlesse tyrants tronke he reard from
ground,
having ympt the head to it agayne,
his usuall beast it firmly bound,
made it so to ride as it alive was found.

V

did he take that chaced Squire, and layd
e the ryder, as he captive were, [ayd,
made his Dwarfe, though with unwilling
ide the beast that did his maister beare,
his castle they approched neare; [ward,
n when the watch, that kept continuall
omming home, all voide of doubtfull feare,
unning downe, the gate to him unbard;
a straight the Prince ensuing in together
fard.

VI

did he find in her delitious bour
ire Poëana playing on a Rote
layning of her cruell Paramoure,
inging all her sorrow to the note,
e had learned readily by rote;
with the sweetnesse of her rare delight
Prince halfe rapt began on her to dote;
etter him bethinking of the right,
er unwares attacht, and captive held by
might.

VII

nce being forth produc'd, when she per-
ceived
wne deare sire, she cald to him for aide;
hen of him no aunswere she received,
w him sencelesse by the Squire upstaide,
eened well that then she was betraide:
gan she loudly cry, and weepe, and waile,
hat same Squire of treason to upbraide;
in vaine: her plaints might not prevaile,
ne there was to reskue her, ne none to
baile.

VIII

tooke he that same Dwarfe, and him
compeld
en unto him the prison dore,

And forth to bring those thrals which there he
held.

Thence forth were brought to him above a score
Of Knights and Squires to him unknowne afore:
All which he did from bitter bondage free,
And unto former liberty restore.
Amongst the rest that Squire of low degree
Came forth full weake and wan, not like him
selfe to bee.

IX

Whom soone as faire Æmylia beheld
And Placidus, they both unto him ran,
And him embracing fast betwixt them held,
Striving to comfort him all that they can,
And kissing oft his visage pale and wan:
That faire Poëana, then beholding both,
Gan both envy, and bitterly to ban;
Through jealous passion weeping inly wroth,
To see the sight perforce that both her eyes
were loth.

X

But when awhile they had together beene,
And diversly conferred of their case, [seene
She, though full oft she both of them had
Asunder, yet not ever in one place,
Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,
Which was the captive Squire she lov'd so
deare,

Deceived through great likenesse of their face:
For they so like in person did appeare,
That she uneath discerned whether whether
weare.

XI

And eke the Prince, when as he them avized,
Their like resemblance much admired there,
And mazd how nature had so well disguised
Her worke, and counterfet her selfe so nere,
As if that by one pattern, seene somewhere,
She had them made a paragone to be,
Or whether it through skill or errour were.
Thus gazing long at them much wondred he:
So did the other Knights and Squires which
them did see.

XII

Then gan they ransacke that same Castle
strong, [sure,
In which he found great store of hoorded threa-
The which that tyrant gathered had by wrong
And tortious powre, without respect or mea-
sure:

Upon all which the Briton Prince made seasure,
And afterwards continu'd there a while
To rest him selfe, and solace in soft pleasure
Those weaker Ladies after weary toile;
To whom he did divide part of his purchast
spoil.

XIII

And, for more joy, that captive Lady faire,
The faire Poëana, he enlarged free,
And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire
To feast and frolicke; nathemore would she
Shew gladsome countenance nor pleasaunt
glee;

But grieved was for losse both of her sire,
And eke of Lordship with both land and fee:
But most she touched was with grieve entire
For losse of her new love, the hope of her de-
sire.

XIV

But her the Prince, through his well wanted
grace,
To better termes of myldnesse did entreat
From that fowle rudenesse which did her de-
face;

And that same bitter corsive, which did eat
Her tender heart and made refraine from meat,
He with good thewes and speaches well ap-
plyde
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat:
For though she were most faire, and goodly
dyde,
Yet she it all did mar with cruelty and pride.

XV

And, for to shut up all in friendly love,
Sith love was first the ground of all her
griefe,
That trusty Squire he wisely well did move
Not to despise that damewhich lov'd him lief,
Till he had made of her some better priefe;
But to accept her to his wedded wife:
Thereto he offred for to make him chiefe
Of all her land and lordship during life.
He yeelded, and her tooke; so stinted all their
strife.

XVI

From that day forth in peace and joyous
blis
They liv'd together long without debate;
Ne private jarre, ne spite of enemis,
Could shake the safe assuraunce of their state:
And she, whom Nature did so faire create
That she mote match the fairest of her daies,
Yet with lewd loves and lust intemperate
Had it defaste, thenceforth reformd her waies,
That all men much admyrde her change, and
spake her praise.

XVII

Thus when the Prince had perfectly com-
pylde, [rest]
These paires of friends in peace and settled
Him selfe, whose minde did travell as with
chylde

Of his old love conceav'd in secret brest,
Resolved to pursue his former quest;
And, taking leave of all, with him did beare
Faire Amoret, whom Fortune by bequest
Had left in his protection whileare,
Exchanged out of one into another feare.

XVIII

Feare of her safety did her not constraine;
For well she wist now in a mighty bound
Her person, late in perill, did remaine,
Who able was all daungers to withstand:
But now in feare of shame she more did ston
Seeing her selfe all soly succourlesse,
Left in the victors powre, like vassall bond,
Whose will her weakenesse could no way
presse, [exces]
In case his burning lust should breake in

XIX

But cause of feare, sure, had she none at all
Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
The course of loose affection to forstall,
And lawlesse lust to rule with reasons lore;
That all the while he by his side her bore,
She was as safe as in a Sanctuary.
Thus many miles they two together wore,
To seeke their loves dispersed diversly,
Yet neither showed to other their hearts priv

XX

At length they came whereas a troupe
Knights
They saw together skirmishing, as seemed:
Sixe they were all, all full of fell despight,
But foure of them the battell best beseemed
That which of them was best mote not
deemed.

These foure were they from whom false Florim
By Braggadochio lately was redeemed;
To weet, sterne Druon, and lewd Claribell,
Love-lavish Blandamour, and lustfull Parid

XXI

Druons delight was all in single life,
And unto Ladies love would lend no leasure
The more was Claribell enraged rife
With fervent flames, and loved out of measur
So eke lov'd Blandamour, but yet at pleasur
Would change his liking, and new Lema
prove;

But Paridell of love did make no treasure,
But lusted after all that him did move:
So diversly these foure disposed were to love

XXII

But those two other, which beside them stood
Were Britomart and gentle Scudamour;

all the while beheld their wrathfull
moode,
vondred at their impacable stoure,
e like they never saw till that same houre
eadfull strokes each did at other drive,
laid on load with all their might and
powre,
that every dint the ghost would rive
f their wretched corscs, and their lives
deprive.

XXIII

hen Dan Æolus, in great displeasure
sse of his deare love by Neptune hent,
forth the winds out of his hidden threa-
the sea to wreake his fell intent; [sure
breaking forth with rude unruliment
all foure parts of heaven doe rage full sore,
osse the deepes, and teare the firmament,
all the world confound with wide uprore,
instead thereof they Chaos would restore.

XXIV

se of their discord and so fell debate
for the love of that same snowy maid,
ne they had lost in Turneyment of late;
seeking long to weet which way she
straid, [braide
here together, where, through lewd up-
te and Duessa, they fell out;
each one taking part in others aide
cruell conflict raised thereabout, [doubt:
se dangerous successe depended yet in

XXV

sometimes Paridell and Blandamour
better had, and bet the others backe;
enes the others did the field recoure,
on his foes did worke full cruell wracke:
either would their fiendlike fury slacke,
vermore their malice did augment;
hat uneath they forced were, for lacke
eath, their raging rigour to relent,
rest themselves for to recover spirits spent.

XXVI

gan they change their sides, and new
parts take;
Paridell did take to Druons side,
ld despiht which now forth newly brake
t Blandamour, whom alwaies he envide;
Blandamour to Claribell relide:
afresh gan former fight renew. [tide,
hen two Barkes, this caried with the
with the wind, contrary courses sew,
nd and tide doe change, their courses
change anew.

XXVII

Thenceforth they much more furiously gan
As if but then the battell had begonne; [fare,
Ne helmets bright ne hawberks strong did
spare, [spoune,
That through the clifts the vermeil bloud out
And all adowne their riven sides did ronne.
Such mortall malice wonder was to see
In friends profest, and so great outrage donne:
But sooth is said, and tride in each degree,
Faint friends when they fall out most cruell
fomen bee.

XXVIII

Thus they long while continued in fight;
Till Scudamour and that same Briton maide
By fortune in that place did chance to light:
Whom soone as they with wrathfull eie be-
wraide,
They gan remember of the fowle upbraide,
The which that Britonesse had to them donne
In that late Turney for the snowy maide;
Where she had them both shamefully fordonne,
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them
wonne.

XXIX

Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire
Of fell revenge, in their malicious mood [ire,
They from them selves gan turne their furious
And cruell blades, yet steeming with whot
bloud,
Against those two let drive, as they were wood:
Who wondring much at that so sodaine fit,
Yet nought dismayd, them stoutly well with-
stood;
Ne yeilded foote, ne once abacke did flit,
But being doubly smitten likewise doubly smit.

XXX

The warlike Dame was on her part assaid
Of Claribell and Blandamour attone;
And Paridell and Druon fiercely laid
At Scudamour, both his professed fone:
Foure charged two, and two surcharged one;
Yet did those two them selves so bravely beare,
That th' other litle gained by the lone,
But with their owne repayed duely weare,
And usury withall: such gaine was gotten
deare.

XXXI

Full oftentimes did Britomart assay
To speake to them, and some emparlance move;
But they for nought their cruell hands would
stay,
Ne lend an eare to ought that might behove.
As when an eager mastiffe once doth prove
The tast of bloud of some engored beast,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remove

From greedy hold of that his blouddy feast :
So litle did they hearken to her sweet behest.

XXXII

Whom when the Briton Prince afarre beheld
With ods of so unequall match opprest,
His mighty heart with indignation sweld,
And inward grudge fild his heroicke brest :
Eftsoones him selfe he to their aide address,
And thrusting fierce into the thickest preace
Divided them, how ever loth to rest ;
And would them faine from battell to surceasse,
With gentle words perswading them to friendly
peace.

XXXIII

But they so farre from peace or patience were,
That all at once at him gan fiercely flie,
And lay on load, as they him downe would
beare ;
Like to a storme which hovers under skie,
Long here and there and round about doth stie,
At length breaks downe in raine, and haile
and sleet,
First from one coast, till nought thereof be drie,
And then another, till that likewise fleet ;
And so from side to side till all the world it weet.

XXXIV

But now their forces greatly were decayd,
The Prince yet being fresh untoucht afore ;
Who them with speaches milde gan first dis-
swade [bore :
From such foule outrage, and them long for-
Till seeing them through suffrance hartned
more,
Him selfe he bent their furies to abate,
And layd at them so sharpely and so sore,
That shortly them compelled to retrate,
And being brought in daunger to relent too late.

XXXV

But now his courage being thoroughly fired,
He ment to make them know their follies prise,
Had not those two him instantly desired
T' assuage his wrath, and pardon their mes-
prise :
At whose request he gan him selfe advise
To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder tearmes, as list them to devise ;
Mongst which the cause of their so cruell heat
He did them aske, who all that passed gan
repeat :

XXXVI

And told at large how that same errant Knight,
To weet faire Britomart, them late had foyled

In open turney, and by wrongfull fight
Both of their publicke praise had them d
poyled,

And also of their private loves beguyled,
Of two full hard to read the harder theft :
But she that wrongfull challenge soone assayl
And shew'd that she had not that Lady re
(As they suppos'd) but her had to her li
left.

XXXVII

To whom the Prince thus goodly well replie
' Certes, sir Knight, ye seemen much to blai
To rip up wrong that battell once hath tried
Wherein the honor both of Armes ye shame,
And eke the love of Ladies foule defame :
To whom the world this franchise ever yeelde
That of their loves choise they might freed
clame, [shilde
And in that right should by all knights
Gainst which, me seemes, this war ye wron
fully have wielded.'

XXXVIII

' And yet ' (quoth she) ' a greater wrong
maines :
For I thereby my former love have lost ;
Whom seeking ever since with endlesse pain
Hath me much sorrow and much travell co
Aye me, to see that gentle maide so tost !'
But Scudamour, then sighing deepe, thus said
' Certes, her losse ought me to sorrow most,
Whose right she is, where ever she be straid
Through many perils wonne, and many fo
tunes waide.

XXXIX

' For from the first that her I love profess,
Unto this houre, this present lucklesse howr
I never joyed happinesse nor rest ;
But thus turmoild from one to other stowre
I wast my life, and doe my daies devowre
In wretched anguishe and incessant woe,
Passing the measure of my feeble powre :
That living thus a wretch, and loving so,
I neither can my love ne yet my life forgo.'

XL

Then good Sir Claribell him thus bespake :
' Now were it not, sir Scudamour, to you
Dislikefull paine so sad a taske to take,
Mote we entreat you, sith this gentle crew
Is now so well accorded all anew,
That as we ride together on our way,
Ye will recount to us in order dew
All that adventure which ye did assay
For that faire Ladies love: past perils we
apay.'

XLI

an the rest him likewise to require,
Britomart did him importune hard
ke on him that paine: whose great desire
ad to satisfie, him selfe prepar'd

To tell through what misfortune he had far'd
In that atchievement, as to him befell,
And all those daungers unto them declar'd;
Which sith they cannot in this Canto well
Comprised be, I will them in another tell.

CANTO X.

Scudamour doth his conquest tell
Of vertuous Amoret;
Great Venus Temple is describ'd;
And lovers life forth set.

I

he it said, what ever man it sayd,
love with gall and hony doth abound;
the one be with the other wayd,
very dram of hony therein found
and of gall doth over it redound:
I too true by triall have approved;
nce the day that first with deadly wound
heart was launcht, and learned to have
loved, [moved.
er joyed howre, but still with care was

And purchase me some place amongst the best.
I boldly thought, (so young mens thoughts
are bold)
That this same brave emprize for me did rest,
And that both shield and she whom I behold
Might be my lucky lot; sith all by lot we hold.

V

II
yet such grace is given them from above,
all the cares and evill which they meet
ought at all their settled mindes remove,
come, gainst common sence, to them most
sweet;
sting in their martyrdome unmeet.
that ever yet I have endured
at as naught, and tread downe under feet,
of my love at length I rest assured,
to disloyalty she will not be allured.

'So on that hard adventure forth I went,
And to the place of perill shortly came:
That was a temple faire and auncient,
Which of great mother Venus bare the name,
And farre renowned through exceeding fame,
Much more then that which was in Paphos
built,
Or that in Cyprus, both long since this same,
Though all the pillours of the one were guilt,
And all the others pavement were with yvory
spilt.

VI

III
g were to tell the travell and long toile
gh which this shield of love I late have
wonne,
urchased this peerelesse beauties spoile,
harder may be ended, then begonne:
nce ye so desire, your will be donne.
earke, ye gentle knights and Ladies free,
rd mishaps that ye may learne to shonne;
ough sweet love to conquer glorious bee,
the paine thereof much greater then the
fee.

'And it was seated in an Island strong,
Abounding all with delices most rare,
And wall'd by nature gainst invaders wrong,
That none mote have accesse, nor inward fare,
But by one way that passage did prepare.
It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wize [faire,
With curious Corbes and pendants graven
And, arched all with porches, did arise
On stately pillours fram'd after the Doricke
guize.

VII

IV
at time the fame of this renowned prise
irst abroad, and all mens eares possest,
ring armes then taken, gan avise
nne me honour by some noble gest,

'And for defence thereof on th' other end
There reared was a castle faire and strong
That warded all which in or out did wend,
And flanked both the bridges sides along,
Gainst all that would it faine to force or wrong:
And therein wonned twenty valiant Knights,
All twenty tride in warres experience long;
Whose office was against all manner wights
By all meanes to maintaine that castels ancient
rights.

VIII

'Before that Castle was an open plaine,
And in the midst thereof a pillar placed;
On which this shield, of many sought in vaine,
The shield of Love, whose guerdon me hath
graced,
Was hangd on high with golden ribbands laced;
And in the marble stone was written this,
With golden letters goodly well enchaced;
*Blessed the man that well can use his blis:
Whose ever be the shield, faire Amoret be his.*

IX

'Which when I red, my heart did inly earne,
And pant with hope of that adventures hap:
Ne stayed further newes thereof to learne,
But with my speare upon the shield did rap,
That all the castle ringed with the clap.
Streight forth issewd a Knight all arm'd to
proofe,
And bravely mounted to his most mishap:
Who, staying nought to question from aloofe,
Ran fierce at me that fire glaunst from his
horses hoofe.

X

'Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
And by good fortune shortly him unseated.
Eftsoones outsprung two more of equall mould;
But I them both with equall hap defeated.
So all the twenty I likewise entreated,
And left them groning there upon the plaine:
Then, preacing to the pillour, I repeated
The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,
And taking downe the shield with me did it
retaine.

XI

'So forth without impediment I past,
Till to the Bridges utter gate I came;
The which I found sure lockt and chained fast.
I knockt, but no man aunswred me by name;
I cald, but no man answwred to my clame:
Yet I persever'd still to knocke and call,
Till at the last I spide within the same
Where one stood peeping through a crevis small,
To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry therewithall.

XII

'That was to weet the Porter of the place,
Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent:
His name was Doubt, that had a double face,
Th'one forward looking, th'other backward
Therein resembling Janus auncient [bent,
Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare:
And evermore his eyes about him went,
As if some proved perill he did feare,
Or did misdoubt some ill whose cause did not
appeare.

XIII

'On th' one side he, on th' other sate Dela
Behinde the gate that none her might espy
Whose manner was all passengers to stay
And entertaine with her occasions sly:
Through which some lost great hope unheed
Which never they recover might againe;
And others, quite excluded forth, did ly
Long languishing there in unpittied paine,
And seeking often entraunce afterwards
vaine.

XIV

'Me when as he had privily espide
Bearing the shield which I had conquerd
He kend it streight, and to me opened wide
So in I past, and streight he clood the gate
But being in, Delay in close awaite [st
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps
Feigning full many a fond excuse to prate.
And time to steale, the treasure of mans
Whose smallest minute lost no riches ren
may.

XV

'But by no meanes my way I would forsl
For ought that ever she could doe or sav;
But from my lofty steede dismounting low
Past forth on foote, beholding all the way
The goodly workes, and stones of rich assa
Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skil
That like on earth no where I reckon may
And underneath, the river rolling still
With murmure soft, that seem'd to serve
workmans will.

XVI

'Thence forth I passed to the second gate
The Gate of Good Desert, whose goodly pr
And costly frame were long here to relate.
The same to all stoode alwaies open wide;
But in the Porch did evermore abide
An hideous Giant, dreadfull to behold,
That stopt the entraunce with his spaci
stride,
And with the terrour of his countenance be
Full many did affray, that else faine en
would.

XVII

'His name was Daunger, dreaded over-all
Who day and night did watch and duely w
From fearefull cowards entrance to forstall
And faint-heart-fooles, whom shew of pe
hard
Could terrifie from Fortunes faire adward
For oftentimes faint hearts, at first espiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching sca
Unworthy they of grace, whom one denia
Excludes from fairest hope withouten furt
triall.

XVIII

many doughty warriours, often tride
 eater perils to be stout and bold,
 not the sternnesse of his looke abide;
 soone as they his countenance did behold,
 to faint, and feele their corage cold.
 ne, some other, that in hard assaies
 cowards knowne, and litle count did hold,
 through gifts, or guile, or such like waies,
 in by stouping low, or stealing of the
 kaies.

XIX

I, though meanest man of many moe,
 much disdainung unto him to lout,
 eepe betweene his legs, so in to goe,
 'd him to assault with manhood stout,
 either beat him in, or drive him out.
 ones, advauncing that enchaunted shield,
 all my might I gan to lay about:
 h when he saw, the glaive which he did
 wield
 an forthwith t'avale, and way unto me
 yield.

XX

as I entred, I did backward looke,
 are of harme that might lie hidden there;
 oe! his hindparts, whereof heed I tooke,
 more deformed fearefull, ugly were,
 all his former parts did earst appere:
 tred, murther, treason, and despight,
 many moe lay in ambushment there,
 ting to entrap the warelesse wight
 I did not them prevent with vigilant
 foresight.

XXI

as having past all perill, I was come
 n the compasse of that Islands space;
 hich did seeme, unto my simple doome,
 nely pleasant and delightfull place
 ever troden was of footings trace:
 l that nature by her mother-wit
 frame in earth, and forme of substance
 base,
 here; and all that nature did omit,
 laying second natures part, supplied it.

XXII

tree, that is of count, in greenewood
 lowest Juniper to Ceder tall, [grows,
 wre in field, that daintie odour throwes,
 eckes his branch with blossomes over all,
 ere was planted, or grew naturall:
 ense of man so coy and curious nice,
 ere mote find to please it selfe withall;
 art could wish for any queint device,
 ere it present was, and did fraile sense
 entice.

XXIII

'In such luxurious plentie of all pleasure,
 It seem'd a second paradise to ghesse,
 So lavishly enricht with Natures treasure,
 That if the happie soules, which doe possesse
 Th' Elysian fields and live in lasting blesse,
 Should happen this with living eye to see,
 They soone would loath their lesser happinesse,
 And wish to life return'd againe to bee,
 That in this joyous place they mote have joy-
 ance free.

XXIV

'Fresh shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray;
 Faire lawnds, to take the sunne in season dew;
 Sweet springs, in which a thousand Nymphs
 did play;
 Soft rombling brookes, that gentle slomber drew;
 High reared mounts, the lands about to vew;
 Low looking dales, disloignd from common
 gaze;
 Delightfull bowres, to solace lovers trew;
 False Labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze;
 All which by nature made did nature selfe a-
 maze.

XXV

'And all without were walkes and alleyes
 dight
 With divers trees engrang'd in even rankes;
 And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,
 And shadie seates, and sundry flowring bankes,
 To sit and rest the walkers wearie shankes:
 And therein thousand payres of lovers walkt,
 Praysing their god, and yeelding him great
 thanks,
 Ne ever ought but of their true loves talkt,
 Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

XXVI

'All these together by themselves did sport
 Their spotlesse pleasures and sweet loves con-
 tent.
 But, farre away from these, another sort
 Of lovers lincked in true harts consent,
 Which loved not as these for like intent,
 But on chaste vertue grounded their desire,
 Farre from all fraud or fayned blandishment;
 Which, in their spirits kindling zealous fire,
 Brave thoughts and noble deedes did evermore
 aspire.

XXVII

'Such were great Hercules and Hyllus deare
 Trew Jonathan and David trustie tryde
 Stout Theseus and Pirithous his feare
 Pylades and Orestes by his syde;

Myid Titus and Gesippus without pryde;
Damon and Pythias, whom death could not
sever:

All these, and all that ever had bene tyde
In bands of friendship, there did live for ever;
Whose lives although decay'd, yet loves de-
cayed never.

XXVIII

'Which when as I, that never tasted blis
Nor happie howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
I thought there was none other heaven then
this;

And gan their endlesse happinesse envye,
That being free from feare and gealosye
Might frankly there their loves desire possesse;
Whilest I, through paines and perlous jeo-
pardie,
Was forst to seeke my lifes deare patronnesse:
Much dearer be the things which come through
hard distresse.

XXIX

'Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
Might not my steps withhold, but that forth-
right

Unto that purposd place I did me draw,
Where as my love was lodged day and night,
The temple of great Venus, that is hight
The Queene of beautie, and of love the mother,
There worshipped of every living wight;
Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other
That ever were on earth, all were they set to-
gether.

XXX

'Not that same famous Temple of Diane,
Whose hight all Ephesus did oversee,
And which all Asia sought with vowes pro-
phane,

One of the worlds seven wonders sayd to bee,
Might match with this by many a degree:
Nor that which that wise King of Jurie framed
With endlesse cost to be th' Almightyes see;
Nor all, that elsethrough all the world is named
To all the heathen Gods, might like to this
be clamed.

XXXI

'I, much admyring that so goodly frame,
Unto the porch approcht which open stood;
But therein sate an amiable Dame,
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
And in her semblant shew'd great womanhood:
Strangewas her tyre; for on her head a crowne
She wore, much like unto a Danisk hood,
Poudred with pearle and stone; and all her
gowne [adowne
Enwoven was with gold, that raught full low

XXXII

On either side of her two young men stood
Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one anothe
Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrarie natures each to other:
The one of them hight Love, the other Hate
Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother
Yet was the younger stronger in his state
Then th' elder, and him maystred still in
debate.

XXXIII

'Nathlesse that Dame so well them temp-
[er'd
That she them forced hand to joyne in hand
Albe that Hatred was thereto full loth,
And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
Unwilling to behold that lovely band.
Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might
That her commaundment he could not wi-
But bit his lip for felonous despight, [sta-
And gnasht his yron tuskes at that displeas-
sight.

XXXIV

'Concord she cleeped was in common reed
Mother of blessed Peace and Friendship tro
They both her twins, both borne of heave-
seed,
And she her selfe likewise divinely grew;
The which right well her workes divine
shew: [len
For strength and wealth and happinesse
And strife and warre and anger does subde
Of litle much, of foes she maketh friends,
And to afflicted minds sweet rest and qu-
sends.

XXXV

'By her the heaven is in his course containd
And all the world in state unmoved stands
As their Almighty maker first ordained,
And bound them with inviolable bands;
Else would the waters overflow the lands,
And fire devoure the ayre, and hell them quig
But that she holds them with her blessed hand
She is the nourse of pleasure and delight,
And unto Venus grace the gate doth open rig

XXXVI

'By her I entring half dismayed was;
But she in gentle wise me entertayned,
And twixt her selfe and Love did let me pass
But Hatred would my entrance have
strayned, [brayn
And with his club me threatned to hurt
Had not the Ladie with her powrefull speeche
Him from his wicked will uneath refrayned

h' other eke his malice did empeach,
was throughly past the perill of his
reach.

XXXVII

to the inmost Temple thus I came,
a fuming all with frankensence I found
dours rising from the altars flame.
an hundred marble pillars round
rose up high was reared from the ground,
ckt with crownes, and chaynes, and gir-
lands gay, [pound,
housand pretious gifts worth many a
rich sad lovers for their vowes did pay;
all the ground was strow'd with flowres
as fresh as May.

XXXVIII

hundred Altars round about were set,
ming with their sacrifices fire,
with the steme thereof the Temple swet,
ould in clouds to heaven did aspire,
in them bore true lovers vowes entire:
ke an hundred brasen caudrons bright,
h in joy and amorous desire,
of which was to a damzell hight;
the Priests were damzels in soft linnen
dight.

XXXIX

at in the midst the Goddesseselfe did
stand
an altar of some costly masse,
e substance was uneath to understand:
ither pretious stone, nor durefull brasse,
ining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
uch more rare and pretious to esteeme,
a aspect, and like to christall glasse,
asse was not, if one did rightly deeme;
eing faire and brickle, likest glasse did
seeme.

XL

it in shape and beautie did excell
her Idoles which the heathen adore,
passing that, which by surpassing skill
s did make in Paphos Isle of yore,
which that wretched Greeke, that life
forlore,
l in love: yet this much fairer shined,
vered with a slender veile afore;
th her feete and legs together twyned
with a snake, whose head and tail were
fast combyned.

XLI

cause why she was covered with a veile
ard to know, for that her Priests the
same
peoples knowledge labour'd to concele:
oth it was not sure for womanish shame.

Nor any blemish which the worke mote blame;
But for, they say, she hath both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both under one name:
She syre and mother is her selfe alone, [none,
Begets and eke conceives, ne needeth other

XLII

'And all about her necke and shoulders flew
A flocke of litle loves, and sports, and joyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestriall
boyes,
But like to Angels playing heavenly toyes,
The whilest their eldest brother was away,
Cupid their eldest brother; he enjoyes
The wide kingdome of love with lordly sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obay.

XLIII

'And all about her altar scattered lay
Great sorts of lovers piteously complayning,
Some of their losse, some of their loves delay,
Some of their pride, some paragons disdayning,
Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently fayning,
As every one had cause of good or ill.
Amongst the rest some one, through Loves
constrayning
Tormented sore, could not containe it still,
But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did
fill

XLIV

"Great Venus! Queene of beautie and of grace,
The joy of Gods and men, that under skie
Doeest sayrest shine, and most adorne thy place;
That with thy smyling looke doest pacifie
The raging seas, and makst the stormes to flie;
Thee, goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds doe
feare,
And, when thou spredst thy mantle forth on hie,
The waters play, and pleasant lands appeare,
And heavens laugh, and al the world shews
joyous cheare.

XLV

"Then doth the dædale earth throw forth to
thee
Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres;
And then all living wights, soone as they see
The spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,
They all doe learne to play the Paramours;
First doe the merry birds, thy pretty pages,
Privily pricked with thy lustfull powres,
Chirpe loud to thee out of their leavy cages,
And thee their mother call to coole their
kindly rages.

XLVI

"Then doe the salvage beasts begin to play
Their pleasant friskes, and loath their wonted
food:

The Lyons rore; the Tygres loudly bray;
 The raging Bulls rebellow through the wood,
 And breaking forth dare tempt the deepest
 flood [desire.
 To come where thou doest draw them with
 So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
 Soone as with fury thou doest them inspire,
 In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

XLVII

“So all the world by thee at first was made,
 And dayly yet thou doest the same repayre;
 Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
 Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fayre,
 But thou the same for pleasure didst pre-
 payre:
 Thou art the root of all that joyous is:
 Great God of men and women, queene of th’
 ayre,
 Mother of laughter, and welspring of blisse,
 O graunt that of my love at last I may not
 misse!”

XLVIII

“So did he say: but I with murmure soft,
 That none might heare the sorrow of my hart,
 Yet inly groning deepe and sighing oft,
 Besought her to graunt ease unto my smart,
 And to my wound her gracious help impart.
 Whilest thus I spake, behold! with happy eye
 I spyde where at the Idoles feet apart
 A bevie of fayre damzels close did lye,
 Wayting when as the Antheme should be sung
 on hye.

XLIX

“The first of them did seeme of ryper yeares
 And graver countenance then all the rest;
 Yet all the rest were eke her equall peares,
 Yet unto her obeyed all the best.
 Her name was Womanhood; that she ex-
 prest
 By her sad semblant and demeanure wyse:
 For stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
 Ne rov’d at randon, after gazers guyse,
 Whose luring baytes oftymes doe heedlesse harts
 entyse.

L

“And next to her sate goodly Shamefastnesse,
 Ne ever durst her eyes from ground upreare,
 Ne ever once did looke up from her desse,
 As if some blame of evill she did feare,
 That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare:
 And her against sweet Cherefulness was placed,
 Whose eyes, like twinkling stars in evening
 cleare, [chaced,
 Were deckt with smyles that all sad humors
 And darted forth delights the which her good-
 ly graced.

LI

“And next to her sate sober Modestie,
 Holding her hand upon her gentle hart;
 And her against sate comely Curtesie,
 That unto every person knew her part;
 And her before was seated overthwart
 Soft Silence, and submisse Obedience,
 Both linckt together never to dispart;
 Both gifts of God, not gotten but from thee
 Both girlonds of his Saints against their
 offence.

LII

“Thus sate they all around in seemely rate
 And in the midst of them a goodly mayd
 Even in the lap of Womanhood there sate,
 The which was all in lilly white arayd,
 With silver streames amongst the lilly
 stray’d;
 Like to the Morne, when first her shyning
 Hath to the gloomy world itselfe bewray’d
 That same was fayrest Amoret in place.
 Shyning with beauties light and heave-
 vertues grace.

LIII

“Whom soone as I beheld, my hart gan th’
 And wade in doubt what best were to
 donne;
 For sacrilege me seem’d the Church to rob,
 And folly seem’d to leave the thing undone
 Which with so strong attempt I had begun
 Tho, shaking off all doubt and shamefast fe
 Which Ladies love, I heard, had never won
 Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped nea
 And by the lilly hand her labour’d up
 reare.

LIV

“Thereat that formost matrone me
 blame,
 And sharpe rebuke for being over bold;
 Saying, it was to Knight unseemely shame
 Upon a recluse Virgin to lay hold,
 That unto Venus services was sold.
 To whom I thus: “Nay, but it fitteth best
 For Cupids man with Venus mayd to hold
 For ill your goddesse services are drest
 By virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest.”

LV

“With that my shield I forth to her
 show,
 Which all that while I closely had conceald
 On which when Cupid, with his killing bo
 And cruell shafts, emblazond she beheld,
 At sight thereof she was with terror queld
 And said no more: but I, which all
 while
 The pledge of faith, her hand, engaged hel

varie Hynd within the weedie soyle,
o intreatie would forgoe so glorious
spoyle.

LVI

evermore upon the Goddesse face
eye was fixt, for feare of her offence;
when I saw with amiable grace
gh at me, and favour my pretence,
emboldned with more confidence;
nought for nicenesse nor for envy
sparing,
sence of them all forth led her thence
oking on, and like astonisht staring,
lay hand on her not one of all them
daring.

LVII

often prayd, and often me besought,
ime with tender teares to let her goe,

Sometime with witching smyles; but yet, for
nought

That ever she to me could say or doe,
Could she her wished freedome fro me wooe:
But forth I led her through the Temple gate,
By which I hardly past with much adoe:
But that same Ladie, which me friended late
In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate.

LVIII

'No lesse did Daunger threaten me with dread,
Whenas he saw me, maugre all his powre,
That glorious spoyle of beautie with me lead,
Then Cerberus, when Orpheus did recoure
His Leman from the Stygian Princes boure:
But evermore my shield did me defend
Against the storme of every dreadfull stoure:
Thus safely with my love I thence did wend.'
So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.

CANTO XI.

Marinells former wound is heald,
He comes to Proteus hall,
Where Thames doth the Medway wedd,
And feasts the Sea-gods all.

I

h for pittie! that I have thus long
fayre Ladie languishing in payne:
well-away! that I have doen such
wrong,
faire Florimell in bands remayne,
nds of love, and in sad thraldomes
chayne; [free
which, unlesse some heavenly powre her
racle, not yet appearing playne,
nger yet is like captiv'd to bee;
even to thinke thereof it inly pitties mee.

II

neede you to remember, how erewhile
ely Proteus, missing to his mind
Virgins love to win by wit or wile,
new into a dongeon deepe and blind,
here in chaynes her cruelly did bind,
be thereby her to his bent to draw:
hen as neither gifts nor graces kind
onstant mind could move at all he saw,
thought her to compell by crueltie and
awe.

III

e in the bottome of an huge great rocke
ongeon was, in which her bound he left,
neither yron barres, nor brasen locke,
neede to gard from force, or secret theft

Of all her lovers which would her have ref: :
For wall'd it was with waves, which rag'd and
ror'd

As they the cliffe in peeces would have cleft;
Besides ten thousand monsters foule abhor'd
Did waite about it, gaping griesly, all begor'd.

IV

And in the midst thereof did horror dwell,
And darkenesse dredd that never viewed day,
Like to the balefull house of lowest hell,
In which old Styx her aged bones alway,
Old Styx the Grandame of the Gods, doth lay.
There did this lucklesse mayd seven months
Ne ever evening saw, ne mornings ray, [abide,
Ne ever from the day the night descride,
But thought it all one night that did no houres
divide.

V

And all this was for love of Marinell,
Who her despyd (ah! who would her despyse?)
And wemens love did from his hart expell,
And all those joyes that weake mankind entyse.
Nathlesse his pride full dearely he did pryse;
For of a womans hand it was ywroke,
That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke
Which Britomart him gave, when he did her
provoke.

VI

Yet farre and neare the Nymph his mother
sought,
And many salves did to his sore applie,
And many herbes did use. But when as
nought,
She saw, could ease his rankling maladie,
At last to Tryphon she for helpe did hie,
(This Tryphon is the seagods surgeon hight,) Whom she besought to find some remedie,
And for his paines a whistle him behight,
That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare
delight.

VII

So well that Leach did hearke to her request,
And did so well employ his carefull paine,
That in short space his hurts he had redrest,
And him restor'd to healthfull state againe:
In which he long time after did remaine
There with the Nymph his mother, like her
thrall:
Who sore against his will did him retaine,
For feare of perill which to him mote fall
Through his too ventrous prowesse proved over
all.

VIII

It fortun'd then, a solemne feast was there
To all the Sea-gods and their fruitfull seede,
In honour of the spousalls which then were
Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed.
Long had the Thames (as we in records reed)
Before that day her wooed to his bed,
But the proud Nymph would for no worldly
meed,
Nor no entreatie, to his love be led;
Till now, at last relenting, she to him was wed.

IX

So both agreed that this their bridale feast
Should for the Gods in Proteus house be made:
To which they all repayr'd, both most and
least,
As well which in the mightie Ocean trade,
As that in rivers swim, or brookes doe wade;
All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell,
And hundred mouthes, and voice of brasse I
had,
And endlesse memorie that mote excell,
In order as they came could I recount them
well.

X

Helpe, therefore, O! thou sacred imp of Jove
The nourling of Dame Memorie his deare,
To whom those rolles, layd up in heaven above,
And records of antiquitie appeare,

To which no wit of man may comen neare;
Helpe me to tell the names of all those floo
And all those Nymphes. which then assem
were
To that great banquet of the watry Gods,
And all their sundry kinds, and all their
abodes.

XI

First came great Neptune, with his threefo
mace,
That rules the Seas and makes them rise or fa
His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace
Under his Diademe imperiall:
And by his side his Queene with coronall,
Faيرة Amphitrite, most divinely faire,
Whose yvorie shoulders weren covered all,
As with a robe, with her owne silver haire.
And deckt with pearles which th' Indian s
for her prepaire.

XII

These marched farre afore the other crew
And all the way before them, as they went
Triton his trompet shrill before them blew
For goodly triumph and great jollyment,
That made the rockes to roare as they w
rent.
And after them the royall issue came,
Which of them sprung by lineall descent:
First the Sea-gods, which to themselves
clame [to can
The powre to rule the billowes, and the wav

XIII

Phoreys, the father of that fatal brood,
By whom those old Heroes wonne such fam
And Glaucus, that wise southsayeres understo
And tragicke Inoes sonne, the which becam
A God of seas through his mad mothers blas
Now hight Palemon, and is saylers frend:
Great Brontes; and Astræus, that did sham
Himselfe with incest of his kin unkend;
And huge Orion, that doth tempests still p
tend;

XIV

The rich Cteatus; and Eurytus long;
Neleus and Pelias, lovely brethren both;
Mightie Chrysaor; and Caius strong;
Eurypulus, that calmes the waters wroth;
And faيرة Euphoemus, that upon them goth
As on the ground, without dismay or dread
Fierce Eryx: and Alebius, that know'th
The waters depth, and doth their bottome trea
And sad Asopus, comely with his hoarie he

XV

There also some most famous founders wer
Of puissant Nations which the world posses

nes of Neptune, now assembled here :
 t Ogyges, even th' auncientest ;
 achus renoumd above the rest ;
 x, and Aon, and Pelasgus old ;
 Belus, Phœax, and Agenor best ;
 ightie Albion, father of the bold
 arlike people which the Britaine Islands
 hold :

XVI

lbion the sonne of Neptune was,
 r the prooffe of his great puissance,
 his Albion did on dry-foot pas
 d Gall, that now is cleeped France,
 at with Hercules, that did advance
 nquish all the world with matchlesse
 might ;
 ere his mortall part by great mischance
 laine : but that which is th' immortall
 spright [was dight.
 till, and to this feast with Neptunes seed

XVII

hat doe I their names seeke to reherse,
 all the world have with their issue fild ?
 an they all in this so narrow verse
 rned be, and in small compasse hild ?
 em record them that are better skild,
 now the moniments of passed age :
 what needeth shall be here fulfilld,
 resse some part of that great equipage
 from great Neptune do derive their
 parentage.

XVIII

came the aged Ocean and his Dame
 thys, th' oldest two of all the rest ;
 the rest of those two parents came,
 afterward both sea and land possest ;
 which Nereus, th' eldest and the best,
 st proceed, then which none more up-
 right,
 re sincere in word and deed profest ;
 roide of guile, most free from fowle de-
 spight, [right.
 him selfe, and teaching others to doe

XIX

to he was expert in prophecies,
 ould the ledden of the gods unfold ;
 h which, when Paris brought his fa-
 mous prise,
 re Tindarid lasse, he him fortold
 er all Greece with many a champion
 bold
 fetch againe, and finally destroy
 Priams rowne. So wise is Nereus old,
 well skild ; nathlesse he takes great joy
 es amongst the wanton Nymphs to
 sport and toy.

XX

And after him the famous rivers came,
 Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie :
 The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth
 frame ; [skie ;
 Long Rhodanus, whose sourse springs from the
 Faire Ister, flowing from the mountaines hie :
 Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
 Of Greeks and Trojans which therein did die ;
 Pactolus glistring with his golden flood ;
 And Tygris fierce, whose streames of none may
 be withstood ;

XXI

Great Ganges, and immortall Euphrates,
 Deepe Indus, and Mæander intricate,
 Slow Peneus, and tempestuous Phasides,
 Swift Rhene, and Alpheus still immaculate
 Ooraxes, feared for great Cyrus fate,
 Tybris, renowned for the Romaines fame,
 Rich Oranochy, though but knownen late ;
 And that huge River, which doth beare his
 name [same.
 Of warlike Amazons, who doe possesse the

XXII

Joy on those warlike women, which so long
 Can from all men so rich a kingdome hold !
 And shame on you, O men ! which boast your
 strong [bold,
 And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and
 Yet quaile in conquest of that land of gold.
 But this to you, O Britons ! most pertaines,
 To whom the right hereof it selfe hath sold,
 The which, for sparing litle cost or paines,
 Loose so immortall glory, and so endlesse
 gaines.

XXIII

Then was there heard a most celestiall sound
 Of dainty musicke, which did next ensew
 Before the spouse : that was Arion crownd ;
 Who, playing on his harpe, unto him drew
 The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew,
 That even yet the Dolphin, which him bore
 Through the Agæan seas from Pirates vew,
 Stood still by him astonisht at his lore,
 And all the raging seas for joy forgot to rore.

XXIV

So went he playing on the watery plaine ;
 Soone after whom the lovely Bridegroome
 came,
 The noble Thamys, with all his goodly traine ;
 But him before there went, as best became,
 His auncient parents, namely th' auncient
 Thame.
 But much more aged was his wife then he,
 The Ouze, whom men doe Isis rightly name ;

Full weake and crooked creature seemed shee,
And almost blind through eld, that scarce her
way could see.

XXV

Therefore on either side she was sustained
Of two smal grooms, which by their names
were hight [which pained
The Churne and Charwell, two small streames,
Them selves her footing to direct aright,
Which fayled oft through faint and feeble
plight:

But Thame was stronger, and of better stay;
Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Deawed with silver drops that trickled downe
always.

XXVI

And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoupe afore
With bowed backe, by reason of the lode
And auncient heavy burden which he bore
Of that faire City, wherein make abode
So many learned impes, that shoote abrode,
And with their branches spred all Britany,
No lesse then do her elder sisters broode.
Joy to you both, ye double nursery
Of Arts! but, Oxford, thine doth Thame most
glorify.

XXVII

But he their sonne full fresh and jolly was,
All decked in a robe of watchet hew, [glas,
On which the waves, glittering like Christall
So cunningly enwoven were, that few
Could weenen whether they were false or trew:
And on his head like to a Coronet
He wore, that seemed strange to common vew,
In which were many towres and castels set,
That it encompass round as with a golden fret.

XXVIII

Like as the mother of the Gods, they say,
In her great iron charet wons to ride,
When to Joves pallace she doth take her way,
Old Cybele, arayd with pompous pride,
Wearing a Diademe embattild wide
With hundred turrets, like a Turribant;
With such an one was Thamis beautifide;
That was to weete the famous Troynovant,
In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly re-
siant.

XXIX

And round about him many a pretty Page
Attended duely, ready to obay;
All little Rivers which owe vassallage
To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay:
The chaunky Kenet, and the Thetis gray,
The morish Cole, and the soft sliding Breane,
The wanton Lee, that oft doth loose his way;

And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane
Ten thousand fishes play and decke his pl
sant streame.

XXX

Then came his neighbour fouds which ni
him dwell,

And water all the English soile througho
They all on him this day attended well,
And with meet service waited him about,
Ne none disdained low to him to lout:
No, not the stately Severne grudg'd at all,
Ne storming Humber, though he looked sto
But both him honor'd as their principall,
And let their swelling waters low before h
fall.

XXXI

There was the speedy Tamar, which devid
The Cornish and the Devonish confines;
Through both whose borders swiftly downe
glides, [clin
And, meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence
And Dart, nigh chockt with sands of tir
mines.
But Avon marched in more stately path,
Proud of his Adamants with which he shin
And glisters wide, as als' of wondrous Bath
And Bristow faire, which on his waves
builded hath.

XXXII

And there came Stoure with terrible aspe
Bearing his sixe deformed heads on hye,
That doth his course through Blandford pla
direct,
And washeth Winborne meades in season dr
Next him went Wylibourne with passage si
That of his wylinesse his name doth take,
And of him selfe doth name the shire therel
And Mole, that like a nousling Mole doth m
His way still under ground, till Tham
overtake.

XXXIII

Then came the Rother, decked all with wo
Like a wood God, and flowing fast to Rhy
And Sture, that parteth with his pleas
floods
The Easterne Saxons from the Southerne n
And Clare and Harwitch botn doth beautif
Him follow'd Yar, soft washing Norwich w
And with him brought a present joyfully
Of his owne fish unto their festivall,
Whose like none else could shew, the wh
they Ruffins call.

XXXIV

Next these the plenteous Ouse came far f
land,
By many a city and by many a towne.

many rivers taking under-hand
his waters as he passeth downe,
Cle, the Were, the Grant, the Sture, the
Rowne. [flit,
he doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge
another Cambridge, whom as with a
Crowne
th adorne, and is adorn'd of it [wit.
many a gentle Muse and many a learned

XXXV

after him the fatall Welland went,
if old sawes prove true (which God for-
bid!)
drowne all Holland with his excrement,
shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,
shine in learning, more then ever did
bridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beames.
next to him the Nene downe softly slid;
counteous Trent, that in him selfe en-
seames [streames.
thirty sorts of fish, and thirty sundry

XXXVI

these came Tyne, along whose stony
bancke
Romaine Monarch built a brasen wall,
a mote the feeble Britons strongly
flanke
st the Picts that swarmed over-all,
yet thereof Gualsever they doe call:
wede, the limit betwixt Logris land
Albany: And Eden, though but small,
ten staine with bloud of many a band
ots and English both, that tynd on his
strand.

XXXVII

came those sixe sad brethren, like for-
lorne,
whilome were (as antique fathers tell)
valiant Knights of one faire Nymphe
yborne,
a did in noble deedes of armes excell,
ronned there where now Yorke people
dwell; [might,
Jre, swift Werfe, and Oze the most of
Swale, unquiet Nide, and troublous Skell;
om a Seythian king, that Humber hight,
eruelly, and in the river drowned quight.

XXXVIII

past not long ere Brutus warlicke sonne,
us, them aveng'd, and the same date,
the proud Humber unto them had donne,
uall dome repayd on his owne pate:
the selfe same river, where he late
renched them, he drowned him againe,
am'd the river of his wretched fate

Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine,
Oft tossed with his stormes which therein still
remaine.

XXXIX

These after came the stony shallow Lone,
That to old Lancaster his name doth lend;
And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
Did call divine, that doth by Chester tend;
And Conway, which out of his streame doth send
Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall;
And Lindus that his pikes doth most commend,
Of which the auncient Lincolne men doe call:
All these together marched toward Proteus
hall.

XL

Ne thence the Irishe Rivers absent were,
Sith no lesse famous then the rest they bee,
And joyne in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,
Why should they not likewise in love agree,
And joy likewise this solemne day to see?
They saw it all, and present were in place;
Though I them all according their degree
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
Nor read the salvage cuntreis thorough which
they pace.

XLI

There was the Liffy rolling downe the lea,
The sandy Slane, the stony Aubrian,
The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea,
The pleasant Boyne, the fishy fruitfull Ban,
Swift Awniduff, which of the English man
Is cal'd Blacke-water, and the Liffar deep,
Sad Trowis, that once his people over-ran,
Strong Allo tomling from Slewlogher steep,
And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught
to weep.

XLII

And there the three renowned brethren were,
Which that great Gyant Blomius begot
Of the faire Nymph Rheusa wandring there.
One day, as she to shunne the season whot
Under Slewbloome in shady grove was got,
This Gyant found her and by force deflowr'd;
Whereof conceiving, she in time forth brought
These three faire sons, which being thenceforth
powrd [scowrd.
In three great rivers ran, and many countreis

XLIII

The first the gentle Shure that, making way
By sweet Clonmell, adornes rich Waterford;
The next, the stubborne Newre whose waters
gray
By faire Kilkenny and Rossepontè boord;
The third, the goodly Barow which doth hoord
Great heapes of salmons in his deepe bosome
All which, long sundred, doe at last accord

To joyne in one, ere to the sea they come;
So, flowing all from one, all one at last become.

XLIV

There also was the wide embayed Mayre;
The pleasaunt Bandon crownd with many a
wood;

The spreading Lee that, like an Island sayre,
Encloseth Corke with his devided flood;
And balefull Oure, late staine with English
blood, [tell:

With many more whose names no tongue can
All which that day in order seemly good
Did on the Thamis attend, and waited well
To doe their dueful service, as to them berell.

XLV

Then came the Bride, the lovely Medua came,
Clad in a vesture of unknownen geare
And uncouth fashion, yet her well became,
That seem'd like silver, sprinkled here and
there [appeare,
With glittering spangs that did like starres
And wav'd upon, like water Chamelot,
To hide the metall, which yet every where
Bewrayd it selfe, to let men plainly wot
It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet
was not.

XLVI

Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did flow
Unto her waste, with flowres bescattered,
The which ambrosiall odours forth did throw
To all about, and all her shoulders spred
As a new spring; and likewise on her hed
A Chapelet of sundry flowers she wore,
From under which the deawy humour shed
Did tricle downe her haire, like to the hore
Congealed litle drops which doe the morne
adore,

XLVII

On her two pretty handmaides did attend,
One cald the Theise, the other cald the Crane,
Which on her waited things amisse to mend,
And both behind upheld her spreading traine;
Under the which her feet appeared plaine,
Her silver feet, faire washt against this day:
And her before there paced Pages twaine,
Both clad in colours like, and like array,
The Doune and eke the Frith, both which pre-
pard her way.

XLVIII

And after these the Sea Nymphs marched all,
All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene
Whom of their sire Nereides men call, [haire,
All which the Oceans daughter to him bare,

The gray-eyde Doris; all which fifty are,
All which she there on her attending had:
Swift Proto, milde Eucratè, Thetis faire,
Soft Spio, sweete Endorè, Sao sad,
Light Doto, wanton Glaucè, and Galenè gl

XLIX

White hand Eunice, proud Dynamenè,
Joyous Thalia, goodly Amphitrite,
Lovely Pasithee, kinde Eulimene,
Lightfoote Cymothoè, and sweete Melitè,
Fairest Pherusa, Phao lilly white,
Wondred Agavè, Poris, and Nesæa,
With Erato that doth in love delite,
And Panopæ, and wise Protomedæa, [th
And snowy neckd Doris, and milkewhite G

L

Speedy Hippothoè, and chaste Actea,
Large Lisianassa, and Pronæa sage,
Euagorè, and light Pontoporea,
And she that with her least word can assw
The surging seas, when they do sorest rage
Cymodocè, and stout Autonoe,
And Neso, and Eionè well in age,
And, seeming still to smile, Glauconomè,
And she that hight of many heastes Polynor

LI

Fresh Alimeda deckt with girland greene
Hyponeo with salt-bedewed wrests;
Laomedia like the christall sheene;
Liagorè much praised for wise behests;
And Psamathe for her brode snowy brests:
Cymo, Eupompè, and Themistè just;
And, she that vertue loves and vice detests
Euarna, and Menippè true in trust,
And Nemertea learned well to rule her lus

LII

All these the daughters of old Nereus was
Which have the sea in charge to them ass
To rule his tides, and surges to upre,
To bring forth stormes, or fast them to upbi
And sailers save from wreckes of wrath
winde. [v
And yet, besides, three thousand more th
Of th' Oceans seede, but Joves and Phœ
kinde;
The which in floods and fountaines doe app
And all mankinde do nourish with their wa
clere.

LIII

The which, more eath it were for mor
wight
To tell the sands, or count the starres on l

ght more hard, then thinke to reckon
right.
ell I wote that these, which I descry,
present at this great solemnity:

And there, amongst the rest, the mother was
Of luckesse Marinell, Cymodocè;
Which, for my Muse her selfe now tyred has,
Unto an other Canto I will overpas.

CANTO XII.

Marin for love of Florimell
In languor wastes his life:
The Nymph, his mother, getteth her
And gives to him for wife.

I

HAT an endlesse worke have I in hand,
nt the seas abundant progeny,
fruitfull seede farre passeth those in
land,
so those which wonne in th' azure sky:
ach more eath to tell the starres on hy,
ey endlesse seeme in estimation,
o recount the Seas posterity:
ile be the flouds in generation,
re their numbers, and so numberlesse
their nation.

II

fore the antique wisards well invented
enus of the fomy sea was bred,
at the seas by her are most augmented:
se th' exceeding fry which there are fed,
ndrous sholes which may of none be red.
ame me not if I have err'd in count
s, of Nymphs, of rivers, yet unred;
ough their numbers do much more sur-
mount, [count.
those same were there which erst I did re-

III

ose were there, and many other more,
names and nations were too long to tell,
roteus house they fild even to the dore;
re they all in order, as befell,
ng their degrees disposed well.
st the rest was faire Cymodocè,
ther of unlucky Marinell,
ither with her came, to learne and see
anner of the Gods when they at banquet
pe.

IV

r he was halfe mortall, being bred
all sire, though of immortall wombe,
ht not with immortall food be fed,
th' eternall Gods to bancket come;
kt abrode, and round about did rome
the building of that uncouth place,
em'd unlike unto his earthly home:
as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
nto him betid a disaventrous case.

V

Under the hanging of an hideous clieffe
He heard the lamentable voice of one,
That piteously complaind her carefull grieffe,
Which never she before disclosd to none,
But to her selfe her sorrow did bemone:
So feelingly her case she did complaine,
That ruth it moved in the rocky stone,
And made it seeme to feele her grievous paine,
And oft to grone with billowes beating from
the maine:

VI

'Though vaine, I see, my sorrowes to unfold,
And count my cares when none is nigh to
heare,
Yet, hoping griefe may lessen being told,
I will them tell though unto no man neare:
For heaven, that unto all lends equall eare,
Is farre from hearing of my heavy plight;
And lowest hell, to which I lie most neare,
Cares not what evils hap to wretched wight;
And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life de-
light.

VII

'Yet loe! the seas, I see, by often beating
Doe pearce the rockes, and hardest marble
weares:
But his hard rocky hart for no entreating
Will yeeld, but when my piteous plaints he
heares,
Is hardned more with my abundant teares:
Yet though he never list to me relent,
But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
Yet will I never of my love repent,
But joy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

VIII

'And when my weary ghost, with griefe out-
worne,
By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
Let then this plaint unto his eares be borne,
That blame it is to him, that armes profest,
To let her die whom he might have redrest.'
There did she pause, inforced to give place
Unto the passion that her heart opprest;

And, after she had wept and wail'd a space,
She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case.

IX

'Ye Gods of seas, if any Gods at all
Have care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,
By one or other way me, woefull thrall,
Deliver hence out of this dungeon strong,
In which I daily dying am too long :
And if ye deeme me death for loving one
That loves not me, then doe it not prolong,
But let me die and end my daies attone,
And let him live unlov'd, or love him selfe
alone.

X

'But if that life ye unto me decree,
Then let mee live as lovers ought to do,
And of my lifes deare love beloved be :
And if he should through pride your doome
undo,
Do you by duresse him compell thereto,
And in this prison put him here with me ;
One prison fittest is to hold us two.
So had I rather to be thrall then free ;
Such thraldome or such freedome let it surely
be.

XI

'But O vaine judgement, and conditions vaine,
The which the prisoner points unto the free !
The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his
paine,
He where he list goes loose, and laughs at me.
So ever loose, so ever happy be !
But where so loose or happy that thou art,
Know, Marinell, that all this is for thee.'
With that she wept and wail'd, as if her hart
Would quite have burst through great abund-
ance of her smart.

XII

All which complaint when Marinell had heard,
And understood the cause of all her care
To come of him for using her so hard,
His stubborne heart, that never felt misfare,
Was toucht with soft remorse and pittie rare ;
That even for griefe of minde he oft did grone,
And inly wish that in his powre it weare
Her to redresse : but since he meanes found
none,
He could no more but her great misery bemone.

XIII

Thus whilst his stony heart with tender ruth
Was toucht, and mighty courage mollified,
Dame Venus sonne, that tameth stubborne
youth
With iron bit, and maketh him abide

Till like a victor on his backe he ride,
Into his mouth his maystring bridle threw
That made him stoupe, till he did him bestrid
Then gan he make him tread his steps anew
And learne to love by learning lovers paine
rew.

XIV

Now gan he in his grieved minde devise
How from that dungeon he might her end
Some while he thought, by faire and hun-
wise
To Proteus selfe to sue for her discharge :
But then he fear'd his mothers former cha-
Gainst womens love, long given him in vain
Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword
targe
Her forth to fetch, and Proteus to constrain
But soone he gan such folly to forthinke ag-
naw.

XV

Then did he cast to steale her thence aw-
And with him beare where none of her m-
know :
But all in vaine, for-why he found no way
To enter in, or issue forth below ;
For all about that rocke the sea did flow :
And though unto his will she given were,
Yet without ship or bote her thence to row
He wist not how her thence away to bere
And daunger well he wist long to con-
there.

XVI

At last, when as no meanes he could inv-
Backe to him selfe he gan returne the bla-
That was the author of her punishment ;
And with vile curses and reprochfull shar-
To damne him selfe by every evil name,
And deeme unworthy or of love or life,
That had despise so chaste and faire a da-
Which him had sought through trouble
long strife,
Yet had refusde a God that her had so

XVII

In this sad plight he walked here and th-
And romed round about the rocke in vain
As he had lost him selfe he wist not wh-
Oft listening if he mote her heare againe,
And still bemoaning her unworthy paine.
Like as an Hynde, whose calfe is false un-
Into some pit, where she him heares compl-
An hundred times about the pit side fare
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaved

XVIII

And now by this the feast was throu-
ended,
And every one gan homeward to resort :

seeing, Marinell was sore offended
 his departure thence should be so short,
 to have his love in that sea-walled fort.
 But he not his mother disobay,
 attending in full seemly sort,
 march amongst the many all the way,
 and the way did inly mourne, like one
 in stray.

XIX

he returned to his mothers bowre,
 in any silence, far from wight,
 to record the lamentable stowre,
 in which his wretch'd love lay day and night
 for dearesake, that ill deserv'd that plight:
 thought whereof empierst his hart so deepe,
 in no worldly thing he tooke delight;
 his food did take, he nightly sleepe,
 he morn'd, and mourn'd, and languisht, and
 alone did weepe.

XX

in short space his wonted chearefull hew
 hee, and lively spirits deaded quight:
 like bones raw, and eie-pits hollow grew,
 as rawney armes had lost their known
 might,
 nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight.
 hee so weake of limbe, and sicke of love
 hee, that lenger he note stand upright,
 his bed was brought, and layd above,
 as a full ghost, unable once to stirre or
 move.

XXI

when his mother saw, she in her mind
 troubled sore, newist well what to weene;
 hee by search nor any meanes out find
 the secret cause and nature of his teene,
 by she might apply some medicine;
 heeeping day and night did him attend,
 hee morn'd to see her losse before her eyne,
 hee griev'd her more that she it could not
 mend:
 an helpelesse evill double grieve doth lend.

XXII

that could she read the roote of his disease,
 shee what mister maladie it is,
 hee by to seeke some meanes it to appease.
 hee did she thinke, but most she thought
 hee amis,
 that same former fatall wound of his
 hee are by Tryphon was not thoroughly
 healed,
 hee sely rankled under th' oris:
 hee did she thinke, that which he most con-
 cealed, [vealed.
 hee ve it was, which in his hart lay unre-

XXIII

Therefore to Tryphon she againe doth hast,
 And him doth chyde as false and fraudulent,
 That fayld the trust which she in him had plast,
 To cure her sonne, as he his faith had lent,
 Who now was false into new languishment
 Of his old hurt, which was not thoroughly cured.
 So backe he came unto her patient;
 Where searching every part, her well assured
 That it was no old sore which his new paine
 procured;

XXIV

But that it was some other maladie,
 Or grief unknowne, which he could not dis-
 cerne:
 So left he her withouten remedie.
 Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and
 earne,
 And inly troubled was the truth to learne.
 Unto himselfe she came, and him besought,
 Now with faire speches, now with threatnings
 sterne,
 If ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,
 It to reveale; who still her answered, there
 was nought.

XXV

Nathlesse she rested not so satisfide;
 But leaving watry gods, as booting nought,
 Unto the shinie heaven in haste she hide,
 And thence Apollo, King of Leaches, brought.
 Apollo came; who, soone as he had sought
 Through his disease, did by and by out find
 That he did languish of some inward thought,
 The which afflicted his engrieved mind;
 Which love he red to be, that leads each living
 kind.

XXVI

Which when he had unto his mother told,
 She gan thereat to fret and greatly grieve;
 And, comming to her sonne, gan first to
 scold
 And chyde at him that made her misbelieve:
 But afterwards she gan him soft to shrieve,
 And wooe with fair intreatie, to disclose
 Which of the Nymphes his heart so sore did
 mieve;
 For sure she weend it was some one of those,
 Which he had lately seene, that for his love
 he chose.

XXVII

Now lesse she feared that same fatall read,
 That warned him of womens love beware,
 Which being ment of mortall creatures sead,
 For love of Nymphes she thought she need not
 care,

But promist him, what ever wight she weare,
That she her love to him would shortly
gaine.

So he her told: but soone as she did heare
That Florimell it was which wrought his paine,
She gan afresh to chafe, and grieve in every
vaine.

XXVIII

Yet since she saw the streight extremitie,
In which his life unluckily was layd,
It was no time to scan the prophecie,
Whether old Proteus true or false had sayd,
That his decay should happen by a mayd.
It's late in death of daunger to advize,
Or love forbid him, that is life denyd;
But rather gan in troubled mind devize
How she that Ladies libertie might enter-
prize.

XXIX

To Proteus selfe to sew she thought it
vaine,
Who was the root and worker of her woe,
Nor unto any meaner to complaine;
But unto great king Neptune selfe did goe,
And, on her knee before him falling lowe,
Made humble suit unto his Majestie
To graunt to her her sonnes life, which his
foe,
A cruell Tyrant, had presumptuouslie
By wicked doome condemn'd a wretched death
to die.

XXX

To whom God Neptune, softly smyling, thus:
'Daughter, me seemes of double wrong ye
plaine,
Gainst one that hath both wronged you and us;
For death t' adward I ween'd did appertaine
To none but to the seas sole Soveraine.
Read therefore who it is which this hath
wrought,
And for what cause; the truth discover plaine,
For never wight so evill did or thought,
But would some rightfull cause pretend, though
rightly nought.'

XXXI

To whom she answer'd: 'Then, it is by
name
Proteus, that hath ordayn'd my sonne to die;
For that a waift, the which by fortune came
Upon your seas, he claym'd as propertie:
And yet nor his, nor his in equitie,
But yours the waift by high prerogative.
Therefore I humbly crave your Majestie

It to replevie, and my sonne reprove.
So shall you by one gift save all us
alive.'

XXXII

He graunted it: and streight his wa
made,
Under the Sea-gods seale autenticall,
Commanding Proteus straight t' enlarge
mayd,
Which wandring on his seas imperiall
He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thr
Which she receiving with meete thank
nesse,
Departed straight to Proteus therewitha
Who, reading it with inward loathfulnes
Was grieved to restore the pledge he
possesse.

XXXIII

Yet durst he not the warrant to withsto
But unto her delivered Florimell:
Whom she receiving by the lilly hand,
Admyr'd her beautie much, as she mote
For she all living creatures did excell;
And was right joyous that she gotten ha
So faire a wife for her sonne Marinell.
So home with her she streight the virgin
And shewed her to him, then being son
stad.

XXXIV

Who soone as he beheld that angels face
Adorn'd with all divine perfection,
His cheared heart eftsoones away gan cha
Sad death, revived with her sweet inspe
And feeble spirit inly felt refection:
As withered weed through cruell winters
That feesles the warmth of sunny beames
flection,
Liftes up his head that did before decline
And gins to spread his leafe before the
sunshine.

XXXV

Right so himselfe did Marinell upreare,
When he in place his dearest love did spy
And though his limbs could not his t
beare,
Ne former strength returne so suddenly.
Yet chearefull signes he shewed outwardl
Ne lesse was she in secret hart affected,
But that she masked it with modestie.
For feare she should of lightnesse be dete
Which to another place I leave to be
fected.

THE FIFTH BOOKE

OF

'THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF ARTEGALL OR OF JUSTICE.

I
 As I with state of present time
 Age of the antique world compare,
 As mans age was in his freshest prime,
 The first blossome of faire vertue bare;
 Oddes I finde twixt those, and these
 Which are,
 At, through long continuance of his course,
 Times the world is runne quite out of square
 The first point of his appointed sourse;
 Being once amisse growes daily wourse
 And wourse:

II
 From the golden age, that first was
 Named,
 Now at earst become a stonie one;
 Men themselves, the which at first were
 Framed
 Elly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,
 Now transformed into hardest stone;
 As behind their backs (so backward
 Bred)
 Throwne by Pyrrha and Deucalione:
 Then those may any worse be red,
 Into that ere long will be degenerated.

III
 None then blame me, if in discipline
 True and of civill uses lore,
 Not forme them to the common line
 Sent dayes, which are corrupted sore,
 The antique use which was of yore,
 Good was onely for it selfe desyred,
 All men sought their owne, and none no
 More;
 Justice was not for most meed out-hyred,
 Simple Truth did rayne, and was of all
 Admyred.

IV
 For that which all men then did vertue call,
 Is now cald vice; and that which vice was
 Hight,
 Is now hight vertue, and so us'd of all:
 Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is
 Right;
 As all things else in time are chaunged quight:
 Ne wonder; for the heavens revolution
 Is wandred farre from where it first was
 Pight,
 And so doe make contrarie constitution
 Of all this lower world, toward his dissolution.

V
 For who so list into the heavens looke,
 And search the courses of the rowling spheares,
 Shall find that from the point where they first
 Tooke
 Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
 They all are wandred much; that plaine ap-
 Peares:
 For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore
 Phrixus and Helle from their stepdames
 Feares,
 Hath now forgot where he was plast of yore,
 And shouldred hath the Bull which fayre Eu-
 ropa bore:

VI
 And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent
 Horne
 So hardly butted those two twinnes of Jove,
 That they have crusht the Crab, and quite
 Him borne
 Into the great Nemaean lions grove.
 So now all range, and doe at randon rove
 Out of their proper places farre away, [move,
 And all this world with them amisse doe

And all his creatures from their course astray,
Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay.

VII

Ne is that same great glorious lampe of
light,
That doth enlumine all these lesser fyres,
In better case, ne keeps his course more
right,

But is miscaried with the other Spheres :
For since the terme of fourteene hundred
yeres,

That learned Ptolomæ his hight did take,
He is declyned from that marke of theirs
Nigh thirtie minutes to the Southerne lake ;
That makes me feare in time he will us quite
forsake.

VIII

And if to those Ægyptian wisards old,
Which in Star-read were wont have best in-
sight,

Faith may be given, it is by them told
That since the time they first tooke the Sunnes
hight,

Foure times his place he shifted hath in sight,
And twice hath risen where he now doth
West,

And wested twice where he ought rise aright :
But most is Mars amisse of all the rest,
And next to him old Saturne, that was wont
be best.

IX

For during Saturnes ancient raigne it's sayd
That all the world with goodnesse did a-
bound :

All loved vertue, no man was affrayd
Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found
No warre was knowne, no dreadfull tromp
sound ;

Peace universall rayn'd mongst men and beas
And all things freely grew out of the grou
Justice sate high ador'd with solemne fea
And to all people did divide her drea
heasts :

X

Most sacred vertue she of all the rest,
Resembling God in his imperiall might ;
Whose souveraine powre is herein most
prest,

That both to good and bad he dealeth right
And all his workes with Justice hath bedi
That powre he also doth to Princes lend,
And makes them like himselfe in glori
sight

To sit in his own seate, his cause to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth rec
mend.

XI

Dread Soveraigne Goddesses, that doest hi
est sit

In seate of judgement in th' Almightyes st
And with magnificke might and wondrous
Doest to thy people righteous doome area
That furthest Nations fill with awful dre
Pardon the boldnesse of thy basest thrall,
That dare discourse of so divine a read
As thy great justice, prayesd over-all,
The instrument whereof loe ! here thy A
gall.

CANTO I.

Arte gall trayn'd in Justice lore
Irenaes quest pursued ;
He doth avenge on Sanglier
His Ladies bloud embrewed.

THOUGH vertue then were held in highest
price,
In those old times of which I doe entreat,
Yet then likewise the wicked seede of vice
Began to spring ; which shortly grew full
great, [beat :
And with their boughes the gentle plants did
But evermore some of the vertuous race
Rose up, inspired with heroicke heat,
That cropt the branches of the sient base,
And with strong hand their fruitful rancknes
did deface.

II

Such first was Bacchus, that with furi
might
All th' East, before untam'd, did over-rom
And wrong repressed, and establisht right
Which lawlesse men had formerly fordon
There Justice first her princely rule begon
Next Hercules his like ensample shewed,
Who all the West with equall conquest wor
And monstrous tyrants with his club s
dewed :
The club of Justice dread with kingly po
endewed.

III

uch was he of whom I have to tell,
 ampion of true Justice, Artegall :
 (as ye lately mote remember well)
 d adventure, which did then befall,
 doubted perill forth did call;
 as to succour a distressed Dame
 a strong tyrant did unjustly thrall,
 om the heritage, which she did clame,
 th strong hand withhold; Grantorto
 was his name.

IV

efore the Lady, which Irena hight,
 the Faery Queene her way addresse,
 om complayning her afflicted plight,
 besought of gracious redresse.
 overaine Queene, that mightie Em-
 peresse,
 glorie is to aide all suppliants pore,
 weake Princes to be Patronesse,
 Artegall to right her to restore;
 at to her he seem'd best skild in right-
 eous lore.

V

artegall in justice was upbrought
 rom the cradle of his infancie,
 ll the depth of rightfull doome was
 taught
 re Astræa with great industrie,
 t here on earth she lived mortallie :
 the world from his perfection fell
 I filth and foule iniquitie,
 here mongst earthly men did dwell,
 n the rules of justice them instructed
 well.

VI

es through the world she walked in this
 sort,
 a day she found this gentle childe
 ght his peres playing his childish sport;
 seeing fit, and with no crime defilde,
 d allure with gifts and speaches milde
 nd with her. So thence him farre she
 brought
 eave from companie exile, [raught,
 ich she noursled him till yeares he
 ll the discipline of justice there him
 taught.

VII

e she him taught to weigh both right
 and wrong
 all ballance with due recompence,
 quitie to measure out along
 ling to the line of conscience,
 so it needs with rigour to dispence:
 the which, for want there of mankind,
 used him to make experience

Upon wyld beasts, which she in woods did find
 With wrongfull powre oppressing others of
 their kind.

VIII

Thus she him trayned, and thus she him
 taught
 In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
 Untill the ripenesse of mans yeares he raught;
 That even wilde beasts did feare his awfull sight,
 And men admyr'd his over-ruling might;
 Ne any liv'd on ground that durst withstand
 His dreadfull heast, much lesse him match in
 fight,
 Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,
 When so he list in wrath lift up his steely
 brand,

IX

Which steely brand, to make him dreaded
 more,
 She gave unto him, gotten by her slight
 And earnest search, where it was kept in store
 In Joves eternall house, unwist of wight,
 Since he himselfe it us'd in that great fight
 Against the Titans, that whylome rebelled
 Gainst highest heaven : Chrysaor it was hight;
 Chrysaor, that all other swords excelled,
 Well prov'd in that same day when Jove those
 Gyants quelled :

X

For of most perfect metall it was made,
 Tempred with Adamant amongst the same,
 And garnisht all with gold upon the blade
 In goodly wise, whereof it tooke his name,
 And was of no lesse vertue then of fame;
 For there no substance was so firme and hard,
 But it would pierce or cleave, where so it came,
 Ne any armour could his dint out-ward;
 But wheresoever it did light, it throughly
 shard.

XI

Now, when the world with sinne gan to a-
 bound,
 Astræa loathing lenger here to space [found,
 Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she
 Return'd to heaven, whence she deriv'd her
 race;
 Where she hath now an everlasting place
 Mongst those twelve signes, which nightly we
 doe see
 The heavens bright-shining baudricke to en-
 And is the Virgin, sixt in her degree, [chace;
 And next her selfe her righteous ballance
 hanging bee

XII

But when she parted hence she left her groom
 An yron man, which did on her attend

Alwayes to execute her stedfast doome,
And willed him with Artegall to wend,
And doe what ever thing he did intend:
His name was Talus, made of yron mould,
Immoveable, resistlesse, without end;
Who in his hand an yron flae did hould,
With which he thresht out falshood, and did
truth unfoold.

XIII

He now went with him in this new inquest,
Him for to aide, if aide he chaunst to neede,
Against that cruell Tyrant, which opprest
The faire Irena with his foule misdeede,
And kept the crowne in which she should suc-
ceed:

And now together on their way they bin,
When as they saw a Squire in squallid weed
Lamenting sore his sorrowfull sad tyne,
With many bitter teares shed from his blub-
bred eyne.

XIV

To whom as they approched, they espide
A sorie sight as ever seene with eye,
An headlesse Ladie lying him beside
In her owne blood all wallow'd wofully,
That her gay clothes did in discolour die.
Much was he moved at that ruefull sight;
And flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly,
He askt who had that Dame so foully dight,
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other
wight?

XV

'Ah! woe is me, and well-away!' (quoth hee,
Bursting forth teares like springs out of a
banke),
'That ever I this dismall day did see!
Full farre was I from thinking such a pranke;
Yet litle losse it were, and mickle thanke,
If I should graunt that I have doen the same,
That I mote drinke the cup whereof she dranke,
But that I should die guiltie of the blame
The which another did, who now is fled with
shame.'

XVI

'Who was it then,' (sayd Artegall) 'that
wrought?
And why? doe it declare unto me trew.'
'A knight,' (said he) 'if knight he may be
thought
That did his hand in Ladies bloud embrew,
And for no cause, but as I shall you shew.
This day as I in solace sate hereby
With a sayre love, whose losse I now do rew,
There came this knight, having in companie
This lucklesse Ladie which now here doth
headlesse lie,

XVII

'He, whether mine seem'd sayrer in his
Or that he waxed weary of his owne,
Would change with me, but I did it deny
So did the Ladies both, as may be known
But he, whose spirit was with pride upblow
Would not so rest contented with his right
But, having from his courser her
throwne,
Fro me rest mine away by lawlesse might,
And on his steed her set to beare her
sight.

XVIII

'Which when his Ladie saw, she follow'd
And on him catching hold gan loud to cry
Not so to leave her, nor away to cast,
But rather of his hand besought to die.
With that his sword he drew all wrathfull
And at one stroke cropt off her head
scorne,
In that same place whereas it now doth lie
So he my love away with him hath borne
And left me here both his and mine owne
to morne.'

XIX

'Aread' (sayd he) 'which way then did
make?
And by what markes may he be knowne againe
'To hope' (quoth he) 'him soone to over
That hence so long departed, is but vaine
But yet he pricked over yonder plaine,
And, as I marked, bore upon his shield,
By which it's easie him to know againe,
A broken sword within a bloodie field;
Expressing well his nature which the
did wield.'

XX

No sooner sayd, but streight he after sent
His yron page, who him pursew'd so light
As that it seem'd above the ground he went
For he was swift as swallow in her flight.
And strong as Lyon in his lordly might.
It was not long before he overtooke
Sir Sanglier, (so cleeped was that Knight)
Whom at the first he ghesped by his look
And by the other markes which of his sh
he tooke.

XXI

He bad him stay, and backe with him ret
Who, full of scorne to be commaunded so,
The Lady to alight did eft require,
Whilst he reformed that uncivill fo,
And streight at him with all his force did
Who mov'd no more therewith, then whe
rocke
Is lightly stricken with some stones throw

him leaping lent him such a knocke,
on the ground he layd him like a sence-
lesse blocke.

XXII

ere he could him selfe recure againe,
in his iron paw he seized had;
when he wak't out of his warelesse paine,
und him selfe unwist so ill bestad,
him he could not wag: Thence he him
lad,
d like a beast appointed to the stall:
ight whereof the Lady sore adrad,
ain'd to fly for feare of being thrall;
he her quickly stayd, and forst to wend
withall.

XXIII

n to the place they came, where Artegal
at same carefull Squire did then abide,
ntly gan him to demaund of all
did betwixt him and that Squire betide:
with sterne countenance and indignant
pride
unsware, that of all he guiltlesse stood,
his accuser thereuppon defide;
either he did shed that Ladies bloud,
ooke away his love, but his owne proper
good.

XXIV

did the Squire perceive him selfe too
weake
nswere his defiance in the field,
ather chose his challenge off to breake,
to approve his right with speare and
shield,
ather guilty chose himselfe to yield:
artegall by signes perceiving plaine
he it was not which that Lady kild,
hat strange Knight, the fairer love to
gaine,
ast about by sleight the truth thereout
to straine;

XXV

said; 'Now sure this doubtfull causes
ardly but by Sacrament be tride, [right
e by ordele, or by bloody fight,
ill perhaps mote fall to either side;
'ye please that I your cause decide,
ps I may all further quarrell end,
will swear my judgement to abide,'
to they both did franckly condescend,
o his doome with listfull eares did both
attend.

XXVI

a then,' (sayd he) 'ye both the dead
deny,
both the living Lady claime your right,

Let both the dead and living equally
Devided be betwixt you here in sight,
And each of either take his share aright:
But looke, who does dissent from this my read,
He for a twelve moneths day shall in despite
Beare for his penance that same Ladies head,
To witnesse to the world that she by him is
dead.'

XXVII

Well pleased with that doome was Sangliere,
And offred streight the Lady to be slaine;
But that same Squire, to whom she was more
dere,
When as he saw she should be cut in twaine,
Did yield she rather should with him remaine
Alive, then to him selfe be shared dead;
And rather then his love should suffer paine,
He chose with shame to beare that Ladies head:
True love despiseth shame, when life is cald
in dread.

XXVIII

Whom when so willing Artegal perceaved;
'Not so, thou Squire,' (he sayd) 'but thine I
deeme
The living Lady, which from thee he reaved,
For worthy thou of her doest rightly seeme.
And you, Sir Knight, that love so light es-
teeme,
As that ye would for little leave the same,
Take here your owne, that doth you best be-
seeme,
And with it beare the burden of defame,
Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abroad
your shame.'

XXIX

But Sangliere disdained much his doome,
And sternly gan repine at his beheast;
Ne would for ought obay, as did become,
To beare that Ladies head before his breast,
Until that Talus had his pride repress,
And forced him, maulgre, it up to reare.
Who when he saw it bootlesse to resist,
He tooke it up, and thence with him did beare,
As rated Spaniell takes his burden up for feare.

XXX

Much did that Squire Sir Artegal adore
For his great justice, held in high regard,
And as his Squire him offred evermore
To serve, for want of other meete reward,
And wend with him on his adventure hard;
But he thereto would by no meanes consent,
But leaving him forth on his journey far'd:
Ne wight with him but onely Talus went;
They two enough t' encounter an whole Regi-
men^t

CANTO II.

Artegall heares of Florimell,
Does with the Pagan fight :
Him slaies, drownes Lady Munera,
Does race her castle quight.

I
NOUGHT is more honorable to a knight,
Ne better doth besee me brave chevalry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redresse in such as wend awry:
Whilome those great Heroes got thereby
Their greatest glory for their rightfull deedes,
And place deserved with the Gods on hy.
Herein the noblesse of this knight exceeds,
Who now to perils great for justice sake proceeds.

II
To which as he now was uppon the way,
He chaunst to meet a Dwarf in hasty course,
Whom he requir'd his forward hast to stay,
Till he of tidings mote with him discourse.
Loth was the Dwarf, yet did he stay perforce,

And gan of sundry newes his store to tell,
As to his memory they had recourse ;
But chiefly of the fairest Florimell,
How she was found againe, and spoused to Marinell.

III
For this was Dony, Florimels owne Dwarf,
Whom having lost, (as ye have heard why-leare)

And finding in the way the scattred scarfe,
The fortune of her life long time did feare :
But of her health when Artegall did heare,
And safe returne, he was full inly glad,
And askt him where and when her bridale cheare

Should be solemniz'd ; for, if time he had,
He would be there, and honor to her spousall ad.

IV
'Within three daies,' (quoth he) 'as I do here,

It will be at the Castle of the Strond ;
What time, if naught me let, I will be there
To doe her service so as I am bond :
But in my way, a little here beyond,
A cursed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
That keepes a Bridges passage by strong hond,

And many errant Knights bath there for
That makes all men for feare that passa
to shonne.'

V
'What mister wight,' (quoth he) 'and
far hence
Is he, that doth to travellers such harm
'He is' (said he) 'a man of great defence
Expert in battell and in deedes of armes
And more emboldned by the wicked cha
With which his daughter doth him stil
port ;

Having great Lordships got and goodly fa
Through strong oppression of his powre
By which he stil them holds, and keepe
strong effort.

VI
'And dayly he his wrongs encreaseth
For never wight he lets to passe that wa
Over his Bridge, albee he rich or poore,
But he him makes his passage-penny pa
Else he doth hold him backe or beat awa
Therefo he hath a groome of evill guise,
Whose scalp is bare, that bondage dot
wray,

Which pols and pils the poore in piteous
But he him selfe uppon the rich doth t
nize.

VII
'His name is hight Pollentè, rightly so,
For that he is so puissant and strong,
That with his powre he all doth overgo,
And makes them subject to his mighty w
And some by sleight he eke doth underf
For on a Bridge he custometh to fight,
Which is but narrow, but exceeding long
And in the same are many trap-fals pigh
Through which the rider downe doth
through oversight.

VIII
'And underneath the same a river flowe
That is both swift and dangerous deepe
all ;
Into the which whom so he overthrowes,
All destitute of helpe doth headlong fall ;

him selfe through practise usuall,
 es forth into the flood, and there assaies
 be confused through his sodaine fall,
 horse and man he equally dismaies,
 either both them drownes, or trayterous-
 ly slaies.

IX

en doth he take the spoile of them at
 will,
 o his daughter brings, that dwels thereby;
 all that comes doth take, and therewith
 offers of her wicked treasury, [fill
 ch she with wrongs hath heaped up so hy
 many Princes she in wealth exceeds,
 purcha: t all the countrey lying ny
 the revenue of her plenteous meedes:
 name is Munera, agreeing with her
 deedes.

X

ereto she is full faire, and rich attired,
 golden hands and silver feete beside,
 many Lords have her to wife desired,
 she them all despiseth for great pride.
 v by my life,' (sayd he) 'and God to guide,
 other way will I this day betake,
 by that Bridge whereas he doth abide:
 before me thither lead.' No more he spake,
 thitherward forthright his ready way did
 make.

XI

o the place he came within a while,
 re on the Bridge he ready armed saw
 Sarazin, awayting for some spoile:
 n as they to the passage gan to draw,
 laine to them came with scull all raw,
 passage money did of them require,
 rding to the custome of their law: [hire;
 hom he aunswerd wroth, 'Loe! there thy
 with that word him strooke, that streight
 he did expire.

XII

ich when the Pagan saw he waxed wroth,
 streight him selfe unto the fight address,
 as Sir Artegall behinde: so both
 ther ran with ready speares in rest.
 t in the midst, whereas they brest to brest
 ld meete, a trap was letten downe to fall
 the flood: streight leapt the Carle unblest,
 weening that his foe was false withall;
 he was well aware, and leapt before his
 fall.

XIII

re being both together in the flood,
 each at other tyrannously flew;
 ight the water cooled their whot blood,
 rather in them kindled choler new:

But there the Paynim, who that use well knew
 To fight in water, great advantage had,
 That oftentimes him nigh he overthrew:
 And eke the courser whereuppon he rad
 Could swim like to a fish, whiles he his backe
 bestrad.

XIV

Which oddes when as Sir Artegall espide,
 He saw no way but close with him in hast;
 And to him driving strongly downe the tide
 Uppon his iron collar griped fast,
 That with the straint his wesand nigh he brast.
 There they together strove and struggled long
 Either the other from his steede to cast;
 Ne ever Artegall his griple strong [hong.
 For any thing wold slacke, but still upon him

XV

As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met
 In the wide champion of the Ocean plaine,
 With cruell chaufe their courages they whe:
 The maysterdome of each by force to gaine,
 And dreadfull battaile twixt them do darraine:
 They snuf, they snort, they bounce, they rage,
 they rore,
 That all the sea, disturbed with their traine,
 Doth frie with some above the surges hore.
 Such was betwixt these two the troublesome
 uprore.

XVI

So Artegall at length him forst forsake
 His horses backe for dread of being drownd,
 And to his handy swimming him betake.
 Eftsoones him selfe he from his hold unbownd,
 And then no ods at all in him he fownd;
 For Artegall in swimming skilfull was,
 And durst the depth of any water sownd.
 So ought each Knight, that use of perill has,
 In swimming be expert, through waters force
 to pas.

XVII

Then very doubtfull was the warres event,
 Uncertaine whether had the better side;
 For both were skild in that experiment,
 And both in armes well traind, and thoroughly
 tride:
 But Artegall was better breath'd beside,
 And towards th' end grew greater in his might,
 That his faint foe no longer could abide
 His puissance, ne beare him selfe upright;
 But from the water to the land betooke his
 flight.

XVIII

But Artegall pursewd him still so neare
 With bright Chrysaor in his cruell hand,
 That as his head he gan a litle reare
 Above the brincke to tread upon the land,

He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand
It bit the earth for very fell despight,
And gnashed with his teeth, as if he band
High God, whose goodnesse he despaired quight,
Or curst the hand which did that vengeance
on him dight.

XIX

His corps was carried downe along the Lee,
Whose waters with his filthy bloud it stayned;
But his blasphemous head, that all might see,
He pitcht upon a pole on high ordayned;
Where many years it afterwards remayned,
To be a mirrour to all mighty men,
In whose right hands great power is containd,
That none of them the feeble over-ren,
But alwaies doe their powre within just com-
passe pen.

XX

That done, unto the Castle he did wend,
In which the Paynims daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend:
Of whom he entrance sought, but was denide,
And with reprochfull blasphemy defide,
Beaten with stones downe from the battilment,
That he was forced to withdraw aside,
And bad his servant Talus to invent
Which way he enter might without endanger-
ment.

XXI

Eftsoones his Page drew to the Castle gate,
And with his iron flae at it let flie,
That all the warders it did sore amate,
The which erewhile spake so reprochfully,
And made them stoupe that looked earst so hie.
Yet still he bet and bounst upon the dore,
And thundred strokes thereon so hideouslie,
That all the peece he shook from the flore,
And filled all the house with feare and great
uprore.

XXII

With noise whereof the Lady forth appeared
Upon the Castle wall; and, when she saw
The daungerous state in which she stood, she
feared

The sad effect of her neare overthrow;
And gan entreat that iron man below
To cease his outrage, and him faire besought;
Sith neither force of stones which they did
throw, [wrought,
Nor power of charms, which she against him
Might otherwise prevaile, or make him cease
for ought.

XXIII

But, when as yet she saw him to proceede
Unmov'd with praiers or with piteous thought,

She ment him to corrupt with goodly
And causde great sackes with endlesse
Unto the battilment to be upbrought, [fr
And powred forth over the Castle wall,
That she might win some time, though d
bought,
Whilest he to gathering of the gold did
But he was nothing mov'd nor te
therewithall:

XXIV

But still continu'd his assault the more,
And layd on load with his huge yron flae
That at the length he has yrent the dore
And made way for his maister to assaile
Who being entred, nought did then avai
For wight against his powre them selv
reare.

Each one did flie; their hearts began to
And hid them selves in corners here and th
And eke their dame halfe dead did hide
self for feare.

XXV

Long they her sought, yet no where
they finde her,
That sure they ween'd she was escapt aw
But Talus, that could like a lime-hound w
her,

And all things secrete wisely could bewr
At length found out whereas she hidden
Under an heape of gold. Thence he her
By the faire lockes, and fowly did array
Withouten pittie of her goodly hew,
That Artegall him selfe her seemeiesse p
did rew.

XXVI

Yet for no pittie would he change the
Of Justice, which in Talus hand did lye;
Who rudely hayld her forth without reme
Still holding up her suppliant hands on h
And kneeling at his feete submissively:
But he hersuppliant hands, those hands of
And eke her feete, those feete of silver t
Which sought unrighteousnesse, and ju
sold, [them be
Chopt off, and nayld on high that all m

XXVII

Her selfe then tooke he by the sclender
In vaine loud crying, and into the flood
Over the Castle wall adowne her cast,
And there her drowned in the dirty mud
But the streame washt away her guilty b
Thereafter all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
The spoile of peoples evil gotten good,
The which her sire had scrap't by hooke
crooke,
And burning all to ashes powr'd it downe

XXVIII

lastly all that Castle quite he raced,
 from the sole of his foundation,
 all the hewen stones thereof defaced,
 there mote be no hope of reparation,
 nemory thereof to any nation.
 which when Talus throughly had per-
 fourmed,
 Artegall undid the evill fashion,
 wickd customes of that Bridgereformed;
 done, unto his former journey he re-
 turned:

XXIX

which they measur'd mickle weary way,
 that at length nigh to the sea they drew;
 which as they did travell on a day,
 saw before them, far as they could vew,
 many people gathered in a crew;
 se great assembly they did much admire,
 never there the like resort they knew.
 wardes them they coasted, to enquire
 t thing so many nations met did there
 desire.

XXX

re they beheld a mighty Gyant stand
 a rocke, and holding forth on hie
 auge great paire of ballance in his hand,
 which he boasted, in his surquedrie,
 all the world he would weigh equallie,
 ht he had the same to counterpoys;
 vant whereof he weighed vanity,
 lild his ballaunce full of idle toys:
 was admired much of fooles, women, and
 boys.

XXXI

said that he would all the earth uptake
 all the sea, divided each from either:
 ould be of the fire one ballaunce make,
 one of th'ayre, without or wind or wether;
 would he ballaunce heaven and hell
 together,
 all that did within them all containe,
 ll whose weight he would not misse a
 fether:
 ooke what surplus did of each remaine,
 ould to his owne part restore the same
 againe:

XXXII

why, he sayd, they all unequall were,
 ad encroched upon others share;
 as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)
 worne the earth; so did the fire the aire;
 the rest did others parts empaire,
 so were realmes and nations run awry.
 hich he undertooke for to repaire,
 rt as they were formed aunciently,
 all things would reduce unto equality.

XXXIII

Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,
 And cluster thicke unto his leasings vaine,
 Like foolish flies about an hony-crooke;
 In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
 And uncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
 All which when Artegall did see and heare,
 How he mis-led the simple peoples traine,
 In sdeignfull wize he drew unto him neare,
 And thus unto him spake, without regard or
 feare.

XXXIV

'Thou that presum'st to weigh the world
 And all things to an equall to restore, [anew,
 Instead of right me seemes great wrong
 dost shew,
 And far above thy forces pitch to sore;
 For ere thou limit what is lesse or more
 In every thing, thou oughtest first to know
 What was the poysse of every part of yore:
 And looke then how much it doth overflow
 Or faile thereof, so much is more then just to
 throw.

XXXV

'For at the first they all created were
 In goodly measure by their Makers might;
 And weighed out in ballaunces so nere,
 That not a dram was missing of their right:
 The earth was in the middle centie pight,
 In which it doth immoveable abide,
 Hemd in with waters like a wall in sight,
 And they with aire, that not a drop can slide:
 Al which the heavens containe, and in their
 courses guide.

XXXVI

'Such heavenly justice doth among them
 raine,
 That every one doe know their certaine bound,
 In which they doe these many yeares remaine,
 And mongst them al no change hath yet beene
 found; [pound,
 But if thou now shouldst weigh them new in
 We are not sure they would so long remaine:
 All change is perillous, and all chaunce unsound.
 Therefore leave off to weigh them all againe,
 Till we may be assur'd they shall their course
 retaine.'

XXXVII

'Thou foolishe Elfe,' (said then the Gyant
 wroth)
 'Seest not how badly all things present bee,
 And each estate quite out of order goth?
 The sea it selfe doest thou not plainly see
 Encroch upon the land there under thee?
 And th' earth it selfe how daily its increast
 By all that dying to it turned be.'

Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,
And from the most that some were given to the
least?

XXXVIII

'Therefore I will throw downe these moun-
taines hie,
And make them leuell with the lowly plaine;
These towring rocks, which reach unto the skie,
I will thrust downe into the deepest maine,
And, as they were, them equalize againe.
Tyrants, that make men subject to their law,
I will suppress, that they no more may raine;
And Lordings curbe that commons over-aw,
And all the wealth of rich men to the poore will
draw.'

XXXIX

'Of things unseene how canst thou deeme
aright,'
Then answered the righteous Artegall, [sight?
'Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in
What though the sea with waves continuall
Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all;
Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought,
For whatsoever from one place doth fall
Is with the tide unto another brought:
For there is nothing lost, that may be found if
sought.

XL

'Likewise the earth is not augmented more
By all that dying into it doe fade;
For of the earth they formed were of yore:
How ever gay their blossome or their blade
Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
What wrong then is it, if that when they die
They turne to that whereof they first were made?
All in the powre of their great Maker lie:
All creatures must obey the voice of the Most
Hie.

XLI

'They live, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
Ne ever any asketh reason why.
The hills doe not the lowly dales disdain,
The dales doe not the lofty hills envy.
He maketh Kings to sit in soverainty;
He maketh subjects to their powre obey;
He pulleth downe, he setteth up on hy;
He gives to this, from that he takes away,
For all we have is his: what he list doe, he
may.

XLII

'What ever thing is done by him is donne,
Ne any may his mighty will withstand;
Ne any may his soveraine power shonne,
Ne loose that he hath bound with stedfast
bard.

In vaine therefore doest thou now take in
To call to count, or weigh his workes anev
Whose counsels depth thou canst not un-
stand;

Sith of things subject to thy daily vew
Thou doest not know the causes, nor the
courses dew.

XLIII

'For take thy ballaunce, if thou be so wi-
And weigh the winde that under heaven
blow;
Or weigh the light that in the East doth
Or weigh the thought that from mans m-
doth flow:
But if the weight of these thou canst not sh-
Weigh but one word which from thy lips
fall:
For how canst thou those greater secrets kn-
That doest not know the least thing of them
Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach
small.'

XLIV

Therewith the Gyant much abashed sayd
That he of little things made reckoning li-
Yet the least word that ever could be layd
Within his ballaunce he could way aright
'Which is' (sayd he) 'more heavy then
weight,

The right or wrong, the false or else the tre-
He answered that he would try it streight
So he the words into his ballaunce threw,
But streight the winged words out of his
launce flew.

XLV

Wroth wext he then, and sayd that w-
were light,
Ne would within his ballaunce well abide.
But he could justly weigh the wrong or ri-
'Well then,' sayd Artegall, 'let it be tri-
First in one ballance set the true aside.'
He did so first, and then the false he layd
In th' other scale; but still it downe did s-
And by no meane could in the weight be sta-
For by no meanes the false will with the t-
be wayd.

XLVI

'Now take the right likewise,' sayd Arter-
'And counterpoise the same with so m-
wrong.'
So first the right he put into one scale,
And then the Gyant strove with puiss-
strong
To fill the other scale with so much wron-
But all the wrongs that he therein could
Might not it peise; yet did he labour long

swat, and chauf'd, and proved every way:
all the wrongs could not a litle right downe
way.

XLVII

rich when he saw he greatly grew in rage,
almost would his balances have broken;
Artegall him fairely gan asswage,
said, 'Be not upon thy balance wroken,
they doe nought but right or wrong be-
token;
in the mind the doome of right must bee:
so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
eare must be the ballance, to decree
judge, whether with truth or falshood they
agree.

XLVIII

at set the truth and set the right aside,
they with wrong or falshood will not fare,
put two wrongs together to be tride,
else two falses, of each equall share,
then together doe them both compare;
truth is one, and right is ever one.
did he; and then plaine it did appeare,
ether of them the greater were attone;
right sate in the midst of the beame
alone.

XLIX

t he the right from thence did thrust away,
it was not the right which he did seeke,
rather strove extremities to way,
one to diminish, th' other for to eeke;
of the meane he greatly did misleeke.
om when so lewdly minded Talus found,
roching nigh unto him, cheeke by cheeke,
shouldered him from off the higher ground,
l, down the rock him throwing, in the sea
him dround.

L

ke as a ship, whom cruell tempest drives
on a rocke with horrible dismay,
shattered ribs in thousand peeces rives,
spoyling all her geares and goodly ray
s make her selfe misfortunes piteous pray.
lowne the cliffe the wretched Gyant tum-
bled;
battered ballances in peeces lay,
timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled:
was the high-aspyring with huge ruine
humbled.

LI

That when the people, which had there about
Long wayted, saw his sudden desolation,
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
And mutining to stirre up civill faction
For certaine losse of so great expectation:
For well they hoped to have got great good,
And wondrous riches by his innovation.
Therefore resolving to revenge his blood
They rose in armes, and all in battell order
stood.

LII

Which lawlesse multitude him comming too
In warlike wise when Artegall did vew,
He much was troubled, ne wist what to doo:
For loth he was his noble hands t' embrew
In the base blood of such a rascall crew;
And otherwise, if that he should retire,
He fear'd least they with shame would him
pursew:
Therefore he Talus to them sent t' inquire
The cause of their array, and truce for to desire.

LIII

But soone as they him nigh approching spide,
They gan with all their weapons him assay,
And rudely stroke at him on every side;
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dis-
may:
But when at them he with his faile gan lay,
He like a swarme of flyes them overthrew;
Ne any of them durst come in his way,
But here and there before his presence flew,
And hid themselves in holes and bushes from
his vew.

LIV

As when a Faulcon hath with nimble flight
Flowne at a flush of Ducks foreby the brooke,
The trembling foule dismayd with dreadfull
sight
Of death, the which them almost overtooke,
Doe hide themselves from her astonying looke
Amongst the flags and covert round about.
When Talus saw they all the field forsooke,
And none appear'd of all that raskall rout,
To Artegall he turn'd and went with him
throughout.

CANTO III.

The spousals of faire Florimell,
Where turney many knights :
There Braggadochio is uncas'd
In all the Ladies sights.

I

AFTER long stormes and tempests overblowne
The sunne at length his joyous face doth cleare:
So when as fortune all her spight hath showne,
Some blisfull houres at last must needes appeare;
Else should afflicted wights oftymes despire:
So comes it now to Florimell by tourne,
After long sorrowes suffered whyleare,
In which captiv'd she many moneths did mourne,
To tast of joy, and to wont pleasures to tourne.

II

Who being freed from Proteus cruell band
By Marinell was unto him affide,
And by him brought againe to Faerie land,
Where he her spous'd, and made his joyous bride.
The time and place was blazed farre and wide,
And solemne feasts and giusts ordain'd therefore:
To which there did resort from every side
Of Lords and Ladies infinite great store;
Ne any Knight was absent that brave courage bore.

III

To tell the glorie of the feast that day,
The goodly service, the devicefull sights,
The bridegromes state, the brides most rich aray,
The pride of Ladies, and the worth of knights,
The royall banquets, and the rare delights,
Were worke fit for an Herauld, not for me:
But for so much as to my lot here lights,
That with this present treatise doth agree,
True vertue to advance, shall here recounted bee.

IV

When all men had with full satietie
Of meates and drinckes their appetites suffiz'd,
To deedes of armes and prooffe of chevalrie
They gan themselves addresse, full rich aguiz'd
As each one had his furnitures deviz'd.
And first of all issu'd Sir Marinell, [terpriz'd
And with him sixe knights more, which en-

To chalenge all in right of Florimell,
And to maintaine that she all others did cell.

V

The first of them was hight Sir Orimont,
A noble Knight, and tride in hard assayes
The second had to name Sir Bellisont,
But second unto none in prowesse prayse;
The third was Brunell, famous in his dayes
The fourth Ecastor, of exceeding might;
The fift Armeddan, skild in lovely layes;
The sixt was Lansack, a redoubted Knight
All sixe well-seene in armes, and provid many a fight.

VI

And them against came all that list to gi
From every coast and countrie under sunne
None was debard, but all had leave that l
The trompets sound, then all together ronn
Full many deeds of armes that day were don
And many knights unhorst, and many wou
de
As fortune fell; yet little lost or wonne:
But all that day the greatest prayse redoun
To Marinell, whose name the Heralds loud
sounded.

VII

The second day, so soone as morrow light
Appear'd in heaven, into the field they cam
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,
With divers fortune fit for such a game,
In which all strove with perill to winne san
Yet whether side was victor note be ghest:
But at the last the trompets did proclame
That Marinell that day deserved best.
So they disparted were, and all men went
rest.

VIII

The third day came, that should due try
lend
Of all the rest; and then this warlike crew
Together met of all to make an end.
There Marinell great deeds of armes
shew,

rough the thickest like a Lyon flew,
g off helmes, and rying plates ason-
der,
very one his daunger did eschew:
ibly his dreadfull strokes did thonder,
ll men stood amaz'd, and at his might
did wonder.

IX

what on earth can alwayes happie
stand?
reater prowess greater perils find.
re he past amongst his enemies band,
hey have him enclosed so behind,
no meanes he can himselfe outwind:
ow perforce they have him prisoner
taken;
ow they doe with captive bands him bind;
ow they lead him thence, of all forsaken,
e some succour had in time him over-
taken.

X

rtun'd, whylest they were thus ill
beset,
tegal into the Tilt-yard came,
Braggadochio, whom he lately met
he way with that his snowy Dame:
when he understood by common fame
evil hap to Marinell betid,
ach was mov'd at so unwort^h shame,
reight that boaster prayd with whom
he rid, [hid.
nge his shield with him, to be the better

XI

th he went, and soone them over-hent,
they were leading Marinell away;
he assayld with dreadlesse hardiment,
rst the burden of their prize to stay.
were an hundred knights of that array,
ich th' one halfe upon himselfe did set,
her stayd behind to gard the pray:
ere long the former fiftie bet,
rom the other fiftie soone the prisoner
fet.

XII

cke he brought Sir Marinell againe;
a having quickly arm'd againe anew,
both together joynd might and maine,
afresh on all the other crew:
r with sore havocke soone they over-
threw,
haced quite out of the field, that none
st them durst his head to perill shew.
re they left Lords of the field alone:
arinell by him was rescu'd from his
fene.

XIII

Which when he had perform'd, then backe
again
To Braggadochio did his shield restore,
Who all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there close with him in pretious store
That his false Ladie, as ye heard afore.
Then did the trompets sound, and Judges rose,
And all these knights, which that day armour
bore,
Came to the open hall to listen whose
The honour of the prize should be adjudg'd by
those.

XIV

And thether also came in open sight
Fayre Florimell, into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon unto every knight,
And best to him to whom the best should fall.
Then for that stranger knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they should the girlond
yield,
Who came not forth; but for Sir Artegal
Came Braggadochio, and did shew his shield,
Which bore the Sunne brode blazed in a gol-
den field.

XV

The sight whereof did all with gladnesse fill:
So unto him they did addeeme the prise
Of all that Tryumph. Then the trompets
shrill
Don Braggadochios name resounded thrise:
So courage lent a cloke to cowardise.
And then to him came fayrest Florimell,
And goodly gan to greet his brave emprise,
And thousand thanks him yeeld, that had so
well
Approv'd that day that she all others did excell.

XVI

To whom the boaster, that all knights did blot
With proud disdaine did scornefull answer
make,
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne deare Ladies sake,
Whom on his perill he did undertake
Both her and eke all others to excell:
And further did uncomely speeches crake,
Much did his words the gentle Ladie quell,
And turn'd aside for shame to heare what he
did tell.

XVII

Then forth he brought his snowy Florimele,
Whom Trompart had in keeping there beside,
Covered from peoples gazement with a vele:
Whom when discovered they had throughly
eide,

With great amazement they were stupefide;
And said, that surely Florimell it was,
Or if it were not Florimell so tride,
That Florimell her selfe she then did pas.
So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

XVIII

Which when as Marinell beheld likewise,
He was therewith exceedingly dismayd,
Ne wist he what to thinke, or to devise;
But, like as one whom feends had made affrayd,
He long astonisht stood, ne ought he sayd,
Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eies
He gazed still upon that snowy mayd;
Whom ever as he did the more avize,
The more to be true Florimell he did surmize.

XIX

As when two sunnes appeare in the azure skye,
Mounted in Phœbus charet tierie bright,
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans
eye,
And both adorn'd with lampes of flaming light;
All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing natures worke, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder and with rare affright.
So stood Sir Marinell, when he had seene
Thesemblant of this false by his faire beauties
Queene.

XX

All which when Artegall, who all this while
Stood in the preasse close covered, well ad-
vewed,
And saw that boasters pride and gracelesse
guile,
He could no longer beare, but forth issewed,
And unto all himselfe there open shawed,
And to the boaster said; 'Thou losell base,
That hast with borrowed plumes thy selfe en-
dewed,
And others worth with leasings doest deface,
When they are all restor'd thou shalt rest in
disgrace.

XXI

'That shield, which thou doest beare, was it
indeed
Which this dayes honour sav'd to Marinell:
But not that arme, nor thou the man, I reed,
Which didst that service unto Florimell.
For prooffe shew forth thy sword, and let it tell
What strokes, what dreadfull stoure, it stird
this day;
Or shew the wounds which unto thee befell;
Or shew the sweat with which thou diddest
sway
So sharpe a battell: that so many did dismay.

XXII

'But this the sword which wrought
cruell stounds,
And this the arme the which that shield
And these the signs' (so shewed forth
wounds)
'By which that glorie gotten doth appeare
As for this Ladie, which he sheweth here
Is not (I wager) Florimell at all;
But some fayre Franion, fit for such a fer
That by misfortune in his hand did fall'
For prooffe whereof he bad them Flor
forth call.

XXIII

So forth the noble Ladie was ybrought,
Adorn'd with honor and all comely grace
Whereeto her bashful shamefastnesse ywro
A great increase in her faire blushing face
As roses did with lilies interlace;
For of those words, the which that bo
threw,
She inly yet conceived great disgrace:
Whom when as all the people such did v
They shouted loud, and signes of gladnes
did shew.

XXIV

Then did he set her by that snowy one,
Like the true saint beside the image set,
Of both their beauties to make paragone
And triall, whether should the honor get.
Streight-way, so soone as both together n
Th' enchanted Damzell vanisht into nou
Her snowy substance melted as with heat
Ne of that goodly hew remaind ought,
But th' emtie girdle which about her wast
wrought.

XXV

As when the daughter of Thaumantes fa
Hath in a watry cloud displayed wide
Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid a
That all men wonder at her colours prid
All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
The glorious picture vanisheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide:
So did this Ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe, ere one could it bew

XXVI

Which when as all that present were be
They stricken were with great astonishme
And their faint harts with senselesse hor
quell,
To see the thing, that seem'd so excellent,
So stolen from their fancies wonderment
That what of it became none understood:
And Braggadochio selfe with dreriment

unted was in his despayring mood,
like a lifelesse corse immoveable ne
stood.

XXVII

Arte gall that golden belt uptooke,
which of all her spoyle was onely left;
which was not hers, as many it mistooke,
Florimells owne girdle, from her rest
she was flying, like a weary weft,
that foule monster which did her com-
pell
perils great; which he unbuckling eft
brought to the fayrest Florimell,
round about her tender wast it fitted
well.

XXVIII

many Ladies often had assayd
at their middles that faire belt to knit;
many a one suppos'd to be a mayd:
it to none of all their loynes would fit,
Florimell about her fastned it,
power it had, that to no womans wast
any skill or labour it would sit,
esse that she were continent and chaste,
it would lose or breake, that many had
disgrast.

XXIX

mildest thus they busied were bout Flori-
mell,
boastfull Braggadochio to defame,
Guyon, as by fortune then befell,
h from the thickest preasse of people
came, [clame;
owne good steed, which he had stolne, to
th' one hand seizing on his golden bit,
th' other drew his sword; for with the
same
ment the thiefe there deadly to have smit:
had he not bene held, he nought had
fayld of it.

XXX

ereof great hurly-burly moved was
oughout the hall for that same warlike
horse;

Braggadochio would not let him pas,
Guyon would him algates have perforce,
t approve upon his carrion corse.

ich troublous stirre when Arte gall per-
ceived,
high then drew to stay th' avengers forse,
gan inquire how was that steed bereaved,
ether by might extort, or else by slight
deceived?

XXXI

no all that piteous storie, which befell
ut that wofull couple which were slaine,

And their young bloodie babe to him gan tell;
With whom whiles he did in the wood re-
maine,

His horse purloyned was by subtile traine,
For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight:
But he for nought could him thereto con-
straine;

For as the death he hated such despight,
And rather had to lose then trie in armes his
right.

XXXII

Which Arte gall well hearing, (though no
more

By law of armes there neede ones right to trie,
As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,
Then that his foe should him the field denie,)
Yet, further right by tokens to descrie,
He askt what privie tokens he did beare?
'If that' (said Guyon) 'may you satisfie,
Within his mouth a blacke spot doth appeare,
Shapt like a horses shoe, who list to seeke it
there.'

XXXIII

Whereof to make due tryall, one did take
The horse in hand within his mouth to looke:
But with his heeles so sorely he him strake,
That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
That never word from that day forth he spoke.
Another, that would seeme to have more wit,
Him by the bright embrodered hed-stall tooke;
But by the shoulder him so sore he bit,
That he him maymed quite, and all his
shoulder split.

XXXIV

Ne he his mouth would open unto wight,
Untill that Guyon selfe unto him spake,
And called Brigadore, (so was he hight,) Whose voice so soone as he did undertake,
Eftsoones he stood as still as any stake,
And suffred all his secret marke to see:
And, when as he him nam'd, for joy he brake
His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
And friskt, and slong aloft, and louted low on
knee.

XXXV

Thereby Sir Arte gall did plaine areed
That unto him the horse belong'd, and sayd;
'Lo there! Sir Guyon, take to you the steed,
As he with golden saddle is arayd,
And let that losell, plainely now displayd,
Hence fare on foot, till he an horse have
gayned.'

But the proud boaster gan his doome upbrayd,
And him revil'd, and rated, and disdayned,
That judgement so unjust against him had
ordayned.

XXXVI

Much was the knight incens'd with his lewd
word

To have revenged that his villeny;
And thrise did lay his hand upon his sword,
To have him slaine, or dearely doen aby:
But Guyon did his choler pacify,
Saying, 'Sir knight, it would dishonour bee
To you that are our judge of equity,
To wreake your wrath on such a carle as hee:
It's punishment enough that all his shame doe
see.'

XXXVII

So did he mitigate Sir Artegall;
But Talus by the backe the boaster hent,
And drawing him out of the open hall
Upon him did inflict this punishment:
First he his beard did shave, and fowly shent,
Then from him reft his shield, and it ren-
verst,

And blotted out his armes with falshood blent,
And himselfe baffuld, and his armes unherst,
And broke his sword in twaine, and all his
armour sperst.

XXXVIII

The whiles his guilefull groome was fled away,
But vaine it was to thinke from him to flie;
Who overtaking him did disaray,
And all his face deform'd with infamie,

And out of court him scourged openly.
So ought all faytours that true knightthoo
shame,
And armes dishonour with base villanie,
From all brave knights be banisht with defamie,
For oft their lewdnes blotteth good deser
with blame.

XXXIX

Now when these counterfeits were thus un
Out of the fore-side of their forgerie, [case
And in the sight of all men cleane disgrace
All gan to jest and gibe full merilie
At the remembrance of their knaverie:
Ladies can laugh at Ladies, Knights
Knights,
To thinke with how great vaunt of braverie
He them abused through his subtill slights,
And what a glorious shew he made in a
their sights.

XL

There leave we them in pleasure and repas
Spending their joyous dayes and gladfu
And taking usurie of time fore-past, [night
With all deare delices and rare delights,
Fit for such Ladies and such lovely knights:
And turne we here to this faire furrowes end
Our wearie yokes, to gather fresher sprights,
That, when as time to Artegall shall tend,
We on his first adventure may him forwa
send.

CANTO IV.

Artegail dealeth right betwixt
Two brethren that doe strive:
Saves Terpine from the gallow tree,
And doth from death revive.

I.

Whoso upon him selfe will take the skill
True Justice unto people to divide,
Had neede have mightie hands for to fulfill
That which he doth with righteous doome
decide,
And for to maister wrong and puissant pride:
For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong doers justice to deride,
Unless it be perform'd with dreadlesse might;
For powre is the right hand of Justice truly
hight.

II

Therefore whylome to knights of great em-
prise
The charge of Justice given was in trust,

That they might execute her judgement
wise, [h
And with their might beat downe licentious
Which proudly did impugne her sentence just
Whereof no braver president this day
Remaines on earth, preserv'd from yron rust
Of rude oblivion and long times decay,
Then this of Artegall, which here we hav
to say.

III

Who having lately left that lovely payre,
Enlincked fast in wedlockes loyall bond,
Bold Marinell with Florimell the fayre,
With whom great feast and goodly glee
fond,
Departed from the Castle of the Strong

low his adventures first intent,
 a long agoe he taken had in hond :
 ght with him for his assistance went,
 hat great yron groome, his gard and
 government.

IV

whom, as he did passe by the sea shore,
 haunst to come whereas two comely
 Squires,
 brethren, whom one wombe together bore,
 stirred up with different desires,
 ner strove, and kindled wrathfull fires :
 hem beside two seemely damzells stood,
 means seeking to assuage their ires ;
 ith faire words, but words did little good,
 with sharpe threats, but threats the more
 increast their mood.

V

there before them stood a Coffer strong
 bound on every side with iron bands,
 seeming to have suffred mickle wrong,
 by being wreckt upon the sands,
 ng carried farre from forraine lands.
 d that for it these Squires at ods did
 fall, [hands ;
 bent against them selves their cruell
 remore those Damzells did forestall
 furious encounter, and their fiercenesse
 pall.

VI

rmely fixt they were with dint of sword
 attailles doubtfull prooffe their rights to
 er end their fury would afford, [try,
 hat to them Fortune would justify :
 od they both in readinesse thereby
 ne the combate with cruell intent,
 Artegall, arriving happily,
 ay a while their greedy bickermment,
 e had questioned the cause of their
 dissent.

VII

om the elder did this aunswere frame :
 weete ye, Sir, that we two brethren be,
 om our sire, Milesio by name,
 ually bequeath his lands in fee,
 lands, which ye there before you see
 re in sea ; of which the one appears
 e a little Mount of small degree,
 as as great and wide, ere many yeares,
 t same other Isle, that greater bredth
 now beares.

VIII

tract of time, that all things doth
 decay, [spare,
 his devouring Sea, that naught doth

The most part of my land hath washt away,
 And throwne it up unto my brothers share :
 So his encreased, but mine did empaire.
 Before which time I lov'd, as was my lot,
 That further mayd, hight Philtera the faire,
 With whom a goodly doure I should have got,
 And should have joynd bene to her in wed-
 locks knot.

IX

'Then did my younger brother, Amidas,
 Love that same other Damzell, Lucy bright,
 To whom but little dowre allotted was :
 Her vertue was the dowre that did delight.
 What better dowre can to a dame be light ?
 But now, when Philtra saw my lands decay
 And former livelod fayle, she left me quight,
 And to my brother did ellope streight way,
 Who, taking her from me, his owne love left
 astray.

X

'She, seeing then her selfe forsaken so,
 Through dolorous despaire which she con-
 ceived,
 Into the Sea her selfe did headlong throw,
 Thinking to have her grieve by death be-
 reaved :
 Bnt see how much her purpose was deceived !
 Whilest thus, amidst the billowes beating of
 her, [weaved,
 Twixt life and death long to and fro she
 She chaunst unwares to light upon this coffer,
 Which to her in that daunger hope of life did
 offer.

XI

'The wretched mayd, that earst desir'd to die,
 When as the paine of death she tasted had,
 And but halfe seene his ugly visnomie,
 Gan to repent that she had beene so mad
 For any death to chaunge life, though most
 bad :
 And catching hold of this Sea-beaten chest,
 (The lucky Pylot of her passage sad,)
 After long tossing in the seas distrest,
 Her weary barke at last upon mine Isle did
 rest.

XII

'Where I by chaunce then wandering on the
 shore
 Did her espy, and through my good endeavour
 From dreadfull mouth of death, which threat-
 ned sore [her.
 Her to have swallow'd up, did helpe to save
 She then, in recompence of that great favour
 Which I on her bestowed, bestowd on me
 The portion of that good which Fortune gave
 her,

Together with her selfe in dowry free;
Both goodly portions, but of both the better
she.

XIII

'Yet in this coffer which she with her brought
Great treasure sithence we did finde con-
tained,

Which as our owne we tooke, and so it thought;
But this same other Damzell since hath fained
That to her selfe that treasure appertained;
And that she did transport the same by sea,
To bring it to her husband new ordained,
But suffred cruell shipwracke by the way:
But whether it be so or no, I can not say.

XIV

'But, whether it indeede be so or no,
This doe I say, that what so good or ill
Or God or Fortune unto me did throw,
Not wronging any other by my will,
I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still.
And though my land he first did winne away,
And then my love, (though now it little skill)
Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray,
But I will it defend whilst ever that I may.'

XV

So having sayd, the younger did ensew:
'Full true it is what so about our land
My brother here declared hath to you:
But not for it this ods twixt us doth stand,
But for this treasure throwne upon his
strand;
Which well I prove, as shall appeare by triall,
To be this maides with whom I fastned hand.
Known by good markes and perfect good
espiall: [deniall.]
Therefore it ought be rendred her without

XVI

When they thus ended had, the Knight
began:
'Certes, your strife were easie to accord,
Would ye remit it to some righteous man.'
'Unto yourselfe,' said they, 'we give our
word,
To bide that judgement ye shall us afford.'
'Then for assurance to my doome to stand,
Under my foote let each lay downe his sword;
And then you shall my sentence understand.'
So each of them layd downe his sword out of
his hand.

XVII

Then Artegall thus to the younger sayd:
'Now tell me, Amidas, if that ye may,
Your brothers land the which the sea hath layd
Unto your part, and pluckt from his away,

By what good right doe you withhold it
day?'

'What other right,' (quoth he) 'should ye
esteeme,

But that the sea it to my share did lay?'

'Your right is good,' (sayd he) 'and so
deeme, [should seeme]

That what the sea unto you sent your

XVIII

Then turning to the elder thus he sayd:
'Now, Bracidas, let this likewise be shown
Your brothers treasure, which from him
strayd,

Being the dowry of his wife well knowne,
By what right doe you claime to be y
owne?' [esteeme]

'What other right,' (quoth he) 'should ye
But that the sea hath it unto me throwne?

'Your right is good,' (sayd he) 'and so
deeme, [should seeme]

That what the sea unto you sent your

XIX

'For equall right in equall things doth stand
For what the mighty Sea hath once possesed
And plucked quite from all possessors hand.
Whether by rage of waves that never rest,
Or else by wracke that wretches hath distrest,
He may dispose by his imperiall might,
As thing at randon left, to whom he list.
So, Amidas, the land was yours first hight
And so the treasure yours is, Bracidas,
right.'

XX

When he his sentence thus pronounced
Both Amidas and Philtra were displeased;
But Bracidas and Lucy were right glad,
And on the treasure by that judgem
seased,
So was their discord by this doome appeased
And each one had his right. Then Artegall
When as their sharpe contention he had ceased
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old quest, the which him for
did call.

XXI

So as he travelled upon the way,
He chaunst to come. where happily he spide
A rout of many people farre away;
To whom his course he hastily applide,
To weete the cause of their assemblaunce
To whom when he approched neare in sight
(An uncouth sight) he plainly then descried
To be a troupe of women, warlike dight,
With weapons in their hands as ready for
fight.

XXII

in the midst of them he saw a Knight,
both his hands behinde him pinnoed hard,
round about his necke an halter tight,
ready for the gallow-tree prepar'd:
his face was covered, and his head was bar'd,
who he was underneath was to descry;
with full heavy heart with them he far'd,
and to the soule, and groning inwardly,
he of womens hands so base a death
should dy.

XXIII

they, like tyrants mercilesse, the more
ced at his miserable case,
him reviled, and reproched sore
with bitter taunts and termes of vile disgrace.
When as Artégall, arriv'd in place,
asked what cause brought that man to
decay,
round about him gan to swarme apace,
telling on him their cruell hands to lay,
to have wrought unwares some villanous
assay.

XXIV

he was soone aware of their ill minde,
drawing backe deceived their intent:
though him selfe did shame on woman-
kinde
his mighty hand to shend, he Talus sent
backe on them their follies hardiment:
with few sowces of his yron flae
he rased all their troupe incontinent,
sent them home to tell a piteous tale
their vaine prowess turned to their proper
bale.

XXV

that same wretched man, ordayned to
die,
left behind them, glad to be so quit:
Talus tooke out of perplexitie,
horror of fowle death for Knight unfit,
more then losse of life ydreaded it;
him restoring unto living light,
brought unto his Lord, where he did sit
telling all that womanish weake fight;
so soone as he beheld he knew, and thus
behight:

XXVI

Turpine! haplesse man, what make you
here? [tion,
have you lost your selfe and your discre-
tion in this wretched case ye were?
have ye yeelded you to proude oppression
omens powre, that boast of mens sub-
jection?
what other deadly dismall day
have you on you by heavens hard direction

That ye were runne so fondly far astray
As for to lead your selfe unto your owne
decay?'

XXVII

Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with shame, and partly with dismay,
That all astonisht he him selfe did find,
And little had for his excuse to say,
But onely thus: 'Most haplesse well ye may
Me justly terme, that to this shame am
brought, [day:
And made the scorne of Knighthod this same
But who can scape what his owne fate hath
wrought? [thought,
The worke of heavens will surpasseth humaine

XXVIII

'Right true: but faulty men use oftentimes
To attribute their folly unto fate,
And lay on heaven the guilt of their owne
But tell, Sir Terpin, ne let you amate [crimes.
Your misery, how fell ye in this state?'
'Then sith ye needs' (quoth he) 'will know
my shame,
And all the ill which chaunst to me of late,
I shortly will to you rehearse the same,
In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my
blame.

XXIX

'Being desirous (as all Knights are woont)
Through hard adventures deedes of armes to
And after fame and honour for to hunt, [try,
I heard report that farre abroad did fly,
That a proud Amazon did late defy
All the brave Knights that hold of Maidenhead,
And unto them wrought all the villany
That she could forge in her malicious head,
Which some hath put to shame, and many
done be dead.

XXX

'The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate
Is for the sake of Bellodant the bold,
To whom she bore most fervent love of late,
And, wooed him by all the waies she could:
But when she saw at last that he ne would
For ought or nought be wonne unto her will,
She turn'd her love to hatred manifold,
And for his sake vow'd to doe all the ill
Which she could doe to Knights; which now
she doth fulfill.

XXXI

'For all those Knights, the which by force
or guile
She doth subdue, she fowly doth entreate.
First, she doth them of warlike armes despoile,
And cloth in womens weedes: And then with
threat

Doth them compell to worke, to earne their
meat,
To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring;
Ne doth she give them other thing to eat
But bread and water or like feeble thing,
Them to disable from revenge adventuring.

XXXII

'But if through stout disdaine of manly
mind

Any her proud observaunce will withstand,
Uppon that gibbet, which is there behind,
She causeth them be hang'd up out of hand;
In which condition I right now did stand:
For, being overcome by her in fight,
And put to that base service of her band,
I rather chose to die in lives despight,
Then lead that shamefull life, unworthy of a
Knight.'

XXXIII

'How hight that Amazon?' (sayd Artegall)
'And where and how far hence does she
abide?' [call,
'Her name' (quoth he) 'they Radigund doe
A Princesse of great powre and greater pride,
And Queene of Amazons, in armes well tride
And sundry battels, which she hath atchieved
With great successe, that her hath glorifide,
And made her famous, more then is believed:
Ne would I it have ween'd, had I not late it
priev'd.'

XXXIV

'Now sure,' (said he) 'and by the faith
that I
To Maydenhead and noble knighthood owe,
I will not rest till I her might doe trie,
And venge the shame that she to Knights
doth show.

Therefore, Sir Terpin, from you lightly throw
This squalid weede, the patterne of dispaire,
And wend with me, that ye may see and
know

How Fortune will your ruin'd name repaire
And knights of Maidenhead, whose praise she
would empaire.'

XXXV

With that, like one that hopelesse was de-
pry'd
From deathes dore at which he lately lay,
Those yron setters wherewith he was gyv'd,
The badges of reproch, he threw away,
And nimble did him dight to guide the way
Unto the dwelling of that Amazone:
Which was from thence not past a mile or
tway.

A goodly citty and a mighty one,
The which, of her owne name, she call
Radegone.

XXXVI

Where they arriving by the watchman we
Descried streight; who all the city warn'd
How that three warlike persons did appeare
Of which the one him seem'd a Knight
armed,
And th' other two well likely to have harme
Eftsoones the people all to harnesses ran,
And like a sort of Bees in clusters swarmed
Erelong their Queene her selfe, halfe like a ma
Came forth into the rout, and them t' arr
began.

XXXVII

And now the Knights, being arrived neare
Did beat uppon the gates to enter in;
And at the Porter, skorning them so few,
Threw many threats, if they the townes, d
win,
To teare his flesh in peeces for his sin:
Which when as Radigund there commi
heard,
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did gr
She bad that streight the gates should be unb
And to them way to make with weapons w
prepard.

XXXVIII

Soone as the gates were open to them set,
They pressed forward, entraunce to ha
made;
But in the middle way they were ymet
With a sharpe showre of arrowes, which the
staid,
And better bad advise, ere they assaid
Unknownen perill of bold womens pride.
Then all that rout uppon them rudely laid,
And heaped strokes so fast on every side,
And arrowes haild so thicke, that they cou
not abide.

XXXIX

But Radigund her selfe, when she espide
Sir Terpin, from her direfull doome acquit.
So cruell doale amongst her maides divide
T' avenge that shame they did on him comm
All sodainely enflam'd with furious fit
Like a fell Lionesse at him she flew,
And on his head-peece him so fiercely smit,
That to the ground him quite she overthre
Dismayd so with the stroke that he no colou
knew.

XL

Soone as she saw him on the ground to g
vell,
She lightly to him leapt; and in his necke

proud foote setting, at his head did leuell.
ning at once her wrath on him to wreake
his contempt, that did her judg'ment
breake.

hen a Beare hath seiz'd her cruell clawes
on the carkasse of some beast too weake,
dly stands over, and a while doth pause
eare the piteous beast pleading her plain-
tiffe cause.

XLI

om when as Artegall in that distresse
naunce beheld, he left the bloody slaugh-
ter
ich he swam, and ranne to his redresse:
e her assaying fiercely fresh, he raught
her [her;
an higestroke, that it of sence distraught
had she not it warded warily,
d depriv'd her mother of a daughter:
lesse for all the powre she did apply
de her stagger oft, and stare with ghastly
eye.

XLII

e to an Eagle, in his kingly pride
g through his wide Empire of the aire
eather his brode sailes, by chaunce hath
spide
shauke, which hath seized for her share
n some fowle that should her feast pre-
pare;
dreadfull force he flies at her bylive,
with his souce, which none enduren
dare,
rom the quarrey he away doth drive,
from her griping pounce the greedy prey
doth rive.

XLIII

soone as she her sence recover'd had,
ercely towards him her selfe gan dight,
gh vengeful wrath and sdeignfull pride
half mad;
ever had she suffred such despight:
ere she could joyne hand with him to
fight,
arlike maides about her flockt so fast,
they disparted them, m^ragre their
might,
with their troupes did far asunder cast;
ongst the rest the fight did untill evening
last.

XLIV

every while that mighty yron man
his strange weapon, never wont in
warre,
sorely vext, and courst, and overran,
roke their bowes, and did their shooting
marre,

That none of all the many once did darre
Him to assault, nor once approach him nie;
But like a sort of sheepe dispersed farre
For dread of their devouring enemie,
Through all the fields and vallies did before
him flie.

XLV

But when as daies faire shinie-beame, yelowd-
ed
With fearefull shadowes of deformed night,
Warn'd man and beast in quiet rest be shrowd-
ed,

Bold Radigund with sound of trumpe on hight,
Causd all her people to surcease from fight;
And gathering them unto her citties gate,
Made them all enter in before her sight;
And all the wounded, and the weake in state,
To be conuayed in, ere she would once retrate.

XLVI

When thus the field was voided all away,
And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight,
Weary of toile and travell of that day,
Causd his pavilion to be richly pight
Before the city gate, in open sight;
Where he him selfe did rest in safety
Together with Sir Terpin all that night:
But Talus usde, in times of jeopardy,
To keepe a nightly watch for dread of treach-
ery.

XLVII

But Radigund, full of heart-gnawing grieve
For the rebuke which she sustain'd that day,
Could take no rest, ne would receive reliefe;
But tossed in her troublous minde what way
She mote revenge that blot which on her lay.
There she resolv'd her selfe in single fight
To try her Fortune, and his force assay,
Rather then see her people spoiled quight,
As she had seene that day, a disaventerous
sight.

XLVIII

She called forth to her a trusty mayd,
Whom she thought fittest for that businesse;
Her name was Clarin, and thus to her said:
'Goe, damzell, quickly, doe thy selfe addresse
To doe the message which I shall expresse.
Goe thou unto that stranger Faery Knight,
Who yeester day drove us to such distresse:
Tell, that to morrow I with him wil fight.
And try in equall field whether hath greater
might.

XLIX

'But these conditions doe to him propound:
That if I vanquishe him, he shall obay
My law, and ever to my lore be bound;
And so will I, if me he vanquish may,

What ever he shall like to doe or say.
 Goe streight, and take with thee to witnesse
 Sixe of thy fellowes of the best array, [it
 And beare with you both wine and juncates fit,
 And bid him eate: henceforth he oft shall
 hungry sit.'

L

The Damzell streight obeyd, and putting all
 In readinesse, forth to the Towne-gate went;
 Where, sounding loud a Trumpet from the wall,
 Unto those warlike Knights she warning sent.
 Then Talus forth issuing from the tent
 Unto the wall his way did fearelesse take,
 To weeten what that trumpets sounding
 ment:

Where that same Damzell lowdly him bespake
 And shew'd that with his Lord she wou
 emparlaunce make.

LI

So he them streight conducted to his Lord
 Who, as he could, them goodly well did gre
 Till they had told their message word by word
 Which he accepting well, as he could weete,
 Them fairely entertaynd with curt'sies meet.
 And gave them gifts and things of de
 delight.

So backe againe they homeward turnd the
 But Artegall him selfe to rest did dight,
 That he mote fresher be against the ne
 daies fight.

CANTO V.

Artegall fights with Radigund,
 And is subdewd by guile:
 He is by her imprisoned,
 But wrought by Clarins wile.

I

So soone as day forth dawning from the
 East [withdrew,
 Nights humid curtaine from the heavens
 And earely calling forth both man and beast
 Comaunded them their daily workes renew,
 These noble warriors, mindefull to pursue
 The last daies purpose of their vowed fight,
 Them selves thereto preparte in order dew;
 The Knight, as best was seeming for a Knight,
 And th' Amazon, as best it likt her selfe to
 dight.

II

All in a Camis light of purple silke
 Woven uppon with silver, subtly wrought,
 And quilted uppon sattin white as milke;
 Trayled with ribbands diversly distraught,
 Like as the workeman had their courses
 taught;

Which was short tucked for light motion
 Up to her ham; but, when she list, it raught
 Downe to her lowest heele; and thereuppon
 She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

III

And on her legs she painted buskins wore,
 Basted with bends of gold on every side,
 And mailles betweene, and laced close afore;
 Uppon her thigh her Cemitare was tide
 With an embroidered belt of mickell pride;
 And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt
 Uppon the bosse with stones that shined wide,

As the faire Moone in her most full aspect
 That to the Moone it mote be like in ea
 respect.

IV

So forth she came out of the citty gate
 With stately port and proud magnificence,
 Guarded with many Damzels that did wait
 Uppon her person for her sure defence,
 Playing on shaumes and trumpets, that fo
 hence

Their sound did reach unto the heavens high
 So forth into the field she marched thence,
 Where was a rich Pavilion ready pight
 Her to receive, till time they should be
 the fight.

V

Then forth came Artegall out of his tent
 All arm'd to point, and first the Lists
 enter:

Soone after eke came she, with fell intent
 And countenance fierce, as having fu
 bent her

That battells utmost trial to adventer.
 The Lists were closed fast, to barre the rou
 From rudely pressing to the middle center:
 Which in great heapes them circled all ab
 Wayting how Fortune would resolve th
 dangerous dout.

VI

The Trumpets sounded, and the field bega
 With bitter strokes it both began and ende

the first encounter on him ran
 furious rage, as if she had intended
 his breast the very heart have rended :
 e, that had like tempests often tride,
 that first flaw him selfe right well de-
 fended.
 ore she rag'd, the more he did abide ;
 eyd, she foyn'd, she lasht, she laid on
 every side.

VII

till her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
 ng at last to win advantage new ;
 ill her crueltie increased more,
 hough powre faild, her courage did ac-
 crew :
 sayling, he gan fiercely her pursew.
 s a Smith that to his cunning feat
 ubborne mettall seeketh to subdew,
 as he feeles it mollifide with heat,
 his great yron sledge doth strongly on
 it beat.

VIII

d Sir Artegall upon her lay,
 he had an yron andvile beene,
 lakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,
 her steely armes were flashing seene,
 ll on fire ye would her surely weene ;
 th her shield so well her selfe she warded
 the dread daunger of his weapon keene,
 ll that while her life she safely garded ;
 that helpe from her against her will
 discarded.

IX

with his trenchant blade at the next
 blow
 of her shield he shared quite away,
 halfe her side it selfe did naked show,
 henceforth unto daunger opened way.
 was she moved with the mightie sway
 t sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd she grew,
 like a greedie Beare unto her pray,
 her sharpe Cemitare at him she flew,
 glauncing downe his thigh the purple
 bloud forth drew.

X

at she gan to triumph with great boast,
 upbrayd that chauce which him misfell,
 the prize she gotten had almost,
 nightfull speeches, fitting with her well ;
 is great hart gan inwardly to swell
 indignation at her vaunting vaine,
 her strooke with puissaunce fearefull
 fell :
 th her shield she warded it againe,
 shattered all to peeces round about the
 plaine.

XI

Having her thus disarmed of her shield,
 Upon her helmet he againe her strooke,
 That downe she fell upon the grassie field
 In sencelesse swoone, as if her life forsooke,
 And pangs of death her spirit overtooke.
 Whom when he saw before his foote prostrated,
 He to her lept with dea^d dreadfull looke,
 And her sunshynie helme soone unlaced,
 Thinking at once both head and helmet to have
 raced.

XII

But, when as he discovered had her face,
 He saw, his senses straunge astonishment,
 A miracle of natures goodly grace
 In her faire visage voide of ornament,
 But bath'd in bloud and sweat together ment ;
 Which in the rudenesse of that evill plight
 Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent.
 Like as the Moone in foggie winters night
 Doth seeme to be her selfe, though darkned be
 her light.

XIII

At sight thereof his cruell minded hart
 Empierced was with pittifull regard, [apart,
 That his sharpe sword he threw from him
 Cursing his hand that had that visage mard :
 No hand so cruell, nor no hart so hard,
 But ruth of beautie will it mollifie.
 By this, upstarting from her swoone, she star'd
 A while about her with confused eye ;
 Like one that from his dreame is waked sud-
 denlye.

XIV

Soone as the knight she there by her did spy
 Standing with emptie hands all weaponlesse,
 With fresh assault upon him she did fly,
 And gan renew her former cruelnesse :
 And though he still retyr'd, yet nathelasse
 With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd ;
 And more increast her outrage mercilesse,
 The more that he with meeke intreatie prayd
 Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance to
 have stayd.

XV

Like as a Puttocke having spyde in sight
 A gentle Faulcon sitting on an hill, [flight,
 Whose other wing, now made unmeete for
 Was lately broken by some fortune ill ;
 The foolish Kytte, led with licentious will,
 Doth beat upon the gentle bird in vaine,
 With many idle stoups her troubling still :
 Even so did Radigund with bootlesse paine
 Annoy this noble Knight, and sorely him
 constraine.

XVI

Nought could he do but shun the dred despight

Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retyre;
And with his single shield, well as he might,
Beare off the burden of her raging yre:
And evermore he gently did desyre
To stay her stroks, and he himselfe would yield;
Yet nould she hearke, ne let him once respyre,
Till he to her delivered had his shield,
And to her mercie him submitted in plaine field.

XVII

So was he overcome; not overcome,
But to her yeelded of his owne accord;
Yet was he justly damned by the doome
Of his owne mouth, that spake so warelesse
word,
To be her thrall and service her afford:
For though that he first victorie obtayned,
Yet after, by abandoning his sword,
He wilfull lost that he before attayned:
No fayer conquest then that with goodwill is
gayned.

XVIII

Tho with her sword on him she flatling
strooke,
In signe of true subjection to her powre,
And as her vassall him to thraldome tooke:
But Terpine, borne to' a more unhappy howre,
As he on whom the lucklesse stars did lowre,
She caused to be attacht, and forthwith led
Unto the crooke, t' abide the balefull stowre
From which he lately had through reskew fled:
Where he full shamefully was hanged by the
hed.

XIX

But when they thought on Talus hands to lay,
He with his yron flaile amongst them thondred,
That they were fayne to let him scape away,
Glad from his companie to be so sondred;
Whose presence all their troupes so much en-
combred, [and slay,
That th' heapes of those which he did wound
Besides the rest dismayd, might not benombred:
Yet all that while he would not once assay
To reskew his owne Lord, but thought it just
t' obay.

XX

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,
Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,
And caused him to be disarmed quight
Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
With which whylome he gotten had great
fame:
Instead whereof she made him to be dight
In womans weedes, that is to manhood shame,

And put before his lap a napron white,
Instead of Curiets and bases fit for fight.

XXI

So being clad she brought him from the field
In which he had bene trayned many a day,
Into a long large chamber, which was shield
With monuments of many Knights decay,
By her subdewed in victorious fray:
Amongst the which she caused his warlike
armes [wray
Be hang'd on high, that mote his shame
And broke his sword, for feare of further harme
With which he wont to stirre up battailon
alarmes.

XXII

There entred in he round about him saw
Many brave knights, whose names right well
he knew,
There bound t' obay that Amazons proud lay
Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
That his bigge hart loth'd so uncomely vew:
But they were forst, through penurie and pyne
To doe those workes to them appointed dew
For nought was given them to sup or dyne,
But what their hands could earne by twisting
linnen twyne.

XXIII

Amongst them all she placed him most low
And in his hand a distaffe to him gave,
That he thereon should spin both flax and tow
A sordid office for a mind so brave:
So hard it is to be a womans slave.
Yet he it tooke in his owne selves despight,
And thereto did himselfe rig it well behave
Her to obay, sith he his faith had plight
Her vassall to become, if she him wonne
fight.

XXIV

Who had him seene imagine mote thereby
That whylome hath of Hercules bene told,
How for Iolas sake he did apply
His mightie hands the distaffe vile to hold
For his huge club, which had subdew'd of old
So many monsters which the world annoyed
His Lyons skin chaungd to a pall of gold,
In which, forgetting warres, he onely joyed
In combats of sweet love, and with his m
tresse toyed.

XXV

Such is the crueltie of womenkynd,
When they have shaken off the shamefull
band, [by
With which wise Nature did them strong
T' obay the heasts of mans well-ruling hand

then all rule and reason they withstand
 chuse a licentious libertie:
 vertuous women wisely understand,
 they were borne to base humilitie,
 se the heavens them lift to lawfull sove-
 raintie.

XXVI

there long while continu'd Artegall,
 ng proud Radigund with true subjection,
 ever it his noble heart did gall
 ay a womans tyrannous direction,
 might have had of life or death election:
 having chosen, now he might not chaunge.
 g which time the warlike Amazon,
 e wandring fancie after lust did raunge,
 cast a secret liking to this captive
 straunge.

XXVII

ch long concealing in her covert brest,
 aw'd the cud of lover's carefull plight;
 ould it not so thoroughly digest,
 fast fixed in her wounded spright,
 tormented her both day and night:
 ould she not thereto yeeld free accord
 ve the lowly vassall of her might,
 f her servant make her soverayne Lord:
 eat her pride that she such basenesse
 much abhord.

XXVIII

ch the greater still her anguish grew,
 gh stubborne handling of her love-sicke
 hart;
 till the more she strove it to subdew.
 ore she still augmented her owne smart,
 yder made the wound of th' hidden dart.
 t, when long she struggled had in vaine,
 an to stoupe, and her proud mind convert
 eke obeysance of loves mightie raine,
 im entreat for grace that had procur'd
 her paine.

XXIX

her selfe in secret she did call
 earest handmayd, whom she most did
 trust,
 o her said: 'Clarinda, whom of all
 alive, sith I thee fostred first,
 s the time that I untimely must
 f make tryall in my greatest need.
 o hapned that the heavens unjust,
 ing my happie freedome, have agreed
 all my looser life, or my last bale to
 breed.'

XXX

that she turn'd her head, as halfe
 abashed,
 e the blush which in her visage rose

And through her eyes like sudden lightning
 flashed,
 Decking her cheekes with a vermilion rose;
 But soone she did her countenance compose,
 And to her turning thus began againe:
 'This griefes deepe wound I would to thee
 disclose, [paine;
 Thereto compelled through hart-murdring
 But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth
 still restraîne.'

XXXI

'Ah! my deare dread,' (said then the faith-
 full Mayd) [withhold,
 'Can dread of ought your dreadlesse hart
 That many hath with dread of death dismayd,
 And dare even deathes most dreadfull face
 behold?

Say on, my soverayne Ladie, and be bold:
 Doth not your handmayds life at your foot
 lie?'

Therewith much comforted she gan unfold
 The cause of her conceived maladie,
 As one that would confesse, yet faine would it
 denie.

XXXII

'Clarín,' (said she) 'thou seest yond Fayry
 Knight,

Whom not my valour, but his owne brave mind
 Subjected hath to my unequall might.
 What right is it, that he should thraldome
 find

For lending life to me, a wretch unkind,
 That for such good him recompence with ill?
 Therefore I cast how I may him unbind,
 And by his freedome get his free goodwill;
 Yet so, as bound to me he may continue still:

XXXIII

'Bound unto me but not with such hard
 bands

Of strong compulsion and streight violence,
 As now in miserable state he stands;
 But with sweet love and sure benevolence,
 Voide of malicious mind or foule offence:
 To which if thou canst win him any way
 Without discoverie of my thoughts pretence,
 Both goodly meede of him it purchase may,
 And eke with gratefull service me right well
 apay.

XXXIV

'Which that thou mayst the better bring to
 pas, [bee,
 Lo! here this ring, which shall thy warrant
 And token true to old Eumenias,
 From time to time, when thou it best shalt
 see,

That in and out thou mayst have passage free.
Goe now, Clarinda; well thy wits advise,
And all thy forces gather unto thee,
Armies of lovely lookes, and speeches wise,
With which thou canst even Iove himselfe to
love entise.'

XXXV

The trustie Mayd, conceiving her intent,
Did with sure promise of her good endeavour
Give her great comfort and some harts content.
So, from her parting, she thenceforth did
labour

By all the meanes she might to curry favour
With th' Elfin Knight, her Ladies best be-
loved:

With daily shew of courteous kind behaviour,
Even at the marke-white of his hart she roved,
And with wide-glauncing words one day she
thus him proved.

XXXVI

'Unhappie Knight! upon whose hopelesse
state

Fortune, envying good, hath felly frowned,
And cruell heavens have heapt an heavy fate;
I rew that thus thy better dayes are drowned
In sad despaire, and all thy senses swowned
In stupid sorow, sith thy juster merit
Might else have with felicitie bene crowned:
Looke up at last, and wake thy dulled spirit
To thinke how this long death thou mightest
disinherit.'

XXXVII

Much did he marvell at her uncouth speech,
Whose hidden drift he could not well perceive;
And gan to doubt least she him sought t' ap-
peach

Of treason, or some guilefull traine did weave,
Through which she might his wretched life be-
reave.

[her:
Both which to barre he with this answer met
'Faire Damzell, that with ruth (as I perceive)
Of my mishaps art mov'd to wish me better,
For such your kind regard I can but rest your
dearer.

XXXVIII

'Yet, weet ye well, that to a courage great
It is no lesse besecming well to beare
The storme of fortunes frowne or heavens threat,
Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare
Timely to joy and carrie comely cheare:
For though this cloud have now me overcast,
Yet doe I not of better times despayre;
And though (unlike) they should for ever last,
Yet in my truthes assurance I rest fixed fast.'

XXXIX

'But what so stonie minde,' (she then
plyde)

'But if in his owne powre occasion lay,
Would to his hope a window open wyde,
And to his fortunes helpe make readie way
'Unworthy sure' (quoth he) 'of better day:
That will not take the offer of good hope,
And eke pursew, if he attaine it may.'
Which speeches she applying to the scope
Of her intent, this further purpose to
shope.

XL

'Then why doest not, thou ill advized ma
Make meanes to win thy libertie forlorne,
And try if thou by faire entreatie can
Move Radigund? who, though she still h
Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was
borne

Of Beares and Tygres, nor so salvage myn
As that, albe all love of men she scorne,
She yet forgets that she of men was kynde
And sooth oft seene, that proudest harts
love hath blynDED.'

XLI

'Certes, Clarinda, not of cancred will,
(Sayd he) 'nor obstinate disdainefull minde
I have forbore this duetie to fulfill;
For well I may this weene by that I fynde
That she a Queene, and come of Princely kynde
Both worthie is for to be sewd unto,
Chiefely by him whose life her law doth bynde
And eke of powre her owne doome to unde
And als' of princely grace to be inclyn'd th
to.

XLII

'But want of meanes hath bene mine o
let

From seeking favour where it doth abound
Which if I might by your good office get
I to your selfe should rest for ever bound,
And readie to deserve what grace I foun
She feeling him thus bite upon the bayt,
Yet doubting least his hold was but unson
And not well fastened, would not strike
strayt,

But drew him on with hope fit leasure to aw

XLIII

But, foolish Mayd! whyles heedlesse of
hooke

She thus oft times was beating off and on
Through slipperie footing fell into the br
And there was caught to her confusion:
For, seeking thus to salve the Amazon,
She wounded was with her deceptis owne
And gan thenceforth to cast affection,

ved close in her beguiled hart,
teggall, through pittie of his causelesse
smart.

XLIV

urst she not disclose her fancies wound,
himselfe, for doubt of being sdayned,
to any other wight on ground,
are her mistresse shold have knowledge
her selfe it secretly retayned [gayned;
n the closet of her covert brest,
ore thereby her tender hart was payned;
awayt fit time she weened best,
irely did dissemble her sad thoughts un-
rest.

XLV

ay her Ladie, calling her apart,
demaund of her some tydings good,
ing her loves successe, her lingring
smart.
with she gan at first to change her mood,
adaw'd, and halfe confused stood;
ickly she it overpast, so soone
her face had wypt to fresh her blood:
an she tell her all that she had donne,
ll the wayes she sought his love for to
have wonne:

XLVI

ayd that he was obstinate and sterne,
her offers and conditions vaine;
uld be taught with any termes to lerne
d a lesson as to love againe:
ther would he in penurious paine,
is abridged dayes in dolour wast,
his foes love or liking entertaine.
olution was, both first and last,
odie was her thrall, his hart was freely
plast.

XLVII

h when the cruell Amazon perceived,
n to storme, and rage, and rend her gall,
ry fell despight which she conceived,
so scorned of a base-borne thrall,
e life did lie in her least eye-lids fall;
ch she vow'd, with many a cursed threat,
he therefore would him ere long forstall.
esse, when calmed was her furious heat,
ang'd that threatfull mood, and mildly
gan entreat:

XLVIII

at now is left, Clarinda? what remains,
ve may compasse this our enterprize?
shame to lose so long employed paines,
reater shame t' abide so great misprize,
which he dares our offers thus despize:
at his guilt the greater may appeare,
ore my gratus mercie by this wize,

I will a while with his first folly beare,
Till thou have tride againe, and tempted him
more neare.

XLIX

'Say and do all that may thereto prevaile;
Leave nought unpromist that may him per-
swade,
Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great availe,
With which the Gods themselves are mylder
made:
Thereto adde art, even womens witty trade,
The art of mightie words that men can charme;
With which in case thou canst him not invade,
Let him feele hardnesse of thy heaue arme:
Who will not stoupe with good shall be made
stoupe with harme.

L

'Some of his diet doe from him withdraw,
For I him find to be too proudly fed:
Give him more labour, and with streighter law,
That he with worke may be forwearied:
Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,
That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
And lay upon him, for his greater dread,
Cold yron chaines with which let him be tide;
And let what ever he desires be him denide.

LI

'When thou hast all this doen, then bring me
newes
Of his demeane: thenceforth not like a lover,
But like a rebell stout, I will him use;
For I resolve this siege not to give over,
Till I the conquest of my will recover.'
So she departed full of grieve and sdaine,
Which inly did to great impatience move her:
But the false mayden shortly turn'd againe
Unto the prison, where her hart did thrall re-
maine.

LII

There all her subtile nets she did unfold,
And all the engins of her wit display;
In which she meant him warelesse to enfold,
And of his innocence to make her pray.
So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,
That both her Ladie, and her selfe withall,
And eke the knight attonce she did betray;
But most the knight, whom she with guilefull
call
Did cast for to allure into her trap to fall.

LIII

As a bad Nurse, which, fayning to receive
In her owne mouth the food ment for her chyld,
Withholdes it to her selfe, and doeth deceive
The infant, so for want of nourtture spoyld;

Even so Clarinda her owne Dame beguylde,
And turn'd the trust which was in her affyde,
To feeding of her private fire, which boyld
Her inward brest, and in her entrayles fryde,
The more that she it sought to cover and to
hyde.

LIV

For, comming to this knight, she purpose
fayned,
How earnest suit she earst for him had made
Unto her Queene, his freedome to have gayned,
But by no meanes could her thereto perswade;
But that instead thereof she sternely bade
His miserie to be augmented more,
And many yron bands on him to lade:
All which nathlesse she for his love forbore;
So praying him t' accept her service evermore.

LV

And, more then that, she promist that she
would,
In case she might finde favour in his eye,
Devize how to enlarge him out of hould.
The Fayrie, glad to gaine his libertie,
Can yeeld great thanks for such her curtesie;
And with faire words, fit for the time and
place,
To feede the humour of her maladie,

Promist, if she would free him from that care,
He wold, by all good means he might, deserve
such grace.

LVI

So daily he faire semblant did her shew,
Yet never meant he in his noble mind
To his owne absent love to be untrew:
Ne ever did deceitfull Clarin find
In her false hart his bondage to unbind,
But rather how she mote him faster tye.
Therefore unto her mistresse most unkind
She daily told her love he did defye;
And him she told her Dame his freedome
denye.

LVII

Yet thus much friendship she to him did shew,
That his scarce diet somewhat was amended
And his worke lessened, that his love
grow:
Yet to her Dame him still she discommended
That she with him mote be the more offended.
Thus he long while in thraldome there
mayned,
Of both beloved well, but litle frended,
Untill his owne true love his freedome gayned,
Which in an other Canto will be best
tayned.

CANTO VI.

Talus brings newes to Britomart
Of Artegals mishap:
She goes to seeke him, Dolon meetes,
Who seekes her to entrap.

I

SOME men, I wote, will deeme in Artegall
Great weaknesse, and report of him much ill,
For yeelding so himselfe a wretched thrall
To th' insolent commaund of womens will;
That all his former praise doth fowly spill:
But he the man, that say or doe so dare,
Be well adviz'd that he stand stedfast still;
For never yet was wight so well aware,
But he, at first or last, was trapt in womens
snare.

II

Yet in the streightnesse of that captive state
This gentle knight himselfe so well behaved,
That notwithstanding all the subtrill bait
With which those Amazons his love still
craved,
To his owne love his loialtie he saved:
Whose character in th' Adamantine mould
Of his true hart so firmly was engraved,

That no new loves impression ever could
Bereave it thence: such blot his honour
blemish should.

III

Yet his owne love, the noble Britomart,
Scarse so conceived in her jealous thought
What time sad tydings of his balefull snare
In womans bondage Talus to her brought
Brought in untimely houre, ere it was soue
For, after that the utmost date assynde
For his returne she waited had for nought
She gan to cast in her misdoubtfull mynde
A thousand feares, that love-sicke fancies
to fynde.

IV

Sometime she feared least some hard mishap
Had him misfalne in his adventurous quest
Sometime least his false foe did him entrap
In traytrous traine, or had unwares oppres

most she did her troubled mynd molest,
secretly afflict with jealous feare,
some new love had him from her possest:
th she was, since she no ill did heare,
inke of him so ill; yet could she not for-
beare.

while she blam'd her selfe; another
whyler
him condemn'd as trustlesse and untrew;
hen, her grieve with errour to beguyle,
yn'd to count the time againe anew,
before she had not counted trew:
oures, but dayes; for weekes that passed
were, [more few;
ld but moneths, to make them seeme
hen she reckned them, still drawing neare,
hour did seeme a moneth, and every
moneth a yeare.

when as yet she saw him not returne,
ought to send some one to seeke him
out;

one she found so fit to serve that turne,
c owne selfe, to ease her selfe of dout.
he deviz'd, amongst the warlike rout
ant Knights, to seeke her errant Knight,
hen againe resolv'd to hunt him out
t loose Ladies lapped in delight:
hen both Knights envide, and Ladies
eke did spight.

lay when as she long had sought for ease
ry place, and every place thought best,
und no place that could her liking please,
a window came that opened West,
ds which coast her love his way address:
looking forth, shee in her heart did find
vaine fancies working her unrest;
ent her winged thoughts, more swift then
wind,
re unto her love the message of her mind.

as she looked long, at last she spide
omming towards her with hasty speede.
veend she then, ere him she plaine de-
scribe,
t was one sent from her love indeede;
when he nigh approcht, shee mote arede
t was Talus, Artegall his groome:
eat her heart was fild with hope and
drede,
uld she stay till he in place could come,
n to meete him forth to know his tidings
somme.

IX

Even in the dore him meeting, she begun:
'And where is he thy Lord, and how far hence?
Declare at once: and bath he lost or wun?'
The yron man, albe he wanted sence
And sorrowes feeling, yet, with conscience
Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
And stood still mute, as one in great suspence;
As if that by his silence he would make
Her rather reade his meaning then him selfe
it spake.

X

Till she againe thus sayd: 'Talus, be bold,
And tell what ever it be, good or bad, [hold.'
That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth
To whom he thus at length: 'The tidings sad,
That I would hide, will needs, I see, be rad.
My Lord, your love, by hard mishap doth lie
In wretched bondage, wofully bestad.'
'Ay me,' (quoth she) 'what wicked destinie!
And is he vanquisht by his tyrant enemy?'

XI

'Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe,
But by a Tyrannesse,' (he then replide)
'That him captived hath in haplesse woe.'
'Cease, thou bad newes-man! badly doest
thou hide
Thy maisters shame, in harlots bondage tide:
The rest my selfe too readily can spell.'
With that in rage she turn'd from him aside,
Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell;
And to her chamber went like solitary cell.

XII

There she began to make her monefull plaint
Against her Knight for being so untrew;
And him to touch with falshoods fowle attaint,
That all his other honour overthrew.
Oft did she blame her selfe, and often rew,
For yeelding to a straungers love so light,
Whose life and manners straunge she never
knew;
And evermore she did him sharply twight
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmly
plight.

XIII

And then she in her wrathfull will did cast
How to revenge that blot of honour blent,
To fight with him, and goodly die her last.
And then againe she did her selfe torment,
Inflicting on her selfe his punishment. [threw
A while she walkt, and chauf; a while she
Her selfe uppon her bed, and did lament:
Yet did she not lament with loude alew,
As women wont, but with deepe sighes and
singults few

XIV

Like as a wayward childe, whose sounder
sleepe

Is broken with some fearefull dreames affright,
With froward will doth set him selfe to weepe,
Ne can be stild for all his nurses might,
But kicks, and squals, and shriekes for fell
despight;

Now scratching her, and her loose locks mis-
Now seeking darkenesse, and now seeking light,
Then craving sucke, and then the sucke re-
fusing:

Such was this Ladies fit in her loves fond

XV

But when she had with such unquiet fits
Her selfe there close afflicted long in vaine,
Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,
She unto Talus forth return'd againe,
By change of place seeking to ease her paine;
And gan enquire of him with mylder mood
The certaine cause of Artegals detaine,
And what he did, and in what state he stood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were
woo'd?

XVI

'Ah wellaway!' (sayd then the yron man)
'That he is not the while in state to woo;
But lies in wretched thraldome, weake and wan,
Not by strong hand compelled thereunto,
But his owne doome, that none can now undo.'
'Sayd I not then' (quoth shee), 'erwhile a-
right,

That this is things compacte betwixt you two,
Me to deceive of faith unto me plight,
Since that he was not forst, nor overcome in
fight?'

XVII

With that he gan at large to her dilate
The whole discourse of his captivance sad,
In sort as ye have heard the same of late:
All which when she with hard enduraunce had
Heard to the end, she was right sore bestad,
With sodaine stounds of wrath and griefe
attone;

Ne would abide, till she had aunswere made,
But streight her selfe did dight, and armor don,
And mounting to her steede bad Talus guide
her on.

XVIII

So forth she rode uppon her ready way,
To seeke her Knight, as Talus her did guide.
Sadly she rode, and never word did say
Nor good nor bad, ne ever lookt aside, [hide
But still right downe; and in her thought did
The felnesse of her heart, right fully bent
To fierce avengement of that womans pride,

Which had her Lord in her base prison pen-
And so great honour with so fowle reproch
blent.

XIX

So as she thus melancholicke did ride,
Chawing the cud of griefe and inward paine,
She chaunst to meete, toward the even-tide,
A Knight that softly paced on the plaine,
As if him selfe to solace he were faine:
Well shot in yeares he seem'd, and rather be-
To peace then needlesse trouble to constrain
As well by view of that his vestiment,
As by his modest semblant that no evill me-

XX

He comming neare gan gently her salute
With curteous words, in the most comely wi-
Who though desirous rather to rest mute,
Then termes to entertaine of common guiz-
Yet rather then she kindnesse would despi-
She would her selfe displease, so him requ-
Then gan the other further to devize
Of things abrode, as next to hand did ligh-
And many things demaund, to which
answer'd light.

XXI

For little lust had she to talke of ought.
Or ought to heare that mote delightfull b-
Her minde was whole possessed of one thoug-
That gave none other place. Which when
hee

By outward signes (as well he might) did
He list no longer to use lothfull speach,
But her besought to take it well in gree,
Sith shady dampe had dimd the heavens rea-
To lodge with him that night, unless g-
cause empeach.

XXII

The Championesse, now seeing night at d-
Was glad to yeeld unto his good request
And with him went without gaine say-
more.

Not farre away, but little wide by West,
His dwelling was, to which he him address-
Where soone arriving they received were
In seemely wise, as them besemed best;
For he, their host, them goodly well did che-
And talk't of pleasant things the night a-
to weare.

XXIII

Thus passing th' evening well, till tim-
rest,
Then Britomart unto a bowre was brough-
Where groomes awayted her to have undr-
But she ne would undressed be for ought,

her armes, though he her much be-
sought:
e had vow'd, she sayd, not to forgo
warlike weedes, till she revenge had
wrought
te wrong uppon a mortall foe;
she would sure performe, betide her
wele or wo.

XXIV

h when their Host perceiv'd, right dis-
content
de he grew, for feare least by that art
ould his purpose misse, which close he
ment:
king leave of her he did depart.
all that night remained Britomart,
sse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe
grieved, [start
ffering the least twinckling sleepe to
er eye, which th' heart mote have re-
lieved; [reprieved:
the least appear'd, her eyes she streight

XXV

guilty eyes,' (sayd she) 'the which with
guyle
heart at first betrayd, will ye betray
fe now too, for which a little while
ill not watch? false watches, wellaway!
a when ye did watch both night and day
your losse; and now needes will ye
sleepe?
ye have made my heart to wake alway,
will ye sleepe? ah! wake, and rather
weepe [ye waking keepe.
inke of your nights want, that should

XXVI

did she watch, and weare the weary
night
ylfull plaints that none was to appease;
walking soft, now sitting still upright,
ndry chaunge her seeme'd best to ease.
sse did Talus suffer sleepe to seaze
ye-lids sad, but watcht continually,
g without her dore in great disease:
to a Spaniell wayting carefully
any should betray his Lady treacherously.

XXVII

at time the native Belman of the night,
bird that warned Peter of his fall,
rings his silver Bell t' each sleepy wight,
should their mindes up to devotion call,
heard a wondrous noise below the hall:
odainely the bed, where she should lie,
false trap was let adowne to fall

Into a lower roome, and by and by
The loft was rayd againe, that no man could
it spie.

XXVIII

With sight whereof she was dismayd right
sore,
Perceiving well the treason which was ment;
Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Wayting what would ensue of that event.
It was not long before she heard the sound
Of armed men comming with close intent
Towards her chamber; at which dreadfull
stound [about her bound.
She quickly caught her sword, and shield

XXIX

With that there came unto her chamber dore
Two Knights all armed ready for to fight;
And after them full many other more,
A raskall rout, with weapons rudely dight:
Whom soone as Talus spide by glims of
night,
He started up, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his thresher ready keight.
They seeing that let drive at him streightway,
And round about him preace in riotous aray.

XXX

But, soone as he began to lay about
With his rude yron haile, they gan to flie,
Both armed Knights and eke unarmed rout;
Yet Talus after them apace did plie,
Where ever in the darke he could them spie,
That here and there like scattred sheepe they
lay:
Then, backe returning where his Dame did lie,
He to her told the story of that fray,
And all that treason there intended did bewray.

XXXI

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly
burning
To be avenged for so fowle a deede,
Yet being forst to abide the daies returning,
She there remain'd; but with right wary heede,
Least any more such practise should proceede.
Now mote ye know (that which to Britomart
Unknowen was) whence all this did proceede;
And for what cause so great mischievous smart
Was ment to her that never evill ment in
hart.

XXXII

The goodman of this house was Dolon hight;
A man of subtile wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had bene a Knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could
finde,

And much lesse honour by that warlike kinde
O' life: for he was nothing valorous,
But with slie shiftes and wiles did underminde
All noble Knights, which were adventurous,
And many brought to shame by treason treacherous.

XXXIII

He had three sonnes, all three like fathers
sonnes,
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compasse wounes;
The eldest of the which was slaine erewhile
By Artegall, through his owne guilty wile:
His name was Guizor; whose untimely fate
For to avenge, full many treasons vile
His father Dolon had deviz'd of late
With these his wicked sons, and shewd his
cankred hate.

XXXIV

For sure he weend that this his present guest
Was Artegall, by many tokens plaine;
But chiefly by that yron page he ghest,
Which still was wont with Artegall remaine;
And therefore ment him surely to have slaine:
But by Gods grace, and her good heedinesse,
She was preserved from their traytrous traine.
Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnesse,
Ne suffred slothfull sleepe her eyelids to op-
presse.

XXXV

The morrow next, so soone as dawning houre
Discovered had the light to living eye,
She forth yssew'd out of her loathed bowre,
With full intent t' avenge that villany
On that vilde man and all his family;
And, comming down to seeke them where
they wond,
Nor sire, nor sonnes, nor any could she spie:
Each rowme she sought, but them all empty
fond. [nether kond.
They all were fled for feare; but whether,

XXXVI

She saw it vaine to make there lenger stay,
But tooke her steede; and thereon mounting
light
Gan her addresse unto her former way.
She had not rid the mounenance of a flight,
But that she saw there present in her sight
Those two false brethren on that perillous
Bridge,
On which Pollente with Artegall did fight.

Streight was the passage, like a plough
ridge, [the li
That, if two met, the one mote needes fall ov

XXXVII

There they did thinke them selves on her
wreake;
Who as she nigh unto them drew, the one
These vile reproches gan unto her speake:
'Thou recreant false traytor, that with lone
Of armes hast knighthood stolne, yet Knig
art none,
No more shall now the darkenesse of the nig
Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone
But with thy bloud thou shalt appease t
spright [sligh
Of Guizor by thee slaine, and mured by t

XXXVIII

Strange were the words in Britomartis ear
Yet stayd she not for them, but forward far
Till to the perillous Bridge she came; and the
Talus desir'd that he might have prepared
The way to her. and those two losels scared
But she thereat was wroth, that for despigh
The glauncing sparkles through her be
glared,
And from her eyes did flash out fiery light,
Like coles that through a silver Censer spa
kle bright.

XXXIX

She stayd not to advise which way to take,
But putting spurres unto her fiery beast,
Thorough the midst of them she way did mak
The one of them, which most her wrath i
creast,
Upon her speare she bore before her breast,
Till to the Bridges further end she past;
Where falling downe his challenge he releas
The other over side the Bridge she cast
Into the river, where he drunke his deadly la

XL

As when the flashing Levin haps to light
Upon two stubborne oakes, which stand
neare
That way betwixt them none appeares in sight
The Engin, fiercely flying forth, doth teare
Th' one from the earth, and through the ai
doth beare;
The other it with force doth overthrow
Upon one side, and from his rootes doth rear
So did the Championesse those two there stre
And to their sire their carcasses left to besto

CANTO VII.

Britomart comes to Isis Church,
Where shee strange visions sees:
She fights with Radigund, her slaies,
And Artegall thence frees.

I

Isis on earth more sacred or divine,
Whom men doe equally adore,
Whose same vertue that doth right define:
Which evens themselves, whence mortal men
Explore their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous
The great Jove, who doth true justice deale
Superiour Gods, and evermore
Which contains his heavenly Common-
ale: [reveale,
Whereof to Princes hearts he doth

II

Therefore did the antique world invent
That Isis was a God of soveraine grace,
Which unto him and temples lent,
Which only honours in the highest place;
Which him great Osyris, of the race
Of Egyptian Kings that whylome were,
Whose colours shading a true case;
Which Osyris, whilst he lived here,
Which that man alive and truest did appeare.

III

Which was Isis; whom they likewise made
Which use of great powre and soverainty,
Which for person cunningly did shade
Which of Justice which is Equity,
Which I have to treat here presently:
Which use temple when as Britomart
Which hee with great humility
Which in, ne would that night depart;
Which mote not be admitted to her part.

IV

Which she received was in goodly wize
Which Priests, which duely did attend
Which rites and daily sacrifice,
Which in linnen robes with silver hemd;
Which their heads, with long locks comely
Which and,
Which a rich Mitres shaped like the Moone,
Which that Isis doth the Moone portend;

Like as Osyris signifies the Sunne:
For that they both like race in equall justice
runne.

V

The Championesse them greeting, as she could,
Was thence by them into the Temple led;
Whose goodly building when she did behould,
Borne uppon stately pillours, all dispred
With shining gold, and arched over hed,
She wondred at the workemans passing skill,
Whose like before she never saw nor red;
And thereuppon long while stood gazing still,
But thought that she thereon could never gaze
her fill.

VI

Thence forth unto the Idoll they her brought;
The which was framed all of silver fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hemd all about with fringe of silver twine:
Uppon her head she wore a Crowne of gold;
To shew that she had powre in things divine:
And at her feete a Crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed taile her middle did
enfold.

VII

One foote was set uppon the Crocodile,
And on the ground the other fast did stand;
So meaning to suppress both forged guile
And open force: and in her other hand
She stretched forth a long white sclender wand.
Such was the Goddess; whom when Brito-
mart
Had long beheld, her selfe uppon the land
She did prostrate, and with right humble hart
Unto her selfe her silent prayers did impart.

VIII

To which the Idoll, as it were inclining,
Her wand did move with amiable looke,
By outward shew her inward sence desining:
Who well perceiving how her wand she shooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
By this the day with dampe was overcast,
And joyous light the house of Jove forsooke;

Which when she saw her helmet she unlaste,
And by the altars side her selfe to slumber
plaste.

IX

For other beds the Priests there used none,
But on their mother Earths deare lap did lie,
And bake their sides uppon the cold hard stone,
T' enure them selves to sufferance thereby,
And proud rebellious flesh to mortify:
For by the vow of their religion,
They tied were to stedfast chastity
And continence of life, that, all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their devotion.

X

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food,
Ne feed on ought the which doth bloud con-
taine,
Ne drinke of wine; for wine, they say, is blood,
Even the bloud of Gyants, which were slaine
By thundring Iove in the Phlegrean plaine:
For which the earth (as they the story tell)
Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetuall paine
Had damn'd her sonnes which gainst them did
rebell,
With inward griefe and malice did against them
swell.

XI

And of their vitall bloud, the which was shed
Into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought
The fruitfull vine; whose liquor blouddy red,
Having the mindes of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them stirre up old rebellious thought
To make new warre against the Gods againe.
Such is the powre of that same fruit, that
nought
The fell contagion may thereof restraine,
Ne within reasons rule her madding mood
containe.

XII

There did the warlike Maide her selfe repose,
Under the wings of Isis all that night;
And with sweete rest her heavy eyes did close,
After that long daies toile and weary plight:
Where whilst her earthly parts with soft
delight
Of sencelesse sleepe did deeply drowned lie,
There did appeare unto her heavenly spright
A wondrous vision, which did close imple
The course of all her fortune and posteritie.

XIII

Her seem'd, as she was doing sacrifice
To Isis, deckt with Mitre on her hed
And linnen stole after those Priestes guise,
All sodainely she saw transfigured

Her linnen stole to robe of scarlet red,
And Moone-like Mitre to a Crowne of gold
That even she her selfe much wondered
At such a chaunge, and joyed to behold
Her selfe adorn'd with gems and jewells
manifold.

XIV

And, in the midst of her felicity,
An hideous tempest seemed from below
To rise through all the Temple sodainely,
That from the Altar all about did blow
The holy fire, and all the embers strow
Uppon the ground; which, kindled privily
Into outrageous flames unawares did grow
That all the Temple put in jeopardy
Of flaming, and her selfe in great perple

XV

With that the Crocodile, which sleeping
Under the Idols feete in searelesse bow
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,
As being troubled with that stormy stow
And gaping greedy wide did streight de
Both flames and tempest: with which g
great,
And swolne with pride of his owne peer
He gan to threaten her likewise to eat,
But that the Goddess with her rod
backe did beat.

XVI

Tho turning all his pride to humi
meeke,
Him selfe before her feete he lowly thro
And gan for grace and love of her to see
Which she accepting, he so neare her dr
That of his game she soone enwomb'd g
And forth did bring a Lion of great m
That shortly did all other beasts subdew
With that she waked full of fearefull fr
And doubtfully dismayd through that
couth sight.

XVII

So thereuppon long while she musing
With thousand thoughts feeding her fa
Until she spide the lampe of light some
Up-lifted in the porch of heaven hie:
Then up she rose fraught with melanch
And forth into the lower parts did pas
Whereas the Priestes she found full bu
About their holy things for morrow Ma
Whom she saluting faire, faire resaluted

XVIII

But by the change of her unchearefull
They might perceive she was not w
plight,

ome pensivenesse to heart she tooke:
e thus one of them, who seem'd in
ght

e greatest and the gravest wight,
espake: 'Sir Knight, it seemes to me
rough evill rest of this last night,
ayd or much dismayd ye be; [see,
your change of cheare is easie for to

XIX

' (sayd she) 'sith ye so well have
ide
blous passion of my pensive mind,
t seeke the same from you to hide;
my cares unfold, in hope to find
e to guide me out of errour blind.'
' (quoth he) 'the secret of your hart
the holy vow which me doth bind,
ur'd best counsell to impart
at shall require my comfort in their
hart.'

XX

an she to declare the whole discourse
at vision which to her appeard,
as to her minde it had recourse.
h when he unto the end had heard,
a weake faint-hearted man he fared
a great astonishment of that strange
ght;
e long locks up-standing, stifly stared
adawed with some dreadfull spright:
with heavenly fury, thus he her be-
ight.

XXI

ficke Virgin, that in queint disguise
sh armes doest maske thy royall blood,
rsue a perillous emprise,
uldst thou weene, through that dis-
guized hood,
thy state from being understood?
m th' immortal Gods ought hidden
ee?
e thy linage, and thy Lordly brood,
e thy sire lamenting sore for thee,
e thy love forlorne in womens thral-
ome see.

XXII

nd whereof, and all the long event,
to thee in this same dreame discover;
e same Crocodile doth represent
hteous Knight that is thy faithfull
Osyris in all just endever: {lover,
e same Crocodile Osyris is,
der Isis feete doth sleepe for ever;
that clemence oft, in things amis,
es those sterne behests and cruell
comes of his.

XXIII

'That Knight shall all the troublous stormes
asswage

And raging flames, that many foes shall reare
To hinder thee from the just heritage [deare:
Of thy sires Crowne, and from thy countrey
Then shalt thou take him to thy loved fere,
And joyne in equall portion of thy realme;
And afterwards a sonne to him shalt beare,
That Lion-like shall shew his powre extreame.
So blesse thee God, and give thee joyance of
thy dreame!'

XXIV

All which when she unto the end had heard,
She much was eased in her troublous thought,
And on those Priests bestowed rich reward;
And royall gifts of gold and silver wrought
She for a present to their Goddesse brought.
Then taking leave of them, she forward went
To seeke her love, where he was to be sought:
Ne rested till she came without relent
Unto the land of Amazons, as she was bent.

XXV

Whereof when newes to Radigund was
brought,

Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,
She was confused in her troublous thought;
But fild with courage and with joyous glee,
As glad to heare of armes, the which now she
Had long surceast, she bad to open bold,
That she the face of her new foe might see:
But when they of that yron man had told,
Which late her folke had slaine, she bad them
forth to hold.

XXVI

So there without the gate, (as seemed best)
She caused her Pavilion be pight;
In which stout Britomart her selfe did rest,
Whiles Talus watched at the dore all night.
All night likewise they of the towne in fright
Upon their wall good watch and ward did
keepe.

The morrow next, so soone as dawning light
Bad doe away the dampe of drouzie sleepe,
The warlike Amazon out of her bowre did
peepe.

XXVII

And caused streight a Trumpet loud to shrill
To warne her foe to battell soone be prest:
Who, long before awoke, (for she ful ill
Could sleepe all night, that in unquiet brest
Did closely harbour such a jealous guest)
Was to the battell whilome ready dight.
Eftsoones that warriouresse with haughty
crest

Did forth issue all ready for the fight:
On th' other side her foe appeared soone in
sight.

XXVIII

But ere they reared hand the Amazone
Began the streight conditions to propound,
With which she used still to tye her fone,
To serve her so as she the rest had bound:
Which when the other heard, she sternly
frownd

For high disdaine of such indignity,
And would no lenger treat, but bad them
sound;

For her no other termes should ever tie
Then what prescribed were by lawes of che-
valrie.

XXIX

The Trumpets sound, and they together run
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins
smot;

Ne either sought the others strokes to shun,
But through great fury both their skill forgot,
And practicke use in armes; ne spared not
Their dainty parts, which nature had created
So faire and tender without staine or spot
For other uses then they them translated;
Which they now hacket and hewd as if such use
they hated.

XXX

As when a Tygre and a Lionesse
Are met at spoyling of some hungry pray,
Both challenge it with equall greedinesse:
But first the Tygre claws thereon did lay,
And therefore, loth to loose her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stond:
To which the Lion strongly doth gainesay,
That she to hunt the beast first tooke in hond;
And therefore ought it have where ever she it
fond.

XXXI

Full fiercely layde the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes unmercifully sore;
Which Britomart withstood with courage stout,
And them repaide againe with double more.
So long they fought, that all the grassie flore
Was fild with bloud which from their sides did
flow,

And gushed through their armes, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their lives did
strow, [should grow.
Like fruitles seede, of which untimely death

XXXII

At last proud Radigund, with fell despight,
Having by chaunce espide advantage neare,
Let drive at her with all her dreadfull might,
And thus upbrayding said: 'This token beare

Unto the man whom thou doest love so
And tell him for his sake thy life thou ga
Which spitefull words she, sore engriev
heare,

Thus answer'd: 'Lewdly thou my lov
Who shortly must repent that now so va
bravest.'

XXXIII

Nath'lesse that stroke so cruell passage
That glauncing on her shoulder-plate it
Unto the bone, and made a griesly wound
That she her shield, through raging smart
Could scarce uphold: yet soone she it re
For, having force increast through fa
paine,

She her so rudely on the helmet smit
That it emperied to the very braine,
And her proud person low prostrated on
plaine.

XXXIV

Where being layd, the wrothfull Briton
Stayd not till she came to her selfe again
But in revenge both of her loves distress
And her late vile reproch though vaunted
And also of her wound which sore did pa
She with one stroke both head and helmet
Which dreadfull sight when all her wa
traine

There present saw, each one of sence ber
Fled fast into the towne, and her sole v
left.

XXXV

But yet so fast they could not home retr
But that swift Talus did the formost win
And, pressing through the preace unto
gate.

Pelmell with them attonce did enter in.
There then a piteous slaughter did begin
For all that ever came within his reach
He with his yron flae did thresh so thin
That he no worke at all left for the leach
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing
empeach.

XXXVI

And now by this the noble Conqueresse
Her selfe came in, her glory to partake;
Where, though revengefull vow she did
fesse,

Yet when she saw the heapes which he
Of slaughtred carkasses, her heart did qu
For very ruth, which did it almost rive,
That she his fury willed him to slake:
For else he sure had left not one alive,
But all, in his revenge, of spirite would
prive.

XXXVII

when she had his execution stayd,
 r that yron prison did enquire,
 ch her wretched love was captive layd:
 breaking open with indignant ire,
 tred into all the partes entire:
 when she saw that lothly uncouth
 sight

a disguiz'd in womanishe attire,
 hart gan grudge for very deepe despight
 unmanly maske in misery misdight.

XXXVIII

at when as to her owne Love she came,
 like disguise no lesse deformed had,
 ht thereof abasht with secrete shame
 rnd her head aside, as nothing glad
 re beheld a spectacle so bad;
 en too well believ'd that which tofore
 s suspect as true untruly drad:

vaine concept now nourishing no more,
 ught with ruth to salve his sad misfor-
 tunes sore.

XXXIX

o great wonder and astonishment
 e most chast Penelope possesse
 her Lord, that was reported drent
 ead long since in dolorous distresse,
 home to her in piteous wretchednesse,
 ng travell of full twenty yeares,
 he knew not his favours likeliness,
 yne scarres and many hoary heares,
 ood long staring on him mongst uncer-
 taine feares.

XL

my deare Lord! what sight is this?
 quoth she,
 May-game hath misfortune made of you?
 is that dreadfull manly looke? where be
 mighty palmes, the which ye wont t'
 embrew
 d of Kings, and great hoastes to subdew?
 ought on earth so wondrous change have
 wrought,
 have robde you of that manly hew?
 o great courage steup'd have to ought?
 farewell fleshly force! I see thy pride is
 nought.'

XLI

ceforth she streight into a bowre him
 brought,
 usd him those uncomely weedes undight;
 a their steede for other rayment sought,
 of there was great store, and armors
 bright,

Which had bene reft from many a noble Knight,
 Whom that proud Amazon subdew'd had,
 Whilest Fortune favourd her succeſſe in
 fight:

In which when as she him anew had clad,
 She was reviv'd, and joyd much in his sem-
 blance glad.

XLII

So there a while they afterwards remained,
 Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale:
 During which space she there as Princess
 rained,

And changing all that forme of common-weale
 The liberty of women did repeale, [toring
 Which they had long usurpt; and, them res-
 To mens subjection, did true Justice deale,
 That all they, as a Goddesses her adoring,
 Her wisdom did admire, and hearkned to
 her loring.

XLIII

For all those Knights, which long in captive
 shade [free,

Had shrowded bene, she did from thraldome
 And magistrates of all that city made,
 And gave to them great living and large fee:
 And that they should for ever faithfull bee,
 Made them sweare fealty to Artegall;
 Who when him selfe now well recur'd did see,
 He purpos'd to proceed, what so befell,
 Uppon his first adventure which him forth did
 call.

XLIV

Full sad and sorrowfull was Britomart
 For his departure, her new cause of griefe;
 Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
 Seeing his honor, which she tendred chiefe,
 Consisted much in that adventures priefe:
 The care whereof, and hope of his succeſſe,
 Gave unto her great comfort and reliefe;
 That womanish complaints she did reſpreſſe,
 And tempred for the time her present heavi-
 nesse.

XLV

There she continu'd for a certaine space,
 Till through his want her woe did more
 increase:

Then hoping that the change of aire and place
 Would change her paine, and sorrow some-
 what ease,

She parted thence her anguish to appease.
 Meane-while her noble Lord, sir Artegall,
 Went on his way; ne ever howre did cease
 Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall:
 That for another Canto will more fitly fall.

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure and Sir Artegall

Free Samient from feare :

They slay the Soudan, drive his wife

Adicia to despaire.

I

NOUGHT under heaven so strongly doth
allure

The sence of man, and all his minde possesse,
As beauties lovely baite, that doth procure
Great warriours oft their rigour to repress,
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;
Drawne with the powre of an heart-robbing
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse, [eye,
That can with melting pleasaunce mollifie
Their hardned hearts, enur'd to bloud and
cruelty.

II

So whylome learnd that mighty Jewish
swaine,
Each of whose lockes did match a man in [might,
To lay his spoiles before his lemans traine:
So also did that great Oeteane Knight
For his loves sake his Lions skin undight;
And so did warlike Antony neglect
The worlds whole rule for Cleopatras sight.
Such wondrous powre hath wemens faire aspect
To captive men, and make them all the world
reject.

III

Yet could it not sterne Artegall retaine,
Nor hold from suite of his avowed quest,
Which he had undertane to Gloriane;
But left his love, albe her strong request,
Faire Britomart in languor and unrest,
And rode him selfe uppon his first intent,
Ne day nor night did ever idly rest;
Ne wight but onely Talus with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous go-
vernment.

IV

So travelling, he chaunst far off to heed
A Damzell, flying on a palfrey fast
Before two Knights that after her did speed
With all their powre, and her full fiercely
In hope to have her overhent at last: [chast
Yet fled she fast, and both them farre outwent,
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle aghast,
With locks all loose, and rayment all to-rent;
And ever as she rode her eye was backward
bent.

V

Soone after these he saw another Knight,
That after those two former rode apace
With speare in rest, and prickt with all his
might:

So ran they all, as they had bene at bace,
They being chased that did others chase.
At length he saw the hindmost overtake
One of those two, and force him turne his face.
However loth he were his way to slake,
Yet mote he algaates now abide, and answer
make.

VI

But th' other still pursu'd the fearefull May,
Who still from him as fast away did flie,
Ne once for ought her speedy passage stayd
Till that at length she did before her spie
Sir Artegall; to whom she straight did hie
With gladfull hast, in hope of him to get
Succour against her greedy enemy:
Who seeing her approach gau forward set
To save her from her feare, and him from
to let.

VII

But he, like hound full greedy of his pray,
Being impatient of impediment,
Centinu'd still his course, and by the way
Thought with his speare him quight to slay
So both together, ylike felly bent, [overw
Like fiercely met. But Artegall was strong
And better skild in Tilt and Turnament,
And bore him quite out of his saddle, longe
Then two speares length: So mischief over
matcht the wronger.

VIII

And in his fall misfortune him mistooke;
For on his head unhappily he pight, [brok
That his owne waight his necke asunder
And left there dead. Meane-while the other
Knight

Defeated had the other saytour quight,
And all his bowels in his body brast:
Whom leaving there in that dispiteous plight
He ran still on, thinking to follow fast
His other fellow Pagan which before him pas

IX

d of whom finding there ready prest
egall, without discretion
him ran with ready speare in rest;
eeing him come still so fiercely on,
t him made againe. So both anon
er met, and strongly either strooke
roke their speares; yet neither has
forgon
rses backe, yet to and fro long shooke
ttred, like two towres which through
a tempest quooke.

X

when againe they had recovered sence,
drew their swords, in mind to make
amends [pretence:
that their speares had fayld of their
when the Damzell, who those deadly
ends [friends
h her foes had seene, and now her
r beginning a more fearefull fray,
them runnes in hast, and her haire
rends,
to them their cruell hands to stay,
they both doe heare what she to them
will say.

XI

stayd their hands, when she thus gan
to speake: [unwise
entle Knights! what meane ye thus
your selves anothers wrong to wreake?
he wrong'd, whom ye did enterprise
o redresse, and both redrest likewise:
se the Paynims both, whom ye may see
dead on ground. What doe ye then
devise
re revenge? if more, then I am shee
was the roote of all: end your revenge
on mee.'

XII

n when they heard so say, they lookt
about
te if it were true as she had told;
when they saw their foes dead out of
doubt, [hold,
es they gan their wrothfull hands to
entailes reare each other to behold.
en as Artegall did Arthure vew,
e a creature and so wondrous bold,
ch admired both his heart and hew,
ouched with intire affection nigh him
drew;

XIII

g, 'Sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,
l unweeting have you wrong'd thus
ore,

Suffring my hand against my heart to stray;
Which if ye please forgive, I will therefore
Yeeld for amends my selfe yours evermore,
Or what so penance shall by you be red.'
To whom the Prince: 'Certes me needeth
more
To crave the same; whom errour so misled,
As that I did mistake the living for the ded.

XIV

'But, sith ye please that both our blames
shall die,
Amends may for the trespassse soone be made,
Since neither is endamadg'd much thereby.'
So can they both them selves full eath per-
swade
To faire accordance, and both faults to shade,
Either embracing other lovingly,
And swearing faith to either on his blade,
Never thenceforth to nourish enmity,
But either others cause to maintaine mutually.

XV

Then Artegall gan of the Prince enquire,
What were those knights which there on
ground were layd,
And had receiv'd their follies worthy hire,
And for what cause they chased so that Mayd?
'Certes I wote not well,' (the Prince then
sayd)
'But by adventure found them faring so,
As by the way unweetingly I strayd: [grow,
And lo! the Damzell selfe, whence all did
Of whom we may at will the whole occasion
know.'

XVI

Then they that Damzell called to them nie,
And asked her what were those two her fone,
From whom she earst so fast away did flie:
And what was she her selfe so woe-begone,
And for what cause pursu'd of them attone.
To whom she thus: 'Then wote ye well, that I
Doe serve a Queene that not far hence doth
wone,
A Princesse of great powre and majestie,
Famous through all the world, and honor'd
far and nic.

XVII

'Her name Mercilla most men use to call
That is a mayden Queene of high renowne,
For her great bounty knowen over all
And soveraine grace, with which her royall
crowne
She doth support, and strongly beateth downe
The malice of her foes, which her envy
And at her happinesse do fret and frowne;
Yet she her selfe the more doth magnify,
And even to her foes her mercies multiply.

XVIII

'Mongst many which maligne her happy
state,

There is a mighty man, which wonnes hereby,
That with most fell despight and deadly hate
Seekes to subvert her Crowne and dignity,
And all his powre doth thereunto apply :
And her good Knights, of which so brave a
band

Serves her as any Princesse under sky,
He either spoiles, if they against him stand,
Or to his part allures, and bribeth under hand.

XIX

'Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill,
Which he unto her people does each day ;
But that he seekes by traytrous traines to spill
Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay :
That, O ye Heavens, defend ! and turne away
From her unto the miscreant him selfe ;
That neither hath religion nor fay,
But makes his God of his ungodly pelfe,
And Idols serves : so let his Idols serve the
Elfe !

XX

'To all which cruell tyranny, they say,
He is provokt, and stird up day and night
By his bad wife that hight Adicia ;
Who counsels him, through confidence of might,
To breake all bonds of law and rules of right :
For she her selfe professeth mortall foe
To Justice, and against her still doth fight,
Working to all that love her deadly woe,
And making all her Knights and people to doe
so.

XXI

'Which my liege Lady seeing, thought it
best

With that his wife in friendly wise to deale,
For stint of strife and stablishment of rest
Both to her selfe and to her common-weale,
And all forepast displeasures to repeale.
So me in message unto her she sent,
To treat with her, by way of enterdeale,
Of finz'll peace and faire attonement
Which might concluded be by mutuall con-
sent.

XXII

'All times have wont safe passage to afford
To messengers that come for causes just :
But this proude Dame, disdayning all accord,
Not onely into bitter termes forth brust,
Reviling me and rayling as she lust,
But lastly, to make proofe of utmost shame,
Me like a dog she out of dores did thrust,
Miscalling me by many a bitter name,
That never did her ill, ne once deserved blame.

XXIII

'And lastly, that no shame might wantin
When I was gone, soone after me she sen
These two false Knights, whom there ye l
see,

To be by them dishonoured and shent :
But, thank't be God, and your good hardin
They have 'he price of their owne folly
So said this Damzell, that hight Samient
And to those knights for their so noble ay
Her selfe most gratefull shew'd, and he
thanks repayd.

XXIV

But they now having throughly heard
seene [compla
Al those great wrongs, the which that n
To have bene done against her Lady Que
By that proud dame which her so much
dained, [fa
Were moved much thereat ; and twixt t
With all their force to worke avenger
strong
Upon the Souldan selfe, which it maynta
And on his Lady, th' author of that wron
And upon all those Knights that did to
belong.

XXV

But, thinking best by counterfet disguis
To their desaigne to make the easier way,
They did this complot twixt themselves de
First, that Sir Artegall should hum array
Like one of those two Knights which
there lay ;
And then that Damzell, the sad Samient,
Should as his purchast prize with him co
Unto the Souldans court, her to present
Unto his scornefull Lady that for her had

XXVI

So as they had deviz'd, Sir Artegall
Him clad in th' armour of a Pagan knight
And taking with him, as his vanquisht th
That Damzell, led her to the Souldans rig
Where soone as his proud wife of her had s
Forth of her window as she looking lay,
She weened streight it was her Paynim Kn
Which brought that Damzell as his pur
pray ;
And sent to him a Page that mote direc

XXVII

Who bringing them to their appointed p
Offerd his service to disarme the Knight
But he refusing him to let unlace,
For doubt to be discovered by his sight,

cept himselfe still in his straunge armour
dight:
one after whom the Prince arrived there,
nd sending to the Souldan in despight
bold defyanee, did of him requere
hat Damsell whom he held as wrongfull
prisonere.

XXVIII

Wherewith the Souldan all with furie fraught,
wearing and banning most blasphemously,
ommaunded straight his armour to be
brought;
nd, mounting straight upon a charret hye,
With yron wheelles and hookes arm'd dread-
fully,
nd drawne of cruell steedes which he had fed
ith flesh of men, whom through fell tyranny
e slaughtred had, and ere they were halfe ded
eir bodies to his beastes for provender did
spred,)

XXIX

So forth he came, all in a cote of plate
arnisht with bloudie rust; whiles on the
greene
e Briton Prince him readie did awayte,
glistering armes right goodly well-beseene,
at shone as bright as doth the heaven
sheene:
nd by his stirrup Talus did attend,
aying his pages part, as he had bene
ore directed by his Lord; to th' end
e should his flae to final execution bend.

XXX

Thus goe they both together to their geare,
ith like fierce minds, but meanings different;
e the proud Souldan, with presumptuous
cheare
ad countenance sublime and insolent
ught onely slaughter and avengement;
at the brave Prince for honour and for right,
inst tortious powre and lawlesse regiment,
the behalfe of wronged weake did fight:
ore in his causes truth he trusted then in
might,

XXXI

like to the Thracian Tyrant, who they say
to his horses gave his guests for meat,
l he himselfe was made their greedie pray,
d torne in pieces by Alcides great;
thought the Souldan, in his follies threat,
her the Prince in peeces to have torne
th his sharp wheelles, in his first rages heat,
under his fierce horses feet have borne,
d trampled downe in dust his thoughts dis-
dained scorne.

XXXII

But the bold child that perill well espying;
If he too rashly to his charet drew,
Gave way unto his horses speedie flying,
And their resistlesse rigour did eschew:
Yet, as he passed by, the Pagan threw
A shivering dart with so impetuous force,
That had he not it shun'd with heedfull vew,
It had himselfe transfixed or his horse,
Or made them both one masse withouten more
remorse.

XXXIII

Oft drew the Prince unto his charret nigh,
In hope some stroke to fasten on him neare,
But he was mounted in his seat so high,
And his wingfooted coursers him did beare
So fast away that, ere his readie speare
He could advance, he farre was gone and past:
Yet still he him did follow every where,
And followed was of him likewise full fast,
So long as in his steedes the flaming breath did
last.

XXXIV

Againe the Pagan threw another dart,
Of which he had with him abundant store
On every side of his embatteld cart,
And of all other weapons lesse or more,
Which warlike uses had deviz'd of yore:
The wicked shaft, gnyded through th' ayrie
wyde
By some bad spirit that it to mischief bore,
Stayd not, till through his curat it did glyde,
And made a griesly wound in his enriven side.

XXXV

Much was he grieved with that haplesse
throe,
That opened had the welspring of his blood;
But much the more, that to his hatefull foe
He mote not come to wreake his wrathfull
mood:
That made him rave, like to a Lyon wood,
Which being wounded of the huntsmans hand
Cannot come neare him in the covert wood,
Where he with boughes hath built his shady
stand,
And fenst himselfe about with many a flaming
brand.

XXXVI

Still when he sought t' approach unto him ny
His charret wheelles about him whirled round,
And made him backe againe as fast to fly;
And eke his steedes, like to an hungry hound
That hunting after game hath carrion found,
So cruelly did him pursue and chace,
That his good steed, all were he much re-
nound

For noble courage and for hardie race,
Durst not endure their sight, but fled from
place to place.

XXXVII

Thus long they trast and traverst to and fro,
Seeking by every way to make some breach;
Yet could the Prince not nigh unto him goe,
That one sure stroke he might unto him reach,
Whereby his strengthes assay he might him
teach.

At last from his victorious shield he drew
The vaile, which did his powrefull light em-
peach,
And comming full before his horses vew,
As they upon him prest, it plaine to them did
shew.

XXXVIII

Like lightening flash that hath the gazer
burned,
So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
That backe againe upon themselves they
turned,
And with their ryder ranne perforce away:
Ne could the Souldan them from flying stay
With raynes or wonted rule, as well he knew:
Nought feared they what he could do or say,
Bat th' onely feare that was before their vew,
From which like mazed deare dismayfully they
flew.

XXXIX

Fast did they fly as them their feete could
beare
High over hilles, and lowly over dales,
As they were follow'd of their former feare.
In vaine the Pagan bannes, and sweares, and
rayles,
And backe with both his hands unto him hayles
The resty raynes, regarded now no more:
He to them calles and speakes, yet nought
avayles;
They heare him not, they have forgot his lore,
But go which way they list, their guide they
have forlore.

XL

As when the fire-mouthed steedes, which
drew
The Sunnes bright wayne to Phaëtons decay,
Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpion vew
With ugly craples crawling in their way,
The dreadfull sight did them so sore affray,
That their well-knownen courses they forwent;
And, leading th' ever-burning lampe astray,
'This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,
And left their scorched path yet in the firma-
ment.

XLI

Such was the furie of these head-st-
steeds,
Soone as the infants sunlike shield they
That all obedience both to words and dees
They quite forgot, and scorn'd all former
Through woods, and rocks, and mount-
they did draw
The yron charet, and the wheelles did tea-
And tost the Paynim without feare or aw-
From side to side they tost him here and t-
Crying to them in vaine that nould his c-
heare.

XLII

Yet still the Prince pursew'd him close bel-
Oft making offer him to smite, but found
No easie meanes according to his mind:
At last they have all overthrowne to gro-
Quite topside turvey, and the Pagan hou-
Amongst the yron hookes and graples ke-
Torne all to rags, and rent with man-
wound;
That no whole peece of him was to be se-
But scattred all about, and strow'd upon
greene.

XLIII

Like as the cursed son of Thesëus,
That following his chace in dewy morn-
To fly his stepdames loves outrageous,
Of his owne steedes was all to peeeces torn-
And his faire limbs left in the woods forl-
That for his sake Diana did lament,
And all the wooddy Nymphes did wayle
mourne.
So was this Souldan rapt and all to-rent,
That of his shape appear'd no litle monim-

XLIV

Onely his shield and armour, which ther-
Though nothing whole, but, all to-brusd
broken,
He up did take, and with him brought a-
That mote remaine for an eternall token-
To all mongst whom this storie shoul-
spoken,
How worthily, by heavens high decree,
Justice that day of wrong her selfe had wr-
That all men, which that spectacle did se-
By like ensample mote for ever warned b-

XLV

So on a tree before the Tyrants dore
He caused them be hung in all mens sight
To be a moniment for evermore.
Which when his Ladie from the castles

held, it much appald her troubled spright :
 not, as women wont, in dolefull fit
 was dismayd, or faynted through affright,
 gathered unto her her troubled wit,
 I gan eftsoones devise to be aveng'd for it.

XLVI

Eight downe she ranne, like an enraged
 cow
 at is berobbed of her youngling dere,
 th knife in hand, and fatall did vow
 wreake her on that mayden messengere,
 whom she had causd be kept as prisonere
 Artegall, misween'd for her owne Knight,
 at brought her backe: And, comming present
 there,
 at ran with all her force and might,
 flaming with revenge and furious despight.

XLVII

ke raging Ino, when with knife in hand
 threw her husbands mured infant out;
 fell Medea, when on Colchicke strand
 her brothers bones she scattered all about;
 as that madding mother, mongst the rout
 Bacchus Priests, her owne deare flesh did
 teare:
 neither Ino, nor Medea stout,
 all the Mœnades so furious were,
 this bold woman when she saw that
 Damzell there.

XLVIII

at Artegall, being thereof aware,
 stay her cruell hand ere she her raught;
 d, as she did her selfe to strike prepare,
 t of her fist the wicked weapon caught:
 th that, like one enfelon'd or distraught,
 e forth did rome whether her rage her bore,
 th franticke passion and with furie fraught;

And, breaking forth out at a posterne dore,
 Unto the wyld wood ranne, her dolours to de-
 plore.

XLIX

As a mad bytch, when as the franticke fit
 Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
 Doth runne at randon, and with furious bit
 Snatching at every thing doth wreake her
 wrath

On man and beast that commeth in her path.
 There they doe say that she transformed was
 Into a Tygre, and that Tygres scath
 In crueltie and outrage she did pas, [has.
 To prove her surname true, that she imposed

L

Then Artegall, himselfe discovering plaine,
 Did issue forth gainst all that warlike rout
 Of knights and armed men, which did main-
 taine

That Ladies part, and to the Souldan lout:
 All which he did assault with courage stout,
 All were they nigh an hundred knights of name,
 And like wyld Goates them chaced all about,
 Flying from place to place with cowheard
 shame;

So that with finall force them all he overcame

LI

Then caused he the gates be opened wyde;
 And there the Prince, as victour of that day,
 With tryumph entertayn'd and glorifyde,
 Presenting him with all the rich array
 And roiall pompe, which there long hidden lay,
 Purchast through lawlesse powre and tortious
 wrong
 Of that proud Souldan whom he earst did slay.
 So both, for rest, there having stayd not long,
 Marcht with that mayd; fit matter for another
 song.

CANTO IX.

Arthur and Artegall catch Guyle,
 Whom Talus doth dismay:
 They to Mercillaes pallace come,
 And see her rich array.

I

HAT Tygre, or what other salvage wight,
 so exceeding furious and fell [might?
 wrong, when it hath arm'd it selfe with
 fit mongst men that doe with reason mell,
 mongst wyld beasts, and salvage woods,
 to dwell; [voure,
 here still the stronger doth the weake de-
 d they that most in boldnesse doe excell

Arc dreadded most, and feared for their powre;
 Fit for Adicia there to build her wicked bowre.

II

There let her wonne, farre from resort of men,
 Where righteous Artegall her late exyled;
 There let her ever keepe her damned den,
 Where none may be with her lewd parts de-
 fyled,

Nor none but beasts may be of her despoyled;
And turne we to the noble Prince, where late
We did him leave, after that he had foyled
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate
Had utterly subverted his unrighteous state.

III

Where having with Sir Artegall a space
Well solast in that Souldans late delight,
They both, resolving now to leave the place,
Both it and all the wealth therein behight
Unto that Damzell in her Ladies right,
And so would have departed on their way;
But she them woo'd, by all the meanes she
might,

And earnestly besought to wend that day
With her, to see her Ladie thence not farre
away.

IV

By whose entreatie both they overcommen
Agree to goe with her; and by the way,
(As often falles) of sundry things did commen:
Mongst which that Damzell did to them be-
wray

A straunge adventure, which not farre thence
To weet, a wicked villaine, bold and stout,
Which wonned in a rocke not farre away,
That robbed all the countrie there about,
And brought the pillage home, whence none
could get it out.

V

Thereto both his owne wylie wit, (she sayd)
And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,
Both unassaylable, gave him great ayde:
For he so crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and nymble of his pace,
So smooth of tongue, and subtil in his tale,
That could deceive one looking in his face:
Therefore by name Malengin they him call,
Well known by his feates, and famous over-
all.

VI

Through these his slights he many doth con-
found:

And eke the rocke, in which he wons to dwell,
Is wondrous strong and hewen farre under
ground,

A dreadfull depth; how deepe no man can tell,
But some doe say it goeth downe to hell:

And all within it full of wyndings is

And hidden wayes, that scarce an hound by
Can follow out those false footsteps of his,

Ne none can backe returne that once are gone
amis.

VII

Which when those knights had heard,
harts gan earne

To understand that villeins dwelling place
And greatly it desir'd of her to learne,
And by which way they towards it sh
trace.

'Were not' (sayd she) 'that it should let
Towards my Ladies presence, by you men
I would you guyde directly to the place.'
'Then let not that' (said they) 'stay you
tent; [have h

For neither will one foot, till we that

VIII

So forth they past, till they approched n
Unto the rocke where was the villains wo
Which when the Damzell neare at hand

SPY.

She warn'd the knights thereof; who th
Gan to advize what best were to be done.
So both agreed to send that mayd afore,
Where she might sit nigh to the den alon
Wayling, and raysing pittifull upore,
As if she did some great calamitie deplor

IX

With noyse whereof when as the cay
carle

Should issue forth, in hope to find some sp
They in awayt would closely him ensnarl
Ere to his den he backward could recoyle,
And so would hope him easily to foyle.
The Damzell straight went, as she was dire
Unto the rocke; and there, upon the soyle
Having her selfe in wretched wize abjecte
Gan weepe and wayle, as if great grieffe
her affected.

X

The cry whereof entring the hollow cav
Eftsoones brought forth the villaine, as
ment,

With hope of her some wishfull boot to h
Full dreadfull wight he was as ever went
Upon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe p
And long curld locks that downe his shoul
shagged;

And on his backe an uncouth vestiment
Made of straunge stuffe, but all to-worne
ragged,

And underneath, his breech was all to-torne

XI

And in his hand an huge long staffe he h
Whose top was arm'd with many an
hooke,

Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld

in the compasse of his clouches tooke ;
 ever round about he cast his looke :
 at his backe a great wyde net he bore,
 in which he seldome fished at the brooke,
 used to fish for fooles on the dry shore,
 which he in faire weather wont to take
 great store.

XII-

when the damzell saw fast by her side,
 gly creature, she was nigh dismayd,
 how for helpe aloud in earnest cride :
 when the villaine saw her so affrayd,
 gan with guilefull words her to perswade
 of his feare ; and, with Sardonian smyle
 chiding on her, his false intent to shade,
 forth to lay his bayte her to beguyle,
 from her self unwares he might her
 steale the whyle.

XIII

as the fouler on his guilefull pype
 comes to the birds full many a pleasant lay,
 they the whiles may take lesse heedie
 keepe
 he his nets doth for their ruine lay :
 did the villaine to her prate and play,
 many pleasant trickes before her show,
 turne her eyes from his intent away ;
 he in slights and juggling feates did flow,
 of legierdemayne the mysteries did know.

XIV

which whilst she lent her intentive mind,
 suddenly his net upon her threw,
 t oversprad her like a puffe of wind ;
 snatching her soone up, ere well she knew,
 with her fast away unto his mew,
 ng for helpe aloud : But when as ny
 came unto his cave, and there did vew
 armed knights stopping his passage by.
 threw his burden downe, and fast away did
 fly.

XV

t Artegall him after did pursew,
 whiles the Prince there kept the entrance
 still.
 to the rocke he ran, and thereon flew
 a wyld Gote, leaping from hill to hill,
 dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will ;
 t deadly daunger seem'd in all mens sight
 empt such steps, where footing was so ill ;
 ough avayled for the armed knight
 hinke to follow him that was so swift and
 light.

XVI

which when he saw, his yron man he sent
 follow him ; for he was swift in chace.

He him pursewd where ever that he went ;
 Both over rockes, and hilles, and every place
 Where so he fled, he followd him apace ;
 So that he shortly forst him to forsake
 The hight, and downe descend unto the base :
 There he him courst a-fresh, and soone did make
 To leave his proper forme, and other shape to
 take.

XVII

Into a Foxe himselfe he first did tourne ;
 But he him hunted like a Foxe full fast :
 Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme ;
 But he the bush did beat, till that at last
 Into a bird it chaung'd, and from him past,
 Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand ;
 But he then stones at it so long did cast,
 That like a stone it fell upon the land ;
 But he then tooke it up, and held fast in his
 hand.

XVIII

So he it brought with him unto the knights,
 And to his Lord Sir Artegall it lent,
 Warning him hold it fast for feare of slights :
 Who whilst in hand it gryping hard he hent,
 Into a Hedgehogge all unwares it went,
 And prickt him so that he away it threw :
 Then ganne it runne away incontinent,
 Being returned to his former hew ;
 But Talus soone him overtooke, and back-
 ward drew.

XIX

But, when as he would to a snake againe
 Have turn'd himselfe, he with his yron flayle
 Gan drive at him with so huge might and
 maine,
 That all his bones as small as sandy grayle
 He broke, and did his bowels disentrayne,
 Crying in vaine for helpe, when helpe was past :
 So did deceit the selfe-deceiver fayle.
 There they him left a carrion outcast [repast.
 For beasts and foules to feede upon for their

XX

Thence forth they passed with that gentle
 Mayd
 To see her Ladie, as they did agree ;
 To which when she approached, thus she sayd :
 ' Loe ! now, right noble knights, arriv'd ye bee
 Nigh to the place which ye desir'd to see :
 There shall ye see my soverayne Lady Queene,
 Most sacred wight, most debonayre and free,
 That ever yet upon this earth was seene,
 Or that with Diademe hath ever crowned
 beene.'

XXI

The gentle knights joyced much to heare
 The prayses of that Prince so manifold ;

And, passing litle further, commen were
Where they a stately pallace did behold
Of pompous show, much more then she had
told ;

With many towres, and tarras mounted hye,
And all their tops bright glistering with gold,
That seemed to outshine the dimmed skye,
And with their brightnesse daz'd the straunge
beholders eye.

XXII

There tney alighting by that Damzell were
Directed in, and shewed all the sight ;
Whose porch, that most magnificke did ap-
peare,

Stood open wyde to all men day and night ;
Yet warded well by one of mickle might
That sate thereby, with gyantlike resemblance,
To keepe out guyle, and malice, and despight,
That under shew oftimes of fayned semblance
Are wont in Princes courts to worke great
scath and hindrance :

XXIII

His name was Awe ; by whom they passing
in

Went up the hall, that was a large wyde roome,
All full of people making troublous din [some
And wondrous noyse, as if that there were
Which unto them was dealing righteous
doome : [preasse,

By whom they passing through the thickest
The marshall of the hall to them did come,
His name hight Order ; who, commaunding
peace, [clamors cease.

Them guyd'd through the throng, that did their

XXIV

They ceast their clamors upon them to gaze ;
Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,
Straunge there to see, it did them much amaze,
And with unwonted terror halfe affray,
For never saw they there the like array ;
Ne ever was the name of warre there spoken,
But joyous peace and quietnesse alway
Dealing just judgements, that mote not be
broken [wroken.

For any brybes, or threat'es of any to be

XXV

There, as they entred at the Scriene, they saw
Some one whose tongue was for his trespas-
s' vyle

Nayld to a post, adjudged so by law ;
For that therewith he falsely did revyle
And foule blaspheme that Queene for forged
guyle,

Both with bold speech'es which he blazed had,
And with lewd poems which he did compyle ;

For the bold title of a poet bad [had s
He on himselfe had ta'en, and rayling r

XXVI

Thus there he stood, whylest high over
head

There written was the purport of his sin
In cyphers strange, that few could rightly
Bon Font ; but *Bon*, that once had wr

XXVII

Was raced out, and *Mal* was now put in :
So now *Malfont* was plainely to be red,
Eyther for th' evill which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a welhed
Of evill words, and wicked sclaunders by

XXVIII

They, passing by, were guyd'd by degre
Unto the presence of that gracious Queen
Who sate on high, that she might all mer
And might of all men royally be seene,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and she
Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse prie
As either might for wealth have gotten be
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare devi
And all embost with Lyons and with FL
delice.

XXVIII

All over her a cloth of state was spread,
Not of rich tisew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought else that may be richest red
But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
That her brode-spreading wings did w
unfold ; [bear
Whose skirts were bordred with bright su
Glistring like gold amongst the plights em
And here and there shooting forth si
streames, [glittering glea
Mongst which crept litle Angels through

XXIX

Seemed those litle Angels did uphold
The cloth of state, and on their purpled w
Did beare the pendants through their m
blesse bold :

Besides, a thousand more of such as sings
Hymns to high God, and carols, heav
things,

Encompassed the throne on which she sat
She, Angel-like, the heyre of ancient king
And mightie Conquerors, in royall state,
Whylest kings and kesars at her feet did t
prostrate.

XXX

Thus she did sit in soverayne Majestie,
Holding a Scepter in her royall hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had blest her happie l

gre so many foes which did withstand :
 at her feet her sword was likewise layde,
 ese long rest rusted the bright steely
 brand; [ayde,
 when as foes enforst, or friends sought
 could it sternely draw, that all the world
 dismayde.

XXXI

d round about before her feet there sate
 vie of faire Virgins clad in white,
 goodly seem'd t' adorne her royall state;
 ovely daughters of high Jove, that hight
 , by him begot in loves delight
 n the righteous Themis; those, they say,
 a Joves judgement-seat wayt day and
 night; [decay,
 when in wrath he threats the worlds
 doe his anger calme, and cruell ven-
 geance stay.

XXXII

y also doe, by his divine permission,
 n the thrones of mortall Princes tend,
 often treat for pardon and remission
 upliants, through frayltie which offend :
 e did upon Mercillaes throne attend,
 Dice, wise Eunomie, myld Eirene;
 them amongst, her glorie to commend,
 goodly Temperance in garments clene,
 sacred Reverence yborne of heavenly
 strene.

XXXIII

is did she sit in royall rich estate,
 yr'd of many, honoured of all; [sate,
 lest underneath her feete, there as she
 uge great Lyon lay, that mote appall
 ardie courage, like captived thrall
 a strong yron chaine and collar bound,
 once he could not move, nor quich at all;
 did he murmure with rebellious sound,
 softly royne, when salvage choler gan
 redound.

XXXIV

itting high in dreaded soverayntie,
 e two strange knights were to her pre-
 sence brought;
 bowing low before her Majestie,
 o her myld obeysance, as they ought,
 neekest boone that they imagine mought:
 hom she eke inclyning her withall,
 faire stoupe of her high soaring thought,
 carefull countenance on them let fall,
 empred with some majestie imperiall.

XXXV

he bright sunne, what time his fierie
 time
 rds the westerne brim begins to draw,

Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beme,
 And fervour of his flames somewhat adaw
 So did this mightie Ladie, when she saw
 Those two strange knights such homage to
 her make,
 Bate somewhat of that Majestie and awe
 That whylome wont to doe so many quake,
 And with more myld aspect those two to
 entertake.

XXXVI

Now at that instant, as occasion fell,
 When these two stranger knights arriv'd in
 She was about affaires of common-wele, [place,
 Dealing with Justice with indifferent grace,
 And hearing pleas of people meane and base:
 Mongst which, as then, there was for to be
 heard

The tryall of a great and weightie case,
 Which on both sides was then debating hard;
 But at the sight of these those were awhile
 debard.

XXXVII

But, after all her princely entertayne,
 To th' hearing of that former cause in hand
 Her selfe eftsoones she gan convert againe:
 Which that those knights likewise mote under-
 stand,
 And wnesse forth aright in forrain land,
 Taking them up unto her stately throne,
 Where they mote heare the matter throughly
 scand

On either part, she placed th' one on th' one,
 The other on the other side, and neare them
 none.

XXXVIII

Then was there brought, as prisoner to the
 A Ladie of great countenance and place, [barre,
 But that she it with foule abuse did marre;
 Yet did appeare rare beautie in her face,
 But blotted with condition vile and base,
 That all her other honour did obscure,
 And titles of nobilitie deface:
 Yet in that wretched semblant she did sure
 The peoples great compassion unto her allure.

XXXIX

Then up arose a person of deepe reach,
 And rare in-sight hard matters to revele;
 That well could charme his tongue, and time
 his speech
 To all assayes; his name was called Zele.
 He gan that Ladie strongly to appele
 Of many haynous crymes by her enured;
 And with sharp reasons rang her such a pele,
 That those, whom she to pitie had allured,
 He now t' abhorre and loath her person had
 procured.

XL

First gan he tell how this, that seem'd so faire
And royally aray'd, Duessa hight;
That false Duessa, which had wrought great
care

And mickle mischief unto many a knight,
By her beguyled and confounded quight:
But not for those she now in question came,
Though also those mote question'd be aright,
But for vyld treasons and outrageous shame,
Which she against the dred Mercilla oft did
frame.

XLI

For she whylome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counsels false conspyred
With faithlesse Blandamour and Paridell,
(Both two her paramours, both by her hyred,
And both with hope of shadowes vaine in-
spyr'd)
And with them practiz'd, how for to depryve
Mercilla of her crowne, by her aspyred,
That she might it unto her selfe deryve,
And tryumph in their blood whom she to death
did dryve.

XLII

But through high heavens grace, which favour
The wicked driftes of trayterous desynes [not
Gainst loiall Princes, all this cursed plot,
Ere prooffe it tooke, discovered was betymes,
And th' actours won the meede meet for their
crymes.
Such be the meede of all that by such mene
Unto the type of kingdomes title clymes!
But false Duessa, now untitled Queene,
Was brought to her sad doome, as here was
to be seene.

XLIII

Strongly did Zele her haynous fact enforce,
And many other crimes of foule defame
Against her brought, to banish all remorse,
And aggravate the horror of her blame:
And with him, to make part against her, came
Many grave persons that against her pled.
First was a sage old Syre, that had to name
The Kingdomes Care, with a white silver hed,
That many high regards and reasons gainst
her red.

XLIV

Then gan Authority her to appose
With peremptorie powre, that made all mute;
And then the Law of Nations gainst her rose,
And reasons brought that no man could refute:
Next gan Religion gainst her to impute
High Gods behest, and powre of holy lawes;
Then gan the Peoples cry and Commons sute

Importune care of their owne publicke ca
And lastly Justice charged her with bread
lawes.

XLV

But then, for her, on the contrarie part
Rose many advocates for her to plead:
First there came Pittie with full tender
And with her joynd Regard of womanhead
And then came Daunger, threatning [id
And high alliance unto forren powre;
Then came Nobilitie of birth, that bread
Great ruth through her misfortunes trag
stowre; [forth po
And lastly Griefe did plead, and many to

XLVI

With the neare touch whereof in tender
The Briton Prince was sore empassionate,
And woxe inclined much unto her part,
Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate
And wretched ruine of so high estate;
That for great ruth his courage gan relent
Which when as Zele perceived to abate,
He gan his earnest fervour to augment,
And many fearefull objects to them to pre

XLVII

He gan t' efforce the evidence anew,
And new accusations to produce in place
He brought forth that old hag of hellish
The cursed Atë, brought her face to face,
Who privie was and partie in the case:
She, glad of spoyle and ruinous decay,
Did her appeach; and, to her more disgra
The plot of all her practise did display,
And all her traynes and all her treasons
did lay.

XLVIII

Then brought he forth with griesly grin
pect
Abhorred Murder, who, with bloudie kny
Yet dropping fresh in hand, did her detec
And there with guiltie bloudshed cha
ryfe: [s
Then brought he forth Sedition, bree
In troublous wits, and mutinous uprore:
Then brought he forth Incontinence of ly
Even foule Adulterie her face before,
And lewd Impietie, that her accused sore

XLIX

All which when as the Prince had heard
His former fancies ruth he gan repent, [s
And from her partie eftsoones was dr
cleene:
But Artegall, with constant firme intent

zeale of Justice, was against her bent:
 as she guiltie deemed of them all.
 Zele began to urge her punishment,
 to their Queene for judgement loudly call,
 Mercilla myld, for Justice gainst the
 thrall.

L

she, whose Princely brest was touched
 nere
 piteous ruth of her so wretched plight,

Though plaine she saw, by all that she did
 heare,
 That she of death was guiltie found by right,
 Yet would not let just vengeance on her light;
 But rather let, instead thereof, to fall
 Few perling drops from her faire lampes of
 light;
 The which she covering with her purple pall
 Would have the passion hid, and up arose with-
 all.

CANTO X.

Prince Arthur takes the enterprize
 For Belgee for to fight:
 Gerioncos Seneschall
 He slayes in Belges right.

I

Clarkes doe doubt in their devicefull
 art
 her this heavenly thing whereof I treat,
 eeten Mercie, be of Justice part,
 awne forth from her by divine extreate:
 well I wote, that sure she is as great,
 meriteth to have as high a place,
 in th' Almightyes everlasting seat
 st was bred, and borne of heavenly race,
 thence pour'd down on men by influence
 of grace.

II

if that Vertue be of so great might
 h from just verdict will for nothing start,
 o preserve inviolated right
 pilles the principall to save the part;
 uch more, then, is that of powre and art
 seekes to save the subject of her skill,
 ever doth from doome of right depart,
 is greater prayse to save then spill,
 etter to reforme then to cut off the ill.

III

then can thee, Mercilla, throughly
 prayse,
 herein doest all earthly Princes pas?
 heavenly Muse shall thy great honour
 rayse
 the skies, whence first deriv'd it was,
 ow on earth it selfe enlarged has
 th' utmost brinke of the Armericke shore
 the margent of the Molucas?
 Nations farre thy justice doe adore;
 nine owne people do thy mercy prayse
 much more.

IV

Much more it praysed was of those two
 knights,
 The noble Prince and righteous Artégall,
 When they had seene and heard her doome
 a-rights
 Against Duessa, damned by them all;
 But by her tempred without griefe or gall,
 Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce:
 And yet even then ruing her wilfull fall
 With more then needfull naturall remorse,
 And yeelding the last honour to her wretched
 corse.

V

During all which, those knights continu'd
 Both doing and receiving curtesies [there
 Of that great Ladie, who with goodly chere
 Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
 Approving dayly to their noble eyes
 Royall examples of her mercies rare
 And worthie paterns of her clemencies;
 Which till this day mongst many living are,
 Who them to their posterities doe still declare.

VI

Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,
 There came two Springals of full tender yeares,
 Farre thence from forrein land where they did
 dwell,
 To seeke for succour of her and her Peares,
 With humble prayers and intreatfull teares;
 Sent by their mother, who, a widow, was
 Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares
 By a strong Tyrant, who invaded has
 Her land, and slaine her children ruefully,
 alas!

VII

Her name was Belgæ; who in former age
A Ladie of great worth and wealth had beene,
And mother of a frutefull heritage,
Even seventene goodly sonnes; which who
had seene

In their first flowre, before this fatall teene
Them overtooke and their faire blossomes
blasted,

More happie mother would her surely weene
Then famous Niobe, before she tasted
Latonaes childrens wrath that all her issue
wasted.

VIII

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious
powre,

Had left her now but five of all that brood:
For twelve of them he did by times devoure,
And to his Idols sacrifice their blood,
Whylest he of none was stopped nor withstood:
For soothly he was one of matchlesse might,
Of horrible aspect and dreadfull mood,
And had three bodies in one wast empight,
And th' armes and legs of three to succour him
in fight.

IX

And sooth they say that he was borne and
bred

Of Gyants race, the sonne of Geryon;
He that whylome in Spaine so sore was dred
For his huge powre and great oppression,
Which brought that land to his subjection,
Through his three bodies powre in one com-
bynd;

And eke all strangers, in that region
Arryving, to his kyne for food assynd;
The fayrest kyne alive, but of the fiercest
kynd:

X

For they were all, they say, of purple hew,
Kept by a cowheard, hight Eurytion,
A cruell carle, the which all strangers slew,
Ne day nor night did sleepe t' attend them on,
But walkt about them ever and anone
With his two-headed dogge that Orthrus
hight;

Orthrus begotten by great Typhaon
And foule Echidna in the house of night:
But Hercules them all did overcome in fight.

XI

His sonne was this Geryoneo hight;
Who, after that his monstrous father fell
Under Alcides club, streight tooke his flight
From that sad land where he his syre did
quell,

And came to this, where Belgè then did
And flourish in all wealth and happinesse,
Being then new made widow (as befell)
After her Noble husbands late decease;
Which gave beginning to her woe and wro-
ednesse.

XII

Then this bold Tyrant, of her widowhed
Taking advantage, and her yet fresh woe
Himselfe and service to her offered,
Her to defend against all forrein foes
That should their powre against her right
pose:

Whereof she glad, now needing strong def-
Him entertayn'd and did her champion ch-
Which long he usd with carefull diligence
The better to confirme her fearelesse c-
dence.

XIII

By meanes whereof she did at last comm-
All to his hands, and gave him sover-
powre

To doe whatever he thought good or fit:
Which having got, he gan forth from
howre

To stirre up strife and many a tragicke sto-
Giving her dearest children one by one
Unto a dreadfull Monster to devoure,
And setting up an Idole of his owne,
The image of his monstrous parent Geryo-

XIV

So tyrannizing and oppressing all,
The woefull widow had no meanes now le-
But unto gracious great Mercilla call
For ayde against that cruell Tyrants thef-
Ere all her children he from her had reft:
Therefore these two, her eldest sonnes,

sent

To seeke for succour of this Ladies giest;
To whom their sute they humbly did pres-
In th' hearing of full many Knights
Ladies gent.

XV

Amongst the which then fortun'd to bee
The noble Briton Prince with his brave P-
Who when he none of all those knights
Hastily bent that enterprise to heare,
Nor undertake the same for cowheard fea-
He stepped forth with courage bold and g-
Admyr'd of all the rest in presence there,
And humbly gan that mightie Queene en-
To graunt him that adventure for his fe-
feat.

XVI

She gladly graunted it: then he straigh-
Himselfe unto his journey gan prepare,

all his armours readie dight that day,
t nought the morrow next mote stay his
fare.

morrow next appear'd with purple hayre
dropping fresh out of the Indian fount,
bringing light into the heavens sayre,
en he was readie to his steede to mount
o his way, which now was all his care and
count.

XVII

en taking humble leave of that great
Queene,
o gave him roiall giftes and riches rare,
okens of her thankfull mind besene,
leaving Artegall to his owne care,
n his voyage forth he gan to fare
h those two gentle youthes, which him
did guide
all his way before him still prepare.
after him did Artigall abide, [ride.
on his first adventure forward forth did

XVIII

was not long till that the Prince arrived
ain the land where dwelt that Ladie sad;
reof that Tyrant had her now deprived,
into moores and marshes banisht had,
of the pleasant soyle and cities glad,
hich she wont to harbour happily:
now his cruelty so sore she drad,
to those fennes for fastnesse she did fly.
there her selfe did hyde from his hard
tyranny.

XIX

ere he her found in sorrow and dismay,
solitarie without living wight;
all her other children, through affray,
hid themselves, or taken further flight:
eke her selfe, through sudden strange
affright
n one in armes she saw, began to fly;
when her owne two sonnes she had in sight,
gan take hart and looke up joyfully;
well she wist this knight came succour to
supply.

XX

d, running unto them with greedy joyes,
straight about their neckes as they did
kneele, [boyes,
bursting forth in teares, 'Ah! my sweet
d she) 'yet now I gin new life to feele;
feeble spirits, that gan faint and reele,
rise againe at this your joyous sight.
adie seemes that fortunes headlong wheele
ns to turne, and sunne to shine more bright
it was wont, through comfort of this noble
knight.'

XXI

Then turning unto him; 'And you, Sir knight,'
(Said she) 'that taken have this toylesome
paine
For wretched woman, miserable wight,
May you in heaven immortall guerdon gaine
For so great travell as you doe sustaine!
For other meede may hope for none of mee,
To whom nought else but bare life doth re-
maine;

And that so wretched one, as ye do see,
Is liker lingring death then loathed life to bee.'

XXII

Much was he moved with her piteous plight,
And low dismounting from his loftie steede
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to drive away deepe-rooted dreede
With hope of helpe in that her greatest neede.
So thence he wished her with him to wend
Unto some place where they mote rest and
feede,

And she take comfort which God now did send:
Good hart in evils doth the evils much amend.

XXIII

'Ay me!' (sayd she) 'and whether shall I
goe?
Are not all places full of forraine powres?
My pallaces possessed of my foe,
My cities sackt, and their sky-threating towres
Raced and made smooth fields now full of
flowres?

Onely these marishes and myrie bogs,
In which the fearefull ewftes do build their
bowres,
Yeeld me an hostry mongst the croking frogs,
And harbour here in safety from those raven-
ous dogs.'

XXIV

'Nathlesse,' (said he) 'deare Ladie, with me
goe;
Some place shall us receive and harbour yield;
If not, we will it force, maugre your foe,
And purchase it to us with speare and shield:
And if all fayle, yet farewell open field;
The earth to all her creatures lodging lends.'
With such his chearefull speeches he doth
wield

Her mind so well, that to his will she bends;
And, bynding up her locks and weeds, forth
with him wends.

XXV

They came unto a Citie farre up land,
The which whylome that Ladies owne had
bene;

But now by force extort out of her hand
By her strong foe, who had defaced cleene
Her stately towres and buildings sunny
sheene,

Shut up her haven, mard her marchants trade,
Robbed her people that full rich had beene,
And in her necke a Castle huge had made,
The which did her commaund without needing
perswade.

XXVI

That Castle was the strength of all that state,
Untill that state by strength was pulled
downe;

And that same citie, so now ruinate,
Had bene the keye of all that kingdomes
crowne;

Both goodly Castle, and both goodly Towne,
Till that th' offended heavens list to lowre
Upon their blisse, and balefull fortune frowne:
When those gainst states and kingdomes do
conjure, [recure?

Who then can thinke their hedlong ruine to

XXVII

But he had brought it now in servile bond,
And made it beare the yoke of Inquisition,
Stryving long time in vaine it to withstond;
Yet glad at last to make most base submis-
sion,

And life enjoy for any composition:
So now he hath new lawes and orders new
Imposd on it with many a hard condition,
And forced it, the honour that is dew
To God, to doe unto his Idole most untrew.

XXVIII

To him he hath before this Castle greene
Built a faire Chappell, and an Altar framed
Of costly Ivory full rich beseene,
On which that cursed Idole, farre proclaimed,
He hath set up, and him his God hath
Offering to him in sinfull sacrifice [named;
The flesh of men, to Gods owne likenesse
framed,

And powring forth their bloud in brutishe wize,
That any yron eyes to see it would agrize.

XXIX

And, for more horror and more crueltie,
Under that cursed Idols altar-stone
An hideous monster doth in darknesse lie,
Whose dreadfull shape was never seene of
none

That lives on earth; but unto those alone
The which unto him sacrificed bee:
Those he devoures, they say, both flesh and
bone.

What else they have is all the Tyrants feed
So that no whit of them remayning one
see.

XXX

There eke he placed a strong garrisone,
And set a Seneschall of dreaded might,
That by his powre oppressed every one,
And vanquished all ventrous knights in fight
To whom he wont shew all the shame:
might,

After that them in battell he had wonne:
To which when now they gan approach
sight,

The Ladie counseld him the place to shonne
Where as so many knights had foully
fordonne.

XXXI

Her fearefull speaches nought he did rege
But, ryding streight under the Castle wall
Called aloud unto the watchfull ward
Which there did wayte, willing them forth
call

Into the field their Tyrants Seneschall:
To whom when tydings thereof came,
streight

Cals for his armes, and arming him withal
Eftsoones forth pricked proudly in his might
And gan with courage fierce addresse him
the fight.

XXXII

They both encounter in the middle plaine
And their sharpe speares doe both toget
smite [ma

Amid their shields, with so huge might
That seem'd their soules they wold
ryven quight

Out of their breasts with furious despight
Yet could the Seneschals no entrance find
Into the Princes shield where it empight,
(So pure the metall was and well refynd,)
But shivered all about, and scattered in
wynd:

XXXIII

Not so the Princes, but with restlesse force
Into his shield it readie passage found,
Both through his habergeon and eke his corse
Which tombling downe upon the senseless
ground

Gave leave unto his ghost from thrالدome bo
To wander in the griesly shades of night.
There did the Prince him leave in des-
swound,

And thence unto the castle marched right
To see if entrance there as yet obtaine
might.

XXXIV

as he nigher drew, three knights he
spyde,
rmd to point, issuing forth apace,
h towards him with all their powre did
ryde,
meeting him right in the middle race
all their speares attonce on him enchace.
ree great Culverings for battrie bent,
leveld all against one certaine place,
all attonce their thunders rage forth rent,
makes the wals to stagger with astonish-
ment:

XXXV

all attonce they on the Prince did
thonder,
from his saddle swarved nought asyde,
o their force gave way, that was great
wonder;
like a bulwarke firmly did abyde,
tting him, which in the midst did ryde,
so huge rigour, that his mortall speare
through his shield and pierst through
either syde;
downe he fell uppon his mother deare,
poured forth his wretched life in deadly
dreare.

XXXVI

om when his other fellowes saw, they
fled
st as feete could carry them away;
after them the Prince as swiftly sped,
e aveng'd of their unknighly play.
e, whilst they entring th' one did th'
other stay,
hindmost in the gate he overhent,
as he pressed in, him there did slay:
arkasse, tumbling on the threshold, sent
groning soule unto her place of punish-
ment.

XXXVII

The other which was entred laboured fast
To sperre the gate; but that same lump of
clay, [past,
Whose grudging ghost was thereout fled and
Right in the midst of the threshold lay,
That it the Posterne did from closing stay:
The whiles the Prince hard preased in betweene,
And entraunce wonne: Streight th' other
fled away,
And ran into the Hall, where he did weene
Him selfe to save; but he there slew him at
the skreene.

XXXVIII

Then all the rest which in that Castle were,
Seeing that sad ensample them before,
Durst not abide, but fled away for feare,
And them conveyd out at a Posterne dore.
Long sought the Prince; but when he found
no more
T' oppose against his powre he forth issued
Unto that Lady, where he her had lore,
And her gan cheare with what she there had
vewed, [shewed:
And what she had not seene within unto her

XXXIX

Who with right humble thankes him goodly
greeting
For so great prowesse as he there had proved,
Much greater then was ever in her weeting,
With great admiraunce inwardly was moved,
And honourd him with all that her behoved.
Thenceforth into that Castle he her led
With her two sonnes, right deare of her be-
loved,
Where all that night themselves they cherished,
And from her balefull minde all care he ban-
ished.

CANTO XI.

Prince Arthure overcomes the great
Gerioneo in fight:
Doth slay the Monster, and restore
Belgè unto her right.

I

ften fals, in course of common life,
right long time is overborne of wrong
gh avarice, or powre, or guile, or strife,
weakens her, and makes her party strong;
ustice, though her dome she doe prolong,

Yet at the last she will her owne cause right:
As by sad Belgè seemes; whose wrongs though
long
She suffred, yet at length she did requight,
And sent redresse thereof by this brave Briton
Knight.

II

Whereof when newes was to that Tyrant
brought,
How that the Lady Belgè now had found
A Champion, that had with his Champion
fought,
And laid his Seneschall low on the ground,
And eke him selfe did threaten to confound;
He gan to burne in rage, and friese in feare,
Doubting sad end of principle unsound:
Yet, sith he hearl but one that did appeare,
He did him selfe encourage and take better
cheare.

III

Nathelesse him selfe he armed all in hast,
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne stayed step, till that he came at last
Unto the Castle which they conquer had:
There with huge terrour, to be more ydrad,
He sternely marcht before the Castle gate,
And, with bold vaunts and ydle threatning, bad
Deliver him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrong-
full state.

IV

The Prince staid not his aunswere to devize,
But, opening streight the Sparre, forth to him
came,
Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize;
And asked him, if that he were the same,
Who all that wrong unto that wofull Dame
So long had done, and from her native land
Exiled her, that all the world spake shame.
He boldly aunswerd him, He there did stand
That would his doings justifie with his owne
hand.

V

With that so furiously at him he flew,
As if he would have over-run him streight;
And with his huge great yron axe gan hew
So hideously upon his armour bright,
As he to peeces would have chopt it quight,
That the bold Prince was forced foote to give
To his first rage, and yeeld to his despight;
The whilest at him so dreadfully he drive,
That seem'd a marble rocke asunder could
have rive.

VI

Thereto a great advauntage eke he has
Through his three double hands thrise multi-
plyde, [was:
Besides the double strength which in them
For stil, when fit occasion did betyde,
He could his weapon shift from side to syde,
From hand to hand; and with such nimblesse
sly
Could wield about, that, ere it were espide,

The wicked stroke did wound his enemy
Behinde, beside, before, as he it list apply

VII

Which uncouth use when as the Prince
ceived,

He gan to watch the wielding of his hand
Least by such slight he were unwares decea
And ever, ere he saw the stroke to land,
He would it meete and warily withstand.
One time when he his weapon faynd to sl
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand
hand,

He met him with a counterstroke so sw
That quite smit off his arme as he it up
lift.

VIII

Therewith all fraught with fury and disd
He brayd aloud for very fell despight;
And sodainely, t' avenge him selfe againe
Gan into one assemble all the might
Of all his hands, and heaved them on hig
Thinking to pay him with that one for a
But the sad steele seizd not, where it was h
Uppon the childe, but somewhat short did
And lighting on his horses head him quit
mall.

IX

Downe streight to ground fell his astor
steed,
And eke to th' earth his burden with him
But he him selfe full lightly from him fr
And gan him selfe to fight on foote prepa
Whereof when as the Gyant was aware,
He wox right blyth, as he had got therel
And laught so loud, that all his teeth
bare

One might have seene enraung'd disorder
Like to a rancke of piles that pitched are a

X

Eftsoones againe his axe he raught on h
Ere he were thoroughly buckled to his ge
And can let drive at him so dreadfullie,
That had he chaunced not his shield to r
Ere that huge stroke arrived on him near
He had him surely cloven quite in twain
But th' Adamantine shield which he did
So well was tempered, that for all his mai
It would no passage yeeld unto his pu
vaine.

XI

Yet was the stroke so forcibly applide,
That made him stagger with uncertaine s
As if he would have tottered to one side
Wherewith full wroth he fiercely gan ass

start'sie with like kindnesse to repay,
mote at him with so importune might,
two more of his armes did fall away,
fruitlesse braunches, which the hatchets
slight [quight,
pruned from the native tree, and cropped

XII

that all mad and furious he grew,
fell mastiffe through enraging heat,
first, and band, and blasphemies forth
threw
st his Gods, and fire to them did threat,
ell unto him selfe with horrou great.
eforth he car'd no more which way he
strooke, [sweat,
here it light; but gan to chaufe and
gnasht his teeth, and his head at him
shooke, [looke.
ernely him beheld with grim and ghastly

XIII

ght fear'd the childe his looks, ne yet
his threats,
ely wexed now the more aware
re him selfe from those his furious heats,
atch aduantage how to worke his care,
hich good Fortune to him offred faire;
he in his rage him overstrooke,
e he could his weapon backe repaire,
e all bare and naked overtooke,
with his mortal steel quite through the
body strooke.

XIV

ugh all three bodies he him strooke at-
tonce,
all the three attonce fell on the plaine,
ould he thrise have needed for the nonce
to have stricken, and thrise to have
slaine.

w all three one sencelesse lumpe remaine,
flow'd in his owne blacke bloody gore,
tying th' earth for very deaths disdaine;
with a cloud of night him covering, bore
e to the house of dole, his daies there to
deplore.

XV

h when the Lady from the Castle saw,
she with her two sonnes did looking
stand,
wards him in hast her selfe did draw
et him the good fortune of his hand:
all the people, both of towne and land,
there stood gazing from the Citties wall
these warriours, greedy t' understand
ether should the victory befall,
when they saw it false, they eke him
greeted all.

XVI

But Belgè, with her sonnes, prostrated low
Before his feete in all that peoples sight,
Mongst joyes mixing some tears, mongst wele
some wo,
Him thus bespake: 'O most redoubted Knight,
The which hast me, of all most wretched wight,
That earst was dead, restor'd to life againe,
And these weake impes replanted by thy might,
What guerdon can I give thee for thy paine,
But even that which thou savedst thine still
to remaine?'

XVII

He tooke her up forby the lilly hand,
And her recomforted the best he might,
Saying; 'Deare Lady, deedes ought not be
scand
By th' authors manhood, nor the doers might,
But by their trueth and by the causes right:
That same is it which fought for you this day.
What other meed, then, need me to requight,
But that which yeeldeth vertues meed alway?
That is, the vertue selfe, which her reward doth
pay.'

XVIII

She humbly thankt him for that wondrous
grace, [please,
And further sayd: 'Ah! Sir, but mote ye
Sith ye thus farre have tendred my poore case,
As from my chiefest foe me to release,
That your victorious arme will not yet cease,
Till ye have rooted all the relikes out
Of that vilde race, and established my peace.
'What is there else' (sayd he) 'left of their
rout? [dout.'
Declare it boldly, Dame, and doe not stand in

XIX

'Then wote you, Sir, that in this Church
hereby
There stands an Idole of great note and name,
The which this Gyant reared first on hie,
And of his owne vaine fancies thought did
frame:
To whom, for endlesse horrou of his shame,
He offred up for daily sacrificize
My children and my people, burnt in flame
With all the tortures that he could devise,
The more t' aggrate his God with such his
bloudy guize.

XX

'And underneath this Idoll there doth lie
An hideous monster that doth it defend,
And feedes on all the carkasses that die
In sacrificize unto that cursed feend;

Whose ugly shape none ever saw, nor kend,
That ever scap'd : for of a man, they say,
It has the voice, that speaches forth doth send,
Even blasphemous words, which she doth bray
Out of her poysonous entrails fraught with dire
decay.

XXI

Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart
gan earne
For great desire that Monster to assay,
And prayd the place of her abode to learne ;
Which being shew'd, he gan him selfe streight-
way
Thereto addresse, and his bright shield display.
So to the Church he came, where it was told
The Monster underneath the Altar lay :
There he that idoll saw of massy gold
Most richly made, but there no Monster did
behold.

XXII

Upon the Image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke ;
And the third time out of an hidden shade
There forth issewd from under th' Altars smooke
A dreadful feend with fowle deformed looke,
That stretcht it selfe as it had long lyen still ;
And her long taile and fethers strongly shooke,
That all the Temple did with terrour fill ;
Yet him nought terrified that feared nothing
ill.

XXIII

An huge great Beast it was, when it in length
Was stretched forth, that nigh fild all the place,
And seem'd to be of infinite great strength :
Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
Borne of the brooding of Echidna base,
Or other like infernall furies kinde ;
For of a Mayd she had the outward face,
To hide the horror which did lurke behinde,
The better to beguile whom she so fond did
finde.

XXIV

Thereto the body of a dog she had,
Full of fell ravin and fierce greedinesse ;
A Lions clawes, with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and teare what so she can oppresse ;
A Dragons taile, whose sting without redresse
Full deadly wounds where so it is empight ;
And Eagles wings, for scope and speedinesse,
That nothing may escape her reaching might,
Whereto she ever list to make her hardy flight.

XXV

Much like in foulnesse and deformity
Unto that Monster, whom the Theban Knight,
The father of that fatall progeny,
Made kill her selfe for very hearts despight

That he had red her Riddle, which no w
Could ever loose but suffred deadly dool
So also did this Monster use like slight
To many a one which came unto her sel
Whom she did put to death, deceived
foole.

XXVI

She comming forth, when as she first
The armed Prince with shield so blazing
Her ready to assaile, was greatly queld,
And much dismayd with that dismayfull
That backe she would have turnd for
affright :
But he gan her with courage fierce assay
That forst her turne againe in her despi
To save her selfe, least that he did her s
And sure he had her slaine, had she not
her way.

XXVII

Tho, when she saw that she was forst to
She flew at him like to an hellish feend,
And on his shield tooke hold with all her
As if that it she would in peeces rend,
Or reave out of the hand that did it hen
Strongly he strove out of her greedy gri
To loose his shield, and long while did cou
But, when he could not quite it, with one
Her Lions clawes he from her feete awa
wipe.

XXVIII

With that aloude she gan to bray and y
And fowle blasphemous speaches forth dic
And bitter curses, horrible to tell ;
That even the Temple, wherein she was
Did quake to heare, and nigh asunder b
Tho with her huge long taile she at him st
That made him stagger and stand halfe a
With trembling joynts, as he for to
shooke ;
Who nought was terrifide, but greater co

XXIX

As when the Mast of some well-timbred
Is with the blast of some outrageous stor
Blowne downe, it shakes the bottome
bulke,
And makes her ribs to cracke as they were
Whilest still she stands, as stonisht an
lorne :
So was he stound with stroke of her huge
But, ere that it she backe againe had bo
He with his sword it strooke, that withou
He jointed it, and mard the swinging
flaile.

XXX

Then gan she cry much louder then af
That all the people there without it hea

Belgè sene was therewith stonied sore,
 If the onely sound thereof she feard.
 Then the feend her selfe more fiercely reard
 Upon her wide great wings, and strongly flew
 Th all her body at his head and beard,
 At had he not foreseene with heedfull vew,
 Thrown his shield atween, she had him
 done to rew.

XXXI

As she prest on him with heavy sway,
 Under her wombe his fatall sword he thrust,
 And for her entrailes made an open way
 Issue forth; the which, once being brust,
 Came to a great Mill-damb forth fiercely gusht,
 And powred out of her infernall sinke
 As ugly filth; and poyson therewith rushd,
 At him nigh choked with the deadly stinke.
 Th loathly matter were small lust to speake
 or thinke.

XXXII

Then downe to ground fell that deformed
 Masse,
 Batching out clouds of sulphure fowle and
 Which a puddle of contagion was, [blacke,
 He loathd then Lerna, or then Stygian lake,
 At any man would nigh awshaped make:
 From when he saw on ground, he was full
 glad, [take
 streight went forth his gladnesse to par-
 Belgè, who watcht all this while full sad,
 Saying what end would be of that same
 daunger drad.

XXXIII

From when she saw so joyously come forth,
 Can rejoyce and shew triumphant chere,
 Singing and praying his renowned worth
 All the names that honorable were.
 In he brought her, and her shewed there
 Present of his paines, that Monsters spoyle,
 Like that Idoll deem'd so costly dere,
 When he did all to peeces breake, and foyle
 Lethy durt, and left so in the loathely soyle.

XXXIV

Then all the people which beheld that day
 Shout aloud, 'bat unto heaven it rong;
 All the damzels of that towne in ray
 E dauncing forth, and joyous carrols song:
 In they led through all their streetes along
 With girllonds of immortall baies;
 All the vulgar did about them throng
 See the man, whose everlasting praise
 All were bound to all posterities to raise.

XXXV

He with Belgè did awhile remaine
 In great feast and joyous merriment,

Untill he had her settled in her raine
 With safe assuraunce and establishment:
 Then to his first emprize his mind he lent,
 Full loath to Belgè and to all the rest;
 Of whom yet taking leave thenceforth he wert,
 And to his former journey him address;
 On which long way he rode, ne ever day did
 rest.

XXXVI

But turne we now to noble Artagall;
 Who, having left Mercilla, streight way went
 On his first quest, the which him forth did call,
 To weet, to worke Irenæes franchisement,
 And eke Grantortoes worthy punishment.
 So forth he fared, as his manner was,
 With onely Talus wayting diligent,
 Through many perils; and much way did pas,
 Till nigh unto the place at length approcht he
 has.

XXXVII

There as he traveld by the way, he met
 An aged wight wayfaring all alone, [set
 Who through his yeares long since aside had
 The use of armes, and battell quite forgone:
 To whom as he approcht, he knew anone
 That it was he which whilome did attend
 On faire Irene in her affliction,
 When first to Faery court he saw her wend,
 Unto his soveraine Queene her suite for to com-
 mend.

XXXVIII

Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan:
 'Haile, good Sir Sergis, truest Knight alive,
 Well tride in all thy Ladies troubles than
 When her that Tyrant did of Crowne deprive;
 What new occasion doth thee hither drive,
 Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?
 Or is she thrall, or doth she not survive?'
 To whom he thus: 'She liveth sure and sound,
 But by that Tyrant is in wretched thralldome
 bound:

XXXIX

'For she presuming on th' appointed tyde,
 In which ye promist, as ye were a Knight,
 To meete her at the salvage llands syde,
 And then and there for triall of her right
 With her unrighteous enemy to fight,
 Did thither come; where she, afrajd of nought,
 By guilefull treason and by subtil slight
 Surprized was, and to Grantorto brought,
 Who her imprisond hath, and her life often
 sought.

XL

'And now he hath to her prefixt a day,
 By which if that no champion doe appeare,
 Which will her cause in battailous array
 Against him justifie, and prove her cleare

Of all those crimes that he gainst her doth
reare,
She death shall sure aby.' Those tidings sad
Did much abash Sir Artegall to heare,
And grieved sore that through his fault she had
Fallen into that Tyrants hand and usage bad.

XLI

Then thus replide: 'Now sure and by my
life,
Too much am I too blame for that faire Maide,
That have her drawne to all this troublous
strife,
Through promise to afford her timely aide,
Which by default I have not yet defraide:
But wnesse unto me, ye heavens! that know
How cleare I am from blame of this upbraide;
For ye into like thraldome me did throw,
And kept from compassing the faith which I
did owe.

XLII

'But now aread, Sir Sergis, how long space
Hath he her lent a Champion to provide?'
'Ten daies,' (quoth he) 'he graunted hath of
grace,
For that he weeneth well before that tide
None can have tidings to assist her side:
For all the shores, which to the sea accoste,
He day and night doth ward both farre and
wide,
That none can there arrive without an hoste:
So her he deemes already but a damned
ghoste.'

XLIII

'Now turne againe,' (Sir Artegall then sayd)
'For, if I live till those ten daies have end,
Assure your selfe, Sir Knight, she shall have
ayd,
Though I this dearest life for her doe spend.'
So backward he attone with him did wend:
Tho, as they rode together on their way,
A rout of people they before them kend,
Flocking together in confusde array;
As if that there were some tumultuous affray.

XLIV

To which as they approcht the cause to know,
They saw a Knight in daungerous distresse
Of a rude rout him chasing to and fro,
That sought with lawlesse powre him to op-
presse,
And bring in bondage of their brutishnesse:
And farre away, amid their rakehell bands,
They spide a Lady left all succourlesse,
Crying, and holding up her wretched hands
To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage
withstands.

XLV

Yet still he strives, ne any perill spares,
To reskue her from their rude violence;
And like a Lion wood amongst them fares,
Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large
pence.
Gainst which the pallid death findes no
But all in vaine: their numbers are so great
That naught may boot to banishe them from
thence;
For soone as he their outrage backe doth be-
They turne afresh, and oft renew their forme
threat.

XLVI

And now they doe so sharply him assay,
That they his shield in peeces battred have
And forced him to throw it quite away,
Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to save
Albe that it most safety to him gave,
And much did magnifie his noble name:
For, from the day that he thus did it leave
Amongst all Knights he blotted was with
blame,
And counted but a recreant Knight with en-
les shar

XLVII

Whom when they thus distressed did beheld
They drew unto his aide; but that rude rout
Them also gan assaile with outrage bold,
And forced them, how ever strong and stou-
They were, as well approv'd in many a dou-
Backe to recule; untill that yron man
With his huge flaile began to lay about;
From whose sterne presence they diffused
Like scattred chaffe the which the wind aw-
doth fan.

XLVIII

So when that Knight from perill cleare
freed,
He drawing neare began to greeete them fa-
And yeeld great thankses for their so good
In saving him from daungerous despaire
Of those which sought his life for to empai-
Of whom Sir Artegall gan then enquire
The whole occasion of his late misfare,
And who he was, and what those villaines w-
The which with mortall malice him pursu-
nere.

XLIX

To whom he thus: 'My name is Bur-
hight,
Well knowne, and far renowned heretofore
Untill late mischief did uppon me light,
That all my former praise hath blemisht
And that faire Lady, which in that uprore
Ye with those caytives saw, Flourelis hig-
Is mine owne love, though me she have forl-

ether withheld from me by wrongfull might,
with her owne good will, I cannot read
aright.

L

ut sure to me her faith she first did plight
me my love, and take me for her Lord;
that a Tyrant, which Grandtorto hight,
h golden giftes and many a guilefull word
yed her to him for to accord. [tempted?
who may not with gifts and words be
which she hath me ever since abhord,
to my foe hath guilefully consented:
ne, that ever guyle in wemen was invented!

LI

ad now he hath this troupe of villains sent
open force to fetch her quite away:
ast whom my selfe I long in vaine have
rescue her, and daily meanes assay; [bent
rescue her thence by no meanes I may,
they doe me with multitude oppresse,
with unequall might doe overlay,
t oft I driven am to great distresse,
forced to forgoe th' attempt remedlesse.

LII

at why have ye' (said Artegall) 'forborne
r owne good shield in daungerous dismay?
is the greatest shame and foulest scorne,
ch unto any knight behappen may,
lose the badge that should his deedes dis-
play.' [shame:
whom Sir Burbon, blushing halfe for
at shall I unto you' (quoth he) 'bewray,
t ye therefore mote happily me blame,
deeme it doen of will, that through in-
forcement came.

LIII

ue is that I at first was dubbed knight
a good knight, the knight of the Red-
crosse; [fight,
o, when he gave me armes in field to
e me a shield, in which he did endosse
deare Redeemers badge upon the bosse:
same long while I bore, and therewithall
ght many battels without wound or losse;
rewith Grandtorto selfe I did appall,
t made him oftentimes in field before
me fall.

LIV

ut for that many did that shield envie,
t cruell enemies increased more,
tint all strife and troublous enmitie,
t bloudie scutchin, being battered sore,
yd aside, and have of late forbore,
ing thereby to have my love obtayned;
can I not my love have nathemore,

For she by force is still fro me detayned,
And with corruptfull brybes is to untruth
mis-trayned.'

LV

To whom thus Artegall: 'Certes, Sir knight,
Hard is the case the which ye doe complaine;
Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light
That it to such a str-ight mote you constraine)
As to abandon that which doth containe
Your honours stile, that is, your warlike shield.
All perill ought be lesse, and lesse all paine
Then losse of fame in disaventrous field:
Dye, rather then doe ought that mote dis-
honour yield.'

LVI

'Not so,' (quoth he) 'for yet, when time
doth serve,
My former shield I may resume againe:
To temporize is not from truth to swerve,
Ne for advantage terme to entertaine,
When as necessitie doth it constraine.'
'Fie on such forgerie!' (sayd Artegall)
'Under one hood to shadow faces twaine:
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all:
Of all things, to dissemble, foully may befall!'

LVII

'Yet let me you of courtesie request'
(Said Burbon) 'to assist me now at need
Against these pesants which have me opprest,
And forced me to so infamous deed,
That yet my love may from their hands be
Sir Artegall, albe he earst did wyte [freed.
His wavering mind, yet to his aide agreed,
And, buckling him eftsoones unto the fight,
Did set upon those troupes with all his powre
and might.

LVIII

Who flocking round about them, as a swarme
Of flies upon a birchen bough doth cluster,
Did them assault with terrible allarme;
And over all the fields themselves did muster,
With bills and glayves making a dreadfull
luster, [retyre:
That forst at first those knights backe to
As when the wrathfull Boreas doth bluster,
Nought may abide the tempest of his yre;
Both man and beast doe fly, and succour doe
inquire.

LIX

But, when as overblown was that brunt,
Those knights began afresh them to assayle,
And all about the fields like Squirrels hunt;
But chiefly Talus with his yron flayle,
Gainst which no flight nor rescue mote avayle,
Made cruell havocke of the baser crew,
And chased them both over hill and dale.

The raskall manie soone they overthrew;
But the two knights themselves their captains
did subdew.

LX

At last they came whereas that Ladie bode,
Whom now her keepers had forsaken quight
To save themselves, and scattered were abrode.
Her halfe dismayd they found in doubtfull
plight,

As neither glad nor sorie for their sight;
Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly clad
In roiall robes, and many jewels dight;
But that those villens through their usage bad
Them foully rent, and shamefully defaced had.

LXI

But Burbon, streight dismounting from his
Unto her ran with greedie great desyre, [steed,
And catching her fast by her ragged weed
Would have embraced her with hart entyre;
But she backstarting with disdainfull yre
Bad him avaunt, ne would unto his lore
Allured be for prayer nor for meed: [forlore
Whom when those knights so froward and
Beheld, they her rebuked and upbrayded sore.

LXII

Sayd Artegal: 'What foule disgrace is this
To so faire Ladie, as ye seeme in sight,
To blot your beautie, that unblemisht is,
With so foule blame as breach of faith once
plight,
Or change of love for any worlds delight!
Is ought on earth so pretious or deare
As prayse and honour? Or is ought so bright
And beautifull as glories beames appeare,
Whose goodly light then Phœbus lampe doth
shine more cleare?

LXIII

'Why then will ye, fond Dame, attempt
Unto a strangers love, so lightly placed,
For guiftes of gold or any worldly glee,
To leave the love that ye before embraced,
And let your fame with falshood be defaced?
Fie on the pelfe for which good name is sold
And honour with indignitie debased!
Dearer is love then life, and fame then gold.
But dearer then them both your faith
plighted hold.'

LXIV

Much was the Ladie in her gentle mind
Abasht at his rebuke, that bit her neare,
Ne ought to answere thereunto did find;
But, hanging down her head with heavie
cheare,
Stood long amaz'd as she amated weare:
Which Burbon seeing her againe assayd;
And, clasping twixt his armes, her up-
reare
Upon his steede, whiles she so whit gaind
So bore her quite away, nor well nor
apayd.

LXV

Nathlesse the yron man did still pursew
That raskall many with unpitied spoyle;
Ne ceased not, till all their scattred crew
Into the sea he drove quite from that soyle
The which they troubled had with great
moyle.
But Artegal, seeing his cruell deed,
Commaunded him from slaughter to recove
And to his voyage gan againe proceed;
For that the terme, approching fast, requi-
speed.

CANTO XII.

Artegal doth Sir Burbon aide,
And blames for changing shield:
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And slaieth him in field.

I

O SACRED hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent desire of men to raine!
Whom neither dread of God, that devils bindes,
Nor lawes of men, that common-weales con-
taine, [straine,
Nor bands of nature, that wilde beastes re-
Can keepe from outrage and from doing wrong;
Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine:

No faith so firme, no trust can be so strong,
No love so lasting then, that may endure
long.

II

Witnesse may Burbon be; whom all
bands
Which may a Knight assure had surely bound
Untill the love of Lordship and of lands
Made him become most faithless and unsound

itnesse be Gerioneo found,
 or like cause faire Belgè did oppresse,
 That and wrong most cruelly confound:
 To be now Grantorto, who no lesse
 All the rest burst out to all outrageous-
 nesse.

III

st whom Sir Artegall, long having since
 in hand th' exploit, (being theretoo
 ated by that mightie Faerie Prince,
 Gloriane, that Tyrant to fordoo,)
 th other great adventures hethertoo
 forslackt: But now time drawing ny
 a assynd her high beheast to doo,
 sea-shore he gan his way apply,
 ete if shipping readie he mote there
 descry.

IV

when they came to the sea coast they
 found
 all readie (as good fortune fell)
 to sea, with whom they did compound
 se them over where them list to tell.
 nde and weather served them so well,
 a one day they with the coast did fall;
 as they readie found, them to repell,
 hostes of men in order martiall,
 them forbad to land, and footing did
 forstall.

V

athemore would they from land refraine:
 hen as nigh unto the shore they drew
 ot of man might sound the bottome
 plaine.
 nto the sea did forth issew [him threw;
 a darts from shore and stones they at
 ading through the waves with stedfast
 way,
 e the might of all those troupes in vew,
 n the shore; whence he them chast away,
 ade to fly like doves whom the Eagle
 doth affray.

VI

hyles Sir Artegall with that old knight
 th descend, there being none them neare,
 ward marched to a towne in sight.
 e came tydings to the Tyrants eare,
 e which earst did fly away for feare,
 r arrival: wherewith troubled sore
 his forces streight to him did reare,
 th issuing with his scouts afore,
 them to have encountred ere they left
 the shore:

VII

he he marched farre he with them met,
 rcely charged them with all his force:

But Talus sternely did upon them set,
 And brusht and battred them without remorse;
 That on the ground he left full many a corse;
 Ne any able was him to withstand;
 But he them overthrew both man and horse,
 That they lay scattred over all the land, [hand:
 As thicke as doth the seede after the sowers

VIII

Till Artegall him seeing so to rage
 Willd him to stay, and signe of truce did make:
 To which all harkning did a while asswage
 Their forces furie, and their terror slake;
 Till he an Herauld cald, and to him spake,
 Willing him wend unto the Tyrant streight,
 And tell him that not for such slaughters sake
 He thether came, but for to trie the right
 Of fayre Irenas cause with him in single fight:

IX

And willed him for to reclayme with speed
 His scattred people, ere they all were slaine,
 And time and place convenient to areed,
 In which they two the combat might darraine.
 Which message when Grantorto heard, full
 fayne
 And glad he was the slaughter so to stay;
 And pointed for the combat twixt them twayne.
 The morrow next, ne gave him longer day:
 So sounded the retraite, and drew his folke
 away.

X

That night Sir Artegall did cause his tent
 There to be pitched on the open plaine;
 For he had given streight commaundement
 That none should dare him once to entertaine;
 Which none durst breake, though many would
 right fayne
 For faire Irena, whom they loved deare:
 But yet old Sergis did so well him paine,
 That from close friends, that dar'd not to ap-
 peare, [full weare.
 He all things did purway which for them need-

XI

The morrow next, that was the dismall day
 Appointed for Irenas death before,
 So soone as it did to the world display
 His chearefull face, and light to men restore,
 The heavy Mayd, to whom none tyd.ngs bore
 Of Artegals arryvall her to free,
 Lookt up with eyes full sad and hart full sore,
 Weening her lifes last howre then neare to bee,
 Sith no redemption nigh she did nor heare nor
 see.

XII

Then up she rose, and on her selfe did dight
 Most squalid garments, fit for such a day;

And with dull countenance and with doleful
spright

She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay
For to receive the doome of her decay :
But comming to the place, and finding there
Sir Artegall, in battailous array
Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,
And new life to her lent in midst of deadly
feare.

XIII

Like as a tender Rose in open plaine,
That with untimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, soone as few drops of raine
Thereon distill and deaw her daintie face,
Gins to looke up, and with fresh wonted grace
Dispreys the glorie of her leaves gay ;
Such was Irenas countenance, such her case,
When Artegall she saw in that array,
There wayting for the Tyrant till it was farre
day.

XIV

Who came at length with proud presump-
tuous gate

Into the field, as if he fearelesse were,
All armed in a cote of yron plate
Of great defence to ward the deadly feare ;
And on his head a steele cap he did weare
Of colour rustie-browne, but sure and strong ;
And in his hand an huge Polaxe did beare,
Whose steale was yron-studded, but not long,
With which he wont to fight to justifie his
wrong :

XV

Of stature huge and hideous he was,
Like to a Giant for his monstrous hight,
And did in strength most sorts of men surpas,
Ne ever any found his match in might ;
Thereto he had great skill in single fight :
His face was ugly and his countenance sterne,
That could have frayd one with the very sight,
And gaped like a gulfe when he did gerne ;
That whether man or monster one could scarce
discerne.

XVI

Soone as he did within the listes appeare,
With dreadfull looke he Artegall beheld,
As if he would have daunted him with feare ;
And, grinning griesly, did against him weld
His deadly weapon which in hand he held :
But th' Elfin swayne, that oft had seene like
sight,
Was with his ghastly count'nance nothing
queld ;
But gan him streight to buckle to the fight,
And cast his shield about to be in readie
plight.

XVII

The trumpets sound, and they together
With dreadfull terror and with fell inten
And their huge strokes full daungerous
stow,

To doe most dammage where as most they
But with such force and furie violent
The Tyrant thundred his thicke blowes
That through the yron wallles their wa
And even to the vitall parts they past,
Ne ought could them endure, but all they
or brast.

XVIII

Which cruell outrage when as Artegall
Did well avize, thenceforth with warie b
He shund his strokes, where ever they di
And way did give unto their gracelesse s
As when a skilfull Marriner dottf reed
A storme approching that doth perill th
He will not hide the daunger of such dre
But strikes his sayles, and vereth his
sheat,
And lends unto it leave the emptie ay

XIX

So did the Faerie knight himselfe abea
And stouped oft his head from shame to s
No shame to stoupe, ones head more hi
reare :

And, much to gaine, a litle for to yield :
So stoutest knights doen oftentimes in f
But still the tyrant sternely at him layd
And did his yron axe so nimbly wield,
That many wounds into his flesh it mad
And with his burdenous blowes him so
overlade.

XX

Yet when as fit advantage he did spy,
The whiles the cursed felon high did re
His cruell hand to smite him mortally,
Under his stroke he to him stepping ne
Right in the flanke him strooke with
dreare,

That the gore-bloud thence gushing grie
Did underneath him like a pond appear
And all his armour did with purple dye
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled drea

XXI

Yet the hugestroke, which he before int
Kept on his course as he did it direct,
And with such monstrous poise adown
cended,

That seemed nought could him from
But he it well did ward with wise respo
And twixt him and the blow his shield d
Which thereon seizing tooke no great e

oyting deepe therein did sticke so fast
by no meanes it backe againe he forth
could wrast.

XXII

g while he tug'd and strove to get it out,
all his powre applyed thereunto,
he therewith the knight drew all about
lesse, for all that ever he could doe,
he could not from his shield undoe;
Artegall perceiving strooke no more,
losing soone his shield did it forgoe;
whiles he combred was therewith so sore,
at him let drive more fiercely then
before.

XXIII

well he him pursew'd, that at the last
roke him with Chrysaor on the hed,
with the souse thereof full sore aghast
aggered to and fro in doubtfull sted,
he, whiles he him saw so ill bested,
id him smite with all his might and
maine,
falling on his mother earth he fed:
n when he saw prostrated on the plaine,
ghtly reft his head to ease him of his
paine.

XXIV

h when the people round about him
shout, all for joy of his successe,
to be quit from that proud Tyrants awe,
with strong powre did them long time
oppresse;
unning all with greedie joyfulnesse
re Irena, at her feet did fall,
er adored with due humblenesse
eir true Liege and Princesse naturall;
eke her champions glorie sounded over-
all.

XXV

streight her leading with meete majestie
the pallace where their kings did rayne,
er therein establish peaceable,
o her kingdomes seat restore agayne:
ll such persons, as did late maintayne
Tyrants part with close or open ayde,
ely punished with heavie payne;
n short space, whiles there with her he
stayd, [obayd.
e was left that durst her once have dis-

XXVI

ng which time that he did there remayne,
udie was true Justice how to deale,
ay and night employ'd his busie paine
o reforme that ragged common-weale:

And that same yron man, which could reveale
All hidden crimes, through all that realme he
sent

To search out those that usd to rob and steale,
Or did rebell gainst lawfull government;
On whom he did inflict most grievous punish-
ment.

XXVII

But, ere he could reforme it thoroughly,
He through occasion called was away
To Faerie Court, that of necessity
His course of Justice he was forst to stay,
And Talus to revoke from the right way
In which he was that Realme for to redresse:
But envies cloud still dimmeth vertues ray.
So, having freed Irena from distresse,
He tooke his leave of her there left in heavi-
nesse.

XXVIII

Tho, as he backe returned from that land,
And there arriv'd againe whence forth he set,
He had not passed farre upon the strand,
When as two old ill favour'd Hags he met,
By the way side being together set;
Two griesly creatures: and, to that, their faces
Most foule and filthie were, their garments
yet,
Being all rag'd and tatter'd, their disgraces
Did much the more augment, and made most
ugly cases.

XXIX

The one of them, that elder did appeare,
With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,
That her mis-shape much helpt; and her foule
heare
Hung loose and loathsomely: Thereto her hew
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew,
And all her bones might through her cheekes
be red:

Her lips were, like raw lether, pale and blew:
And as she spake therewith she slavered;
Yet spake she seldom, but thought more the
lesse she sed.

XXX

Her hands were foule and durtie, never
washt

In all her life, with long nayles over-raught,
Like puttocks clawes; with th' one of which
she scracht

Her cursed head, although it itched naught:
The other held a snake with venime fraught,
On which she fed and gnawed hungrily,
As if that long she had not eaten ought;
That round about her jawes one might descry
The bloudie gore and povson dropping loth-
somely.

XXXI

Her name was Envie, known well thereby,
Whose nature is to grieve and grudge at all
That ever she sees doen prays-worthily;
Whose sight to her is greatest crosse may fall,
And vexeth so that makes her eat her gall;
For, when she wanteth other thing to eat,
She feedes on her owne maw unnaturall,
And of her owne foule entrayles makes her
meat;
Meat fit for such a monsters monstrous dyeat:

XXXII

And if she hapt of any good to heare,
That had to any happily betid,
Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and
teare
Her flesh for felnesse, which she inward hid:
But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harme that any had, then would she make
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid,
And in anothers losse great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby and gayned a great
stake.

XXXIII

The other nothing better was then shee,
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kynd;
But in bad manner they did disagree,
For what so Envie good or bad did fynd
She did conceale, and murder her owne
mynd;
But this, what ever evill she conceived,
Did spred abroad and throw in th' open
wynd:
Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
That all she sought was mens good name to
have bereaved.

XXXIV

For, whatsoever good by any sayd
Or doen she heard, she would streightwayes
invent
How to deprave or slaunderously upbrayd,
Or to misconstrue of a maus intent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was
ment.
Therefore she used often to resort
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To hearke what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in
wicked sort.

XXXV

And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it eeke, and make much worse by
telling,
And take great joy to publish it to many.
That every matter worse was for her melling:

Her name was hight Detraction, and
dwelling
Was neare to Envie, even her neighbour
A wicked hag, and Envy selfe excellin
In mischiefe; for her selfe she onely v
But this same both her selfe and oth
perplex.

XXXVI

Her face was ugly, and her mouth di
Foming with poyson round about her
In which her cursed tongue, full shar
short,
Appear'd like Aspis sting that closely
Or cruelly does wound whom so she wi
A distaffe in her other hand she had,
Upon the which she litle spinnes, but s
And faynesto weave false tales and leasin
To throw amongst the good which oth
disprad.

XXXVII

These two now had themselves comb
one,
And linckt together gainst Sir Artegal
For whom they wayted as his mortall
How they might make him into mi
fall,
For freeing from their snares Irena thr
Besides, unto themselves they gotten h
A monster, which the Blatant Beas
call,
A dreadfull feend, of gods and men yd
Whom they by slights allur'd, and t
purpose lad.

XXXVIII

Such were these Hags, and so unhar
drest:
Who when they nigh approching had e
Sir Artegall, return'd from his late que
They both arose, and at him loudly cry
As it had bene two shepheards cur
scryde
A ravenous Wolfe amongst the so
And Envie first, as she that first him e
Towardes him runs, and, with rude flarin
About her eares, does beat her brest a
head knockes.

XXXIX

Then from her mouth the gobbet sh
take,
The which whyleare she was so greed
Devouring, even that halfe-gnawen sn
And at him throwes it most despightfu
The cursed Serpent, though she hung
Earst chawd thereon, yet was not all s
But that some life remayned secretly;

as he past afore withouten dread,
 him behind, that long the marke was to
 be read.

XL

th' other comming neare gan him re-
 vile,
 only rayle with all she could invent;
 g that he had, with unmanly guile
 oule abusion, both his honour blent,
 hat bright sword, the sword of Justice
 stayned with reprochfull crueltie [lent,
 illesse blood of many an innocent:
 r Grandtorto, him with treacherie
 traynes having surpriz'd, he foully did
 to die.

XLI

eto the Blatant Beast, by them set on,
 im began aloud to barke and bay
 bitter rage and fell contention, [way
 all the woods and rockes nigh to that
 a to quake and tremble with dismay;
 all the aire rebellowed againe,
 eadfully his hundred tongues did bray:
 vermore those hags them selves did paine
 arpen him, and their owne cursed tongs
 did straine.

XLII

And still among most bitter wordes they spake,
 Most shamefull, most unrighteous, most un-
 trew,

That they the mildest man alive would make
 Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeaunce
 dew

To her, that so false sclaunders at him threw
 And more, to make them pierce and wound
 more deepe, [grew
 She with the sting which in her vile tongue
 Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson steepe:
 Yet he past on, and seem'd of them to take no
 keepe.

XLIII

But Talus, hearing her so lewdly raile,
 And speake so ill of him that well deserved,
 Would her have chastiz'd with his yron flaile,
 If her Sir Artegall had not preserved;
 And him forbidden, who his heast observed:
 So much the more at him still did she scold,
 And stones did cast; yet he for nought would
 swerve
 From his right course, but still the way did hold
 To Faerie Court; where what him fell shall
 else be told.

THE SIXTE BOOKE

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAINING THE LEGEND OF SIR CALIDORE, OR COURTESIE.

THE waies, through which my weary steps I
 In this delightfull land of Faery, [guyde
 Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
 And sprinkled with such sweet variety
 Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye, [light,
 That I, nigh ravisht with rare thoughts de-
 My tedious travell doe forget thereby;
 And, when I gin to feeble decay of might,
 It strength to me supplies, and chears my
 dulled spright.

II

Such secret comfort and such heavenly
 pleasures,
 Ye sacred imps, that on Parnasso dwell,
 And there the keeping have of learnings
 treasures
 Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
 Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
 And goodly fury into them infuse,
 Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well
 In these strange waies where never foote did
 use, [the Muse.
 Ne none can find but who was taught them by

III

Revele to me the sacred nursery
 Of vertue, which with you doth there re-
 maine,
 Where it in silver bowre does hidden ly
 From view of men, and wicked worlds dis-
 daine;
 Since it at first was by the Gods with paine
 Planted in earth, being derived at furst
 From heavenly seedes of bounty soveraine,
 And by them long with carefull labour nurst,
 Till it to ripenesse grew, and forth to honour
 burst.

IV

Amongst them all growes not a
 flowre
 Then is the bloosme of comely courtesie
 Which though it on a lowly stalke doe
 Yet brancheth forth in brave nobilitie,
 And spreads it selfe through all civilitie:
 Of which though present age doe plen-
 seeme,
 Yet, being matcht with plaine Antiquitie
 Ye will them all but fayned showes este-
 Which carry colours faire that feeble eie
 deeme.

V

But, in the triall of true curtesie,
 Its now so farre from that which then it
 That it indeed is nought but forgerie.
 Fashion'd to please the eies of them that
 Which see not perfect things but in a g
 Yet is that glasse so gay, that it can bl
 The wisest sight to thinke gold that is t
 But vertues seat is deepe within the my
 And not in outward shows, but inward th
 defynd.

VI

But where shall I in all Antiquity
 So faire a patterne finde, where may be
 The goodly praise of Princely curtesie,
 As in your selfe, O soveraine Lady Que
 In whose pure minde, as in a mirrour sh
 It shoves, and with her brightnesse de
 flame
 The eyes of all which thereon fixed been
 But meriteth indeede an higher name:
 Yet so from low to high uplifted is your

VII

Then pardon me, most dreaded Sovera
 That from your selfe I doe this vertue t

to your selfe doe it returne againe.
 From the Ocean all rivers spring,
 tribute backe repay as to their King:
 So from you all goodly vertues well

Into the rest which round about you ring,
 Faire Lords and Ladies which about you dwell,
 And doe adorne your Court where courtesies
 excell.

CANTO I.

Calidore saves from Maleffort
 A Damzell used vyld:
 Doth vanquish Crudor; and doth make
 Briana wexe more mylde.

I

Court, it seemes, men Courtesie doe call,
 That it there most useth to abound;
 Well beseemeth that in Princes hall
 Vertue should be plentifully found,
 And of all goodly manners is the ground,
 Note of civill conversation:
 So in Faery court it did redound, [won
 The courteous Knights and Ladies most did
 On earth, and made a matchlesse para-
 gon.

II

Amongst them all was none more courteous
 Calidore, beloved over-all, [Knight
 From, it seemes, that gentlenesse of spright
 Manners mylde were planted naturall;
 Which he adding comely guize withall
 Gracious speach, did steale mens hearts
 away:
 Besse thereto he was full stout and tall,
 Well approv'd in batteilous affray,
 Him did much renowe, and far his fame
 display.

III

Was there Knight ne was there Lady
 found
 Every court, but him did deare embrace
 His faire usage and conditions sound,
 Which in all mens liking gayned place,
 With the greatest purchast greatest grace:
 That he could wisely use, and well apply,
 To ease the best, and th' evill to embase;
 He loathd leasing and base flattery,
 Loved simple truth and stedfast honesty.

IV

Now he was in travell on his way,
 In an hard adventure sore bestad,
 As by chance he met uppon a day
 Artegall, returning yet halfe sad
 His late conquest which he gotten had:
 Whenas each of other had a sight,
 Knew them selves, and both their per-
 sons rad;

When Calidore thus first: 'Haile, noblest
 Knight
 Of all this day on ground that breathe living
 spright!

V

'Now tell, if please you, of the good successe
 Which ye have had in your late enterprize.'
 To whom Sir Artegall gan to expresse
 His whole exploite and valorous emprise,
 In order as it did to him arise.
 'Now, happy man,' (sayd then Sir Calidore)
 'Which have, so goodly as ye can devise,
 Atchiev'd so hard a quest, as few before;
 That shall you most renowmed make for ever-
 more.

VI

'But where ye ended have, now I begin
 To tread an endlesse trace, withouten guyde
 Or good direction how to enter in,
 Or how to issue forth in waies untryde,
 In perils strange, in labours long and wide;
 In which although good Fortune me befell,
 Yet shall it not by none be testifyde.'
 'What is that quest,' (quoth then Sir Artegall)
 'That you into such perils presently doth call?'

VII

'The Blattant Beast' (quoth he) 'I doe pursew,
 And through the world incessantly doe chase,
 Till I him overtake, or else subdew:
 Yet know I not or how, or in what place
 To find him out, yet still I forward trace.'
 'What is that Blattant Beast?' (then he re-
 plide.)
 'It is a Monster bred of hellishe race,'
 (Then answered he) 'which often hath annoyd
 Good Knights and Ladies true, and many else
 destroyd.

VIII

'Of Cerberus whilome he was begot
 And fell Chimæra, in her darkesome den,
 Through fowle commixture of his filthy blot;
 Where he was fostred long in Stygian fen,

Till he to perfect ripenesse grew ; and then
 Into this wicked world he forth was sent
 To be the plague and scourge of wretched men,
 Whom with vile tongue and venomous intent
 He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.'

IX

'Then, since the salvage Island I did leave,'
 Sayd Artegall, 'I such a Beast did see,
 The which did seeme a thousand tongues to
 have,

That all in spight and malice did agree ;
 With which he bayd and loudly barkt at mee,
 As if that he attonce would me deuoure :
 But I, that knew my selfe from perill free,
 Did nought regard his malice nor his powre ;
 But he the more his wicked poyson forth did
 poure.'

X

'That surely is that Beast' (saide Calidore)
 'Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad
 To heare these tidings, which of none afore
 Through all my weary travell I have had ;
 Yet now some hope your words unto me add.'
 'Now God you speed,' (quoth then Sir Arte-
 gall)

'And keepe your body from the daunger drad,
 For ye have much adoe to deale withall.'
 So both tooke goodly leave, and parted severall.

XI

Sir Calidore thence travelled not long,
 When as by chauce a comely Squire he found,
 That thorough some more mighty enemies
 wrong
 Both hand and foote unto a tree was bound ;
 Who, seeing him from farre, with piteous
 sound

Of his shrill cries him called to his aide :
 To whom approching, in that painefull stound
 When he him saw, for no demaunds he staide,
 But first him losde, and afterwards thus to him
 saide.

XII

'Unhappy Squire! what hard mishap thee
 Into this bay of perill and disgrace? [brought
 What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome
 wrought,

And thee captyved in this shamefull place?'
 To whom he answered thus: 'My haplesse
 case

Is not occasioned through my misdesert,
 But through misfortune, which did me abase
 Unto this shame, and my young hope subvert,
 Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well
 expert.

XIII

'Not farre from hence, upon yond rocky
 Hard by a streight, there stands a castle sit
 Which doth observe a custome lewd and
 And it hath long mayntaind with m

wrong :

For may no Knight nor Lady passe alone
 That way, (and yet they needs must
 that way,
 By reason of the streight, and rocks amon
 But they that Ladies lockes doe shave a
 And that knights berd, for toll which the
 passage pay.'

XIV

'A shamefull use as ever I did heare,'
 Sayd Calidore, 'and to be overthrowne.
 But by what meanes did they at first it
 And for what cause? tell, if thou ha
 knowne.'

Sayd then that Squire; 'The Lady, which
 This Castle, is by name Briana hight,
 Then which a prouder Lady liveth none :
 She long time hath deare lov'd a do
 Knight, [she n
 And sought to win his love by all the m

XV

'His name is Crudor; who, through high
 daine
 And proud despite of his selfe-pleasing n
 Refused hath to yeeld her love againe,
 Untill a Mantle she for him doe fynd [I
 With beards of Knights and locks of L
 Which to provide she hath this Castle di
 And therein hath a Seneschall assynd,
 Cald Maleffort, a man of mickle might,
 Who executes her wicked will with wro
 spight.

XVI

'He, this same day, as I that way did
 With a faire Damzell, my beloved deare,
 In execution of her lawlesse doome
 Did set uppon us flying both for feare ;
 For little bootes against him hand to rea
 Me first he tooke unable to withstond,
 And whiles he her pursued every where,
 Till his returne unto this tree he bond ;
 Ne wote I surely whether her he yet have

XVII

Thus whiles they spake they heard a r
 shrieke
 Of one loud crying, which they streig
 That it was she the which for helpe did
 Tho, looking up unto the cry to lest, [u
 They saw that Carle from farre, with
 Hayling that mayden by the yellow hea
 That all her garments from her snowy b

from her head her lockes he nigh did teare,
could he spare for pittie, nor refraine for
feare.

XVIII

Such haynous sight when Calidore beheld,
how he loosed that Squire, and so him left
hearts dismay and inward dolour queld,
to pursue that villaine, which had reft
piteous spoile by so injurious theft;
in overtaking, loude to him he cryde:
'Treason, faytor, quickly that misgotten west
in that hath it better justifie,
turne thee soone to him of whom thou art
defyde.'

XIX

He, hearkning to that voice, him selfe up-
reard,
seeing him so fiercely towards make,
lest him stoutly ran, as nought afeard,
rather more enrag'd for those words sake;
with sterne count'naunce thus unto him
spake:
'Thou the caytive that defyest me?
For this Mayd, whose party thou doest take,
give thy beard, though it but little bee?
Shall it not her lockes for raunsome fro me
free.'

XX

That he fiercely at him flew, and layd
deuous strokes with most importune might,
oft he made him stagger as unstayd,
oft recule to shunne his sharpe despight:
Calidore, that was well skild in fight,
long forbore, and still his spirite spar'd,
in waite how him he damadge might;
when he felt him shrinke, and come to
ward, [hard.
greater grew, and gan to drive at him more

XXI

As a water-streame, whose swelling sourse
drive a Mill, within strong bancks is pent,
long restrayned of his ready course,
one as passage is unto him lent,
rushes forth, and makes his way more violent;
was the fury of Sir Calidore:
once he felt his foeman to relent,
fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed sore;
as he still decayd so he increased more.

XXII

Heavy burden of whose dreadfull might
was the Carle no longer could sustaine,
heart gan faint, and streight he tooke his
flight
ard the Castle, where, if need constrainde,

His hope of refuge used to remaine:
Whom Calidore perceiving fast to flie,
He him pursu'd and chaced through the plaine,
That he for dread of death gan loude to crie
Unto the ward to open to him hastilie.

XXIII

They, from the wall him seeing so aghast,
The gate soone opened to receive him in;
But Calidore did follow him so fast,
That even in the Porch he him did win,
And cleft his head asunder to his chin.
The carkasse tumbling downe within the dore
Did choke the entraunce with a lumpe of sin,
That it could not be shut; whilest Calidore
Did enter in, and slew the Porter on the flore.

XXIV

With that the rest the which the Castle kept
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;
But he them all from him full lightly swept,
As doth a Steare, in heat of sommers day,
With his long taile the bryzes brush away.
Thence passing forth into the hall he came,
Where of the Lady selfe in sad dismay
He was ymett, who with uncomely shame
Gan him salute, and fowle upbrayd with faulty
blame.

XXV

'False traytor Knight!' (said she) 'no Knight
at all,
But scorne of armes, that hast with guilty hand
Murdred my men, and slaine my Seneschall,
Now comest thou to rob my house unmand,
And spoile my selfe that can not thee with-
stand?
Yet doubt thou not, but that some better Knight
Then thou, that shall thy treason understand,
Will it avenge, and pay thee with thy right;
And if none do, yet shame shall thee with shame
requitt.'

XXVI

Much was the Knight abashed at that word
Yet answer'd thus: 'Not unto me the shame,
But to the shamefull doer it afford.
Bloud is no blemish, for it is no blame
To punish those that doe deserve the same;
But they that breake bands of civilitie,
And wicked customes make, those doe defame
Both noble armes and gentle curtesie.
No greater shame to man then inhumanitie.

XXVII

'Then doe your selfe, for dread of shame, for-
goe
This evill manner which ye here maintaine,
And doe instead thereof mild curt'sie shewe
To all that passe: That shall you glory gaine

More then his love, which thus ye seeke t' obtaine.'

Wherewith all full of wrath she thus replyde:
'Vile recreant! know that I doe much disdaine
Thy courteous lore, that doest my love deride,
Who scornes thy ydle scoffe, and bids thee be
defyde.'

XXVIII

'To take defiaunce at a Ladies word
(Quoth he) 'I hold it no indignity;
But were he here, that would it with his sword
Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby.'
'Cowherd!' (quoth she) 'were not that thou
wouldst fly

Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place.'
'If I doe so,' (sayd he) 'then liberty
I leave to you for aye me to disgrace
With all those shames, that erst ye spake me
to deface.'

XXIX

With that a Dwarfe she cald to her in hast,
And taking from her hand a ring of gould,
A privy token which betweene them past,
Bad him to flie with all the speed he could
To Crudor; and desire him that he would
Vouchsafe to reskue her against a Knight,
Who through strong powre had now her self
in hould.

Having late slaine her Seneschall in fight,
And all her people mured with outrageous
might:

XXX

The Dwarfe his way did hast, and went all
night;
But Calidore did with her there abyde
The coming of that so much threatned
Knight; [pryde
Where that discourteous Dame with scornfull
And fowle entreaty him indignifyde,
That yron heart it hardly could sustaine:
Yet he, that could his wrath full wisely guyde,
Did well endure her womanish disdaine,
And did him selfe from fraile impatience re-
fraine.

XXXI

The morrow next, before the lampe of light
Above the earth upreard his flaming head,
The Dwarfe, which bore that message to her
knight, [bread
Brought aunswere backe, that ere he tasted
He would her succour, and alive or dead
Her foe deliver up into her hand:
Therefore he wild her doe away all dread;
And, that of him she mote assured stand,
He sent to her his basenet as a faithfull
band.

XXXII

Thereof full blyth the Lady streight be
And gan t' augment her bitterness
more;

Yet no whit more appalled for the same
Ne ought dismayed was Sir Calidore,
But rather did more chearefull seeme
fore:

And having soone his armes about him
Did issue forth to meete his foe afore;
Where long he stayed not, when as a K
He spide come pricking on with all his
and might.

XXXIII

Well weend he streight that he should
same

Which tooke in hand her quarrell to main-
Ne stayd to aske if it were he by name,
But coucht his speare, and ran at him an
They bene ymett in middest of the plain
With so fell fury and dispiteous forse,
That neither could the others stroke sus-
But rudely rowld to ground, both man
horse,

Neither of other taking pitty nor remors

XXXIV

But Calidore uprose againe full light,
Whiles yet his foe lay fast in sencelesse swo
Yet would he not him hurt although he n
For shame he weend a sleeping wight to w
But when Briana saw that drey stound
There where she stood uppon the Castle
She deem'd him sure to have bene de
ground;

And made such piteous mourning therewi
That from the battlements she ready s
to fall.

XXXV

Nathlesse at length him selfe he did up
In lustlesse wise; as if against his will.
Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened we
And gan to stretch his limbs; which feel
Of his late fall, awhile he rested still:
But, when he saw his foe before in vew,
He shooke off luskishnesse; and courage
Kindling afresh, gan battell to renew, [e
To prove if better foote then horsebacke v

XXXVI

There then began a fearefull cruell fray
Betwixt them two for maystery of migh
For both were wondrous practicke in that
And passing well expert in single fight,
And both inflam'd with furious despight
Which as it still encreast, so still increas
Their cruell strokes and terrible affright

ce for ruth their rigour they releast,
 ce to breath awhile their angers tempest
 ceast.

XXXVII

long they trac'd and traverst to and fro,
 yde all waies how each mote entrance
 make
 he life of his malignant foe: [brake,
 new'd their helmes, and plates asunder
 y had potshares bene; for nought mote
 lake
 greedy vengeaunces but goary blood,
 at the last like to a purple lake
 dy gore congeal'd about them stood,
 a from their riven sides forth gushed like
 a flood.

XXXVIII

ngth it chaunst that both their hands on
 bie [might,
 ce did heave with all their powre and
 ing the utmost of their force to trie,
 rove the finall fortune of the fight;
 alidore, that was more quicke of sight
 imbler handed then his enemye,
 nted him before his stroke could light,
 on the helmet smote him formerlie,
 made him stoupe to ground with meeke
 humilitie:

XXXIX

ere he could recover foote againe,
 llowing that faire advantage fast,
 troke redoubled with such might and
 maine,
 him upon the ground he groveling cast;
 eaping to him light would have unlast
 felme, to make unto his vengeance way:
 seeing in what daunger he was plast,
 out; 'Ah mercie, Sir! doe me not slay,
 ave my life, which lot before your foot
 doth lay.'

XL

a that his mortall hand a while he stayd;
 having somewhat calm'd his wrathfull
 heat
 goodly patience, thus he to him sayd:
 is the boast of that proud Ladies threat,
 menaced me from the field to beat,
 brought to this? By this now may ye
 learne
 gers no more so rudely to entreat,
 ut away proud looke and usage sterne,
 which shal nought to you but foule dis-
 honor yearne.

XLI

nothing is more blamefull to a knight,
 court'sie doth as well as armes professe,

However strong and fortunate in fight,
 Then the reproch of pride and cruelnesse.
 In vaine he seeketh others to suppress,
 Who hath not learn'd him selfe first to subdew:
 All flesh is frayle and full of ficklenesse,
 Subject to fortunes chance, still chaunging new:
 What haps to day to me to morrow may to
 you.

XLII

'Who will not mercie unto others shew,
 How can he mercy ever hope to have?
 To pay each with his owne is right and dew;
 Yet since ye mercie now doe need to crave,
 I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to save,
 With these conditions which I will propound:
 First, that ye better shall your selfe behave
 Unto all errant knights, whereso on ground;
 Next, that ye Ladies ayde in every stead and
 stound.'

XLIII

The wretched man, that all this while did
 dwell
 In dread of death, his heasts did gladly heare,
 And promist to performe his precept well,
 And whatsoever else he would requere.
 So, suffering him to rise, he made him sweare
 By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,
 To take Briana for his loving fere
 Withouten dowre or composition;
 But to release his former foule condition.

XLIV

All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
 Bynding himselfe most firmly to obay,
 He up arose, however liefte or loth,
 And swore to him true fealtie for aye.
 Then forth he cald from sorrowfull dismay
 The sad Briana which all this beheld;
 Who comming forth yet full of late affray
 Sir Calidore upheard, and to her teld
 All this accord to which he Crudor had com-
 peld.

XLV

Whereof she now more glad then sory earst,
 All overcome with infinite affect
 For his exceeding courtesie, that pearst
 Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,
 Before his feet her selfe she did project;
 And him adoring as her lives deare Lord,
 With all due thankes and dutifull respect,
 Her selfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
 By which he had to her both life and love re-
 stord.

XLVI

So all returning to the Castle glad,
 Most joyfully she them did entertaine;

Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,
To show her thankfull mind and meaning faine,
By all the meanes she mote it best explaine:
And, after all, unto Sir Calidore
She freely gave that Castle for his paine,
And her selfe bound to him for evermore;
So wondrously now chaung'd from that she was
afore.

XLVII

But Calidore himselfe would not retaine
Nor land nor fee for hyre of his good deede,

But gave them streight unto that place
again,
Whom from her Seneschall he lately free
And to his damzell, as their rightfull me,
For recompence of all their former wrong;
There he remaind with them right
agreed,
Till of his wounds he waxed hole and
And then to his first quest he passed
along.

CANTO II.

Calidore sees young Tristram slay
A proud discourteous knight:
He makes him Squire, and of him learnes
His state and present plight.

I

WHAT vertue is so fitting for a knight,
Or for a Ladie whom a knight should love,
As Curtesie; to beare themselves aright
To all of each degree as doth behove?
For whether they be placed high above
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
Their good; that none them rightly may re-
prove
Of rudenesse for not yeelding what they owe:
Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow.

II

There to great helpe dame Nature selfe doth
lend;
For some so goodly gracious are by kind,
That every action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find,
Which others that have greater skill in mind,
Though they enforce themselves, cannot at-
taine;
For everie thing to which one is inclin'd
Doth best become and greatest grace doth
gaine:
Yet praise likewise deserve good thewes enforst
with paine.

III

That well in courteous Calidore appeares;
Whose every deed and word, that he did say,
Was like enchantment, that through both the
eares
And both the eyes did steale the hart away.
He now againe is on his former way
To follow his first quest, when as he spyde
A tall young man, from thence not farre away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him descryde,
Against an armed knight that did on horse-
backe ryde.

IV

And them beside a Ladie faire he saw
Standing alone on foot in foule array;
To whom himselfe he hastily did draw
To weet the cause of so uncomely fray,
And to depart them, if so be he may:
But, ere he came in place, that youth had
That armed knight, that low on ground he
Which when he saw, his hart was inly ch
With great amazement, and his thought
wonder fild.

V

Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a slender slip, that searse did see
Yet seventene yeares, but tall and faire of
That sure he deem'd him borne of noble r
All in a woodmans jacket he was clad
Of Lincolne greene, belayd with silver lac
And on his head an hood with aglets spr
And by his side his hunters horne he han
had.

VI

Buskins he wore of costliest cordwayne,
Pinckt upon gold, and paled part per part
As then the guize was for each gentle swa
In his right hand he held a trembling da
Whose fellow he before had sent apart;
And in his left he held a sharpe bore-spea
With which he wont to launch the sal
hart
Of many a Lyon and of many a Beare,
That first unto his hand in chase did ha
neare.

VII

Whom Calidore awhile well having vew
At length despake; 'What meanes this, ge
Swaine.

With thy hand too bold it self embrewed
Of knight, the which by thee is slaine,
Be no knight; which armes impugneth
Plaine?’
‘(said he) ‘loth were I to have broken
w of armes: yet breake it should againe,
then let my selfe of wight be stroken,
as these two armes were able to be
wroken.

VIII

Not I him, as this his Ladie here
witness well, did offer first to wrong,
ely thus unarm’d I likely were; [strong
me first through pride and puissance
d, not knowing what to armes doth long.
‘the great blame’ (then said Sir Calidore)
rmed knight a wight unarm’d to wrong:
en a read, thou gentle chyld, wherefore
et you two began this strife and sterne
uprore.’

IX

‘t shall I, sooth,’ (said he) ‘to you de-
clare.
se unryper yeares are yet unfit
ing of weight or worke of greater care,
end my dayes and bend my carelesse wit
vage chace, where I thereon may hit
this forrest and wyld wooddie raine:
as this day I was enraunging it, [slaine,
st to meete this knight, who there lyes
er with this Ladie, passing on the plaine.

X

knight, as ye did see, on horsebacke was,
his his Ladie (that him ill became)
r faire feet by his horse side did pas
gh thicke and thin, unfit for any Dame:
ot content, more to increase his shame,
so she lagged, as she needs mote so,
th his speare, that was to him great blame,
l thumpe her forward and inforce to goe,
ng to him in vaine and making piteous
woe.

XI

ich when I saw, as they me passed by,
was I moved in indignant mind,
an to blame him for such cruelty
ds a Ladie, whom with usage kind
her should have taken up behind;
with he wroth, and full of proud disdain,
in foule scorne that I such fault did find,
e in lieu thereof revil’d againe, [pertaine.
ning to chastize me, as doth t’a chyld.

XII

ich I no lesse disdayning, backe returned
ornefull taunts unto his teeth againe,

That he streightway with haughtie choler
burned, [twaine;
And with his speare strooke me one stroke or
Which I, enforst to beare though to my
paine,
Cast to requite; and with a slender dart,
Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
Strooke him, as seemeth, underneath the hart,
That through the wound his spirit shortly
did depart.’

XIII

Much did Sir Calidore admyre his speach
Tempred so well, but more admyr’d the stroke
That through the mayles had made so strong
a breach
Into his hart, and had so sternely wroke
His wrath on him that first occasion broke;
Yet rested not, but further gan inquire
Of that same Ladie, whether what he spoke
Were soothly so, and that th’ unrighteous ire:
Of her owne knight had given him his owne
due hire?

XIV

Of all which when as she could nought deny,
But cleard that stripling of th’ imputed
blame,
Sayd then Sir Calidore; ‘Neither will I
Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite:
clame:
For what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame;
And what he did, he did him selfe to save:
Against both which that knight wrought
knightlesse shame;
For knights and all men this by nature have,
Towards all womenkind them kindly to be-
have.

XV

‘But, sith that he is gone irrevocable,
Please it you, Ladie, to us to aread
What cause could make him so dishonourable
To drive you so on foot, unfit to tread
And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead.’
‘Certes, Sir knight,’ (sayd she) ‘full loth I
were
To rayse a lyving blame against the dead;
But since it me concernes my selfe to clere,
I will the truth discover as it chaunst whyl-
ere.

XVI

‘This day, as he and I together roade
Upon our way to which we weren bent,
We chaunst to come foreby a covert glade
Within a wood, whereas a Ladie gent
Sate with a knight in joyous jolliment
Of their franke loves, free from all gealous
spyes.
Faire was the Ladie, sure, that mote content

An hart not carried with too curious eyes,
And unto him did shew all lovely courtesyes.

XVII

'Whom when my knight did see so lovely
faire,
He inly gan her lover to envy,
And wish that he part of his spoyle might
share:

Whereto when as my presence he did spy
To be a let, he bad me by and by
For to alight: but when as I was loth
My loves owne part to leave so suddenly,
He with strong hand downe from his steed me
throw'th

And with presumptuous powre against that
knight streight go'th.

XVIII

'Unarm'd all was the knight, as then more
meete

For Ladies service, and for loves delight,
Then fearing any foeman there to meete:
Whereof he taking oddes, streight bids him
dight

Himselfe to yeeld his Love, or else to fight:
Whereat the other starting up dismayd,
Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might,
To leave his love he should be ill apayd,
In which he had good right gaynst all that it
gainesayd.

XIX

'Yet since he was not presently in plight
Her to defend, or his to justifie,
He him requested, as he was a knight,
To lend him day his better right to trie,
Or stay till he his armes, which were thereby,
Might lightly fetch: But he was fierce and
whot,

Ne time would give, nor any termes aby,
But at him flew, and with his speare him smot;
From which to thinke to save himselfe it
booted not.

XX

'Meane while his Ladie, which this outrage
saw,

Whilst they together for the quarrey strove,
Into the covert did her selfe withdraw,
And closely hid her selfe within the grove.
My knight hers soone, as seemes, to daunger
drove,

And left sore wounded: but, when her he mist,
He woxe halfe mad; and in that rage gan
rove

And range through all the wood, where so he
She hidden was, and sought her so long as him
list.

XXI

'But, when as her he by no meanes
find,

After long search and chauff he turned ba
Unto the place where me he left behind:
There gan he me to curse and ban, for lac
Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wra
To wreake on me the guilt of his owne w
Of all which I yet glad to beare the pack
Strove to appease him, and perswaded lo
But still his passion grew more violent
strong.

XXII

'Then, as it were't' avenge his wrath on
When forward we should fare he flat refus
To take me up (as this young man did se
Upon his steed, for no just cause accused,
But forst to trot on foot, and foule misus
Pouching me with the butt end of his sp
In vaine complayning to be so abused;
For he regarded neither playnt nor teare,
But more enforst my paine, the more my pla
to heare.

XXIII

'So passed we till this young man us me
And being moov'd with pittie of my pligh
Spake, as was meet, for ease of my regret
Whereof befell what now is in your sight
'Now sure,' (then said Sir Calidore)
right,

Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fa
Who ever thinke through confidence
might,
Or through support of count'nance proud
To wrong the weaker, oft falles in his o
assault.'

XXIV

Then turning backe unto that gentle boy
Which had himselfe so stoutly well acqui
Seeing his face so lovely sterne and coy,
And hearing th' answeres of his pregnan
He prayd it much, and much admyred it
That sure he weend him borne of noble bl
With whom those graces did so goodly fi
And when he long had him beholding sto
He burst into these wordes, as to him see
good:

XXV

'Faire gentleswayne, and yet as stout as fa
That in these woods amongst the Nyn
dost wonne,

Which daily may to thy sweete lookes rep
As they are wont unto Latonaes sonne
After his chace on woodie Cynthus donne
Well may I, certes, such an one thee read
As by thy worth thou worthily hast won

ely borne of some Heroicke sead,
n thy face appeares and gracious goodly-
head.

XXVI

, should it not displease thee it to tell,
se thou in these woods thy selfe con-
ceale
ve amongst the woodie Gods to dwell)
ld thy selfe require thee to reveale,
eare affection and unfayned zeale
h to thy noble personage I beare,
wish thee grow in worship and great
weale;
ince the day that armes I first did reare,
er saw in any greater hope appeare.'

XXVII

Whom then thus the noble Youth: 'May
be,
ight, that, by discovering my estate,
e may arise unweeting unto me;
lesse, sith ye so courteous seemed late,
u I will not feare it to relate.
wote ye that I am a Briton borne,
of a King, (how ever thorough fate
rtune I my countrie have forlorne,
lost the crowne which should my head
by right adorne,)

XXVIII

d Tristram is my name, the onely heire
od king Meliograss which did rayne
rnwale, till that he through lives des-
peire
nely dyde, before I did attaine
years of reason my right to maintaine:
whose death his brother, seeing mee
fant, weake a kingdome to sustaine,
him tooke the roiall high degree,
sent me, where him list, instructed for to
bee.

XXIX

e widow Queene my mother, which then
hight
Emiline, conceiving then great feare
y fraile safetie, resting in the might
m that did the kingly Scepter beare,
e gealous dread induring not a peare
out to cut off all that doubt may breed,
ght best away me to remove somewhere
some forrein land, where as no need
readed daunger might his doubtfull hu-
mor feed.

XXX

taking counsell of a wise man red,
was by him adviz'd to send me quight

Out of the countrie wherein I was bred,
The which the fertile Lionesse is hight,
Into the land of Faerie, where no wight
Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong:
To whose wise read she hearkning sent me
streight
Into this land, where I have wond thus long
Since I was ten yeares old, now grown to
stature strong.

XXXI

'All which my daies I have not lewdly
spent,
Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares
In ydlesse; but, as was convenient,
Have trayned bene with many noble feres
In gentle thewes and such like seemly leres:
Mongst which my most delight hath alwaies
been
To hunt the salvage chace, amongst my peres,
Of all that raungeth in the Forrest greene,
Of which none is to me unknowne that ev'r
was seene.

XXXII

'Ne is there hauke which mantleth her on
pearch,
Whether high trowing or accoasting low,
But I the measure of her flight doe search,
And all her pray and all her diet know.
Such be our joyes which in these Forrests grow.
Onely the use of armes, which most I joy,
And fitteth most for noble swayne to know,
I have not tasted yet; yet past a boy, [to imploy.
And being now high time these strong joynts

XXXIII

'Therefore, good Sir, sith now occasion fit
Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldome may,
Let me this crave, unworthy though of it,
That ye will make me Squire without delay,
That from henceforth in batteilous array
I may beare armes, and learne to use them right;
The rather, since that fortune hath this day
Given to me the spoile of this dead knight,
These goodly gilden armes which I have won
in fight.'

XXXIV

All which when well Sir Calidore had heard,
Him much more now then earst he gan admire
For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
And thus replide: 'Faire chyld, the high de-
sire
To love of armes, which in you doth aspire,
I may not, certes, without blame denie,
But rather wish that some more noble hire
(Though none more noble then is chevalrie)
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie.'

XXXV

There him he causd to kneele, and made to
 sweare
 Faith to his knight, and truth to Ladies all,
 And never to be recreant for feare
 Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
 So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.
 Full glad and joyous then young Tristram grew;
 Like as a flowre, whose silken leaves small
 Long shut up in the bud from heavens vew,
 At length breakes forth, and brode displayes
 his smyling hew.

XXXVI

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
 And Calidore betooke him to depart, [goe
 Chyld Tristram prayd that he with him might
 On his adventure, vowing not to start,
 But wayt on him in every place and part:
 Whereat Sir Calidore did much delight,
 And greatly joy'd at his so noble hart,
 In hope he sure would prove a doughtie knight:
 Yet for the time this answere he to him beight.

XXXVII

'Glad would I surely be, thou courteous Squire,
 To have thy presence in my present quest,
 That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,
 And flame forth honour in thy noble brest;
 But I am bound by vow, which I profest
 To my dread Sovereaine, when I it assayd,
 That in atchievement of her high behest
 I should no creature joyne unto mine ayde:
 For-thy I may not graunt that ye so greatly
 prayde.

XXXVIII

'But since this Ladie is all desolate,
 And needeth safeguard now upon her way,
 Ye may doe well, in this her needfull state,
 To succour her from daunger of dismay,
 That thankfull guerdon may to you repay.'
 The noble ympe, of such new service fayne,
 It gladly did accept, as he did say:
 So taking courteous leave they parted twayne,
 And Calidore forth passed to his former payne.

XXXIX

But Tristram, then despoyling that dead knight
 Of all those goodly implements of prayse,
 Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire sight
 Of the bright mettall shyning like Sunne rayes,
 Handling and turning them a thousand wayes:
 And, after having them upon him dight,
 He tooke that Ladie, and her up did rayse
 Upon the steed of her owne late dead knight;
 So with her marched forth, as she did him
 beight.

XL

There to their fortune leave we them a
 And turne we backe to good Sir Calidon
 Who, ere he thence had traveld many a
 Came to the place whereas ye heard afore
 This knight, whom Tristram slew, had wo
 Another knight in his despiteous pryde:
 There he that knight found lying on th
 With many wounds full perilous and w
 That all his garments and the grasse in v
 dyde.

XLI

And there beside him sate upon the gro
 His wofull Ladie, piteously complayning
 With loud laments that most unluckie st
 And her sad selfe with carefull hand const
 ing,
 To wype his wounds, and ease their
 payning.
 Which sorie sight when Calidore did vew
 With heavie eyne, from teares uneath ref
 ing,
 His mightie hart their mournfull case car
 And for their better comfort to them
 drew.

XLII

Then speaking to the Ladie thus he said
 'Ye dolefull Dame, let not your grieve em
 To tell what cruell hand hath thus arayed
 This knight unarm'd with so unknighly b
 Of armes, that, if I yet him nigh may re
 I may avenge him of so foule despight.'
 The Ladie, hearing his so courteous speac
 Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull li
 And from her sory hart few heavie words
 sight:

XLIII

In which she shew'd, how that discour
 knight,
 (Whom Tristram slew) them in that sh
 found
 Joying together in unblam'd delight;
 And him unarm'd, as now he lay on grou
 Charg'd with his speare, and mortally
 wound,
 Withouten cause, but onely her to reave
 From him to whom she was for ever boun
 Yet when she fled into that covert greave
 He, her not finding, both them thus nigh
 did leave.

XLIV

When Calidore this ruefull storie had
 Well understood, he gan of her demand,
 What manner wight he was, and how ye
 Which had this outrage wrought with wi
 hand.

hen, like as she best could understand,
thus describ'd; to be of stature large,
all in gilden armes, with azure band
tred athwart, and bearing in his targe
die on rough waves row'd in a sommer
barge.

XLV

gan Sir Calidore to ghesse straight-
way,
many signes which she described had,
this was he whom Tristram earst did
slay,
to her said: 'Dame, be no longer sad;
he, that hath your Knight so ill bestad,
w him selfe in much more wretched plight:
e eyes him saw upon the cold earth sprad,
neede of his desert for that despight,
ch to your selfe he wrought and to your
loved knight.

XLVI

efore, faire Lady, lay aside this griefe,
ch ye have gathered to your gentle hart
that displeasure, and thinke what reliefe
best devise for this your lovers smart;
how ye may him hence, and to what part,
ay to be recur'd.' She thank him deare
for that newes he did to her impart,

And for the courteous care which he did beare
Both to her love and to her selfe in that sad
dreare.

XLVII

Yet could she not devise by any wit, [place;
How thence she might convey him to some
For him to trouble she it thought unfit,
That was a straunger to her wretched case;
And him to beare she thought it thing too base.
Which when as he perceiv'd he thus bespake:
'Faire Lady, let it not you seeme disgrace
To beare this burden on your dainty backe;
My selfe will beare a part, coportion of your
packe.'

XLVIII

So off he did his shield, and downeward layd
Upon the ground, like to an hollow beare;
And powring balme, which he had long pur-
vayd,
Into his wounds, him up thereon did reare,
And twixt them both with parted paines did
beare, [donne.
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was
Thence they him carried to a Castle neare,
In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne:
Where what ensu'd shall in next Canto be be-
gonne.

CANTO III.

Calidore brings Priscilla home;
Pursues the Blatant Beast:
Saves Serena, whilst Calopine
By Turpine is opprest.

I

is, that whilome that good Poet sayd,
gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne:
man by nothing is so well bewrayd
by his manners; in which plaine is
showne
that degree and what race he is growne:
eldome seene a trotting Stalion get
mbling Colt, that is his proper owne:
ldome seene that one in basenesse set
noble courage shew with curteous man-
ners met.

II

evermore contrary hath bene tryde,
gentle blood will gentle manners breed;
all may be in Calidore descryde,
te ensample of that courteous deed
to that wounded Knight in his great
need, [brought
n on his backe he bore, till he him
the Castle where they had decreed:

There of the Knight, the which that Castle
ought, [besought.
To make abode that night he greatly was

III

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,
That in his youth had beene of mickle might,
And borne great sway in armes amongst his
peares;
But now weake age had dimd his candle-light:
Yet was he courteous still to every wight,
And loved all that did to armes incline;
And was the Father of that wounded Knight,
Whom Calidore thus carried on his chine;
And Aldus was his name; and his sonnes,
Aladine.

IV

Who when he saw his sonne so ill bedight
With bleeding wounds, brought home upon a
beare
By a faire Lady and a straunger Knight,

Was inly touched with compassion deare,
 And deare affection of so dolefull dreare,
 That he these words burst forth: 'Ah, sory
 boy!
 Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
 Thou brings? aie me! is this the timely joy,
 Which I expected long, now turnd to sad
 annoy?

V

'Such is the weakenesse of all mortall hope,
 So tickle is the state of earthly things,
 That, ere they come unto their aymed scope,
 They fall too short of our fraile reckonings,
 And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings,
 Instead of comfort which we should embrace:
 This is the state of Keasars and of Kings!
 Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,
 Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case.'

VI

So well and wisely did that good old Knight
 Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
 To cheare his guests whom he had stayd
 that night,
 And make their welcome to them well appeare.
 That to Sir Calidore was easie geare;
 But that faire Lady would be cheard for
 nought,
 But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her lover deare,
 And inly did afflict her pensive thought
 With thinking to what case her name should
 now be brought:

VII

For she was daughter to a noble Lord
 Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to
 affy
 To a great pere; but she did disaccord,
 Ne could her liking to his love apply,
 But lov'd this fresh young Knight who dwelt
 her ny,
 The lusty Aladine, though meaner borne
 And of lesse livelihood and hability,
 Yet full of valour the which did adorne
 His meanesse much, and make her th' others
 riches scorne.

VIII

So, having both found fit occasion,
 They met together in that lucklesse glade;
 Where that proud Knight in his presumption
 The gentle Aladine did earst invade,
 Being unarm'd and set in secret shade.
 Whereof she now bethinking, gan t' advize
 How great a hazard she at earst had made
 Of her good fame; and further gan devise
 How she the blame might salve with coloured
 disguise.

IX

But Calidore with all good courtesie
 Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away
 The pensive fit of her melancholie;
 And that old Knight by all meanes did
 To make them both as merry as he may
 So they the evening past till time of rest
 When Calidore in seemly good array
 Unto his bowre was brought, and there u
 Did sleepe all night through weary tra
 his quest.

X

But faire Priscilla (so that Lady hight)
 Would to no bed, nor take no kindly s
 But by her wounded love did watch all
 And all the night for bitter anguish we
 And with her teares his wounds did wa
 steepe: [wach
 So well she washt them, and so we
 That of the deadly swound, in which full
 He drenched was, she at the length di
 him, [attach
 And drove away the stound which m

XI

The morrow next, when day gan to up
 He also gan uplooke with dreary eye,
 Like one that out of deadly dreame aw
 Where when he saw his faire Priscilla
 He deeply sigh'd, and groaned inward
 To thinke of this ill state in which she
 To which she for his sake had weeting
 Now brought her selfe, and blam'd her
 blood:

For first, next after life, he tendered her

XII

Which she perceiving did with pl
 teares
 His care more then her owne compassio
 Forgetfull of her owne to minde his fea
 So both conspiring gan to intimate
 Each others griefe with zeale affectiona
 And twixt them twaine with equall
 cast
 How to save hole her hazarded estate;
 For which the onely helpe now left ther
 Seem'd to be Calidore: all other helpe
 past.

XIII

Him they did deeme, as sure to th
 seemed,
 A courteous Knight and full of faithfu
 Therefore to him their cause they
 teemed
 Whole to commit, and to his dealing ju

ely, so soone as Titans beames forth brust
rough the thicke clouds in which they
steened lay
night in darkenesse, duld with yron rust,
idore rising up as fresh as day
n freshly him addresse unto his former way.

XIV

ut first him seemed fit that wounded
Knight
visite, after this nights perillous passe,
d to salute him, if he were in plight,
d eke that Lady, his faire lovely lasse.
ere he him found much better then he was;
d moved speach to him of things of course,
e anguish of his paine to overpasse:
ngst which he namely did to him discourse
former daies mishap, his sorrowes wicked
course.

XV

f which occasion Aldine taking hold
n breake to him the fortunes of his love,
d all his disadvantages to unfold,
at Calidore it dearly deepe did move:
th' end, his kyndly courtesie to prove,
e him by all the bands of love besought,
d as it mote a faithfull friend behove,
e safe-conduct his love, and not for ought
eave, till to her fathers house he had her
brought.

XVI

ir Calidore his faith thereto did plight
to performe: so after little stay,
at she her selfe had to the journey dight,
e passed forth with her in faire array,
e charlesse who ought did thinke or ought did
say, [from wite:
th his own thought he knew most cleare
e, as they past together on their way,
e can devise this counter-cast of slight,
e give faire colour to that Ladies cause in
sight.

XVII

Streight to the carkasse of that Knight he
went,
e cause of all this evill, who was slaine
e day before by just avengement
f noble Tristram, where it did remaine:
ere he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,
nd tooke with him the head, the signe of
shame.
o forth he passed thorough that daies paine,
ll to that Ladies fathers house he came;
ost pensive man, through feare what of his
childe became.

XVIII

There he arriving boldly did present
The fearefull Lady to her father deare,
Most perfect pure, and guiltlesse innocent
Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood sweare,
Since first he saw her, and did free from feare
Of a discourteous Knight, who her had reft
And by outrageous force away did beare:
Witness thereof he shew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlorne for vengeance of
his theft.

XIX

Most joyfull man her sire was her to see,
And heare th' adventure of her late mis-
chance;
And thousand thanks to Calidore for fee
Of his large paines in her deliveraunce
Did yeeld: Ne lesse the Lady did advaunce.
Thus having her restored trustily,
As he had vow'd, some small continuance
He there did make, and then most carefully
Unto his first exploite he did him selfe apply.

XX

So, as he was pursuing of his quest,
He chaunst to come whereas a jolly Knight
In covert shade him selfe did safely rest,
To solace with his Lady in delight:
His warlike armes he had from him undight,
For that him selfe he thought from daunger
free, [spight;
And far from envious eyes that mote him
And eke the Lady was full faire to see,
And courteous withall, becomming her degree.

XXI

To whom Sir Calidore approaching nye,
Ere they were well aware of living wight,
Them much abasht, but more him selfe
thereby,
That he so rudely did upon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loves delight:
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
Him selfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,
And pardon crav'd for his so rash default,
That he gainst courtesie so fowly did default.

XXII

With which his gentle words and goodly wit
He soone allayd that Knights conceiv'd dis-
pleasure,
That he besought him downe by him to sit,
That they mote treat of things abroad at
leasure,
And of adventures, which had in his measure
Of so long waies to him befallen late.
So downe he sate, and with delightfull pleasure

His long adventures gan to him relate,
Which he endured had through dangerous
debate :

XXIII

Of which whilest they discoursed both to-
gether,

The faire Serena (so his Lady hight)
Allur'd with myldnesse of the gentle wether
And pleasaunce of the place, the which was
dight

With divers flowres distinct with rare delight,
Wandered about the fields, as liking led
Her wavering lust after her wandring sight,
To make a garland to adorne her hed,
Without suspect of ill or daungers hidden dred.

XXIV

All sodainely out of the forrest nere
The Blatant Beast forth rushing unaware
Caught her, thus loosely wandring here and
there,

And in his wide great mouth away her bare
Crying aloud to shew her sad misfare
Unto the Knights, and calling oft for ayde ;
Who with the horror of her haplesse care
Hastily starting up, like men dismayde,
Ran after fast to reskue the distressed mayde.

XXV

The Beast, with their pursuit incited more,
Into the wood was bearing her apace
For to have spoyled her, when Calidore,
Who was more light of foote and swift in chace,
Him overtooke in midst of his race ;
And, fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forst to forgoe his pray there in the place,
And to betake him selfe to fearefull flight ;
For he durst not abide with Calidore to fight.

XXVI

Who nathelesse, when he the Lady saw
There left on ground, though in full evill plight,
Yet knowing that her Knight now neare did
draw,

Staide not to succour her in that affright,
But follow'd fast the Monster in his flight :
Through woods and hils he follow'd him so fast,
That he nould let him breath, nor gather
spright,
But forst him gape and gaspe, with dread aghast,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh asunder
brast.

XXVII

And now by this Sir Calepine (so hight)
Came to the place where he his Lady found
In dolorous dismay and deadly plight,
All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground,

Having both sides through grypt with gr
wound.

His weapons soone from him he threw aw
And stouping downe to her in drery swou
Uppear'd her from the ground whereon she
And in his tender armes her forced up to s

XXVIII

So well he did his busie paines apply,
That the faint sprite he did revoke againe
To her fraile mansion of mortality :
Then up he tooke her twixt his armes twa
And setting on his steede her did sustaine
With carefull hands, soft footing her besid
Till to some place of rest they mote attai
Where she in safe assurance mote abide,
Till she recured were of those her woundes w

XXIX

Now when as Phœbus with his fiery wain
Unto his Inne began to draw apace ;
Tho waxing weary of that toylesome pain
In travelling on foote so long a space,
Not wont on foote with heavy armes to tr
Downe in a dale forby a rivers syde
He chaunst to spie a faire and stately plac
To which he meant his weary steps to guy
In hope there for his love some succou
provyde.

XXX

But, comming to the rivers side, he found
That hardly passable on foote it was ;
Therefore there still he stood as in a stoun
Ne wist which way he through the foord n
pas :

Thus whilest he was in this distressed case
Devising what to doe, he nigh espyde
An armed Knight approaching to the plac
With a faire Lady lincked by his syde,
The which themselves preparad thorough
foord to ride.

XXXI

Whom Calepine saluting (as became)
Besought of courtesie, in that his neede,
For safe conducting of his sickely Dame
Through that same perillous foord with be
heede,

To take him up behinde upon his steed ;
To whom that other did this taunt returne
' Perdy, thou peasant Knight mightst righ
Me then to be full base and evill borne,
If I would beare behinde a burden of such sco

XXXII

' But, as thou hast thy steed forlorne
shame, . . .
So fare on foote till thou another gayne,

And let thy Lady likewise doe the same,
 beare her on thy backe with pleasing payne,
 And prove thy manhood on the billowes vayne,
 With which rude speach his Lady much dis-
 pleased
 And him reprove, yet could him not restrayne,
 And wound on her owne Palfrey him have eased,
 For pittie of his Dame whom she saw so diseased.

XXXIII

Calepine her thanckt; yet, inly wroth
 Against her Knight, her gentlenesse refused,
 And carelesly into the river goth,
 In despite to be so fowle abused
 By a rude churle, whom often he accused
 For fowle discourtesie, unfit for Knight,
 And, strongly wading through the waves unused,
 With speare in th' one hand stayd him selfe
 Upright, [might.
 With th' other staide his Lady up with steady

XXXIV

And all the while that same discourteous
 Knight
 Looked on the further bancke beholding him;
 Whose calamity, for more despight,
 He laught, and mockt to see him like to swim:
 And when as Calepine came to the brim,
 He saw his carriage past that perill well,
 Thinking at that same Carle with count'nance
 Grim,
 A heart with vengeance inwardly did swell,
 And forth at last did breake in speeches sharpe
 And fell:

XXXV

Unknightly Knight, the blemish of that
 name,
 And blot of all that armes upon them take,
 Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
 He! I defie thee; and here challenge make,
 That thou for ever doe those armes forsake,
 And be for ever held a recreant Knight,
 Lesse thou dare, for thy deare Ladies sake
 And for thine owne defence, on foote alight
 Justifie thy fault against me in equall fight.

XXXVI

He dastard, that did heare him selfe defyde,
 And w'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,
 He laught them out, as if his greater pryde
 He scorned the challenge of so base a thrall;
 And had no courage, or else had no gall.
 Much the more was Calepine offended,
 And him to no revenge he forth could call,
 And both his challenge and him selfe contemned,
 Cared as a coward so to be condemned.

XXXVII

But he, nought weighing what he sayd or did,
 Turned his steede about another way,
 And with his Lady to the Castle rid,
 Where was his won: ne did the other stay,
 But after went directly as he may, [seeke;
 For his sicke charge some harbour there to
 Where he arriving with the fall of day
 Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke
 And myld entreaty lodging did for her beseeke.

XXXVIII

But the rude Porter that no manners had
 Did shut the gate against him in his face,
 And entraunce boldly unto him forbad:
 Nathelesse the Knight, now in so needy case,
 Gan him entreat even with submission base,
 And humbly praid to let them in that night;
 Who to him aunswer'd, that there was no place
 Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,
 Unlesse that with his Lord he formerly did fight.

XXXIX

'Full loth am I,' (quoth he) 'as now at earst
 When day is spent, and rest us needeth most,
 And that this Lady, both whose sides are pearst
 With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghost;
 Ne would I gladly combate with mine host,
 That should to me such curtesie afford,
 Unlesse that I were thereunto enforst:
 But yet aread to me, how hight thy Lord,
 That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the
 Ford?'

XL

'His name,' (quoth he) 'if that thou list to
 learne,
 Is hight Sir Turpine, one of mickle might
 And manhood rare, but terrible and stearne
 In all assaies to every errant Knight,
 Because of one that wrought him fowle
 despight.'
 'Ill seemes,' (sayd he) 'if he so valiaunt be,
 That he should be so sterne to stranger wight;
 For seldome yet did living creature see
 That curtesie and manhood ever disagree.

XLI

'But go thy waies to him, and fro me say,
 That here is at his gate an errant Knight,
 That house-rome craves; yet would be loth t'
 assay
 The proofe of battell now in doubtfull night,
 Or curtesie with rudenesse to requite:
 Yet, if he needes will fight, crave leave till
 morne,
 And tell with all the lamentable plight

In which this Lady languisheth forlorne,
That pittie craves, as he of woman was yborne.'

XLII

The groome went streight way in, and to his
Lord [move:
Declar'd the message which that Knight did
Who, sitting with his Lady then at bord,
Not onely did not his demaund approve,
But both himselfe revil'd and eke his love;
Albe his Lady, that Blandina hight,
Him of ungente usage did reprove,
And earnestly entreated, that they might
Finde favour to be lodged there for that same
night.

XLIII

Yet would he not perswaded be for ought,
Ne from his currish will a whit reclame.
Which answer when the groome returning
To Calepine, his heart did inly flame [brought
With wrathfull fury for so foule a shame,
That he could not thereof avenged bee;
But most for pittie of his dearest Dame,
Whom now in deadly daunger he did see,
Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her
glee.

XLIV

But all in vaine; for why no remedy
He saw the present mischiefe to redresse,
But th' utmost end perforce for to aby,
Which that nights fortune would for him
addresse.
So downe he tooke his Lady in distresse,
And layd her underneath a bush to sleepe,
Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse;
Whiles he him selfe all night did nought but
weepe, [keepe.
And wary watch about her for her safeguard

XLV

The morrow next, so soone as joyous day
Did shew it selfe in sunny beames bedight,
Serena full of dolorous dismay, [light,
Twixt darkenesse dread and hope of living
Uprear'd her head to see that chearefull sight.
Then Calepine, however inly wroth,
And greedy to avenge that vile despight,
Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth
To make there longer stay, forth on his journey
goth.

XLVI

He goth on foote all armed by her side,
Upstaying still her selfe upon her steede,
Being unable else alone to ride,
So sore her sides, so much her wounds did bleed;
Till that at length, in his extreamest neede,
He chaunst far off an armed Knight to spy
Pursuing him apace with greedy speede;

Whom well he wist to be some enemy,
That meant to make advantage of his miserie.

XLVII

Wherefore he stayd, till that he nearer dr
To weet what issue would thereof betyde:
Tho, whenas he approched nigh in vew,
By certaine signes he plainly him descriv
To be the man that with such scornfull p
Had him abuse and shamed yesterday;
Therefore, misdoubting least he should r
guyde
His former malice to some new assay,
He cast to keepe him selfe so safely as he m

XLVIII

By this the other came in place likewise,
And couching close his speare and all his po
As bent to some malicious enterprise,
He bad him stand t' abide the bitter stour
Of his sore vengeance, or to make avoure [d
Of the lewd words and deedes which he
With that ran at him, as he would devour
His life attonce; who nought could do but a
The perill of his pride, or else be over-run.

XLIX

Yet he him still pursew'd from place to pl
With full intent him cruelly to kill,
And like a wilde goate round about did ch
Flying the fury of his bloody will:
But his best succour and refuge was still
Behind his Ladies back; who to him cryd
And called oft with prayers loud and shril
As ever he to Lady was affyde,
To spare her Knight, and rest with re
pacifyde:

L

But he the more thereby enraged was,
And with more eager felnesse him pursew
So that at length, after long weary chace,
Having by chaunce a close advantage vew
He over raught him, having long eschew
His violence in vaine; and with his spere
Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood
In great abundance, as a well it were [s
That forth out of an hill fresh gushing
appere.

LI

Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound
But chaste him still for all his Ladies cry
Not satisfyde till on the fatall ground
He saw his life powrd forth despiteously;
The which was certes in great jeopardy,
Had not a wondrous chaunce his re
And saved from his cruell villany. [wrou
Such chaunces oft exceed all humane thou
That in another Canto shall to end be brou

CANTO IV.

Calepine by a salvage man
From Turpine reskewed is;
And, whylest an Infant from a Beare
He saves, his love doth misse.

KE as a ship with dreadfull storme long tost,
ving spent all her mastes and her ground-
hold,
w farre from harbour likely to be lost,
last some fisher-barke doth neare behold,
at giveth comfort to her courage cold:
h was the state of this most courteous knight
ng oppressed by that faytour bold,
at he remayned in most perilous plight,
d his sad Ladie left in pitifull affright:

II
ll that, by fortune passing all foresight;
salvage man, which in those woods did wonne,
wne with that Ladies loud and piteous
shright,
ward the same incessantly did ronne
understand what there was to be donne:
ere he this most discourteous craven found,
fiercely yet as when he first begonne,
asing the gentle Calepine around,
sparing him the more for all his grievous
wound.

III
e salvage man, that never till this houre
taste of pittie, neither gentlesse knew,
ing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure,
s much emmoved at his perils vew,
at even his ruder hart began to rew,
d feele compassion of his evill plight,
ainst his foe that did him so pursew;
m whom he meant to free him, if he might,
d him avenge of that so villenous despight.

IV
et armes or weapon had he none to fight,
knew the use of warlike instruments,
e such as sudden rage him lent to smite;
t naked, without needfull vestiments
clad his corpse with meete habiliments,
cared not for dint of sword nor speere,
more then for the stroke of straws or
bents:
from his mothers wombe, which him did
was invulnerable made by Magicke leare.

V
He stayed not t' advize which way were best
His foe t' assayle, or how himselfe to gard,
But with fierce fury and with force infest
Upon him ran; who being well prepar'd
His first assault full warily did ward,
And with the push of his sharp-pointed speare
Full on the breast him strooke, so strong and
hard
That forst him backe recoyle and reele areare,
Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud
appeare.

VI
With that the wyld man more enraged grew,
Like to a Tygre that bath mist his pray.
And with mad moode againe upon him flew,
Regarding neither speare that mote him slay,
Nor his fierce steed that mote him much dis-
may:
The salvage nation doth all dread despize,
Tho on his shield he griple hold did lay,
And held the same so hard, that by no wize
He could him force to loose, or leave his en-
terprize.

VII
Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,
And every way did try, but all in vaine;
For he would not his greedie grype forgoe,
But hayld and puld with all his might and
maine,
That from his steed him nigh he drew againe:
Who having now no use of his long speare
So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to straine,
Both speare and shield, as things that need-
lesse were, [feare.
He quite forsooke, and fled himselfe away for

VIII
But after him the wyld man ran apace,
And him pursewed with importune speed,
(For he was swift as any Bucke in chace)
And, had he not in his extreamest need
Bene helped through the swiftnesse of his
He had him overtaken in his flight. [steed,
Who, ever as he saw him nigh succeed,

Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And shrieked out, a thin^e uncomely for a
knight.

IX

But, when the Salvage saw his labour vaine
In following of him that fled so fast,
He wearie woxe, and backe return'd againe
With speede unto the place, whereas he last
Had left that couple nere their utmost cast:
There he that knight full sorely bleeding found,
And eke the Ladie fearefully aghast,
Both for the perill of the present stound,
And also for the sharpnesse of her rankling
wound:

X

For though she were right glad so rid to bee
From that vile lozell which her late offended;
Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see,
And perill, by this salvage man pretended,
Gainst whom she saw no meanes to be de-
fended,

By reason that her knight was wounded sore:
Therefore her selfe she wholly recommended
To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore
To send her succour, being of all hope forlore.

XI

But the wyld man, contrarie to her feare,
Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,
And by rude tokens made to her appeare
His deepe compassion of her dolefull stound,
Kissing his hands, and crouching to the
ground:

For other language had he none, nor speech,
But a soft murmure and confused sound
Of senselesse words, which nature did him
teach [empeach.
T' expresse his passions, which his reason did

XII

And, comming likewise to the wounded
knight,
When he beheld the streames of purple blood
Yet flowing fresh, as moved with the sight,
He made great mone after his salvage mood;
And, running straight into the thickest wood,
A certaine herbe from thence unto him
brought,

Whose vertue he by use well understood;
The iuyce whereof into his wound he wrought,
And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it
staunched thought.

XIII

Then taking up that Recreants shield and
speare,
Which earst he left, he signes unto them made

With him to wend unto his winning neare
To which he easily did them perswade.

Farre in the forrest, by a hollow glade [bro
Covered with mossie shrubs, which spredd
Did underneath them make a gloomy shade
Where foot of living creature never trode,
Ne scarce wyld beasts durst come, there
this wights abode.

XIV

Thether he brought these unacquainted guests
To whom faire semblance, as he could,
shewed

By signes, by lookes, and all his other gestures;
But the bare ground with hoarie moss
bestrowed

Must be their bed; their pillow was unsown
And the frutes of the forrest was their feast
For their bad Stuard neither plough'd
sowed,

Ne fed on flesh, ne ever of wyld beast
Did taste the bloud, obeying natures fier
beheast.

XV

Yet, howsoever base and meane it were,
They tooke it well, and thanked God for all
Which had them freed from that deadly feare
And sav'd from being to that caytive thrall
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
Compelled were themselves awhile to rest,
Glad of that easement, though it were
small;

That having there their wounds awhile redrest
They mote the abler be to passe unto the rest

XVI

During which time that wyld man did appoyne
His best endeavour and his daily paine
In seeking all the woods both farre and nygh
For herbes to dresse their wounds; still seeming
faine

When ought he did, that did their lyking gain
So as ere long he had that knightes wound
Recured well, and made him whole againe;
But that same Ladies hurt no herbe he found
Which could redresse, for it was inward
unsound.

XVII

Now when as Calepine was woxen strong
Upon a day he cast abroad to wend,
To take the ayre and heare the thrushes song
Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend,
And without sword his person to defend:
There him befell, unlooked for before,
An hard adventure with unhappie end,
A cruell Beare, the which an infant bore [go
Betwixt his bloodie jawes, besprinkled all w

XVIII

The litle babe did loudly srike and squall,
 All the woods with piteous plaints did fill,
 If his cry did meane for helpe to call
 Calepine, whose eares those shrieches shrill,
 Hearing his hart, with pitie point did thrill;
 After him he ran with zealous haste
 To rescue th' infant, ere he did him kill:
 For though he saw now somewhat overpast,
 By the cry he follow'd, and pursuw'd fast.

XIX

Well then him chaunst his heavy armes to
 want, [speed,
 Whose burden mote impeach his needfull
 To hinder him from libertie to pant;
 Having long time, as his daily weed, [need,
 He went to weare, and wend on foot for
 Wanting them he felt himselfe so light,
 Like an Hauke, which feeling her selfe
 freed
 In bells and jesses which did let her flight,
 He seem'd his feet did fly and in their speed
 delight.

XX

Well he sped him, that the wearie Beare
 Long he overtooke and forst to stay;
 Without weapon him assaying neare,
 He speld him soone the spoyle adowne to lay.
 With the beast enrag'd to loose his pray
 In him turned, and, with greedie force
 In furie to be crossed in his way,
 Sing full wyde, did thinke without remorse
 He aveng'd on him and to deuoure his corse.

XXI

At the bold knight no whit thereat dismayd,
 Catching up in hand a ragged stone
 He lay thereby (so fortune him did ayde)
 In him ran, and thrust it all attone
 In his gaping throte, that made him grone
 Gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
 Being unable to digest that bone;
 Could it upward come, nor downward passe,
 Could he brooke the coldnesse of the stony
 masse.

XXII

When when as he thus combred did behold,
 Lying in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,
 With him cload, and, laying mightie hold
 On his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,
 Wanting breath him downe to ground he
 cast;
 Then oppressing him with urgent paine,
 Long enforst to breath his utmost blast,
 Biting his cruell teeth at him in vaine,
 Threatning his sharpe clawes, now wanting
 powre to traine.

XXIII

Then tooke he up betwixt his armes twaine
 The litle babe, sweet relickes of his pray;
 Whom pitying to heare so sore complaine,
 From his soft eyes the teares he wypt away,
 And from his face the filth that did it ray;
 And every litle limbe he searcht around,
 And every part that under sweath-bands lay,
 Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any
 wound
 Made in his tender flesh; but whole them all
 he found.

XXIV

So, having all his bands againe uptyde,
 He with him thought backe to retorne againe;
 But when he lookt about on every syde,
 To weet which way were best to entertaine
 To bring him to the place where he would faine,
 He could no path nor tract of foot descry,
 Ne by inquirie learne, nor ghesse by ayme;
 For nought but woods and Forrests farre and
 nye, [eye.
 That all about did close the compasse of his

XXV

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
 Which way to take: now West he went a-
 while,
 Then North, then neither, but as fortune fell:
 So up and downe he wandred many a mile
 With weary travell and uncertaine toile,
 Yet nought the nearer to his journeyes end,
 And evermore his lovely litle spoile
 Crying for food did greatly him offend:
 So all that day in wandring vainely he did
 spend.

XXVI

At last, about the setting of the Sunne,
 Him selfe out of the forest he did wynd,
 And by good fortune the plaine champion
 wonne:
 Where, looking all about where he mote fynd
 Some place of succour to content his mynd,
 At length he heard under the Forrests syde
 A voice, that seemed of some woman kynd,
 Which to her selfe lamenting loudly cryde,
 And oft complayn'd of fate, and fortune oft
 defyde.

XXVII

To whom approching, when as she perceived
 A stranger wight in place, her plaint she
 stayd,
 As if she doubted to have bene deceived,
 Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayd:
 Whom when as Calepine saw so dismayd,
 He to her drew, and with faire blandishment
 Her chearing up, thus gently to her sayd:

'What be you, wofull Dame, which thus lament,
[repent.]
And for what cause, declare; so mote ye not

XXVIII

To whom she thus: 'What need me, Sir, to tell
[right?] That which your selfe have earst ared so
A wofull dame ye have me termed well;
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
Cannot redressed be by living wight!
'Nathlesse,' (quoth he) 'if need doe not you
bynd,
Doe it disclose to ease your grieved spright:
Oftimes it haps that sorrowes of the mynd
Find remedie unsought, which seeking cannot
fynd.'

XXIX

Then thus began the lamentable Dame:
'Sith then ye needs will know the grieve I
hoord,
I am th' unfortunate Matilde by name,
The wife of bold Sir Bruin, who is Lord
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword
From a great Gyant, called Cormoraunt,
Whom he did overthrow by yonder foord;
And in three battailes did so deadly daunt,
That he dare not returne for all his daily
vaunt.

XXX

'So is my Lord now seiz'd of all the land,
As in his fee, with peaceable estate,
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
Ne any dares with him for it debate.
But to these happie fortunes cruell fate
Hath joyn'd one evill, which doth overthrow
All these our joyes, and all our blisse abate;
And like in time to further ill to grow,
And all this land with endlesse losse to over-
flow.

XXXI

'For th' heavens, envying our prosperitie,
Have not vouchsaft to graunt unto us twaine
The gladfull blessing of posteritie,
Which we might see after our selves remaine
In th' heritage of our unhappie paine:
So that for want of heires it to defend,
All is in time like to returne againe
To that foule feend, who dayly doth attend
To leape into the same after our lives end

XXXII

'But most my Lord is grieved herewithall,
And makes exceeding mone, when he does
thinke
That all this land unto his foe shall fall,
For which he long in vaine did sweate and
swinke,

That now the same he greatly doth forthin
Yet was it sayd, there should to him a son
Be gotten, not begotten; which should drink
And dry up all the water which doth roun
In the next brooke, by whom that feend sh
be fordonne.

XXXIII

'Well hop't he then, when this was pro
side,
That from his sides some noble chyld sho
The which through fame should farre be m
nitide,
And this proud gyant should with brave emp
Quite overthrow; who now ginnes to desp
The good Sir Bruin growing farre in yeare
Who thinkes from me his sorrow all doth r
Lo! this my cause of grieve to you appeare
For which I thus doe mourne, and poure fo
ceaselesse teares.'

XXXIV

Which when he heard, he inly touched w
With tender ruth for her unworthy grieve;
And, when he had devized of her case,
He gan in mind conceive a fit reliefe
For all her paine, if please her make the pri
And, having cheared her, thus said: 'F
Dame,

In evils counsell is the comfort chiefe;
Which though I be not wise enough to fra
Yet, as I well it meane, vouchsafe it with
blame.

XXXV

'If that the cause of this your languishm
Be lacke of children to supply your place,
Lo! how good fortune doth to you present
This litle babe, of sweete and lovely face,
And spotlesse spirit in which ye may encl
Whatever formes ye list thereto apply,
Being now soft and fit them to embrace;
Whether ye list him traine in chevalry,
Or noursele up in lore of learn'd Philosoph

XXXVI

'And, certes, it hath oftentimes bene see
That of the like, whose linage was unknow
More brave and noble knights have ra
beene
(As their victorious deedes have often sho
Being with fame through many Nat
blowen.)
Then those which have bene dandled in
Therefore some thought that those brave
were sown
Here by the Gods, and fed with heavenly
That made them grow so high t' all honor
hap.'

XXXVII

Ladie, hearkning to his sensefull speech,
 And nothing that he said unmeet nor
 season,
 And oft seene it tryde as he did teach:
 Before inclyning to his goodly reason,
 Being well both with the place and season,
 Gladly did of that same babe accept,
 Of her owne by liverye and seisin;
 Having over it a litle wept,
 Bore it thence, and ever as her owne it
 kept.

XXXVIII

And glad was Calepine to be so rid
 Of his young charge whereof he skilled
 nought,
 He lesse glad; for she so wisely did,
 With her husband under hand so
 wrought,
 When that infant unto him she brought,
 Made him think it surely was his owne;
 Till in goodly thewes so well upbrought,
 It became a famous knight well knowne,

And did right noble deedes; the which els
 where are showne.

XXXIX

But Calepine, now being left alone
 Under the greenewoods side in sorie plight,
 Withouten armes or steede to ride upon,
 Or house to hide his head from heavens spight,
 Albe that Dame, by all the meanes she might,
 Him oft desired home with her to wend,
 And offred him, his courtesie to requite,
 Both horse and armes and what so else to lend,
 Yet he them all refusd, though thankd her as
 a frend;

XL

And, for exceeding grieve which inly grew
 That he his love so lucklesse now had lost,
 On the cold ground maugre himselfe he threw
 For fell despight to be so sorely crost;
 And there all night himselfe in anguish tost,
 Vowing that never he in bed againe
 His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease embost,
 Till that his Ladies sight he mote attaine,
 Or understand that she in safetie did remaine

CANTO V.

The salvage serves Serena well,
 Till she Prince Arthure fynd;
 Who her, together with his Squyre,
 With th' Hermit leaves behynd.

I

THAT an easie thing is to descry
 Gentle bloud, how ever it be wrapt
 In misfortunes foule deformity
 Wretched sorrowes, which have often hapt!
 Howsoever it may grow mis-shapt,
 This wyld man being undisciplynd,
 To all vertue it may seeme unapt,
 Till it shew some sparkes of gentle mynd,
 At the last breake forth in his owne proper
 kynd.

II

It plainly may in this wyld man be red,
 Though he were still in this desert wood,
 At salvage beasts both rudely borne and
 bred,
 Never saw faire guize, ne learned good,
 Hewd some token of his gentle blood
 Gentle usage of that wretched Dame:
 Certes he was borne of noble blood,
 Ever by hard hap he hether came,
 He may know when time shall be to tell the
 same.

III

Who, when as now long time he lacked had
 The good Sir Calepine, that farre was strayed,
 Did wexe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,
 As he of some misfortune were afayd;
 And, leaving there this Ladie all dismayd,
 Went forth streightway into the forrest wyde
 To seeke if he perchance asleepe were layd,
 Or what so else were unto him betyde:
 He sought him farre and neare, yet him no
 where he spyde.

IV

Tho, backe returning to that sorie Dame,
 He shewed semblant of exceeding mone
 By speaking signes, as he them best could
 frame,
 Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
 Now beating his hard head upon a stone,
 That ruth it was to see him so lament:
 By which she well perceiving what was done,
 Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
 And beat her breast, and piteously her selfe
 torment.

V

Upon the ground her selfe she fiercely threw,
 Regardlessse of her wounds yet bleeding rife,
 That with their bloud did all the flore imbrew,
 As if her breast, new launcht with murtherous
 knife,

Would straight dislodge the wretched wearie
 life. [lay,

There she long groveling and deepe groning
 As if her vitall powers were at strife
 With stronger death, and feared their decay:
 Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous
 assay.

VI

Whom when the Salvage saw so sore distrest,
 He reared her up from the bloudie ground,
 And sought by all the meanes that he could
 best

Her to recure out of that stony swoound,
 And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound:
 Yet nould she be recomforted for nought,
 Nor cease her sorrow and impatient stound,
 But day and night did vexe her carefull
 thought, [wrought.
 And ever more and more her owne affliction

VII

At length, when as no hope of his retourne
 She saw now left, she cast to leave the place,
 And wend abrode, though feeble and forlorne,
 To seeke some comfort in that sorie case.
 His steede, now strong through rest so long a
 space,

Well as she could she got, and did bedight;
 And being thereon mounted forth did pace
 Withouten guide her to conduct aright,
 Or gard her to defend from bold oppressors
 might.

VIII

Whom when her Host saw readie to depart,
 He would not suffer her alone to fare,
 But gan himselfe addresse to take her part.
 Those warlike armes which Calpine whyleare
 Had left behind he gan eftsoones prepare,
 And put them all about himselfe unfit,
 His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare;
 But without sword upon his thigh to sit:
 Sir Calpine himselfe away had hidden it.

IX

So forth they traveld, an uneven payre
 That mote to all men seeme an uncouth sight;
 A salvage man matcht with a Ladie fayre,
 That rather seem'd the conquest of his might,
 Gotten by spoyle then purchaced aright:
 But he did her attend most carefully,
 And faithfully did serve both day and night

Withouten thought of shame or villeny,
 Ne ever shewed signe of foule disloyalty.

X

Upon a day, as on their way they went,
 It chaunst some furniture about her steed
 To be disordred by some accident,
 Which to redresse she did th' assistance need
 Of this her groome; which he by signes
 reede,

And streight his combrous armes aside did
 Upon the ground withouten doubt or drede
 And in his homely wize began to assay
 T' amend what was amisse, and put in ri

XI

Bout which whilest he was busied thus he
 Lo! where a knight, together with his squ
 All arm'd to point came ryding thetherwa
 Which seemed, by their portance and attir
 To be two errant knights, that did inquire
 After adventures, where they mote them g
 Those were to weet (if that ye it require)
 Prince Arthur and young Timias, which m
 By straunge occasion that here needs forth
 set.

XII

After that Timias had againe recured
 The favour of Belphebe (as ye heard)
 And of her grace did stand againe assured
 To happie blisse he was full high upreard,
 Nether of envy nor of chaunge afear'd:
 Though many foes did him maligne therof
 And with unjust detraction him did beard,
 Yet he himselfe so well and wisely bore,
 That in her soveraine lyking he dwelt everm

XIII

But of them all which did his ruine seeke
 Three mightie enemies did him most despise
 Three mightie ones, and cruell minded eke
 That him not onely sought by open might
 To overthrow, but to supplant by slight:
 The first of them by name was cald Despe
 Exceeding all the rest in powre and hight
 The second, not so strong but wise, Decett
 The third, nor strong nor wise, but spitefull
 Defetto.

XIV

Oftimes their sundry powres they did employ
 And several deceptions, but all in vaine;
 For neither they by force could him destr
 Ne yet entrap in treasons subtill traine.
 Therefore, conspiring all together plaine,
 They did their counsels now in one compos
 Where singled forces faile, conjoynd may g

Blatant Beast the fittest meanes they found
 worke his utter shame, and throughly him
 confound.

XV

On a day, as they the time did waite,
 when he did raunge the wood for salvage game,
 sent that Blatant Beast to be a baite
 draw him from his deare beloved dame
 into the daunger of defame;
 well they wist that Squire to be so bold,
 no one beast in forrest, wyld or tame,
 him in chase but he it challenge would,
 plucke the pray oftymes out of their greedy
 mowle.

XVI

A hardy boy, as they devised had,
 saw the ugly Monster passing by,
 when him set, of perill nought adrad,
 full of the uncouth jeopardy;
 charged him so fierce and furiously,
 that his great force unable to endure,
 forced was to turne from him and fly:
 ere he fled he with his tooth impure
 heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof
 secure.

XVII

Surely he did after him pursue,
 taking by speed to overtake his flight;
 through thicke woods and brakes and
 briars him drew,
 weary him the more and waste his spight,
 that he now has almost spent his spright,
 that at length unto a woody glade
 came, whose covert stopp his further sight:
 ere his three foes shrowded in guilefull shade
 of their ambush broke, and gan him to
 invade.

XVIII

Surpely they all attonce did him assaile,
 coming with inward rancour and despight,
 heaped strokes did round about him haile
 with so huge force, that seemed nothing might
 drive off their blowes from percing thorough
 quite:
 he them all so warily did ward,
 none of them in his soft flesh did bite;
 all the while his backe for best safeguard
 bent against a tree, that backward onset
 he bard.

XIX

He a wyld Bull, that, being at a bay,
 paynted of a mastiffe and a hound
 a curre-dog, that doe him sharpe assay
 every side, and beat about him round;
 most that curre, barking with bittersownd,
 creeping still behinde, doth him incomber,
 in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,

And threats his horns, and bellowes like the
 thonder: [asonder.
 So did that Squire his foes disperse and drive

XX

Him well behaved so; for his three foes
 Sought to encompass him on every side,
 And dangerously did round about enclose:
 But most of all Defetto him annoyde,
 Creeping behinde him still to have destroyde;
 So did Decetto eke him circumvent;
 But stout Despetto in his greater pryde
 Did front him, face to face against him bent:
 Yet he them all withstood, and often made
 relent.

XXI

Till that at length, nigh tyrd with former
 chace,
 And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
 He gan to shrinke and somewhat to give place,
 Full like ere long to have escaped hard;
 When as unware he in the forrest heard
 A trampling steede, that with his neighing fast
 Did warne his rider be upon his gard;
 With noise whereof the Squire, now nigh
 aghast,
 Revived was, and sad dispaire away did cast.

XXII

Eftsoones he spide a Knight approaching
 nye;
 Who, seeing one in so great daunger set
 Mongst many foes, him selfe did faster hie
 To reskue him, and his weake part abet,
 For pittie so to see him overset:
 Whom soone as his three enemies did vew,
 They fled, and fast into the wood did get.
 Him booted not to thinke them to pursue,
 The covert was so thicke that did no passage
 shew.

XXIII

Then turning to that swaine him well he knew
 To be his Timias, his owne true Squire;
 Whereof exceeding glad he to him drew,
 And, him embracing twixt his armes entire,
 Him thus bespake: 'My lief, my lifes desire,
 Why have ye me alone thus long yleft?
 Tell me what worlds despight, or heavens yre,
 Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
 Where have ye all this while bin wandring,
 where bene weft?'

XXIV

With that he sighed deepe for inward tyne:
 To whom the Squire nought answered againe,
 But, shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,
 His dear affect with silence did restraîne,
 And shut up all his plaint in privy paine.

There they awhile some gracious speachesspent,
As to them seemed fit time to entertaine;
After all which up to their steedes they went,
And forth together rode, a comely couplement.

XXV

So now they be arrived both in sight
Of this wyld man, whom they full busie found
About the sad Serena things to dight,
With those brave armours lying on the ground,
That seem'd the spoile of some right well re-
nownd:

Which when that Squire beheld, he to them
Thinking to take them from that hylding
hound;

But he it seeing lightly to him leapt,
And sternely with strong hand it from his
handling kept.

XXVI

Gnashing his grinded teeth with griesly
looke,
And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fist unwares on th' head he
strooke,

That made him downe unto the earth encline;
Whence soone upstarting much he gan repine,
And laying hand upon his wrathfull blade
Thought therewithall forthwith him to have
slaine;

Who it perceiving hand upon him layd,
And greedily him griping his avengement
stayd.

XXVII

With that aloude the faire Serena cryde
Unto the Knight, them to dispart in twaine;
Who to them stepping did them soone divide,
And did from further violence restraine,
Albe the wyld-man hardly would refraine.
Then gan the Prince of her for to demand
What and from whence she was, and by what
taine

She fell into that salvage villaines hand?
And whether free with him she now were, or
in band?

XXVIII

To whom she thus: 'I am, as now ye see,
The wretchedst Dame that lives this day on
ground;

Who both in minde, the which most grieveth
And body have receiv'd a mortall wound, [me,
That hath me driven to this dreary stound.
I was crewhile the love of Calepine;
Who whether he alive be to be found,
Or by some deadly chaunce be done to pine
Since I him lately lost, uneath is to define.

XXIX

'In salvage Forrest I him lost of late,
Where I had surely long ere this bene de
Or else remained in most wretched state,
Had not this wyld man in that wofull s
Kept and delivered me from deadly dread.
In such a salvage wight, of brutish kynd
Amongst wilde beastes in desert Forrests
It is most straunge and wonderfull to fyn
So milde humanity and perfect gentle my

XXX

'Let me therefore this favour for him fir
That ye will not your wrath upon him wre
Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde
Ne yours conceive, ne but by tokens spea
Small praise to prove your powre on wigh
weake.'

With such faire words she did their hea
And the strong course of their displea
breake,

That they to pittie turnd their former rag
And each sought to supply the office of herp

XXXI

So having all things well about her digh
She on her way cast forward to proceede,
And they her forth conducted, where
might

Finde harbour fit to comfort her great nee
For now her wounds corruption gan to br
And eke this Squire. who likewise wounded
Of that same Monsrer late, for lacke of he
Now gan to faint. and further could not p
Through feeblenesse, which all his limbes
pressed has.

XXXII

So forth they rode together all in troupe
To seeke some place the which mote y
some ease

To these sicke twaine, that now beg
And all the way the Prince sought to ap
The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease
By all the courteous meanes he could inv
Somewhile with merry purpose, fit to ple
And otherwhile with good encouragemen
To make them to endure the pains did t
torment.

XXXIII

Mongst which Serena did to him relate
The foule discourties and unknighly pa
Which Turpine had unto her shewed late,
Without compassion of her cruell smarts
Although Blandina did with all her arts
Him otherwise perswade all that she mig
Yet he of malice, without her desarts,

only her excluded late at night,
also trayterously did wound her weary
Knight.

XXXIV

herewith the Princesore moved there avoud
t soone as he returned backe againe,
would avenge th' abuses of that proud
shamefull Knight of whom she did com-
plaine.

wise did they each other entertaine
asse the tedious travell of the way,
towards night they came unto a plaine,
which a little Hermitage there lay,
from all neighbourhood the which annoy
it may.

XXXV

d night thereto a little Chappell stooode,
ch being all with Yvy overspred
kt all the rooffe, and, shadowing the roode,
n'd like a grove faire branched over-hed:
rein the Hermite, which his life here led
treight observaunce of religious vow,
wont his howres and holy things to bed;
therein he likewise was praying now,
enas these Knights arriv'd, they wist not
where nor how.

XXXVI

ey staid not there, but streightway in did
pas:
om when the Hermite present saw in place,
n his devotion streight he troubled was;
ch breaking off he toward them did pace
h stayed steps and grave beseeeming grace:
well it seem'd that whilome he had beene
e goodly person, and of gentle race,
t could his good to all; and well did
weene [scene.
y each to entertaine with curt'sie well be-

XXXVII

d soothly it was sayd by common fame,
ong as age enabled him thereto,
t he had bene a man of mickle name,
owned much in armes and derring doe;
being aged now, and weary to
arres delight and worlds contentious toyle,
name of knighthood he did disavow;
hanging up his armes and warlike spoyle,
n all this worlds incombraunce did himselfe
assoyle.

XXXVIII

He thence them led into his Hermitage,
Letting their steedes to graze upon the greene.
Small was his house, and like a little cage,
For his owne turne, yet inly neate and clene,
Deckt with greene boughes and flowers gay
beseeene:

Therein he them full faire did entertaine
Not with such forged showes, as fitter beene
For courting fooles that curtesies would faine,
But with entire affection and appearance
plaine.

XXXIX

Yet was their fare but homely, such as hee
Did use his feeble body to sustaine,
The which full gladly they did take in gree,
Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
But being well suffiz'd them rested faine.
But fair Serene all night could take no rest,
Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grievous paine
Of their late woundes, the which the Blatant
Beast
Had given them, whose grieffe through suf-
fraunce sore increast.

XL

So all that night they past in great disease,
Till that the morning, bringing earely light
To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,
And some asswagement of their painefull plight.
Then up they rose, and gan them selves to dight
Unto their journey; but that Squire and Dame
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
Endure to travell, nor one foote to frame:
Their hearts were sicke; their sides were sore,
their feete were lame.

XLI

Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in
mynd
Would not permit to make there lenger stay,
Was forced there to leave them both behynd
In that good Hermits charge; whom he did
pray
To tend them well. So forth he went his way,
And with him eke the salvage, (that whyleare
Seeing his royall usage and array
Was greatly growne in love of that brave pere,)
Would needes depart; as shall declared be else-
where.

CANTO VI.

The Hermite heales both Squire and dame
Of their sore maladies :
He Turpine doth defeate, and shame
For his late villanies.

I

No wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth
light

As doth the poysnous sting, which infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
For by no art, nor any leaches might,
It ever can recured be againe;
Ne all the skill, which that immortall spright
Of Podalyrius did in it retaine,
Can remedy such hurts: such hurts are hellish
paine.

II

Such were the wounds the which that Blatant
Beast

Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame;
And, being such, were now much more increast
For want of taking heede unto the same,
That now corrupt and curelesse they became:
Howbe that carefull Hermite did his best,
With many kindes of medicines meete, to
tame

The poysnous humour which did most infest
Their rancelling wounds, and every day them
duely drest.

III

For he right well in Leaches craft was seene;
And through the long experience of his dayes,
Which had in many fortunes tossed beene
And past through many perillous assayes,
He knew the diverse went of mortall wayes,
And in the mindes of men had great insight;
Which with sage counsell, when they went
astray,

He could enforme, and them reduce aright,
And all the passions heale which wound the
weaker spright.

IV

For whylome he had bene a doughty Knight,
As any one that lived in his daies,
And proved oft in many perillous fight,
Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,
And in all battels bore away the baies:
But being now attacht with timely age,
And weary of this worlds unquiet waies,

He tooke him selfe unto this Hermitage,
In which he liv'd alone, like carelesse bi
cage.

V

One day, as he was searching of
wounds,
He found that they had festred privily;
And rancelling inward with unruly stoum
The inner parts now gan to putrify,
That quite they seem'd past helpe of surg
And rather needed to be disciplinde
With wholesome reede of sad sobriety,
To rule the stubborne rage of passion bli
Give salves to every sore, but counsell t
minde.

VI

So, taking them apart into his cell,
He to that point fit speeches gan to fram
As he the art of words knew wondrous
And eke could doe as well as say the san
And thus he to them sayd: 'Faire dau
Dame,

And you, faire Sonne, which here thus
In piteous languor since ye hither came,
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
And I likewise in vaine doe salves to
applie:

VII

'For in your selfe your onely helpe dot
To heale your selves, and must proceed
From your owne will to cure your malac
Who can him cure that will be cur'd of
If therefore health ye seeke, observe thi
First learne your outward senses to refr
From things that stirre up fraile affectio
Your eies, your eares, your tongue, you
restraine [con
From that they most affect, and in due t

VIII

'For from those outward sences, ill affe
The seede of all this evill first doth sprin
Which at the first, before it had infected
Mote easie be supprest with little thing
But being grown strong it forth doth b
Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient pai
In th' inner parts; and lastly, scattering

tagious poyson close through every vaine,
 ever rests till it have wrought his finall
 bane.

IX

or that beastes teeth, which wounded you
 tofore,
 so exceeding venemous and keene,
 le all of rusty yron ranckling sore,
 t where they bite it booteth not to weene
 h salve, or antidote, or other mene,
 er to amend : ne marvaile ought,
 that same beast was bred of hellish strene,
 long in darksome Stygian den upbrought,
 ot of foule Echidna, as in bookes is
 taught.

X

chidna is a Monster direfull dred,
 om Gods doe hate, and heavens abhor to
 see ;
 hideous is her shape, so huge her hed,
 t even the hellish fiends affrighted bee
 ight thereof, and from her presence flee :
 did her face and former parts professe
 ire young Mayden, full of comely glee ;
 all her hinder parts did plaine expresse
 onstrous Dragon, full of fearefull uglinesse.

XI

her the Gods, for her so dreadfull face,
 earefull darkenesse, furthest from the skie
 from the earth, appointed have her place
 gst rocks and caves, where she enrold
 doth lie
 hideous horror and obscurity,
 esting the strength of her immortall age :
 re did Typhaon with her company ;
 ell Typhaon, whose tempestuous rage
 es th' heavens tremble oft, and him with
 vovewes asswage.

XII

f that commixtion they did then beget
 s hellish Dog, that hight the Blatant
 Beast ;
 icked Monster, that his tongue doth whet
 ast all, both good and bad, both most and
 least,
 pours his poysnous gall forth to infest
 noblest wights with notable defame :
 ever Knight that bore so lofty creast,
 ever Lady of so honest name,
 he them spotted with reproch, or secrete
 shame.

XIII

n vaine therefore it were with medicine
 ree about to salve such kynd of sore,

That rather needes wise read and discipline,
 Then outward salves that may augment it
 more.

'Aye me!' (sayd then Serena, sighing sore)
 'What hope of helpe doth then for us remaine
 If that no salves may us to health restore?'
 'But sith we need good counsell,' (sayd the
 swaine) [sustaine.]
 'Aread, good Sire, some counsell that may us

XIV

'The best' (sayd he) 'that I can you advize,
 Is to avoide the occasion of the ill :
 For when the cause, whence evill doth arise,
 Removed is, th' effect surceaseth still. [will ;
 Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your
 Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight ;
 Use scantied diet, and forbear your fill ;
 Shun secresie, and talke in open sight :
 So shall you soone repaire your present evil
 plight.'

XV

Thus having sayd, his sickely patients
 Did gladly hearken to his grave beheast,
 And kept so well his wise commaundements,
 That in short space their malady was ceast,
 And eke the biting of that harmefull Beast
 Was throughly heal'd. Tho when they did
 perceave
 Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreast,
 Of that good Hermite both they tooke their
 leave, [leave :
 And went both on their way, ne ech would other

XVI

But each the other vow'd t' accompany :
 The Lady, for that she was much in dred,
 Now left alone in great extremity ;
 The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
 Would not her leave alone in her great need.
 So both together traveld, till they met
 With a faire Mayden clad in mourning weed,
 Upon a mangy jade unmeetely set,
 And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry
 and wet.

XVII

But by what meanes that shame to her
 befell,
 And how thereof her selfe she did acquite,
 I must awhile forbear to you to tell ;
 Till that, as comes by course. I doe recite
 What fortune to the Briton Prince did lite,
 Pursuing that proud Knight, the which
 whileare
 Wrought to Sir Calepine so foule despight ;
 And eke his Lady, though she sickely were,
 So lewdly had abusde, as ye did lately heare,

XVIII

The Prince, according to the former token
Which faire Serene to him delivered had,
Pursu'd him streight; in mynd to bene ywro-
Of all the vile demeane and usage bad, [ken
With which he had those two so ill bestad:
Ne wight with him on that adventure went,
But that wyld man; whom though he oft
forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,
Would he restrayned be from his attendement.

XIX

Arriving there, as did by chaunce befall,
He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,
Ne stayd, till that he came into the hall;
Where soft dismounting, like a weary lode,
Upon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
As he unable were for very neede
To move one foote, but there must make
abode:
The whiles the salvage man did take his steede,
And in some stable neare did set him up to
feede.

XX

Ere long to him a homely groome there came,
That in rude wise him asked, what he was
That durst so boldly, without let or shame,
Into his Lords forbidden hall to passe?
To whom the Prince, him fayning to embase,
Mylde answer made, he was an errant Knight,
The which was fall'n into this feeble case
Through many wounds, which lately he in
fight
Received had, and prayd to pittie his ill plight.

XXI

But he, the more outrageous and bold,
Sternely did bid him quickly thence avaunt,
Or deare aby; for-why his Lord of old
Did hate all errant Knights which there did
haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt;
And therefore lightly bad him packe away,
Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt,
And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,
To thrust him out of dore doing his worst assay.

XXII

Which when the Salvage, comming now in
place,
Beheld, eftsoones he all enraged grew,
And, running streight upon that villaine base,
Like a fell Lion at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nailes, in present vew,
Him rudely rent and all to peeces tore;
So miserably him all helpelesse slew,

That with the noise, whilst he did loudly
The people of the house rose forth in great
rore.

XXIII

Who when on ground they saw their
slaine,
And that same Knight and Salvage sta-
Upon them two they fell with might
And on them layd so huge and horribly, [m
As if they would have slaine them prese-
But the bold Prince defended him so well
And their assault withstood so mightily,
That, maugre all their might, he did rep-
And beat them back, whilst many under-
him fell.

XXIV

Yet he them still so sharply did purse-
That few of them he left alive, which fle-
Those evill tidings to their Lord to shew
Who, hearing how his people badly sped
Came forth in hast; where, when as with
dead [K
He saw the ground all strow'd, and that
And salvage with their bloud fresh ste-
red, [s
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fe-
And with reprochfull words him thus bes-
on hight.

XXV

'Art thou he, traytor, that with treason
Hast slaine my men in this unmanly ma-
And now triumphest in the piteous spoil
Of these poore folk, whose soules with
dishonor
And foule defame doe decke thy bloudy ba-
The meede whereof shall shortly be thy sh-
And wretched end which still attendeth on
With that him selfe to battell he did fran-
So did his forty yeomen, which there wit-
came.

XXVI

With dreadfull force they all did him
And round about with boystrous stroke
presse,
That on his shield did rattle like to hail
In a great tempest; that in such distress
He wist not to which side him to address
And evermore that craven cowerd Knig-
Was at his backe with heartlesse heedin-
Wayting if he unwares him murther mi-
For cowardize doth still in villany delig-

XXVII

Whereof whenas the Prince was well a-
He to him turnd with furious intent,
And him against his powre gan to prep-
Like a fierce Bull, that being busie bent

ight with many foes about him ment,
ing some curre behinde his heeles to bite,
nes him about with fell avengement:
ikewise turnde the Prince upon the Knight,
layd at him amaine with all his will and
might.

XXVIII

ho, when he once his dreadfull strokes had
st not the furie of his force abyde, [tasted,
turn'd abacke, and to retyre him hasted
ough the thick prease, there thinking him
to hyde: [eyde,
when the Prince had once him plainly
foot by foot him followed alway,
would him suffer once to shrinke asyde,
joyning close huge lode at him did lay;
o flying still did ward, and warding fly
away.

XXIX

t, when his foe he still so eager saw,
o his heeles himselfe he did betake,
ing unto some refuge to withdraw:
would the Prince him ever foot forsake
ere so he went, but after him did make.
ded from roome to roome, from place to place,
ylest every joynt for dread of death did
quake,
l looking after him that did him chace,
t made him evermore increase his speedie
pace.

XXX

last he up into the chamber came
ereas his love was sitting all alone,
tying what tydings of her folke became.
re did the Prince him overtake anone,
ing in vaine to her him to bemone;
ing with his sword him on the head did smyte,
t to the ground he fell in senselesse swone:
e, whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,
e tempered steele did not into his braynepan
byte.

XXXI

hich when the Ladie saw, with great af-
fright
e starting up began to shrieke aloud;
t with her garment covering him from sight,
m'd under her protection him to shroud;
d falling lowly at his feet her bowd
on her knee, intreating him for grace,
l often him besought, and prayd, and vowd,
t with the ruth of her so wretched case,
stayd his second strooke, and did his hand
abase.

XXXII

er weed she then withdrawing did him dis-
cover;
o now come to himselfe yet would not rize,

But still did lie as dead, and quake, and quiver,
That even the Prince his basenesse did de-
spize;
And eke his Dame, him seeing in such guize,
Gan him recomfort and from ground to reare:
Who rising up at last in ghastly wize,
Like troubled ghost, did dreadfully appeare,
As one that had no life him left through for-
mer feare.

XXXIII

Whom when the Prince so deadly saw dismayd,
He for such basenesse shamefully him sheut,
And with sharpe words did bitterly upbrayd:
'Vile cowheard dogge! now doe I much repent,
That ever I this life unto thee lent,
Whereof thou, caytive, so unworthie art,
That both thy love, for lacke of hardiment,
And eke thy selfe, for want of manly hart,
And eke all knights hast shamed with this
knightlesse part.

XXXIV

'Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame,
And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard
feare:

For first, it was to thee reprochfull blame
To erect this wicked custome, which I heare
Gainst errant Knights and Ladies thou dost
reare; [spoil,
Whom when thou mayst thou dost of arms de-
Or of their upper garment which they weare;
Yet doest thou not with manhood, but with guile,
Maintaine this evil use, thy foes thereby to
foile.

XXXV

'And lastly, in approvance of thy wrong,
To shew such faintnesse and foule cowardize
Is greatest shame; for oft it falles, that strong
And valiant Knights doe rashly enterprize
Either for fame, or else for exercise,
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight;
Yet have through prowesse and their brave
emprize
Gotten great worship in this worldes sight:
For greater force there needs to maintaine
wrong then right.

XXXVI

'Yet, since thy life unto this Ladie sayre
I given have, live in reproch and scorne,
Ne ever armes ne ever knighthood dare
Hence to professe; for shame is to adorne.
With so brave badges one so basely borne:
But onely breath, sith that I did forgive.'
So having from his craven bodie torne
Those goodly armes, he them away did give,
And onely suffred him this wretched life to live.

XXXVII

There whilst he thus was setting things above,
 Atwene that Ladie myld and recreant knight,
 To whom his life he graunted for her love,
 He gan bethinke him in what perilous plight
 He had behynd him left that salvage wight
 Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought
 By this quite slaine in so unequal fight:
 Therefore descending backe in haste he sought
 If yet he were alive, or to destruction brought.

XXXVIII

There he him found environed about [slaine,
 With slaughtred bodies which his hand had
 And laying yet afresh, with courage stout,
 Upon the rest that did alive remaine;
 Whom he likewise right sorely did constraene,
 Like scattred sheepe, to seeke for safetie,
 After he gotten had with busie paine
 Some of their weapons which thereby did lie,
 With which he layd about, and made them fast
 to flie.

XXXIX

Whom when the Prince so felly saw to rage,
 Approching to him neare, his hand he stayd,
 And sought by making signes him to asswage;
 Who them perceiving streight to him obeyd,
 As to his Lord, and downe his weapons layd,
 As if he long had to his heasts bene trayned.
 Thence he him brought away, and up conveyd
 Into the chamber, where that Dame remaind
 With her unworthy knight, who ill him en-
 tertayned.

XL

Whom when the Salvage saw from daunger
 Sitting beside his Ladie there at ease, [free,
 He well remembered that the same was hee,
 Which lately sought his Lord for to displease:
 Tho all in rage he on him streight did seaze,
 As if he would in peeces him have rent:
 And, were not that the Prince did him appeaze,
 He had not left one limbe of him unrent:
 But streight he held his hand at his com-
 maundement.

XLI

Thus having all things well in peace ordayned,
 The Prince himselfe there all that night did rest;

Where him Blandina fayrely entertayned
 With all the courteous glee and goodly fe
 The which for him she could imagine bee
 For well she knew the wayes to win good
 Of every wight, that were not too infest
 And how to please the minds of good and
 Through tempering of her words and look
 wondrous skill.

XLII

Yet were her words and lookes but false
 fayned,
 To some hid end to make more easie way.
 Or to allure such fondlings whom she tray
 Into her trap unto their owne decay:
 Thereto, when needed, she could weepe

[XXXV]

And when her listed she could fawne and flat
 Now smyling smoothly, like to sommers d
 Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matt
 Yet were her words but wynd, and all her te
 but water.

XLIII

Whether such grace were given her by k
 As women wont their guilefull wits to gu
 Or learn'd the art to please, I doe not fynd
 This well I wote, that she so well applyde
 Her pleasing tongue, that soone she pacify
 The wrathfull Prince, and wrought her l
 bands peace:

Who nathelesse, not therewith satisfyde,
 His rancorous despyght did not releasse,
 Ne secretly from thought of fell reve
 surceasse:

XLIV

For all that night, the whyles the Prince
 rest

In carelesse couch, not weeting what was m
 He watcht in close awayt with weapons pr
 Willing to worke his villenous intent
 On him that had so shamefully him shent
 Yet durst he not for very cowardize
 Effect the same, whylest all the night
 spent.

The morrow next the Prince did early rize
 And passed forth to follow his first en
 prize.

CANTO VII.

Turpine is baffuld; his two knights
Doe gaine their treasons meed :
Fayre Mirabellaes punishment
For Loves disdaine decreed.

I

As the gentle hart it selfe bewrayes
ing gentle deedes with franke delight,
so the baser mind it selfe displayes
ered malice and revengefull spight:
o maligne, t' envie, t' use shifting slight,
guments of a vile donghill mind,
h, what it dare not doe by open might,
rke by wicked treason wayes doth find,
ch discourteous deedes discovering his base
kind.

II

well appears in this discourteous knight,
oward Turpine, whereof now I treat;
otwithstanding that in former fight
the Prince his life received late,
his mind, malicious and ingrate,
n devize to be aveng'd anew
that shame, which kindled inward hate:
fore, so soone as he was out of vew,
elfe in hast he arm'd, and did him fast
pursew.

III

did he tract his steps as he did ryde,
ould not neare approach in daungers eye,
ept aloofe for dread to be descryde,
l fit time and place he mote espy,
e he mote worke him scath and villeny.
st he met two knights to him unknowne,
hich were armed both agreeably,
both combynd, whatever chaunce were
blowne
xt them to divide, and each to make his
owne.

IV

Whom false Turpine comming courteously,
ke the mischief which he inly ment,
o complaine of great discourtesie,
h a strange knight, that neare afore him
went,
doen to him, and his deare Ladie shent:
h if they would afford him ayde at need
o avenge in time convenient,
should accomplish both a knightly deed,
or their paines obtaine of him a goodly
meed.

V

The knights beleev'd that all he sayd was
trew;
And being fresh and full of youthly spright,
Were glad to heare of that adventure new,
In which they mote make triall of their might
Which never yet they had approv'd in fight,
And eke desirous of the offred meed:
Said then the one of them; 'Where is that wight,
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,
That we may it avenge, and punish him with
speed?'

VI

'Herides' (said Turpine) 'there not farre afore,
With a wyld man soft footing by his syde;
That, if ye list to haste a litle more,
Ye may him overtake in timely tyde.'
Eftsoones they pricked forth with forward pryde,
And, ere that litle while they ridden had,
The gentle Prince not farre away they spyde,
Ryding a softly pace with portance sad,
Devizing of his love more then of daunger drad.

VII

Then one of them aloud unto him cryde,
Bidding him turne againe, false traytour
knight,
Foule woman-wronger, for he him defyde.
With that they both at once with equall spight
Did bend their speares, and both with equall
might [marke,
Against him ran; but th' one did misse his
And being carried with his force forthright
Glaunst swiftly by; like to that heavenly
sparke,
Which glyding through the ayre lights all the
heavens darke.

VIII

But th' other, ayming better, did him smite
Full in the shield with so impetuous powre,
That all his launce in peeces shivered quite,
And scattered all about fell on the flowre:
But the stout Prince, with much more stedd
stowre,
Full on his bever did him strike so sore,

That the cold steele, through piercing, did de-
vowre
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where still he bathed lay in his owne bloody
gore.

IX

As when a cast of Faulcons make their flight
At an Herneshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whyles they strike at him with heedlesse
might,
The warie foule his bill doth backward wring:
On which the first, whose force her first doth
bring,
Her selfe quite through the bodie doth engore,
And falleth downe to ground like senselesse
But th' other, not so swift as she before, [thing;
Fayles of her souse, and passing by doth hurt
no more.

X

By this the other, which was passed by,
Himselfe recovering was return'd to fight,
Where when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,
He much was daunted with so dismall sight;
Yet, nought abating of his former spight,
Let drive at him with so malicious mynd,
As if he would have passed through him quight;
But the steele-head no stedfast hold could fynd,
But glauncing by deceiv'd him of that he de-
synd.

XI

Not so the Prince; for his well-learned speare
Fooke surer hould, and from his horses backe
Above a launces length him forth did beare,
And gainst the cold hard earth so sore him
strake,
That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake.
Where se-ying him so lie, he left his steed,
And to him leaping vengeance thought to take
Of him for all his former follies meed, [breed.
With flaming sword in hand his terror more to

XII

The fearfull swayne beholding death so nie,
Cryde out aloud for mercie, him to save;
In lieu whereof he would to him descrie
Great treason to him meant, his life to reave.
The Prince soone hearkned, and his life forgave.
Then thus said he: 'There is a straunger
knight,
The which, for promise of great meed, us drave
To this attempt to wreake his hid despight,
For that himselfe thereto did want sufficient
might.'

XIII

The Prince much mused at such villenie,
And sayd: 'Now sure ye well have earn'd
your meed;

For th' one is dead, and th' other soone shal
Unlesse to me thou hether bring with sp
The wretch that hyr'd you to this wicked
He glad of life, and wi ling eke to wreake
The guilt on him which did this mis
breed,

Swore by his sword, that neither day nor w
He would surceasse, but him where so he
would seeke.

XIV

So up he rose, and forth streightway he
Backe to the place where Turpine late he
There he him found in great astonishmen
To see him so bedight with bloodie gore,
And griesly wounds that him appalled so
Yet thus at length he said: 'How now
knight.

What meaneth this which here I see befor
How fortuneth this foule uncomely pligh
So different from that which earst ye se
in sight?'

XV

'Perdie,' (said he) 'in evill houre it fell
That ever I for meed did undertake
So hard a taske as life for hyre to sell;
The which I earst adventur'd for your sa
Witness the wounds, and this wyde bl
lake,

Which ye may see yet all about me ste
Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promise m
My due reward, the which right well I d
I yearned have, that life so dearly di
deeme.'

XVI

'But where then is' (quoth he halfe w
fully) [bo
'Where is the bootie, which therof
That cursed caytive, my strong enemy,
That recreant knight, whose hated l
sought? [ou
And where is eke your friend which ha
'He lyes' (said he) 'upon the cold bare gr
Slayne of that errant knight with who
fought;
Whom afterwards my selfe with many a w
Did slay againe, as ye may see there i
stound.'

XVII

Thereof false Turpin was full glad and
And needs with him streight to the
would ryde,
Where he himselfe might see his foeman s
For else his feare could not be satisfide.
So as they rode he saw the way all dyde
With streames of bloud; which tracting
the traile,
Ere long they came, whereas in evill tyd

other swayne, like ashes deadly pale,
In the lap of death, rewing his wretched
bale.

XVIII

h did the Craven seeme to mone his
case,
For his sake his deare life had forgone;
him bewayling with affection base,
counterfeit kind pittie where was none:
theres no courage, theres no ruth nor
mone.
He passing forth, not farre away he found
eas the Prince himselfe lay all alone,
ly displayd upon the grassie ground,
sed of sweete sleepe that luld him soft
in swoond.

XIX

rie of travell in his former fight,
ere in shade himselfe had layd to rest,
g his armes and warlike things un-
dight.
esse of foes that mote his peace molest;
hyles his salvage page, that wont be
prest,
wandred in the wood another way,
e some thing that seemed to him best;
hyles his Lord in silver slomber lay,
o the Evening starre adorn'd with deawy
ay.

XX

m when as Turpin saw so loosely layd,
ened well that he in deed was dead,
s that other knight to him had sayd;
hen he nigh approcht, he mote aread
signes in him of life and livelihead:
eat, much griev'd against that straunger
knight,
him too light of credence did mislead,
ould have backe retyr'd from that sight,
as to him on earth the deadliest despight.

XXI

that same knight would not once let
him start,
ainely gan to him declare the case
his mischiefe and late lucklesse smart;
oth he and his fellow there in place
vanquished, and put to foule disgrace;
ow that he, in lieu of life him lent,
ow'd unto the victor him to trace
ollow through the world where so he
went,
at he him delivered to his punishment.

XXII

herewith much abashed and affrayd,
to tremble every limbe and vaine;

And, softly whispering him, entyrelly prayd
T' advize him better then by such a traine
Him to betray unto a straunger swaine:
Yet rather counseld him contrarywise,
Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,
To joyne with him and vengeance to devize,
Whylest time did offer meanes him sleeping to
surprize.

XXIII

Nathelesse, for all his speech the gentle
knight
Would not be tempted to such villenie,
Regarding more his faith which he did plight,
All were it to his mortall enemy,
Then to entrap him by false treacherie:
Great shame in lieges blood to be embrew'd!
Thus whylest they were debating diverslie,
The Salvage forth out of the wood issew'd
Backe to the place, whereas his Lord he sleep-
ing vew'd.

XXIV

There when he saw those two so neare him
stand, [bee;
He doubted much what mote their meaning
And throwing downe his load out of his hand,
(To weet, great store of forrest frute which hee
Had for his food late gathered from the tree,)
Himselfe unto his weapon he betooke,
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee
Rent by the root; which he so sternely shooke,
That like an hazell wand it quivered and
quooke.

XXV

Whereat the Prince awaking, when he spyde
The traytour Turpin with that other knight,
He started up; and snatching neare his syde
His trustie sword, the servant of his might,
Like a fell Lyon leaped to him light,
And his left hand upon his collar layd.
Therewith the cowheard, deaded with affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him sayd,
But, holding up his hands, with silence mercie
prayd.

XXVI

But he so full of indignation was,
That to his prayer nought he would incline,
But, as he lay upon the humbled gras,
His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe
Of servile yoke, that nobler harts repine:
Then, letting him arise like abject thrall,
He gan to him object his haynous crime,
And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,
And lastly to despoyle of knightly bannerall.

XXVII

And after all, for greater infamie,
He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,

And baffuld so, that all which passed by
The picture of his punishment might see,
And by the like ensample warned bee,
How ever they through treason doe trespasse.
But turne we now backe to that Ladie free,
Whom late we left ryding upon an Asse,
Led by a Carle and foole which by her side did
passe.

XXVIII

She was a Ladie of great dignitie,
And lifted up to honorable place,
Famous through all the land of Faerie:
Though of meane parentage and kindred base,
Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of natures grace,
That all men did her person much admire,
And praise the feature of her goodly face;
The beames whereof did kindle lovely fire
In th' harts of many a knight, and many a
gentle squire.

XXIX

But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
That none she wrothie thought to be her fere,
But scornd them all that love unto her ment:
Yet was she lov'd of many a worthy pere:
Unworthy she to be belov'd so dere,
That could not weigh of worthinesse aright;
For beautie is more glorious bright and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And noblest she that served is of noblest
knight.

XXX

But this coy Damzell thought contrariwise,
That such proud looks would make her prayseed
more;
And that, the more she did all love despize,
The more would wretched lovers her adore.
What cared she who sighed for her sore,
Or who did wayle or watch the wearie night?
Let them that list their lucklesse lot deplore,
She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And so would ever live, and love her owne de-
light.

XXXI

Through such her stubborne stifnesse and hard
Many a wretch for want of remedie [hart,
Did languish long in life-consuming smart,
And at the last through dreary dolour die:
Whylest she, the Ladie of her libertie,
Did boast her beautie had such souveraine might,
That with the onely twinkle of her eye
She could or save or spill whom she would hight:
What could the Gods doe more, but doe it more
aright?

XXXII

But loe! the Gods, that mortall follies vew,
Did worthily revenge this maydens pride;

And, nought regarding her so goodly he,
Did laugh at her that many did deride,
Whylest she did weepe, of no man mercie
For on a day, when Cupid kept his court;
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Unto the which all lovers doe resort.
That of their loves successe they then
make report;

XXXIII

It fortun'd then, that when the roules
red
In which the names of all loves folke
That many there were missing; which w
Or kept in bands, or from their loves ex
Or by some other violence despoyled:
Which when as Cupid heard, he wexed w
And doubting to be wronged or beguyled
He bad his eyes to be unblindfold both,
That he might see his men, and muster
by oth.

XXXIV

Then found he many missing of his cre
Which wont doe suit and service to his r
Of whom what was becomen no man kn
Therefore a Jurie was impaneld straight
T' enquire of them, whether by force, or st
Or their owne guilt, they were away con
To whom foule Infamie and fell Despigh
Gave evidence, that they were all betray
And mured cruelly by a rebellious Ma

XXXV

Fayre Mirabella was her name, wherel
Of all those crymes she there indited wa
All which when Cupid heard, he by and
In great displeasure wild a Capias
Should issue forth t' attach that sco
lasse.

The warrant straight was made, and
withall

A Baylieffe-errant forth in post did pas
Whom they by name there Portamore d
He which doth summon lovers to loves
ment hall.

XXXVI

The damzell was attacht, and shortly b
Unto the barre whereas she was arrayne
But she theretoould plead, nor answer
Even for stubborne pride which her restr
So judgement past, as is by law ordain
In cases like; which when at last she s
Her stubborne hart, which love befor
dayned,
Gan stoupe; and, falling downe with
awe,
Cryde mercie, to abate the extremitie o

XXXVII

the sonne of Venus, who is myld by kynd
where he is provokt with peevishnesse,
to her prayers piteously enclynd,
did the rigour of his doome repress;
not so freely, but that nathelesse
unto her a penance did impose,
which was, that through this worlds wyde
wildernes
wander should in companie of those,
she had sav'd so many loves as she did lose.

XXXVIII

now she had bene wandring two whole
yeares
throughout the world in this uncomely case,
sting her goodly hew in heavey teares,
her good dayes in dolorous disgrace:
had she not in all these two yeares space
lost but two; yet in two yeares before,
though her dispiteous pride, whilst love
lacked place,
had destroyed two and twenty more.
O me! how could her love make half amends
therefore?

XXXIX

and now she was upon the weary way,
when as the gentle Squire, with faire Serene,
her in such misseeming soule array;
whiles that mighty man did her demeane
in all the evill termes and cruell meane
that he could make: And eke that angry foole
which follow'd her, with cursed hands uncleane
stripping her horse, did with his smarting tooles
whip her dainty selfe, and much augment
her doole.

XL

ought it mote availe her to entreat
one or th' other better her to use;
both so wilfull were and obstinate
that all her piteous plaint they did refuse,
rather did the more her beate and bruse:
most the former villaine, which did lead
tyreling jade, was bent her to abuse;
though she were with wearinesse nigh
dead,
would not let her lye, nor rest a little stead:

XLI

for he was sterne and terrible by nature,
eke of person huge and hideous,
reeding much the measure of mans stature,
rather like a Gyant monstrous:
sooth he was descended of the hous
those old Gyants, which did warres darraine
inst the heaven in order battailous,

And sib to great Orgolio, which was slaine
By Arthure, when as Unas Knight he did
maintaine.

XLII

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eies,
Like two great Beacons, glared bright and wyde,
Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
He scorned in his overweening pryde;
And stalking stately, like a Crane, did stryde
At every step upon the tiptoes hie:
And, all the way he went, on every syde
He gaz'd about and stared horrible,
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

XLIII

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
As no whit dreading any living wight;
But in a Jacket, quilted richly rare
Upon checklaton, he was straungely dight;
And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
Like to the Mores of Malaber, he wore,
With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy night,
Were bound about and voyded from before;
And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore.

XLIV

This was Disdaine, who led that Ladies horse
Through thick and thin, through mountains
and through plains,
Compelling her, wher she would not, by force,
Haling her palfrey by the hempen raines:
But that same foole, which most increast her
paines,
Was Scorne; who having in his hand a whip,
Her therewith yirks; and still, when she com-
plained,
The more he laughes, and does her closely quip,
To see her sore lament and bite her tender lip.

XLV

Whose cruell handling when that Squire be-
held,
And saw those villaines her so vildely use,
His gentle heart with indignation sweld,
And could no longer beare so great abuse
As such a Lady so to beate and bruse;
But, to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,
That forst him th' halter from his hand to loose,
And maugre all his might backe to relent:
Else had he surely there bene slaine, or fowly
shent.

XLVI

The villaine, wroth for greeting him so sore,
Gathered him selfe together soone againe,
And with his yron batton which he bore
Let drive at him so dreadfully amaine,

That for his safety he did him constraine
To give him ground, and shift to every side,
Rather then once his burden to sustaine :
For bootlesse thing him seemed to abide
So mighty blowes, or prove the puissance of
his pride.

XLVII

Like as a Mastiffe having at a bay
A salvage Bull, whose cruell hornes doe threat
Desperate daunger, if he them assay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
To spy where he may some advantage get,
The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore ;
So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret
And fume in his disdainefull mynd the more,
And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound

swore.

XLVIII

Nathelesse so sharpely still he him pursewd,
That at advantage him at last he tooke,
When his foote slipt, (that slip he dearly
rewd)
And with his yron club to ground him strooke ;
Where still he lay, ne out of swoone awooke,
Till heavy hand the Carle upon him layd,
And bound him fast : Tho, when he up did looke

And saw him selfe captiv'd, he was dismayd
Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of
ayd.

XLIX

Then up he made him rise, and forward
Led in a rope which both his hands did by
Ne ought that foole for pittie did him spy
But with his whip, him following behynd
Him often scourg'd, and forst his feete to fynd
And other-whiles with bitter mockes and me
He would him scorne, that to his gentle ne
Was much more grievous then the oth
blowes :

Words sharpely wound, but greatest grie
scorning growes.

L

The faire Serena, when she saw him fall
Under that villaines club, then surely tho
That slaine he was, or made a wretched th
And fled away with all the speede she mo
Toseeke for safety ; which long time shesou
And past through many perils by the way
Ere she againe to Calepine was brought :
The which discourse as now I must delay
Till Mirabellae fortunes I doe further sa

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure overcomes Disdaine ;
Quites Mirabell from dreed :
Serena, found of Salvages,
By Calepine is freed.

I

YE gentle Ladies, in whose soveraine powre
Love hath the glory of his kingdome left,
And th' hearts of men, as your eternall dowre,
In yron chaines of liberty bereft,
Delivered hath into your hands by gift,
Be well aware how ye the same doe use,
That pride doe not to tyranny you lift ;
Least, if men you of cruelty accuse,
He from you take that chiefedome which ye doe
abuse.

II

And as ye soft and tender are by kynde,
Adorn'd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye soft and tender eeke in mynde ;
But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,
That all your other praises will deface,
And from you turne the love of men to hate :
Ensamble take of Mirabellae case,
Who from the high degree of happy state
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented
late.

III

Who after thraldome of the gentle Squir
Which she beheld with lamentable eye,
Was touched with compassion entire,
And much lamented his calamity,
That for her sake fell into misery ;
Which bootied nought for prayers nor for
To hope for to release or mollify,
For aye the more that she did them entre
The more they him misust, and cruelly
beat.

IV

So as they forward on their way did pas
Him still reviling and afflicting sore,
They met Prince Arthure with Sir Enias,
(That was that courteous Knight, whom
before
Having subdew'd yet did to life restore ;)
To whom as they approcht, they gan aug
Their cruelty, and him to punish more,
Scourging and haling him more vehemen
As if it them should grieve to see his punishm

V

Squire him selfe, when as he saw his Lord
witness of his wretchednesse in place,
much asham'd that with an hempen cord
ke a dog was led in captive case,
did his head for bashfulnesse abase,
th to see or to be seene at all:
he would be hid. But whenas Enias
ld two such, of two such villaines thrall,
nanly mynde was much emmoued there-
withall;

VI

to the Prince thus sayd: 'See you, Sir
Knight,
greatest shame that ever eye yet saw,
Lady and her Squire with foule despight
de, against all reason and all law,
out regard of pitty or of awe?
how they doe that Squire beat and revile!
how they doe the Lady hale and draw!
if ye please to lend me leave awhile,
l them soone acquite, and both of blame
assoile.'

VII

Prince assented; and then he, streight-
way
ounting light, his shield about him threw,
which approaching thus he gan to say:
le, ye caytive treachetours untrew,
ave with treason thralld unto you
e two, unworthy of your wretched bands,
ow your crime with cruelty pursew!
e, and from them lay your loathly hands,
se abide the death that hard before you
stands.'

VIII

villaine stayd not aunswer to invent,
with his yron club preparing way,
minides sad message backe unto him sent;
which descended with such dreadfullsway,
seemed nought the course thereof could
stare,
ore then lightening from the lofty sky:
st the Knight the powre thereof assay,
se doome was death; but, lightly slipping
by,
ares defrauded his intended destiny:

IX

, to requite him with the like againe,
his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,
stroke so strongly, that the Carle with
paine
l him selfe but that he there him slew;
av'd not so, but that the bloud it drew,
gave his foe good hope of victory:
therewith flesht upon him set anew,

And with the second stroke thought certainly
To have supplyde the first, and paide the usury.

X

But Fortune aunswerd not unto his call;
For, as his hand was heaved up on hight,
The villaine met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet backe his brondyron
bright
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might,
Rebeaten backe upon himselfe againe,
He driven was to ground in selfe despight;
From whence ere he recovery could gaine,
He in his necke had set his foote with fell dis-
daine.

XI

With that the foole, which did that end awayte,
Came running in; and, whilst on ground he
lay,
Laide heavy hands on him and held so strayte,
That downe he kept him with his scornfull
sway,
So as he could not weld him any way:
The whiles that other villaine went about
Him to have bound and thralld without delay;
The whiles the foole did him revile and flout,
Threatning to yoke them two and tame their
corage stout.

XII

As when a sturdy ploughman with his hynde
By strength have overthrowne a stubborne
steare, [bynde,
They downe him hold, and fast with cords do
Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare:
So did these two this Knight oft tug and teare.
Which when the Prince beheld, there standing
by,
He left his lofty steede to aide him neare;
And, buckling soone him selfe, gan fiercely fly
Upon that Carle to save his friend from
jeopardy.

XIII

The villaine, leaving him unto his mate
To be captiv'd and handled as he list,
Himselfe addrest unto this new debate,
And with his club him all about so blist,
That he which way to turne him scarcely wist:
Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes alow,
Now here, now there, and oft him neare he
mist;
So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
Whether more wary were to give or ward the
blow.

XIV

But yet the Prince so well enured was
With such huge strokes, approved oft in fight,

That way to them he gave forth right to pas;
Ne would endure the daunger of their might,
But wayt advantage when they downe did
light.

At last the caytive, after long discourse,
When all his strokes he saw avoyded quite,
Resolved in one t' assemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruth or re-
morse.

xv

His dreadfull hand he heaved up aloft,
And with his dreadfull instrument of yre
Thought sure have pownded him to powder
soft,

Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre:
But Fortune did not with his will conspire;
For, ere his stroke attayned his intent,
The noble childe, preventing his desire,
Under his club with wary boldnesse went,
And smote him on the knee that never yet was
bent.

xvi

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,
That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow;
But all that leg, which did his body beare,
It crackt throughout, (yet did no bloud ap-
peare.)

So as it was unable to support
So huge a burden on such broken geare,
But fell to ground, like to a lumpe of durt;
Whence he assayd to rise, but could not for his
hurt.

xvii

Eftsoones the Prince to him full nimble stopt,
And least he should recover foote againe,
His head meant from his shoulders to have
swept.

Which when the Lady saw, she cryde amaine;
'Stay, stay, Sir Knight! for love of God
abstaine

From that unwaies ye weetlesse doe intend;
Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be
slaine,

For more on him doth then him selfe depend:
My life will by his death have lamentable end.

xviii

He staide his hand according her desire,
Yet nathemore him suffred to arise;
But, still suppressing, gan of her inquire,
What meaning mote those uncouth words
comprize,
That in that villaines health her safety lies;
That, were no might in man, nor heart in
Knights,

Which durst her dreaded reskue enterprize
Yet heavens them selves, that favour d

rights,
Would for it selfe redresse, and punish
despights.

xix

Then bursting forth in teares, which g
fast

Like many water streames, awhile she st
Till the sharpe passion being overpast,
Her tongue to her restord, then thus she s
'Nor heavens, nor men, can me, most wret
mayd,

Deliver from the doome of my desart,
The which the God of love hath on me la
And damned to endure this direfull smart
For penance of my proud and hard rebell
hart.

xx

'In prime of youthly yeares, when first
flowre

Of beauty gan to bud, and bloosme deligh
And Nature me endu'd with plenteous do
Of all her gifts, that please each living s
I was below'd of many a gentle Knight,
And sude and sought with all the service
Full many a one for me deepe groand
sight,

And to the dore of death for sorrow drev
Complayning out on me that would n
them rew.

xxi

'But let them love that list, or live or
Me list not die for any lovers doole;
Ne list me leave my loved libertie
To pittie him that list to play the foole;
To love my selfe I learned had in schoole
Thus I triumphed long in lovers paine,
And, sitting carelesse on the scornors sto
Did laugh at those that did lament
plaine;

But all is now repayd with interest again

xxii

'For loe! the winged God that wou
harts

Cause me be called to accompt therefor
And for revengement of those wro
smarts,

Which I to others did inflict afore,
Addeem'd me to endure this penance so
That in this wize, and this unmeete arra
With these two lewd companions, and no
Disdaine and Scorne, I through the
should stray,

Till I have sav'd so many as I earst did

XXIII

tes,' (sayd then the Prince) 'the God is
just,
taketh vengeance of his peoples spoile;
were no law in love, but all that lust
t them oppresse, and painefully turmoile,
ingdome would continue but a while.
ell me, Lady, wherefore doe you beare
bottle thus before you with such toile,
eeke this wallet at your backe arreare,
for these Carles to carry much more
comely were?'

XXIV

re in this bottle' (sayd the sory Mayd)
t the tears of my contrition,
o the brim I have it full defrayd:
in this bag, which I behinde me don,
repentaunce for things past and gon.
s the bottle leake, and bag so torne,
all which I put in fals out anon,
is behinde me trodden downe of Scorne,
mocketh all my paine, and laughs the
more I mourn.'

XXV

Infant hearkned wisely to her tale,
wondred much at Cupids judg'ment wise,
could so meekly make proud hearts
avale,
wreake him selfe on them that him despise.
suffred he Disdaine up to arise,
was not able up him selfe to reare,
neanes his leg, through his late luckelesse
prise,
crackt in twaine, but by his foolish feare
holpen up, who him supported standing
neare.

XXVI

being up he lookt againe aloft,
he never had received fall;
with sterne eye-browes stared at him oft,
he would have daunted him withall:
standing on his tiptoes, to seeme tall,
ne on his golden feete he often gazed,
such pride the other could apall;
was so far from being ought amazed,
he his lookes despised, and his boast
dispraized.

XXVII

n turning backe unto that captive thrall,
all this while stood there beside them
bound,
illing to be knowne or seene at all,
om those bands weend him to have un-
wound;

But when approaching neare he plainly found
It was his owne true groome, the gentle Squire,
He thereat wext exceedingly astound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,
Ne could with seeing satisfie his great desire.

XXVIII

Meane-while the Salvage man, when he be-
held [Knight,
That huge great foole oppressing th' other
Whom with his weight unweldy downe he
held,
He flew upon him like a greedy kight
Unto some carrion offered to his sight;
And, downe him plucking, with his nayles and
teeth
Gan him to hale, and teare, and scratch, and bite;
And, from him taking his owne whip, therewith
So sore him scourgeth that the bloud downe
followeth.

XXIX

And sure I weene, had not the Ladies cry
Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to stay,
He would with whipping him have done to
dye;
But being checkt he did abstaine streightway,
And let him rise. Then thus the Prince gan
say:
'Now, Lady, sith your fortunes thus dispose,
That if ye list have liberty ye may;
Unto your selfe I freely leave to chose,
Whether I shall you leave, or from these vil-
laines lose.'

XXX

'Ah! nay, Sir Knight,' (said she) 'it may
not be,
But that I needes must by all meanes fulfill
This penaunce, which enjoyned is to me,
Least unto me betide a greater ill;
Yet no lesse thanks to you for your good will.'
So humbly taking leave she turnd aside;
But Arthure with the rest went onward still
On his first quest, in which did him betide
A great adventure, which did him from them
devide.

XXXI

But first it falleth me by course to tell
Of faire Serena; who, as earst you heard,
When first the gentle Squire at variaunce fell
With those two Carles, fled fast away, afeard
Of villany to be to her inferd:
So fresh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That every foote did tremble which did tread,
And every body two, and two she foure did
read.

XXXII

Through hils and dales, through bushes and
through breres,
Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought
Her selfe now past the perill of her feares:
Then looking round about, and seeing nought
Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought,
She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine;
And, sitting downe, her selfe awhile bethought
Of her long travell and turmoyling paine;
And often did of love, and oft of lucke complaine.

XXXIII

And evermore she blamed Calepine,
The good Sir Calepine, her owne true Knight,
As th' onely author of her wofull tine;
For being of his love to her so light,
As her to leave in such a piteous plight:
Yet never Turtle truer to his make,
Then he was tride unto his Lady bright;
Who all this while endured for her sake
Great perill of his life, and restlesse paines did
take.

XXXIV

Tho when as all her plaints she had displayd,
And well disburdened her engrieved brest,
Upon the grasse her selfe adowne she layd;
Where, being tyrd with travell, and opprest
With sorrow, she betooke her selfe to rest:
There whilst in Morpheus bosome safe she lay,
Fearelesse of ought that mote her peace molest,
False Fortune did her safety betray
Unto a strange mischaunce that menac'd her
decay.

XXXV

In these wylde deserts where she now abode,
There dwelt a salvage nation, which did live
Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders; ne did give
Them selves to any trade, (as for to drive
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by adventrous marchandize to thrive,)
But on the labours of poore men to feed,
And serve their owne necessities with others
need.

XXXVI

Thereto they usde one most accursed order,
To eate the flesh of men whom they mote fynde,
And straungers to devoure, which on their
border
Were brought by errour or by wreckfull wynde;
A monstrous cruelty gainst course of kynde!
They, towards evening wandring every way
To seeke for booty, came by fortune blynde
Whereas this Lady, like a sheepe astray,
Nowdrown in the depth of sleepe all fearelesse
lay.

XXXVII

Soone as they spide her, Lord! what glasse
glee
They made amongst them selves; but w
her face
Like the faire yvory shining they did see.
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace
For joy of such good hap by heavenly grace
Then gan they to devise what course to take
Whether to slay her there upon the place
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
And then her eate attonce, or many meales
make.

XXXVIII

The best advizement was, of bad, to let
Sleepe out her fill without encomberment
For sleepe, they sayd, would make her be
better:
Then when she wakt they all gave one com
That, since by grace of God she there was
Unto their God they would her sacrifice,
Whose share her guiltlesse bloud, they w
present:
But of her dainty flesh they did devise
To make a common feast, and feed with
mandize.

XXXIX

So round about her they them selves did
Upon the grasse, and diversely dispose [s]
As each thought best to spend the ling
Some with their eyes the daintest morsels of
Some praise her paps; some praise her lips
nose;
Some whet their knives, and strip their el
bare:
The Priest him selfe a garland doth comp
Of finest flowers, and with full busie care
His bloudy vessels wash, and holy fire pre

XL

The Damzell wakes; then all attonce ups
And round about her focke, like many fl
Whooping and hallowing on every part,
As if they would have rent the brasen sk
Which when she sees with ghastly grievous
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallied
Benumbes her cheekes: Then out aloud
cries,
Where none is nigh to heare that will her
And rends her golden locks, and snowy b
embrew.

XLI

But all bootes not; they hands upon her
And first they spoile her of her jewels dea
And afterwards of all her rich array;
The which amongst them they in peeces t

of the pray each one a part doth beare.
being naked. to their sordid eyes
goodly threasures of nature appeare:
as they view with lustfull fantasyes,
wisheth to him selfe, and to the rest
envyes:—

XLII

ivorie neck; her alabaster brest;
aps, which like whitesilken pillowes were
in soft delight thereon to rest;
ender sides; her bellie white and clere,
h like an Altar did itselfe uprere
er sacrifice divine thereon;
oodly thighes, whose glorie did appeare
a triumphal Arch, and thereupon
poiles of Princes hang'd which were in
battel won.

XLIII

the daintie parts, the dearlings of delight,
h mote not be prophan'd of common
eyes,
villains view'd with loose lascivious sight,
closely tempted with their craftie spyes;
some of them gan mongst themselves
devize
of by force to take their beastly pleasure:
hem the Priest rebuking did advize
re not to pollute so sacred threasure
to the gods: religion held even theeves
in measure.

XLIV

being stayd, they her from thence di-
rected
a little grove not farre asyde,
sieh an altar shortly they erected
ay her on. And now the Eventyde
ode black wings had through the heavens
wyde
his dispreed, that was the tyme ordayned
uch a dismall deed, their guilt to hyde:
y greene turfes an altar soone they fayned,
leckt it all with flowres which they nigh
hand obtayned.

XLV

when as all things readie were aright,
Danzell was before the altar set,
readie dead with fearefull fright:
om the Priest with naked armes full net
behing nigh, and murderous knife well
whet,
nutter close a certaine secret charme,
other divelish ceremonies met:
h doen, he gan aloft t'advance his arme,
reat they shouted all, and made a loud
alarme.

XLVI

Then gan the bagpypes and the hornes to
shrill [voyce
And shrieke aloud, that, with the peoples
Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce:
The whyles she wayid, the more they did
rejoyce.

Now mote ye understand that to this grove
Sir Calepine, by chaunce more then by choyce,
The selfe same evening fortune hether drove,
As he to seeke Serena through the woods did
rove.

XLVII

Long had he sought her, and through many
a soyle
Had traveld still on foot in heavie armes,
Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyle,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes:
And now, all weetlesse of the wretched stormes,
In which his love was lost, he slept full fast;
Till, being waked with these loud alarmes,
He lightly started up like one aghast,
And, catching up his arms, streight to the
noise forth past.

XLVIII

There by th' uncertaine glims of starry night,
And, by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
He mote perceive a litle dawning sight
Of all which there was doing in that quire:
Mongst whom a woman spoyld of all attire
He spyde lamenting her unluckie strife,
And groning sore from grieved hart entire
Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knife
Readie to launch her brest, and let out loved
life.

XLIX

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng
And, even as his right hand adowne descends,
He him preventing layes on earth along,
And sacrificeth to th' infernall seends:
Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends;
Of whom he makes such havocke and such hew,
That swarmes of damned soules to hell he
sends:

The rest, that scape his sword and death eschew,
Fly like a flocke of doves before a Faulcons
vew.

L

From them returning to that Ladie backe,
Whom by the Altar he doth sitting find
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
Of clothes to cover what they ought by kind,
He first her hands beginneth to unbind,
And then to question of her present woe,
And afterwards to cheare with speaches kind;

But she, for nought that he could say or doe,
One word durst speake, or answer him awhit
thereto.

I.I

So inward shame of her uncomely case
She did conceive, through care of womanhood,

That though the night did cover her dis,
Yet she in so unwomanly a mood
Would not bewray the state in which she
So all that night to him unknownen she
But day, that doth discover bad and good
Ensewing, made her knownen to him at la
The end whereof Ile keepe untill another

CANTO IX.

Calidore hostes with Melibœ,
And loves fayre Pastorell:
Coridon envies him, yet he
For ill rewards him well.

I

Now turne againe my teme, thou jolly swayne,
Backe to the furrow which I lately left.
I lately left a furrow, one or twayne,
Unplough'd, the which my coulter hath not
cleft;

Yet seem'd the soyle both fayre and frutefull eft,
As I it past: that were too great a shame,
That so rich frute should be from us bereft;
Besides the great dishonour and defame,
Which should befall to Calidores immortall
name.

II

Great travell hath the gentle Calidore
And toyle endured, sith I left him last
Sewing the Blatant Beast; which I forbore
To finish then, for other present hast.
Full many pathes and perils he hath past,
Through hils, through dales, through forests,
and through plaines,

In that same quest which fortune on him cast,
Which he achieved to his owne great gaines,
Reaping eternall glorie of his restlesse paines.

III

So sharply he the Monster did pursue,
That day nor night he suffred him to rest,
Ne rested he himselfe, but natures dew,
For dread of daunger not to be redrest,
If he for slouth forslackt so famous quest.
Him first from court he to the citties coursed,
And from the citties to the townes him prest,
And from the townes into the countrie forsed,
And from the country back to private farmes
he scorsed.

IV

From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the Heardes were keeping of their
neat, [fed]
And shepherds singing to their flockes (that
Layes of sweete love and youthes delightfull
heat:

Him thether eke, for all his fearefull thre
He followed fast, and chaced him so nie,
That to the folda, where sheepe at night
seat,
And to the litle cots, where shepherds lie
In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to

V

There on a day, as he pursue'd the chace,
He chaunst to spy a sort of shepheard groo
Playing on pipes and caroling apace,
The whyles their beasts there in the bu
broomes

Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloo
For other worldly wealth they cared not,
To whom Sir Calidore yet sweating com
And them to tell him courteously besoug
If such a beast they saw, which he had the
brought.

VI

They answer'd him that no such beast
Nor any wicked feend that mote offend
Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them d
But if that such there were (as none they k
They prayd high God them farre from the
send.

Then one of them, him seeing so to sweat
After his rusticke wise, that well he we
Offred him drinke to quench his thirstie
And, if he hungry were, him offred eke to

VII

The knight was nothing nice, where wa
need,
And tooke their gentle offer: so adowne
They prayd him sit, and gave him for to
Such homely what as serves the simple clo
That doth despise the dainties of the tow
Tho, having fed his fill, he there besyde
Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a cr
Of sundry flowres with silken ribbands ty
Yclad in home-made greene that her owne
had dyde.

VIII

In a litle hillocke she was placed
 er then all the rest, and round about
 on'd with a girland, goodly graced,
 rely lasses; and them all without
 ustie shepheard swaynes sate in a rout,
 which did pype and sing her praynes dew,
 oft rejoyce, and oft for wonder shout,
 some miracle of heavenly hew
 downe to them descended in that earthly
 vew.

IX

soothly sure she was full fayre of face,
 perfectly well shapt in every lim,
 h she did more augment with modest
 grace
 comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
 all the rest like lesser lamps did dim:
 her admiring as some heavenly wight,
 or their soveraine goddesses her esteeme,
 caroling her name both day and night,
 fayrest Pastorella her by name did hight.

X

as there heard, ne was there shepheards
 swayne,
 er did honour; and eke many a one
 in her love, and with sweet pleasing
 payne
 many a night for her did sigh and grone:
 most of all the shepheard Coridon
 er did languish, and his deare life spend;
 either she for him nor other none
 are a whit, ne any liking lend:
 gh meane her lot, yet higher did her
 mind ascend.

XI

whyles Sir Calidore there vewed well,
 markt her rare demeanure, which him
 seemed
 te the meane of shepheards to excell,
 at he in his mind her worthy deemed
 a Princes Paragone esteemed,
 as unwares surprisd in subtile bands
 bynd boy; ne thence could be redeemed
 y skill out of his cruell hands;
 ut like the bird which gazing still on
 others stands.

XII

ood he still long gazing thereupon,
 y will had thence to move away,
 ough his quest were farre afore him gon:
 fter he had fed, yet did he stay
 ate there still, untill the flying day
 Farre forth spent, discoursing diversly
 adry things as fell, to worke delay;

And evermore his speech he did apply
 To th' heards, but meant them to the damzels
 fantasy.

XIII

By this the moystie night approaching fast
 Her deawy humour gan on th' earth to shed,
 That warn'd the shepheards to their homes to
 Their tender flocks, now being fully fed, [hast
 For feare of wetting them before their bed.
 Then came to them a good old aged syre,
 Whose silver lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
 With shepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
 That wild the damzell rise; the day did now
 expyre.

XIV

He was, to weet, by common voice esteemed
 The father of the fayrest Pastorell,
 And of her selfe in very deepe so deemed;
 Yet was not so; but, as old stories tell,
 Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
 In th' open fields an Infant left alone;
 And, taking up, brought home and nursed well
 As his owne chyld; for other he had none;
 That she in tract of time accompted was his
 owne.

XV

She at his bidding meekely did arise,
 And streight unto her litle flocke did fare:
 Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
 And each his sundrie sheepe with severall care
 Gathered together, and them homeward bare:
 Whylest everie one with helping hands did
 strive, [share,
 Amongst themselves, and did their labours
 To helpe faire Pastorella home to drive
 Her fleecie flocke; but Coridon most helpe did
 give.

XVI

But Melibœe (so hight that good old man)
 Now seeing Calidore left all alone,
 And night arrived hard at hand, began
 Him to invite unto his simple home;
 Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
 And all things therein meane, yet better so
 To lodge then in the salvage fields to come.
 The knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,
 (Being his harts owne wish,) and home with
 him did go.

XVII

There he was welcom'd of that honest syre
 And of his aged Beldame homely well;
 Who him besought himselfe to disattyre,
 And rest himselfe till supper time befell;
 By which home came the fayrest Pastorell,
 After her flocke she in their fold had tyde:
 And supper readie right they to it fell

With small adoe, and nature satisfyde,
The which doth litle crave contented to abyde.

XVIII

Tho when they had their hunger slaked well,
And the fayre mayd the table ta'ne away,
The gentle knight, as he that did excell
In courtesie and well could doe and say,
For so great kindnesse as he found that day
Gan greatly thanke his host and his good wife;
And drawing thence his speach another way,
Gan highly to commend the happie life
Which Shepheards lead, without debate or
bitter strife.

XIX

'How much' (sayd he) 'more happie is the
state
In which ye, father, here doe dwell at ease,
Leading a life so free and fortunate
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
Which tosse the rest in daungerous disease;
Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked en-
mitie
Doe them afflict, which no man can appease;
That certes I your happinesse envie,
And wish my lot were plast in such felicitie.'

XX

'Surely, my sonne,' (then answer'd he againe)
'If happie, then it is in this intent,
That having small yet doe I not complaine
Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
But doe my selfe with that I have content;
So taught of nature, which doth litle need
Of forreine helpes to lifes due nourishment:
The fields my food, my flocke my rayment
breed;
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

XXI

'Therefore I doe not any one envy,
Nor am envyde of any one therefore:
They, that have much, feare much to loose
thereby,
And store of cares doth follow riches store.
The litle that I have growes dayly more
Without my care, but onely to attend it;
My lambes doe every yeare increase their score,
And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
What have I, but to praise th' Almighty that
doth send it!

XXII

'To them that list the worlds gay shewes I
leave,
And to great ones such follies doe forgive;
Which oft through pride do their owne perill
weave, [drive
And through ambition downe themselves doe,

To sad decay, that might contented live.
Me no such cares nor combrous thou
offend,

Ne once my minds unmoved quiet grieve,
But all the night in silver sleepe I spend,
And all the day to what I list I doe attend

XXIII

'Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed
Unto my Lambes, and him dislodge away;
Sometime the sawne I practise from the I
Or from the Goat her kidde, how to conva
Another while I baytes and nets display
The birds to catch, or fishes to beguyle;
And when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
My limbes in every shade to rest from toy
And drinke of every brooke when thirst
throate doth boyle.

XXIV

'The time was once, in my first prime of yea
When pride of youth forth pricked my des
That I disdain'd amongst mine equall pear
To follow sheepe and shepheards base atti
For further fortune then I would inquire;
And, leaving home, to roiall court I sough
Where I did sell my selfe for yearely hire,
And in the Princes gardin daily wrought:
There I beheld such vaineenesse as I ne
thought.

XXV

'With sight whereof soone cloyd, and
deluded
With idle hopes which them doe entertain
After I had ten yeares my selfe excluded
From native home, and spent my youth in va
I gan my follies to my selfe to plaine,
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did t
appeare:

Tho, backe returning to my sheepe againe
I from thenceforth have learn'd to love n
deare

This lowly quiet life which I inherite here

XXVI

Whylest thus he talkt, the knight with gre
eare

Hong still upon his melting mouth attent
Whose sensefull words empierst his har
neare,

That he was rapt with double ravishment,
Both of his speach, that wrought him g
content,

And also of the object of his vew,
On which his hungry eye was alwayes ber
That twixt his pleasing tongue, and her f
hew, [g
He lost himselfe, and like one halfe entraur

XXVII

to occasion meanes to worke his mind,
to insinuate his harts desire,
thus replyde: 'Now surely, syre, I find,
all this worlds gay showes, which we
admire,
at vaine shadowes to this safe retyre
e, which here in lowlinesse ye lead,
lesse of foes, or fortunes wrackfull yre
ch tosseth states, and under foot doth tread
nightie ones, affrayd of every chaunges
dread.

XXVIII

at even I, which daily doe behold
glorie of the great mongst whom I won,
now have prov'd what happinesse ye hold
in this small plot of your dominion,
loath great Lordship and ambition;
wish th' heavens so much had graced mee,
raunt me live in like condition;
that my fortunes might transposed bee
a pitch of higher place unto this low de-
gree.'

XXIX

vaine' (said then old Melibœ) 'doe men
heavens of their fortunes fault accuse,
they know best what is the best for them;
they to each such fortune doe diffuse,
they doe know each can most aptly use:
not that which men covet most is best,
that thing worst which men do most re-
fittest is, that all contented rest [fuse;
that they hold: each hath his fortune in
his brest.

XXX

is the mynd that maketh good or ill,
maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore;
some, that hath abundance at his will,
is not enough, but wants in greatest store,
other, that hath litle, askes no more,
in that litle is both rich and wise;
wisdomes is most riches: fooles therefore
are which fortunes doe by vowes devize,
each unto himselfe his life may fortunize.'

XXXI

ce then in each mans self' (said Calidore)
s to fashion his owne lyfes estate,
leave awhyle, good father, in this shore
st my barcke, which hath bene beaten late
a stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate
as of troubles and of toylesome paine;
, whether quite from them for to retrate
ll resolve, or backe to turne againe,
y here with your selfe some small repose
obtaine.

XXXII

'Not that the burden of so bold a guest
Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all:
For your meane food shall be my daily feast.
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall:
Besides, for recompence hereof I shall
You well reward, and golden guerdon give,
That may perhaps you better much withall,
And in this quiet make you safer live.'
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him
it drive.

XXXIII

But the good man, nought tempted with the
offer
Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,
And thus bespake: 'Sir knight, your boun-
teous proffer
Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display
That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,
That mote empaire my peace with daungers
But, if ye algates covet to assay [dread;
This simple sort of life that shepherds lead,
Be it your owne: our rudenesse to your selfe
aread.'

XXXIV

So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,
And long while after, whilst him list remaine,
Dayly beholding the faire Pastorell,
And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane:
During which time he did her enttaine
With all kind courtesies he could invent;
And every day, her companie to gaine,
When to the field she went he with her went:
So for to quench his fire he did it more aug-
ment.

XXXV

But she that never had acquainted beene
With such quaint usage, fit for Queenes and
Kings,
Ne ever had such knightly service seene,
But, being brād under base shepherds wings,
Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things,
Did litle whit regard his courteous guize,
But cared more for Colins carolings
Then all that he could doe, or ever devize:
His layes, his loves, his lookes, she did them
all despise.

XXXVI

Which Calidore perceiving, thought it best
To chaunge the manner of his loftie looke;
And doffing his bright armes himselfe address
In shepherds weed; and in his hand he tooke,
Instead of steele-head speare, a shepherds
hooke; [thought
That who had seene him then, would have be-
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus brooke,

When he the love of fayre Oenone sought,
What time the golden apple was unto him
brought.

XXXVII

So being clad unto the fields he went
With the faire Pastorella every day,
And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,
Watching to drive the ravenous Wolfe away,
The whylest at pleasure she mote sport and
play;

And every evening helping them to fold:
And otherwhiles, for need, he did assay
In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to presse the milke: love so
much could.

XXXVIII

Which seeing Coridon, who her likewise
Long time had lov'd, and hop'd her love to
gaine,

He much was troubled at that straungers guize,
And many gealous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,
That this of all his labour and long paine
Should reap the harvest ere it ripened were:
That made him scoule, and pout, and oft com-
plaine

Of Pastorell to all the shepherds there,
That she did love a stranger swayne then him
more dere.

XXXIX

And ever, when he came in companie
Where Calidore was present, he would loure
And byte his lip, and even for gealousie
Was readie oft his owne heart to devoure,
Impatient of any paramoure:
Who, on the other side, did seeme so farre
From malicing, or grudging his good houre,
That all he could he graced him with her,
Ne ever shewed signe of rancour or of jarre.

XL

And oft, when Coridon unto her brought
Or little sparrowes stolen from their nest,
Or wanton squirrels in the woods farre sought,
Or other daintie thing for her adrest,
He would commend his guift, and make the
Yet she no whit his presents did regard, [best;
Ne him could find to fancie in her brest:
This new-come shepherd had his market mard.
Old love is litle worth when new is more
prefard.

XLI

One day, when as the shepherd swaynes
together [glee,
Were met to make their sports and merrie
As they are wont in faire sunshynie weather,
The whiles their flockes in shadowes shrouded
bee,

They fell to daunce: then did they all agree
That Colin Clout should pipe, as one most
And Calidore should lead the ring, as hee
That most in Pastorellaes grace did sit:
Thereat frown'd Coridon, and his lip clos'd
bit.

XLII

But Calidore, of courteous inclination,
Tooke Coridon and set him in his place,
That he should lead the daunce, as was
fashion;

For Coridon could daunce, and trimly tra-
And when as Pastorella, him to grace,
Her flowry garland tooke from her owne h-
And plast on his, he did it soone displace,
And did it put on Coridons instead:
Then Coridon woxe frolicke, that earst see-
dead.

XLIII

Another time, when as they did dispose
To practise games and maisteries to try,
They for their Judge did Pastorella chose
A garland was the meed of victory:
There Coridon forth stepping openly
Did chalenge Calidore to wrestling game:
For he, through long and perfect industry
Therein well practis'd was, and in the sam-
Thought sure t' avenge his grudge, and w-
his foe great shame.

XLIV

But Calidore he greatly did mistake,
For he was strong and mightily stiffe pig
That with one fall his necke he almost br-
And had he not upon him fallen light,
His dearest joynt he sure had broken quig
Then was the oaken crowne by Pastorell
Given to Calidore as his due right;
But he, that did in courtesie excell,
Gave it to Coridon, and said he wonne it

XLV

Thus did the gentle knight himselfe abet
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deet
That even they, the which his rivals were
Could not maligne him, but commend
needs;

For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds
Good will and favour. So it surely wrou-
With this faire Mayd, and in her mynd
seeds

Of perfect love did sow, that last forth bro-
The fruit of joy and blisse, though long
dearely bought.

XLVI

Thus Calidore continu'd there long time
To winne the love of the faire Pastorell,

rich having got, he used without crime
blamefull blot; but menaged so well,
at he, of all the rest which there did dwell,
is favoured and to her grace commended.

But what straunge fortunes unto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conveniently in other place be
ended.

CANTO X.

Calidore sees the Graces dannee
To Colins melody;
The whiles his Pastorell is led
Into captivity.

I

Who now does follow the foule Blatant
Beast,
Whilest Calidore does follow that faire Mayd,
myndfull of his vow, and high beheast
which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,
that he should never leave, nor be delayd
in chasing him, till he had it attchieved?
at now, entrapt of love, which him betrayd,
mindeth more how he may be relieved
with grace from her, whose love his heart hath
sore engrieved.

II

That from henceforth he meanes no more to
sew
former quest, so full of toile and paine:
other quest, another game in vew
hath, the guerdon of his love to gaine;
with whom he myndes for ever to remaine,
and set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,
whether then hunt still after shadowes vaine
courtly favour, fed with light report
every blaste, and sayling alwaies in the
port.

III

For certes mote he greatly blamed be
in so high step to stoupe unto so low;
who had tasted once (as oft did he)
happy peace which there doth overflow,
and provid'd the perfect pleasures which doe
grow [dales,
amongst poore hyndes, in hils, in woods, in
could never more delight in painted show
such false blisse, as there is set for stales
entrap unwary fooles in their eternall
bales.

IV

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
to one sight which Calidore did vew?
glance whereof their dimmed eies would
daze,
that never more they should endure the shew

Of that sunne-shine that makes them looke
askew:

Ne ought, in all that world of beauties rare,
(Save onely Glorianaes heavenly hew,
To which what can compare?) can it compare;
The which, as commeth now by course, I will
declare.

V

One day, as he did raunge the fields abroad,
Whilest his faire Pastorella was elsewhere,
He chaunst to come, far from all peoples troad,
Unto a place whose pleasaunce did appere
To passe all others on the earth which were:
For all that ever was by natures skill
Devised to worke delight was gathered there,
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if, this to adorne, she all the rest did pill.

VI

It was an hill plaste in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th' earth to
disdaine;
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in sommer bud,
Spreading pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower branches sung aloud;
And in their tops the soring hauke did towre,
Sitting like King of fowles in majesty and
powre:

VII

And at the foote thereof a gentle flud
His silver waves did softly tumble downe,
Unmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud;
Ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder
clowne,
Thereto approach; ne filth mote therein drowne:
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did
sit [crowne,
In the woods shade which did the waters
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents
fit.

VIII

And on the top thereof a spacious plaine
Did spred it selfe, to serve to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would
faine,

Or else to course about their bases light;
Ne ought there wanted which for pleasure
Desired be, or thence to banish bale, [might
So pleasauntly the hill with equall hight
Did seeme to overlooke the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleeped was mount Acidale.

IX

They say that Venus, when she did dispose
Her selfe to pleasaunce, used to resort
Unto this place, and therein to repose
And rest her selfe as in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
That even her owne Cytheron, though in it
She used most to keepe her royall court,
And in her souveraine Majesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refusde and thought
unfit.

X

Unto this place when as the Elfin Knight
Approcht, him seemed that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feete fast thumping th' hollow
ground, [bound.
That through the woods their Eccho did re-
He nigher drew to weete what mote it be:
There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did
see.

XI

He durst not enter into th' open greene,
For dread of them unwares to be descryde,
For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene;
But in the covert of the wood did byde,
Beholding all, yet of them unespyde.
There he did see that pleased much his sight,
That even he him selfe his eyes envye de,
An hundred naked maidens lilly white
All raunged in a ring and dauncing in delight.

XII

All they without were raunged in a ring,
And daunced round; but in the midst of them
Three other Ladies did both daunce and sing;
The whilst the rest them round about did
hemme,

And like a gylond did in compasse stemme:
And in the midst of those same three was
placed

Another Damzell, as a precious gemme

Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly presence all the
much graced.

XIII

Looke! how the crowne, which Ariadne wove
Upon her yvory forehead, that same day
That Theseus her unto his bridale bore, [
When the bold Centaures made that blo
With the fierce Lapithes which did them
Being now placed in the firmament, [m
Through the bright heaven doth her bea
display,

And is unto the starres an ornament, [le
Which round about her move in order exo

XIV

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whose sundry parts were here too long to ta
But she that in the midst of them did stan
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,
Crownd with a rosie gylond that right wel
Did her beseme: And ever, as the crew
About her daunst, sweet flowres that far
smell

And fragrant odours they uppon her threw
But most of all those three did her with g
endew.

XV

Those were the Graces, daughters of delig
Handmaidens of Venus, which are wout
haunt [nig
Upon this hill, and daunce there day
Those three to men all gifts of grace do gra
And all that Venus in her selfe doth vaunt
Is borrowed of them. But that faire one,
That in the midst was placed paravaunt,
Was she to whom that shepheard pypt alo
That made him pipe so merrily, as never no

XVI

She was, to weete, that jolly Shephe
lasse,
Which piped there un'o that merry rout;
That jolly shepheard, which there piped, w
Poore Colin Clout, (who knowes not C
Clout?)

He pypt apace, whilst he him daunst ab
Pype, jolly shepheard, pype thou now apa
Unto thy love that made thee low to lout
Thy love is present there with thee in plac
Thy love is there advaunst to be ano
Grace.

XVII

Much wondred Calidore at this strau
sight,
Whose like before his eye had never seene

standing long astonished in spright,
rapt with pleasaunce, wist not what to
weene;

either it were the traine of beauties Queene,
Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchanted show,
in which his eyes mote have deluded beene.
Therefore, resolving what it was to know,
of the wood he rose, and toward them did
go.

XVIII

soone as he appeared to their vew,
he vanisht all away out of his sight, [knew;
the cleane were gone, which way he never
saw the shepherd, who, for fell despight
that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
made great mone for that unhappy turne:
Calidore, though no lesse sory wight
that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,
weare, that he the truth of all by him
mote learne.

XIX

and, first him greeting, thus unto him spake:
file, jolly shepherd, which thy joyous
dayes
the leadest in this goodly merry-make,
frequented of these gentle Nymphes alwayes,
rich to thee flocke to heare thy lovely
dayes!
ne, what mote these dainty Damzels be,
rich here with thee doe make their pleasant
playes?
happy thou that mayst them freely see!
why, when I them saw, fled they away
from me?

XX

ot I so happy,' answerd then that swaine,
thou unhappy, which them thence didst
chace,
om by no means thou canst recall againe;
being gone, none can them bring in place,
whom they of them selves list so to grace.'
ght sory I,' (saide then Sir Calidore)
at my ill fortune did them hence displace;
since things passed none may now restore,
me what were they all, whose lacke thee
grieves so sore?

XXI

o gan that shepherd thus for to dilate:
en wote, thou shepherd, whatsoever thou
bee,
t all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,
Venus Damzels, all within her fee,
differing in honour and degree:
y all are Graces which on her depend,
ides a thousand more which ready bee

Her to adorne, when so she forth doth wend
But those three in the midst doe chiefe on her
attend.

XXII

'They are the daughters of sky-ruling Jove,
By him begot of faire Eurynome,
The Oceans daughter; in this pleasant grove,
As he, this way comming from feastfull glee
Of Thetis wedding with Æacidee,
In sommers shade him selfe here rested weary:
The first of them hight mylde Euphrosyne,
Next faire Aglaia, last Thalia merry;
Sweete Goddesses all three, which me in mirth
do cherry!

XXIII

'These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,
Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
To make them lovely or well-favoured show;
As comely carriage, entertainment kynde,
Sweete semblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,
And all the complements of curtesie:
They teach us how to each degree and kynde
We should our selves demeane, to low, to hie,
To friends, to foes; which skill men call Civility.

XXIV

'Therefore they alwaies smoothly seeme to
smile,
That we likewise should mylde and gentle be;
And also naked are, that without guile
Or false dissemblaunce all them plaine may see,
Simple and true, from covert malice free;
And eke them selves so in their daunce they
bore,
That two of them still froward seem'd to bee,
But one still towards shew'd her selfe afore;
That good should from us goe, then come, in
greater store.

XXV

'Such were those Goddesses which ye did see;
But that fourth Mayd, which there amidst them
traced,
Who can aread what creature mote she bee,
Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced
With heavenly gifts from heven first enraced?
But what so sure she was, she worthy was
To be the fourth with those three other placed:
Yet was she certes but a countrey lasse;
Yet she all other countrey lasses farre did
passe:

XXVI

'So farre, as doth the daughter of the day
All other lesser lights in light excell;
So farre doth she in beautyfull array
Above all other lasses beare the bell;

Ne lesse in vertue that beseemes her well
 Doth she excede the rest of all her race;
 For which the Graces, that here wont to dwell,
 Have for more honor brought her to this place,
 And graced her so much to be another Grace.

XXVII

'Another Grace she well deserves to be,
 In whom so many Graces gathered are,
 Excelling much the meane of her degree;
 Divine resemblance, beauty soveraine rare,
 Firme Chastity, that spight ne blemish dare:
 All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
 That all her peres cannot with her compare,
 But quite are dimmed when she is in place:
 She made me often pipe, and now to pipe apace.

XXVIII

'Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,
 That all the earth doest lighten with thy rayes,
 Great Gloriana, greatest Majesty!
 Pardon thy shepheard, mongst so many layes
 As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,
 To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
 And underneath thy feete to place her prayse;
 That when thy glory shall be farre displayd
 To future age, of her this mention may be
 made!'

XXIX

When thus that shepheard ended had his
 speech,
 Sayd Calidore: 'Now sure it yrketh mee,
 That to thy blisse I made this luckelesse breach,
 As now the author of thy bale to be, [thee:
 Thus to bereave thy loves deare sight from
 But, gentle Shepheard, pardon thou my shame,
 Who rashly sought that which I mote not see.
 Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his
 blame, [frame.
 And to recomfort him all comely meanes did

XXX

In such discourses they together spent
 Long time, as fit occasion forth them led;
 With which the Knight him selfe did much
 content,
 And with delight his greedy fancy fed
 Both of his words, which he with reason red,
 And also of the place, whose pleasures rare
 With such regard his sences ravished,
 That thence he had no will away to fare,
 But wisht that with that shepheard he mote
 dwelling share.

XXXI

But that envenim'd sting, the which of yore
 His poysonous point deepe fixed in his hart

Had left, now gan afresh to rancle sore,
 And to renew the rigour of his smart;
 Which to recure no skill of Leaches art
 Mote him availle, but to returne againe
 To his wounds worker, that with lovely da
 Dinting his brest had bred his restlesse pain
 Like as the wounded Whale to shore flies
 the maine.

XXXII

So, taking leave of that same gentle Swaine
 He backe returned to his rusticke wonne,
 Where his faire Pastorella did remaine:
 To whome, in sort as he at first begonne,
 He daily did apply him selfe to donne
 All dewfull service, voide of thoughts impu
 Ne any paines ne perill did he shonne,
 By which he might her to his love allure,
 And liking in her yet untamed heart procu

XXXIII

And evermore the shepheard Coridon,
 What ever thing he did her to aggrate,
 Did strive to match with strong contention
 And all his paines did closely emulate;
 Whether it were to caroll, as they sate
 Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercize
 Or to present her with their labours late;
 Through which if any grace chaunst to ar
 To him, the Shepheard streight with jealous
 did frize.

XXXIV

One day, as they all three together went
 To the greene wood to gather strawberies,
 There chaunst to them a dangerous accide
 A Tigre forth out of the wood did rise,
 That with fell clawes full of fierce gourmand
 And greedy mouth wide gaping like hell-g
 Did runne at Pastorella her to surprize;
 Whom she beholding, now all desolate,
 Gan cry to them aloud to helpe her all too

XXXV

Which Coridon first hearing ran in hast
 To reskue her; but, when he saw the feen
 Through cowherd feare he fled away as fa
 Ne durst abide the daunger of the end;
 His life he steemed dearer then his frend
 But Calidore soone comming to her ayde,
 When he the beast saw ready now to rend
 His loves deare spoile, in which his heart
 prayde,
 He ran at him enraged, instead of being fra

XXXVI

He had no weapon but his shepherds be
 To serve the vengeance of his wrathfull v

which so sternely he the monster strooke,
to the ground astonished he fell;
nce, ere he could recov'r, he did him quell,
hewing off his head, he it presented
re the feete of the faire Pastorell;
s, scarcely yet from former feare exempted,
ousand times him-thantk that had her
death prevented.

XXXVII

m that day forth she gan him to affect,
daily more her favour to augment;
Coridon for cowherdize reject,
o keepe sheepe, unfit for loves content:
gentle heart scornes base disparagement.
Calidore did not despise him quight,
usde him friendly for further intent,
by his fellowship he colour might
his estate and love from skill of any wight.

XXXVIII

well he wood her, and so well he wrought
her,
a humble service, and with daily sute,
at the last unto his will he brought her;
ch he so wisely well did prosecute,
of his love he reapt the timely frute,
joyed long in close felicity, [brute,
fortune, fraught with malice, blinde and
envies lovers long prosperity,
up a bitter storme of foule adversity.

XXXIX

ortuned one day, when Calidore
hunting in the woods, (as was his trade)
wlesse people, Brigants hight of yore,
never usde to live by plough nor spade,
ed on spoile and booty, which they made
their neighbours which did nigh them
border,
dwelling of these shepheards did invade,
spoyld their houses, and them selves did
murder,
drove away their flocks; with other much
disorder.

XL

ongst the rest, the which they then did
spoyld old Melibee of all he had, [pray,
all his people captive led away; [lad,
st which this lucklesse mayd away was
Pastorella, sorrowfull and sad,
sorrowfull, most sad, that ever sight,
made the spoile of theeves and Brigants
bad,

Which was the conquest of the gentlest Knight
That ever liv'd, and th' onely glory of his
might.

XLI

With them also was taken Coridon,
And carried captive by those theeves away;
Who in the covert of the night, that none
Mote them descry, nor reskue from their pray,
Unto their dwelling did them close convey.
Their dwelling in a little Island was, [way
Covered with shrubby woods, in which no
Appeard for people in nor out to pas,
Nor any footing fynde for overgrown gras:

XLII

For underneath the ground their way was
made [cover
Through hollow caves, that no man mote dis-
For the thicke shrubs, which did them alwaies
shade
From view of living wight and covered over;
But darknesse dred and daily night did hover
Through all the inner parts, wherein they
dwelt;
Ne lightned was with window, nor with lover,
But with continuall candle-light, which delt
A doubtfull sense of things, not so well seene
as felt.

XLIII

Hither those Brigants brought their present
pray, [ward;
And kept them with continuall watch and
Meaning, so soone as they convenient may,
For slaves to sell them for no small reward
To Merchants, which them kept in bondage
hard,
Or sold againe. Now when faire Pastorell
Into this place was brought, and kept with
gard
Of griesly theeves, she thought her self in hell,
Where with such damned fiends she should in
darknesse dwell.

XLIV

But for to tell the dolefull dreriment
And pittifull complaints which there she made,
Where day and night she nought did but la-
ment
Her wretched life shut up in deadly shade,
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flowre that feelles no heate of sunne,
Which may her feeble leaves with comfort
glade—
And what befell her in that theevish wonne,
Will in another Canto better be begonne.

CANTO XI.

The Theeves fall out for Pastorell,
Whilest Melibee is slaine:
Her Calidore from them redeemes,
And bringeth backe againe.

I

THE joyes of love, if they should ever last
Without affliction or disquietnesse [cast,
That worldly chaunces doe amongst them
Would be on earth too great a blessednesse,
Liker to heaven then mortall wretchednesse:
Therefore the winged God, to let men weet
That here on earth is no sure happinesse,
A thousand sowres hath tempred with one
sweet, [meet.
To make it seeme more deare and dainty, as is

II

Like as is now befallne to this faire Mayd,
Faire Pastorell, of whom is now my song:
Who being now in dreadfull darknesse layd
Amongst those theeves, which her in bondage
strong
Detaynd, yet Fortune, not with all this wrong
Contented, greater mischief on her threw,
And sorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;
That who so heares her heavinesse, would rew
And pittie her sad plight, so chang'd from
pleasaut hew.

III

Whylest thus she in these hellish dens re-
mayned,
Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts unrest,
It so befell, (as Fortune had ordayned)
That he which was their Capitaine profest,
And had the chiefe commaund of all the rest,
One day, as he did all his prisoners vew,
With lustfull eyes beheld that lovely guest,
Faire Pastorella, whose sad mournfull hew
Like the faire Morning clad in misty fog did
shew.

IV

At sight whereof his barbarous heart was
fired,
And inly burnt with flames most raging whot,
That her alone he for his part desired
Of all the other pray which they had got,
And her in mynde did to him selfe allot.
From that day forth he kyndnesse to her
showed, [mote;
And sought her love by all the meanes he

With looks, with words, with gifts he oft
wowed,
And mixed threats among, and much unto
vowed.

V

But all that ever he could doe or say
Her constant mynd could not a whit remov
Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd lay,
To graunt him favour or afford him love:
Yet ceast he not to sew, and all waies prov
By which he mote accomplish his request,
Saying and doing all that mote behove;
Ne day nor night he suffred her to rest,
But her all night did watch, and all the
molest.

VI

At last, when him she so importune saw,
Fearing least he at length the raines wo
lend
Unto his lust, and make his will his law,
Sith in his powre she was to foe or frend,
She thought it best, for shadow to pretend
Some shew of favour, by him gracing smal
That she thereby mote either freely wend,
Or at more ease continue there his thrall:
A little well is lent that gaineth more with

VII

So from thenceforth, when love he to
made,
With better tearmes she did him entertain
Which gave him hope, and did him halfe
swade,
That he in time her joyance should obtain
But when she saw through that small fav
gaine,
That further then she willing was he pres
She found no meanes to barre him, but to f
A sodaine sicknesse which her sore oppres
And made unfit to serve his lawlesse min
behest.

VIII

By meanes whereof she would not him per
Once to approch to her in privy,
But onely mongst the rest by her to sit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,

seeking all things meete for remedy;
 she resolv'd no remedy to fynde,
 better cheare to shew in misery,
 Fortune would her captive bonds unbynde:
 sicknesse was not of the body, but the
 mynde.

IX

ring which space that she thus sicke did
 lie, [wount
 haunst a sort of merchants, which were
 skim those coastes for bondmen there to
 buy,
 by such trafficke after gaines to hunt,
 yed in this Isle, though bare and blunt,
 aquire for slaves; where being readie met
 some of these same theeves at the instant
 brunt,
 e brought unto their Captaine, who was set
 his faire patients side with sorrowfull re-
 gret.

X

whom they shewed, how those marchants
 were
 y'd in place their bondslaves for to buy;
 therefore prayd that those same captives
 there
 e to them for their most commodity
 old, and mongst them shared equally.
 their request the Captaine much appalled,
 could he not their just demaund deny,
 willed streight the slaves should forth be
 called,
 sold for most advantage, not to be for-
 stalled.

XI

n forth the good old Melibœ was brought,
 Coridon with many other moe, [caught;
 in they before in diverse spoyles had
 which he to the marchants sale did shewe:
 some, which did the sundry prisoners
 knowe,
 to inquire for that faire shepherdesse,
 th with the rest they tooke not long agoe;
 gan her forme and feature to expresse,
 more t' augment her price through praise
 of comliness.

XII

whom the Captaine in full angry wize
 answere, that the mayd of whom they
 spake
 his owne purchase and his onely prize;
 which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
 e himselfe which did that conquest make:
 for him to have one silly lasse; [weake,
 es, through sicknesse now so wan and

That nothing meet in merchandise to passe:
 So shew'd them her, to prove how pale and
 weake she was.

XIII

The sight of whom, though now decayd and
 mard,
 And eke but hardly seene by candle-light,
 Yet, like a Diamond of rich regard,
 In doubtfull shadow of the darkesome night
 With starrie beames about her shining bright,
 These marchants fixed eyes did so amaze,
 That what through wonder, and what through
 delight.
 A while on her they greedily did gaze,
 And did her greatly like, and did her greatly
 praise.

XIV

At last when all the rest them offred were,
 And prises to them placed at their pleasure,
 They all refused in regard of her,
 Ne ought would buy, how ever prisd with
 measure, [sure
 Withouten her, whose worth above all threa-
 They did esteeme, and offred store of gold:
 But then the Captaine, fraught with more
 displeasure,
 Bad them be still; his love should not be sold;
 The rest take if they would; he her to him
 would hold.

XV

Therewith some other of the chieftest theeves
 Boldly him bad such injurie forbear;
 For that same mayd, how ever it him grieves,
 Should with the rest be sold before him
 theare,
 To make the prises of the rest more deare.
 That with great rage he stoutly doth denay;
 And, fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth
 swear
 That who so hardie hand on her doth lay,
 It dearely shall aby, and death for handsell
 pay.

XVI

Thus, as they words amongst them multiply,
 They fall to strokes, the frute of too much
 talke,
 And the mad steele about doth fiercely fly,
 Not sparing wight, ne leaving any balke,
 But making way for death at large to walke;
 Who, in the horror of the griesly night,
 In thousand dreadful shapes doth mongst them
 stalke, [light
 And makes huge havocke; whiles the candle-
 Out quenched leaves no skill nor difference of
 wight.

XVII

Like as a sort of hungry dogs, ymet
About some carcase by the common way,
Doe fall together, stryving each to get
The greatest portion of the greedie pray,
All on confused heapes themselves assay,
And snatch, and byte, and rend, and tug, and
teare;

That who them sees would wonder at their fray,
And who sees not would be affrayd to heare:
Such was the conflict of those cruell Brigants
there.

XVIII

But first of all their captives they doe kill,
Least they should joyne against the weaker
side,

Or rise against the remnant at their will:
Old Melibœ is slaine; and him beside
His aged wife, with many others wide;
But Coridon, escaping craftily, [hide,
Creepes forth of dores, whilst darknes him doth
And flies away as fast as he can hye,
Ne stayeth leave to take before his friends doe
dye.

XIX

But Pastorella, wofull wretched Elfe,
Was by the Captaine all this while defended,
Who, minding more her safety then himselfe,
His target alwayes over her pretended;
By means whereof, that mote not be amended,
He at the length was slaine and layd on
ground,

Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended
Fayre Pastorell, who, with the selfe same
wound

Launcht through the arme, fell down with him
in dreerie swound.

XX

There lay she covered with confused preasse
Of carcases, which dying on her fell. [ceasse;
Tho, when as he was dead, the fray gan
And each to other calling did compell
To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,
Sith they that were the cause of all were gone:
Thereto they all attonce agreed well;
And, lighting candles new, gan search anone,
How many of their friends were slaine, how
many fone.

XXI

Their Captaine there they cruelly found kild,
And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,
Like a sweet Angell twixt two clouds uphild;
Her lovely light was dimmed and decayd
With cloud of death upon her eyes displayd;

Yet did the cloud make even that dim
light
Seeme much more lovely in that darkness
And twixt the twinckling of her eye-lids
To sparke out little beames, like starres in
gie night.

XXII

But when they mov'd the carcases aside
They found that life did yet in her remaine
Then all their helps they busily applyd
To call the soule backe to her home againe
And wrought so well, with labour and
That they to life recovered her at last: [
Who, sighing sore, as if her hart in twaine
Had riven bene and all her hart-strings
With drearie drouping eyne lookt up like
aghast.

XXIII

There she beheld, that sore her griev'd
Her father and her friends about her lying
Her selfe sole left a second spoyle to bee
Of those, that, having saved her from dye,
Renew'd her death by timely death deny
What now is left her but to wayle and
Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud cry
Ne cared she her wound in teares to steale
Albe with all their might those Brigants
did keepe.

XXIV

But when they saw her now reliv'd againe
They left her so, in charge of one, the best
Of many worst, who with unkind disdain
And cruell rigour her did much molest;
Scarse yeelding her due food or timely rest
And scarsely suffering her infested wound
That sore her payn'd, by any to be dress'd
So leave we her in wretched thraldome bound
And turne we backe to Calidore where we
found.

XXV

Who when he backe returned from the field
And saw his shepheards cottage stand
quight,
And his love reft away, he wexed wood
And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight
That even his hart, for very fell despight
And his owne flesh he readie was to tear
He chaunft, he griev'd, he fretted, and
And fared like a furious wyld Beare,
Whose whelpes are stolne away, she
otherwhere.

XXVI

Ne wight he found to whom he might
plaine,
Ne wight he found of whom he might
complain.

more increast the anguish of his paine:
ought the woods, but no man could see
there; [heare:
ought the plaines, but could no tydings
woods did not heare but echoes vaine re-
bound;
playnes all waste and emptie did appeare;
re wout the shepheards oft their pypes
resound, [he found.
feed an hundred flocks, there now not one

XXVII

last, as there he romed up and downe,
haunst one comming towards him to spy,
seem'd to be some sorie simple clowne,
ragged weedes, and lockes upstaring
he did from some late daunger fly, [hye,
yet his feare did follow him behynd:
as he unto him approched nye,
note perceiue by signes which he did fynd,
Coridon it was, the silly shepherds
hynd.

XXVIII

, to him running fast, he did not stay
greet him first, but askt where were the
rest?
re Pastorell?—Who full of fresh dismay,
gushing forth in teares, was so opprest,
he no word could speake, but smit his
brest,
up to heaven his eyes fast-streming threw:
reat the knight amaz'd yet did not rest,
askt againe, what ment that ruffull hew:
re was his Pastorell? where all the other
crew?

XXIX

, well-away!' (sayd he, then sighing
sore)
at ever I did live this day to see,
dismall day, and was not dead before,
re I saw faire Pastorella dye.'
'out alas!' then Calidore did cry,
how could the death dare ever her to quell?
read thou, shepheard, read what destiny
ther dyrefull hap from heaven or hell
a wrought this wicked deed: doe feare
away, and tell.'

XXX

, when the Shepheard breathed had a-
while, [mence
thus began: 'Where shall I then com-
wofull tale? or how those Brigants vyle,
a cruell rage and dreadfull violence,
ld all our cots, and caried us from hence;
ow faire Pastorell should have bene sold
narchants, but was sav'd with strong de-
fence;

Or how those theeves, whilest one sought hei
to hold, [and bold.
Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce

XXXI

'In that same conflict (woe is me!) befell
This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
Whose heavy tydings now I have to tell.
First all the captives, which they here had
hent,

Were by them slaine by generall consent:
Old Melibœ and his good wife withall
These eyes saw die, and dearly did lament;
But, when the lot to Pastorell did fall,
Their Captaine long withstood, and did her
death forstall.

XXXII

'But what could he gainst all them doe alone?
It could not boot: needs mote she die at last.
I onely scapt through great confusione
Of cries and clamors which amongst them past,
In dreadfull darknesse dreadfully aghast;
That better were with them to have bene dead,
Then here to see all desolate and wast,
Despoyled of those joyes and jolly-head,
Which with those gentle shepherds here I
wont to lead.'

XXXIII

When Calidore these ruefull newes had raught,
His hart quite deaded was with anguish great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh dis-
traught,

That he his face, his head, his brest did beat:
And death it selfe unto himselfe did threat;
Oft cursing th' heavens, that so cruell were
To her, whose name he often did repeat;
And wishing oft that he were present there
When she was slaine, or had bene to her
succour nere.

XXXIV

But after grieve awhile had had his course,
And spent it selfe in mourning, he at last
Began to mitigate his swelling sourse,
And in his mind with better reason cast
How he might save her life, if life did last;
Or, if that dead, how he her death might
wreake,

Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past;
Or if it to revenge he were too weake,
Then for to die with her, and his live threed
to breake.

XXXV

Tho Coridon he prayd, sith he well knew
The readie way unto that theevish wonne,
To wend with him, and be his conduct trew
Unto the place, to see what should be donne;

But he, whose hart through feare was late for-
donne,
Would not for ought be drawne to former drede,
But by all meanes the daunger knowne did
shonne:

Yet Calidore so well him wrought with meed,
And faire bespoke with words, that he at last
agreed.

XXXVI

So forth they goe together (God before)
Both clad in shepheards weeds agreeably,
And both with shepheards hookes: But
Calidore

Had, underneath, him armed privily.
Tho, to the place when they approached nye,
They chaunst, upon an hill not farre away,
Some flockes of sheepe and shepheards to
espy;

To whom they both agreed to take their way,
In hope there newes to learne, how they mote
best assay.

XXXVII

There did they find, that which they did not
feare, [had reft
The selfe same flockes the which those theeves
From Melibœ and from themselves whyleare;
And certaine of the theeves there by them left,
The which, for want of heards, themselves
then kept.

Right well knew Coridon his owne late sheepe,
And seeing them for tender pittie wept;
But when he saw the theeves which did them
keepe, [sleepe.
His hart gan fayle, albe he saw them all a-

XXXVIII

But Calidore recomfoting his grieve,
Though not his feare, for nought may feare
disswade,
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe
Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,
Whom Coridon him counseld to invade
Now all unwares, and take the spoyle away;
But he, that in his mind had closely made
A further purpose, would not so them slay,
But gently waking them gave them the time
of day.

XXXIX

Tho, sitting downe by them upon the greene,
Of sundrie things he purpose gan to faine,
That he by them might certaine tydings weene
Of Pastorell, were she alive or slaine:
Mongst which the theeves them questioned
again, [were:

What mister men, and eke from whence they
To whom they aunswer'd, as did appertaine,

That they were poore heardgroomes, the w
whylere
Had from their maisters fled, and now so
hyre elsewhere.

XL

Whereof right glad they seem'd, and
made [k
To hyre them well if they their flockes w
For they themselves were evill groomes, [sh
sayd,
Unwont with heards to watch, or pas
But to forray the land, or scoure the deep
Thereto they soone agreed, and earnest to
To keepe their flockes for litle hyre and ch
For they for better hyre did shortly looke
So there all day they bode, till light the
forsooke.

XLI

Tho, when as towards darksome night it d
Unto their hellish dens those theeves t
brought;
Where shortly they in great acquaintance
And all the secrets of their entrayles soug
There did they find, contrarie to their thou
That Pastorell yet liv'd; but all the rest
Were dead, right so as Coridon had taugh
Whereof they both full glad and blyth did
But chiefly Calidore, whom grieve had
possest.

XLII

At length, when they occasion fittest fo
In dead of night, when all the theeves did
After a late forray, and slept full sound,
Sir Calidore him arm'd as he thought be
Having of late by diligent inquest
Provided him a sword of meanest sort;
With which he streight went to the Capt
nest:

But Coridon durst not with him consort,
Ne durst abide behind, for dread of worse e

XLIII

When to the Cave they came, they fou
fast;
But Calidore with huge resistlesse might
The dores assayled, and the locks upbras
With noyse whereof the theefe awaking
Unto the entrance ran; where the bold k
Encountering him with small resistance s
The whiles faire Pastorell through great aff
Was almost dead, misdoubting least of-r
Some upore were like that which later
did vew.

XLIV

But when as Calidore was comen in,
And gan aloud for Pastorell to call,

ving his voice, although not heard long
sin,
udden was revived therewithall,
wondrous joy felt in her spirits thrall:
him that being long in tempest tost,
ing each houre into deathes mouth to fall,
ngth espyes at hand the happie cost,
hich he safety hopes that earst feard to
be lost.

XLV

gentle hart, that now long season past
never joyance felt nor chearefull thought,
n some smacke of comfort new to tast,
lyfull heat to nummed senses brought,
ife to feele that long for death had sought.
sse in hart rejoyced Calidore,
a he her found; but, like to one distraught
robd of reason, towards her him bore;
ousand times embrast, and kist a thousand
more.

XLVI

now by this, with noyse of late uprore,
ue and cry was raysed all about;
all the Brigants flocking in great store
the cave gan preasse, nought having
dout
at was doen, and entred in a rout:
Calidore in th' entry close did stand,
entertayning them with courage stout,
ew the formost that came first to hand
g till all the entry was with bodies mand.

XLVII

when no more could nigh to him approch,
eath'd his sword, and rested him till day;
h when he spyde upon the earth t'
encroch,
gh the dead carcases he made his way,
st which he found a sword of better
say,
which he forth went into th' open light,
e all the rest for him did readie stay,
ierce assayling him, with all their might
ll upon him lay: there gan a dreadfull
fight.

XLVIII

How many flies, in whottest sommers day,
Do seize upon some beast whose flesh is bare,
That all the place with swarmes do overlay,
And with their litle stings right felly fare;
So many theeves about him swarming are,
All which do him assaile on every side,
And sore oppresse, ne any him doth spare;
But he doth with his raging brond divide
Their thickest troupes, and round about him
scattreth wide.

XLIX

Like as a Lion mongst an heard of dere,
Disperseth them to catch his choysiest pray;
So did he fly amongst them here and there,
And all that nere him came did hew and slay,
Till he had strowd with bodies all the way;
That none his daunger daring to abide
Fled from his wrath, and did themselves convey
Into their caves, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left that victorie to him envide.

L

Then, backe returning to his dearest deare,
He her gan to recomfort all he might
With gladfull speaches and with lovely cheare;
And forth her bringing to the joyous light,
Whereof she long had lackt the wishfull sight,
Deviz'd all goodly meanes from her to drive
The sad remembrance of her wretched plight:
So her uneath at last he did revive
That long had lyen dead, and made again alive.

LI

This doen, into those theevish dens he went,
And thence did all the spoyles and treasures
take,
Which they from many long had robd and rent,
But fortune now the victors meed did make:
Of which the best he did his love betake;
And also all those flockes, which they before
Had reft from Melibœ and from his make,
He did them all to Coridon restore:
So drove them all away, and his love with
him bore.

CANTO XII.

Fayre Pastorella by great hap
Her parents understands.
Calidore doth the Blatant Beast
Subdew, and bynd in bands.

I

LIKE as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde
Directs her course unto one certaine cost,
Is met of many a counter winde and tyde,
With which her winged speed is let and crost,
And she her selfe in stormie surges tost;
Yet, making many a borde and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost:
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whose course is often stayd, yet never is astray.

II

For all that hetherto hath long delayd
This gentle knight from sewing his first quest,
Though out of course, yet hath not bene mis-
To shew the courtesie by him profest [sayd,
Even unto the lowest and the least.
But now I come into my course againe,
To his atchievement of the Blatant Beast:
Who all this while at will did range and raine,
Whilst none was him to stop, nor none him to
restraine.

III

Sir Calidore, when thus he now had raught
Faïre Pastorella from those Brigants powre,
Unto the Castle of Belgard her brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir Bellamoure;
Who whylome was, in his youtnes freshest
flowre,
A lustie knight as ever wielded speare,
And had endured many a dreadfull stoure
In bloudy battell for a Ladie deare,
The fayrest Ladie then of all that living were:

IV

Her name was Claribell; whose father hight
The Lord of Many Ilands, farre renound
For his great riches and his greater might:
He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,
This daughter thought in wedlocke to have
bound
Unto the Prince of Picteland, bordering nere;
But she, whose sides before with secret wound
Of love to Bellamoure empierced were,
By all meanes shund to match with any for-
rein fere.

V

And Bellamour againe so well her please
With dayly service and attendance dew,
That of her love he was entyrelly seized,
And closely did her wed, but knowne to f
Which when her father understood, he gre
In so great rage that them in dongeon de
Without compassion cruelly he threw;
Yet did so streightly them asunder keepe.
That neither could to company of th
creepe.

VI

Nathlesse Sir Bellamour, whether thro
[grace]
Or secret gifts, so with his keepers wrou
That to his love sometimes he came in pla
Whereof her wombe, unwist to wight,
[fraught, [bro
And in dew time a mayden child
Which she streightway, (for dread least i
[syre [sou
Should know thereof to slay he would
Delivered to her handmayd, that for hyre
She should it cause be fostred under stra
attyre.

VII

The trustie damzell bearing it abroad
Into the emptie fields, where living wight
Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,
She forth gan lay unto the open light
The litle babe, to take thereof a sight:
Whom whylest she did with watrie
behold,
Upon the litle brest, like christall bright,
She mote perceive a litle purple mold,
That like a rose her silken leaves did
unfold.

VIII

Well she it markt, and pittied the more.
Yet could not remedie her wretched case:
But, closing it againe like as before,
Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the p
Yet left not quite, but drew a litle space
Behind the bushes, where she did her hy
To weet what mortall hand or heavens g

for the wretched infants helpe provyde;
Which it loudly cald, and pittifully cryde.

IX

length a Shepheard, which there by did
keepe
ecie flock upon the playnes around,
th the infants cry that loud did weepe,
to the place; where, when he wrapped
found
dond spoyle, he softly it unbound;
eing there that did him pittie sore,
ke it up and in his mantle wound;
he unto his honest wife it bore,
s her owne it nurst (and named) ever-
more.

X

long continu'd Claribell a thrall,
ellamour in bands; till that her syre
ed life, and left unto them all:
all the stormes of fortunes former yre
urnd, and they to freedome did retyre.
forth they joy'd in happinesse together,
red long in peace and love entyre,
at disquiet or dislike of ether,
ne that Calidore brought Pastorella
hether.

XI

whom they goodly well did entertaine;
amour knew Calidore right well,
ved for his prowesse, sith they twaine
nce had fought in field: Als Claribell
e did tender the faire Pastorell, [long-
her weake and wan through durance
hey a while together thus did dwell
h delight, and many joyes among,
he Damzell gan to wex more sound and
strong.

XII

an Sir Calidore him to advize
irst quest, which he had long forlore,
d to thinke how he that enterprize,
ich the Faery Queene had long afore
h'd to him, forslacked had so sore;
uch he feared least reprochfull blame
ule dishonour him mote blot therefore;
the losse of so much loos and fame,
ugh the world thereby should glorifie
is name.

XIII

ore, resolving to returne in fast
great atchievement, he bethought
e his love, now perill being past,
aribell; whylest he that monster sought
out the world, and to destruction
rought.

So taking leave of his faire Pastorell,
Whom to recomfort all the meanes he wrought,
With thanks to Bellamour and Claribell,
He went forth on his quest, and did that him
befell.

XIV

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell
In this exploite, me needeth to declare
What did betide to the faire Pastorell
During his absence, left in heavy care
Through daily mourning and nightly misfare:
Yet did that auncient matrone all she might,
To cherish her with all things choice and rare;
And her owne handmayd, that Melissa hight,
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

XV

Who in a morning, when this Maiden faire
Was dighting her, having her snowy brest
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
Into their comely tresses dewly drest,
Chaunst to espy upon her yvory chest
The rosie marke, which she remembred well
That litle Infant had, which forth she kest,
The daughter of her Lady Claribell,
The which she bore the whiles in prison she
did dwell.

XVI

Which well avizing, streight she gan to cast
In her conceitfull mynd that this faire Mayd
Was that same infant, which so long sith past
She in the open fields had loosely layd
To f. tunes spoile, unable it to ayd:
So, full of joy, streight forth she ran in hast
Unto her mistresse, being halfe dismayd,
To tell her how the heavens had her graste
To save her chylde, which in misfortunes
mouth was plaste.

XVII

The sober mother seeing such her mood,
Yet knowing not what meant that sodaine
thro,
Askt her, how mote her words be understood,
And what the matter was that mov'd her so?
'My lief,' (sayd she) 'ye know that long ygo,
Whilest ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
A little mayde, the which ye chylded tho;
The same againe if now ye list to have,
The same is yonder Lady, whom high God did
save.'

XVIII

Much was the Lady troubled at that speach,
And gan to question streight, how she it knew?
'Most certaine markes' (sayd she) 'do me it
teach;

For on her brest I with these eyes did view
The litle purple rose which thereon grew,
Whereof her name ye then to her did give.
Besides, her countenance and her likely hew,
Matched with equall years, do surely prieve
That yond same is your daughter sure, which
yet doth live.

XIX

The matrone stayd no lenger to enquire,
But forth in hast ran to the straunger Mayd;
Whom catching greedily, for great desire
Rent up her brest, and bosome open layd,
In which that rose she plainely saw displayd:
Then, her embracing twixt her armes twaine,
She long so held, and softly weeping sayd;
'And livest thou, my daughter, now againe?
And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did
faine?'

XX

Tho further asking her of sundry things,
And times comparing with their accidents,
She found at last, by very certaine signes
And speaking marke of passed monuments,
That this young Mayd, whom chance to her
presents,
Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.
Tho, wondring long at those so straunge
events,
A thousand times she her embraced nere,
With many a joyfull kisse and many a melt-
ing teare.

XXI

Who ever is the mother of one chylde,
Which having thought long dead she fyndes
alive,

Let her by prooffe of that which she hath fylde
In her owne breast, this mothers joy describe;
For other none such passion can contrive
In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,
When she so faire a daughter saw survive,
As Pastorella was, that nigh she swelt
For passing joy, which did all into pittie melt.

XXII

Thence running forth unto her loved Lord,
She unto him recounted all that fell;
Who, joyning joy with her in one accord,
Acknowledg'd for his owne faire Pastorell.
There leave we them in joy, and let us tell
Of Calidore; who, seeking all this while
That monstrous Beast by finall force to quell,
Through every place with restlesse paine and
toile

Him follow'd by the tract of his outrageous spoile.

XXIII

Through all estates he found that he had
In which he many massacres had left, [past,

And to the Clergy now was come at last
In which such spoile, such havocke, and
that

He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he b.
That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin K.
Who now no place besides unsought had.
At length into a Monastere did light,
Where he him found despoyling all with
and might.

XXIV

Into their cloysters now he broken had.
Through which the Monckes he chaced
and there,
And them pursu'd into their dortours sac.
And searched all their cels and secrets m.
In which what filth and ordure did appea.
Were yrkesome to report; yet that foule
Nought sparing them, the more did toss
teare,

And ransacke all their dennes from most to
Regarding nought religion, nor their
heast.

XXV

From thence into the sacred Church he
And robd the Chancell, and the desks
threw,
And Altars fouled, and blasphemy spok.
And th' Images, for all their goodly hev.
Did cast to ground, whilst none was th
rew;

So all confounded and disordered there:
But, seeing Calidore, away he flew,
Knowing his fatall hand by former fear
But he him fast pursuing soone app
neare.

XXVI

Him in a narrow place he overtooke,
And fierce assailing forst him turne aga.
Sternely he turnd againe, when he
strooke

With his sharpe steele, and ran at him.
With open mouth, that seemed to cont.
A full good pecke within the utmost b.
All set with yron teeth in raunges twa.
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus.
grim:

XXVII

And therein were a thousand tongs en
Of sundry kindes and sundry quality;
Some were of dogs, that barked d
night;

And some of cats, that wrawling still
And some of Beares, that groynd conti
And some of Tygres, that did seeme to
And snar at all that ever passed by:

most of them were tongues of mortall men,
Wh spake reprochfully, not caring where
nor when.

XXVIII

l them amongst were mingled here and
there [stings,
tongues of Serpents, with three forked
spat out poyson, and gore-bloudy gere,
all that came within his ravenings;
spake licentious words and hatefull
ood and bad alike, of low and hie, [things
cesars spared he a whit, nor Kings;
either blotted them with infamie,
at them with his banefull teeth of injury.

XXIX

Calidore, thereof no whit afraide,
countred him with so impetuous might,
th' outrage of his violence he stayd,
bet abacke, threatning in vaine to bite,
spitting forth the poyson of his spight
fomed all about his bloody jawes:
rearing up his former feete on hight,
ramppt upon him with his ravenous pawes,
he would have rent him with his cruell
clawes:

XXX

he, right well aware, his rage to ward
cast his shield atweene; and, therewithall
ing his puissance forth, pursu'd so hard,
t backward he enforced him to fall;
being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
shield he on him threw, and fast downe
held:

e as a bullocke, that in bloudy stall
cutchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
oreibly kept downe, till he be thoroughly
queld.

XXXI

ll cruellly the Beast did rage and rore
be downe held, and maystred so with
might,
t he gan fret and fume out bloudy gore
ving in vaine to rere him selfe upright:
still, the more he strove, the more the
Knight

him suppress, and forcibly subdew,
t made him almost mad for fell despight:
rind, hee bit, he scratcht, he venom threw,
fared like a feend right horrible in hew:

XXXII

like the hell-borne Hydra, which they
faine
t great Alcides whilome overthrew,
er that he had labourd long in vaine
rop his thousand heads, the which still new

Forth budded, and in greater number grew,
Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,
Whilest Calidore him under him downe threw;
Who nathemore his heavy load releast,
But aye, the more he rag'd, the more his
powre increast.

XXXIII

Tho, when the Beast saw he mote nought
availe

By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And sharply at him to revile and raile
With bitter termes of shamefull infamy;
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
Whose like he never once did speake, nor heare,
Nor ever thought thing so unworthily:
Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbear, e,
But strained him so streightly that he chokt
him neare.

XXXIV

At last, when as he found his force to shrink
And rage to quail, he tooke a muzzel strong
Of surest yron, made with many a lincke:
Therewith he mured up his mouth along,
And therein shut up his blasphemous tong,
For never more defaming gentle Knight,
Or unto lovely Lady doing wrong;
And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth, even in his
own despight.

XXXV

Like as whylome that strong Tiryntian
swaine [hell,
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of
Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,
And, roring horribly, did him compell
To see the hatefull sunne, that he might tell
To griesly Pluto what on earth as donne,
And to the other damned ghosts which dwell
For aye in darknesse, which day-light doth
shonne:
So led this Knight his captyve with like con-
quest wonne.

XXXVI

Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those
Straunge bands, whose like till then he never
Ne ever any durst till then impose; [bore,
And chauffed inly, seeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore:
Yet durst he not draw backe, nor once with-
stand

The proved powre of noble Calidore,
But trembled underneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearefull dog him followed through
the land.

XXXVII

Him through all Faery land he follow'd so,
 As if he learned had obedience long,
 That all the people, where so he did go,
 Out of their townes did round about him
 throng, [strong;
 To see him leade that Beast in bondage
 And seeing it much wondred at the sight:
 And all such persons as he earst did wrong
 Rejoyced much to see his captive plight,
 And much admyr'd the Beast, but more admyr'd
 the Knight.

XXXVIII

Thus was this Monster, by the maystring
 might
 Of doughty Calidore, suppress and tamed,
 That never more he mote endammadge wight
 With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
 And many causelesse caused to be blamed.
 So did he eeke long after this remaine,
 Untill that, (whether wicked fate so framed
 Or fault of men,) he broke his yron chaine,
 And got into the world at liberty againe.

XXXIX

Thenceforth more mischiefe and more scath
 he wrought
 To mortall men then he had done before;
 Ne ever could, by any, more be brought
 Luto like bands, ne maystred any more:

Albe that, long time after Calidore,
 The good Sir Pelleas him tooke in hand,
 And after him Sir Lamoracke of yore,
 And all his brethren borne in Britaine land
 Yet none of them could ever bring him
 band.

XL

So now he raungeth through the w
 againe,
 And rageth sore in each degree and state,
 Ne any is that may him now restraine,
 He growen is so great and strong of late,
 Barking and biting all that him doe bate,
 Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime
 Ne spareth he most learned wits to rate,
 Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rime;
 But rends without regard of person or of time.

XLI

Ne may this homely verse, of many mean
 Hope to escape his venomous despite,
 More then my former writs, all were th
 cleanest
 From blamefull blot, and free from all that w
 With which some wicked tongues did it bac

LII

And bring into a mighty Peres displeasure
 That never so deserved to endite. [meas
 Therefore do you, my rimes, keep be
 And seeke to please; that now is coun
 wise mens threasure.

TWO CANTOS OF
MUTABILITIE:

WHICH, BOTH FOR FORME AND MATTER, APPEARE TO BE PARCELL OF SOME
FOLLOWING BOOKE OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

UNDER

THE LEGEND OF CONSTANCIE.

CANTO VI.

Proud Change (not pleasd in mortall things
Beneath the Moone to raigne)
Pretends as well of Gods as Men
To be the Soveraine.

I

man that sees the ever-whirling wheele,
Change, the which all mortall things doth
sway,
That therby doth find, and plainly feele,
MUTABILITY in them doth play
In tuell sports to many mens decay?
That to all may better yet appeare,
Rehearse that whylome I heard say,
She at first her selfe began to reare
At all the Gods, and th' empire sought
From them to beare.

II

First, here falleth fittest to unfold
Antique race and linage ancient,
Have found it registred of old
Every Land mongst records permanent.
As, to weet, a daughter by descent
Of old Titans that did whylome strive
Saturnes sonne for heavens regiment;
Though high Jove of kingdome did
Deprive, [vive:
Any of their stemme long after did sur-

III

many of them afterwards obtain'd
Power of Jove, and high authority:
Cate, in whose almighty hand
C't all rule and principallitie,

To be by her disposed diversly
To Gods and men, as she them list divide;
And drad Bellona, that doth sound on hie
Warres and allarums unto Nations wide,
That makes both heaven and earth to tremble
at her pride.

IV

So likewise did this Titanesse aspire
Rule and dominion to her selfe to gaine;
That as a Goddesses men might her admire,
And heavenly honors yield, as to them twaine:
And first, on earth she sought it to obtaine;
Where shee such prooffe and sad examples
shewed
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
That not men onely (whom she soone sybdewed)
But eke all other creatures her bad dooings
rewed.

V

For she the face of earthly things so changed,
That all which Nature had establisht first
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their statutes burst:
And all the worlds faire frame (which none
yet durst
Of Gods or men to alter or misguide)
She alter'd quite; and made them all accurst
That God had blest, and did at first provide
In that still happy state for ever to abide.

VI

Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
But eke of Justice, and of Policie;
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make
And death for life exchanged foolishlie:
Since which all living wights have learn'd to
And all this world is woxen daily worse. [die,
O pittious worke of MUTABILITY,
By which we all are subject to that curse,
And death, instead of life, have sucked from
our Nurse!

VII

And now, when all the earth she thus had
brought

To her behest, and thrall'd to her might,
She gan to cast in her ambitious thought
T' attempt the empire of the heavens hight,
And Jove himselfe to shoulder from his right.
And first, she past the region of the ayre
And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight
Made no resistance, ne could her contraire,
But ready passage to her pleasure did prepaire.

VIII

Thence to the Circle of the Moone she clambe,
Where Cynthia raignes in everlasting glory,
To whose bright shining palace straight she
came,

All fairely deckt with heavens goodly storie;
Whose silver gates (by which there sate an hory
Old aged Sire, with hower-glasse in hand,
Hight Time.) she entred, were he lief or sory;
Ne staide till she the highest stage had scand,
Where Cynthia did sit, that never still did
stand.

IX

Her sitting on an Ivory throne shee found,
Drawne of two steeds, th' one black, the other
white,
Environd with tenne thousand starres around
That dully her attended day and night;
And by her side there ran her Page, that hight
Vesper, whom we the Evening-starre intend;
That with his Torche, still twinkling like
twilight, [wend,
Her lightened all the way where she should
And joy to weary wandring travailers did lend:

X

That when the hardy Titanesse beheld
The goodly building of her Palace bright,
Made of the heavens substance, and up-held
With thousand Crystall pillars of huge hight,
She gan to burne in her ambitious spright,
And t' envie her that in such glory raigned.
Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious might

Her to displace, and to her selfe to have
The kingdome of the Night, and waters
wained.

XI

Boldly shee bid the Goddesse downe de
And let her selfe into that Ivory throne
For shee her selfe more worthy thereof w
And better able it to guide alone;
Whether to men, whose fall shee did ben
Or unto Gods, whose state shee did malig
Or to th' infernall Powers her need give
Of her faire light and bounty most benig
Her selfe of all that rule shee deemed
condigne.

XII

But shee, that had to her that soveraign
By highest Jove assign'd, therein to bea
Nights burning lamp, regarded not her t
Ne yielded ought for favour or for feare
But with sterne count'naunce and disda
cheare,

Bending her horned browes, did put her
And, boldly blaming her for comming th
Bade her attonce from heavens coast to
Or at her perill bide the wrathfull Th
wrack.

XIII

Yet nathemore the Giantesse forbare,
But boldly preacing-on raught forth her
To pluck her downe perforce from o
chaire;

And, there-with lifting up her golden w
Threatned to strike her if shee did with-
Where-at the starres, which round abou
blazed,

And eke the Moones bright wagon sti
stand,
All beeing with so bold attempt amazed
And on her uncouth habit and sterne
still gazed.

XIV

Mean-while the lower World, which n
knew
Of all that chaunced heere, was darkned
And eke the heavens, and all the he
crew

Of happy wights, now unpurvaide of light
Were much afraid, and wondred at that
Fearing least Chaos broken had his cha
And brought againe on them eternall n
But chiefly Mercury, that next doth ra
Ran forth in haste unto the king of G
plaine.

XV

All ran together with a great out-cry
To Joves faire palace fixt in heavens h

beating at his gates full earnestly,
call to him aloud with all their might
now what meant that suddaine lacke of
light.

father of the Gods, when this he heard,
troubled much at their so strange affright,
noting least Typhon were againe uprear'd,
ther his old foes that once him sorely
feard.

XVI

soones the sonne of Maia forth he sent
ne to the Circle of the Moone, to knowe
cause of this so strange astonishment,
why she did her wonted course forslowe;
if that any were on earth belowe
did with charmes or Magick her molest,
to attache, and downe to hell to throwe;
if from heaven it were, then to arrest
Author, and him bring before his presence
prest.

XVII

wingd-foot God so fast his plumes did
beat,
soone he came where-as the Titanesse
striving with faire Cynthia for her seat;
whose strange sight and haughty hardi-
nesse
wondred much, and feared her no lesse:
paying feare aside to doe his charge,
st he bade her (with bold stedfastnesse)
se to molest the Moone to walke at large,
come before high Jove her dooings to dis-
charge.

XVIII

l there-with-all he on her shoulder laid
snaky-wreathed Mace, whose awfull power
make both Gods and hellish fiends affraid:
e-at the Titanesse did sternly lower,
stoutly answer'd, that in evill hower
rom his Jove such message to her brought,
id her leave faire Cynthia's silver bower;
shee his Jove and him esteemed nought,
nore then Cynthia's selfe; but all their
kingdoms sought.

XIX

e Heavens Herald staid not to reply,
past away, his doings to relate
o his Lord; who now, in th' highest sky,
placed in his principall Estate,
n all the Gods about him congregat:
whom when Hermes had his message told,
d them all exceedingly amate,
e Jove; who, changing nought his count-
'nance bold, [unfold;
unto them at length these speeches wise

XX

'Harken to mee awhile, yee heavenly
Powers!

Ye may remember since th' Earths cursed seed
Sought to assaile the heavens eternall towers,
And to us all exceeding feare did breed,
But, how we then defeated all their deed,
Yee all do knowe, and them destroyed quite;
Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed
An off-spring of their bloud, which did alite
Upon the fruitfull earth, which doth us yet
despite.

XXI

'Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred,
That now with bold presumption doth aspire
To thrust faire Phœbe from her silver bed,
And eke our selves from heavens High Empire,
If that her might were match to her desire,
Wherefore it now behoves us to advise
What way is best to drive her to retire,
Whether by open force, or counsell wise:
Areed, ye sonnes of God, as best ye can de-
vise.

XXII

So having said, he ceast; and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow, [beck
And even the highest Powers of heaven to
check)
Made signe to them in their degrees to speake,
Who straight gan cast their counsell grave
and wise. [nought did reck
Mean-while th' Earths daughter, though she
Of Hermes message, yet gan now advise
What course were best to take in this hot
bold emprise.

XXIII

Eftsoones she thus resolv'd; that whil'st the
(After returne of Hermes Embassie) [Gods
Were troubled, and amongst themselves at
Before they could new counsels re-allie, [ods,
To set upon them in that extasie, [tend.
And take what fortune, time, and place would
So forth she rose, and through the purest sky
To Joves high Palace straight cast to ascend,
To prosecute her plot. Good on-set boads
good end.

XXIV

Shee there arriving boldly in did pass;
Where all the Gods she found in counsell
close,
All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was.
At sight of her they suddaine all arose
In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose:

But Jove, all fearlesse, forc't them to aby;
And in his soveraine throne gan straight dispose
Himselfe, more full of grace and Majestie,
That mote encheare his friends, and foes mote
terrifie.

XXV

That when the haughty Titanesse beheld,
All were she fraught with pride and impu-
dence,
Yet with the sight thereof was almost queld;
And, inly quaking, seem'd as rest of sense
And voyd of speech in that drad audience,
Until that Jove himselfe her selfe bespake:
'Speake, thou fraile woman, speake with con-
fidence; [now make?
Whence art thou, and what doost thou here
What idle errand hast thou earths mansion to
forsake?'

XXVI

She, halfe confused with his great com-
maund,
Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demaund:
'I am a daughter, by the mothers side,
Of her that is Grand-mother magnifide
Of all the Gods, great Earth, great Chaos
But by the fathers, (be it not envie) [child;
I greater am in bloud (whereon I build)
Then all the Gods, though wrongfully from
heaven exil'd.

XXVII

'For Titan (as ye all acknowledge must)
Was Saturnes elder brother by birth-right,
Both sonnes of Uranus; but by unjust [slight,
And guilefull meanes, through Corybantes
The younger thrust the elder from his right:
Since which thou, Jove, injuriously hast held
The Heavens rule from Titans sonnes by
might,
And them to hellish dungeons downe hast feld.
Witness, ye Heavens, the truth of all that I
have told!'

XXVIII

Whil'st she thus spake, the Gods, that gave
good eare
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
(Beeing of stature tall as any there
Of all the Gods, and beautifull of face
As any of the Goddesses in place,
Stood all astonied; like a sort of steeres,
Mongst whom some beast of strange and for-
raine race [peeres:
Unwares is chaunc't, far straying from his
So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden
feares.

XXIX

Till, having pauz'd awhile, Jove thus
spake:
'Will never mortall thoughts cease to
In this bold sort to Heaven claime to ma
And touch celestiall seats with earthly
I would have thought that bold Pro
Or Typhons fall, or proud Ixions paine
Or great Prometheus tasting of our ire,
Would have suffiz'd the rest for to restr
And warn'd all men by their example
fraine.

XXX

'But now this off-scum of that cursed
Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
And challenge th' heritage of this our sk
Whom what should hinder, but that we
Should handle as the rest of her allies,
And thunder-drive to hell?' With th
shooke
His Nectar-deawed locks, with which the
And all the world beneath for terror qu
And eft his burning levin-brond in ha
tooke.

XXXI

But when he looked on her lovely face,
In which faire beames of beauty did app
That could the greatest wrath soone tu
grace,
(Such sway doth beauty even in Heaven
He staid his hand; and, having chang
He thus againe in milder wise began: [c
'But ah! if Gods should strive with
yfare,
Then shortly should the progeny of mar
Be rooted out, if Jove should do still w
can.

XXXII

'But thee, faire Titans child, I rather v
Through some vaine errour, or induo
light,
To see that mortall eyes have never seen
Or through ensample of thy sisters might
Bellona, whose great glory thou doost sp
Since thou hast seene her dreadfull pow
lowe, [aff
Mongst wretched men (dismaide with
To bandie Crownes, and Kingdoms to bes
And sure thy worth no lesse then hers
seem to showe.

XXXIII

'But wote thou this, thou hardy Titan
That not the worth of any living wight
May challenge ought in Heavens interest
Much lesse the Title of old Titans Right

we by conquest, of our soveraine might,
 By eternal doome of Fates decree,
 We wonne the Empire of the Heavens bright;
 Rich to our selves we hold, and to whom
 wee
 All worthy deeme partakers of our blisse to
 bee.

XXXIV

Then cease thy idle claime, thou foolish
 gerle;
 And seeke by grace and goodnesse to obtaine
 That place, from which by folly Titan fell:
 Ere to thou maist perhaps, if so thou faine
 Have Jove thy gracious Lord and Sovaine.
 Having said, she thus to him replide:
 O Jove, Saturnes sonne, to seeke by proffers
 vaine
 Idle hopes t' allure me to thy side,
 To betray my Right before I have it tride.

XXXV

But thee, O Jove! no equall Judge I deeme
 My desert, or of my dewfull Right;
 But in thine owne behalfe maist partiall seeme:
 To the highest him, that is behight
 Her of Gods and men by equall might,
 Sweet, the God of Nature, I appeale.
 Ere-at Jove waxed wroth, and in his spright
 Only grudge, yet did it well conceale;
 He bade Dan Phœbus scribe her Appellation
 seale.

XXXVI

Soones the time and place appointed were,
 Where all, both heavenly Powers and earthly
 wights,
 Before great Natures presence should appeare,
 For triall of their Titles and best Rights:
 At was, to weet, upon the highest hights
 Arlo-hill (Who knowes not Arlo-hill?)
 That is the highest head (in all mens sights)
 My old father MOLE, whom Shepheards
 quill [skill.
 Crowned hath with hymnes fit for a rural

XXXVII

And, were it not ill fitting for this file
 Singing of hilles and woods mongst warres and
 Knights,
 Could abate the sternenesse of my stile,
 Against these sterne stounds to mingle soft
 delights;
 I tell how Arlo, through Dianaes spights,
 Being of old the best and fairest Hill
 That was in all this holy Islands hights)
 Is made the most unpleasant and most ill:
 While, O Clio! lend Calliope thy quill.

XXXVIII

Whylome when IRELAND florished in fame
 Of wealths and goodnesse, far above the rest
 Of all that beare the British Islands name,
 The gods then us'd (for pleasure and for rest)
 Oft to resort there-to, when seem'd them best,
 But none of all there-in more pleasure found
 Then Cynthia, that is soveraine Queene profest
 Of woods and forrests which therein abound,
 Sprinkled with wholsom waters more then most
 on ground:

XXXIX

But mongst them all, as fittest for her game,
 Eyther for chace of beasts with hound or boawe,
 Or for to shrowde in shade from Phœbus flame,
 Or bathe in fountaines that do freshly flowe,
 Or from high hilles or from the dales belowe,
 She chose this Arlo; where she did resort
 With all her Nymphes enrag'd on a rowe,
 With whom the woody Gods did oft consort,
 Forwith the Nymphes the Satyres love to play
 and sport.

XL

Amongst the which there was a Nymph that
 Molanna; daughter of old Father Mole, [hight
 And sister unto Mulla faire and bright,
 Unto whose bed false Bregog whylome stole,
 That Shepheard Colin dearely did condole, [be:
 And made her lucklesse loves well knowne to
 But this Molanna, were she not so shole,
 Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee;
 Yet, as she is, a fayrer flood may no man see.

XLI

For, first, she springs out of two marble Rocks,
 On which a grove of Oakes high-mounted
 growes,
 That as a girlond seemes to deck the locks
 Of som faire Bride, brought forth with pom-
 pous showes
 Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes:
 So through the flowry Dales she tumbling
 downe
 Through many woods and shady coverts flowes,
 (That on each side her silver channell crowne)
 Till to the Plaine she come, whose Valleyes
 she doth drowne.

XLII

In her sweet streames Diana used oft
 (After her sweaty chace and toylesome play)
 To bathe her selfe; and, after, on the soft
 And downy grasse her dainty limbes to lay
 In covert shade, where none behold her may;
 For much she hated sight of living eye.
 Foolish god Faunus, though full many a day
 He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly [vity.
 To see her naked mongst her Nymphes in pri-

XLIII

No way he found to compasse his desire,
But to corrupt Molanna, this her maid,
Her to discover for some secret hire :
So her with flattering words he first assaid ;
And after, pleasing gifts for her purvaide,
Queene-apples, and red Cherries from the tree,
With which he her allured, and betrayd
To tell what time he might her Lady see
When she her selfe did bathe, that he might
secret bee.

XLIV

There-to he promist, if shee would him
pleasure [better ;
With this small boone, to quit her with a
To weet, that where-as shee had out of measure
Long lov'd the Fanchin, who by nought did
set her,

That he would undertake for this to get her
To be his Love, and of him liked well :
Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debter
For many moe good turnes then he would tell,
The least of which this little pleasure should
excell.

XLV

The simple mayd did yield to him anone ;
And eft him placed where he close might view
That never any saw, save onely one,
Who, for his hire to so foole-hardy dew,
Was of his hounds devour'd in Hunters hew.
Tho, as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana, with her Nymphes about her, drew
To this sweet spring ; where, doffing her array,
She bath'd her lovely limbes, for Jove a likely
pray.

XLVI

There Faunus saw that pleased much his eye,
And made his hart to tickle in his brest,
That, for great joy of some-what he did spy,
He could him not containe in silent rest ;
But, breaking forth in laughter, loud profest
His foolish thought : A foolish Faune indeed,
That couldst not hold thy selfe so hidden blest,
But wouldest needs thine owne conceit areed !
Babblers unworthy been of so divine a meed.

XLVII

The Goddesse, all abashed with that noise,
In haste forth started from the guilty brooke ;
And, running straight where-as she heard his
voice,
Enclos'd the bush about, and there him tooke,
Like darred Larke, not daring up to looke
On her whose sight before so much he sought.
Thence forth they drew him by the hornes, and
shooke

Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought
And then into the open light they forth
brought.

XLVIII

Like as an huswife, that with busie care
Thinks of her Dairy to make wondrous ga
Finding where-as some wicked beast unw
That breakes into her Dayr' house, there
draine [pa
Her creaming pannes, and frustrate all
Hath, in some snare or gin set close behind
Entrapped him, and caught into her traine
Then thinkes what punishment were
assign'd,
And thousand deathes deviseth in her ver
full mind.

XLIX

So did Diana and her maydens all
Use silly Faunus, now within their baile :
They mocke and scorne him, and him fo
miscall ; [t
Some by the nose him pluckt, some by
And by his goatish beard some did him ha
Yet he (poore soule!) with patience all
beare ; [va
For nought against their wils might coun
Ne ought he said, what ever he did heare,
But, hanging downe his head, did like a M
appeare.

L

At length, when they had flouted him th
all
They gan to cast what penaunce him to gi
Some would have gelt him ; but that sa
would spill [li
The Wood-gods breed, which must for e
Others would through the river him have d
And ducked deepe ; but that seem'd penau
light :
But most agreed, and did this sentence gi
Him in Deares skin to clad ; and in that p
To hunt him with their hounds, him selfe s
how hee might.

LI

But Cynthia's selfe, more angry then the r
Thought not enough to punish him in spor
And of her shame to make a gamesome jes
But gan examine him in straighter sort,
Which of her Nymphes, or other close cons
Him thither brought, and her to him betra
He, much affeard, to her confessed short
That 'twas Molanna which her so bewraide.
Then all attonce their hands upon Molar
laid.

LII

But him (according as they had decreed)
With a Deeres-skin they covered, and then
chast
With all their hounds that after him did speed;
That he, more speedy, from them fled more
fast
Then any Deere, so sore him dread aghast.
They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,
outing as they the heavens would have
brast; [flie,
That all the woods and dales, where he did
ring alose, and loud re-eccho to the skie.

LIII

So they him follow'd till they weary were;
Then, back returning to Molann' againe,
They, by commaund'ment of Diana, there
were whelm'd with stones. Yet Faunus (for
her paine)
Her beloved Fanchin did obtaine,
That her he would receive unto his bed:
Now her waves passe through a pleasant
Plaine,
And with the Fanchin she her selfe do wed,
And (both combin'd) themselves in one faire
river spred.

LIV

Nath'lesse Diana, full of indignation,
Thence-forth abandond her delicious brooke,
In whose sweet streame, before that bad oc-
casion,
So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke:
Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke
All those faire forrests about Arlo hid;
An! all that Mountaine, which doth over-looke
The richest champain that may else be rid;
And the faire Shure, in which are thousand
Salmons bred.

LV

Them all, and all that she so deare did way,
Thence-forth she left; and, parting from the
place,
There-on an heavy haplesse curse did lay;
To weet, that Wolves, where she was wont to
space,
Should harbour'd be and all those Woods deface,
And Thieves should rob and spoile that Coast
around: [Chase
Since which, those Woods, and all that goodly
Doth to this day with Wolves and Thieves a-
bound: [since have found.
Which too-too true that lands in-dwellers

CANTO VII.

Peeling from Jove to Nature's bar,
Bold Alteration pleades
Large Evidence: but Nature soone
Her righteous Doome areads.

I

Oh! whither doost thou now, thou greater
Muse, [bring,
From these woods and pleasing forrests
And my fraile spirit, (that dooth oft refuse
This too high flight, unfit for her weake wing)
To ft up aloft, to tell of heavens King
(thy soveraine Sire) his fortunate successe;
And victory in bigger notes to sing
Which he obtain'd against that Titanesse,
That him of heavens Empire sought to dis-
possesse?

II

Yet, sith I needs must follow thy behest,
To thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,
For this turne; and in my feeble brest
Kindle fresh sparks of that immortall fire
Which learned minds inflameth with desire

Of heavenly things: for who, but thou alone
That art yborne of heaven and heavenly
Sire,
Can tell things doen in heaven so long ygone,
So farre past memory of man that may be
knowne?

III

Now, at the time that was before agreed,
The gods assembled all on Arlo Hill;
As well those that are sprung of heavenly seed,
As those that all the other world do fill,
And rule both sea and land unto their will:
Onely th' infernall Powers might not appeare;
As well for horror of their count'naunce ill,
As for th' unruly fiends which they did
feare;
Yet Pluto and Proserpina were present
there.

IV

And thither also came all other creatures,
 What-euer life or motion do retaine,
 According to their sundry kinds of features,
 That Arlo scarsly could them all containe,
 So full they filled every hill and Plaine;
 And had not Natures Sergeant (that is Order)
 Them well disposed by his busie paine,
 And raunged farre abroad in every border,
 They would have caused much confusion and
 disorder.

V

Then forth issewed (great goddesse) great
 dame Nature
 With goodly port and gracious Majesty,
 Being far greater and more tall of stature
 Then any of the gods or Powers on hie:
 Yet certes by her face and physnomy,
 Whether she man or woman inly were,
 That could not any creature well descry;
 For with a veile, that wimpled every where,
 Her head and face was hid that mote to none
 appeare.

VI

That, some do say, was so by skill devised,
 To hide the terror of her uncouth hew
 From mortall eyes that should be sore agrized;
 For that her face did like a Lion shew,
 That eye of wight could not indure to view:
 But others tell that it so beautilous was,
 And round about such beames of splendor
 threw,
 That it the Sunne a thousand times did pass,
 Ne could be seene but like an image in a glass.

VII

That well may seemen true; for well I
 weene,
 That this same day when she on Arlo sat,
 Her garment was so bright and wondrous
 sheene,
 That my fraile wit cannot devise to what
 It to compare, nor finde like stuffe to that:
 As those three sacred Saints, though else most
 wise,
 Yet on mount Thabor quite their wits forgat,
 When they their glorious Lord in strange dis-
 guise [their eyes.
 Transfigur'd sawe; his garments so did daze

VIII

In a fayre Plaine upon an equall Hill
 She placed was in a pavilion;
 Not such as Craftes-men by their idle skill
 Are wont for Princes states to fashion;
 But th' Earth herselfe, of her owne motion,
 Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe

Most dainty trees, that, shooting up anon,
 Did seeme to bow their bloosming heads t

lowe

For homage unto her, and like a throne
 showe.

IX

So hard it is for any living wight
 All her array and vestiments to tell.
 That old Dan Geffrey (in whose gentle sprig
 The pure well head of Poesie did dwell)
 In his *Foules parley* durst not with it mel,
 But it transferd to Alane, who he thought
 Had in his *Plaint of kinde* describ'd it well
 Which who will read set forth so as it ough
 Go seek he out that Alane where he may
 sought.

X

And all the earth far underneath her feete
 Was dight with flowers that voluntary grew
 Out of the ground, and sent forth odours swee
 Tenne thousand mores of sundry sent and he
 That might delight the smell, or please the vie
 The which the Nymphes from all the broo
 thereby

Had gathered, they at her foot-stoole threw
 That richer seem'd then any tapestry,
 That Princes bowres adorne with paint
 imagery.

XI

And Mole himselfe, to honour her the more
 Did deck himselfe in freshest faire attire;
 And his high head, that seemeth alwayes ho
 With hardned frosts of former winters ire,
 He with an Oaken girlond now did tire,
 As if the love of some new Nymph, late seen
 Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,
 And made him change his gray attire to green
 Ah, gentle Mole! such joyance hath thee w
 beseeene.

XII

Was never so great joyance since the day
 That all the gods whylome assembled were
 On Hæmus hill in their divine array,
 To celebrate the solemne bridall cheare
 Twixt Peleus and Dame Thetis pointed ther
 Where Phœbus selfe, that god of Poets high
 They say, did sing the spousall hymne f
 cleere,
 That all the gods were raviht with delight
 Of his celestiall song, and Musicks wondro
 might.

XIII

This great Grandmother of all creatures bre
 Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld;
 Still mooving, yet unmoved from her sted;
 Unseene of any, yet of all beheld;
 Thus sitting in her throne, as I have told,

her came dame Mutability;
being lowe before her presence fold
meek obaysance and humilitie,
gan her plaintif Plea with words to
amplifie:

XIV

thee, O greatest Goddess, onely great!
umble suppliant loe! I lowely fly,
ing for Right, which I of thee entreat,
Right to all dost deale indifferently,
ing all Wrong and tortious Injurie.
h any of thy creatures do to other
essing them with power unequally,)
f them all thou art the equall mother,
knittest each to each, as brother unto
brother.

XV

thee therefore of this same Jove I plaine,
f his fellow gods that faine to be,
challenge to themselves the whole worlds
raign,
ich the greatest part is due to me,
eaven it selfe by heritage in Fee:
eaven and earth I both alike do deeme,
eaven and earth are both alike to thee,
ods no more then men thou doest esteeme;
en the gods to thee, as men to gods, do
seeme.

XVI

n weigh, O soveraigne goddess! by
what right [rainty,
ods do claime the worlds whole sove-
hat is onely dew unto thy might
ate to themselves ambitiously:
the gods owne principality,
a Jove usurpes unjustly, that to be
eritage Jove's selfe cannot denie,
my great Grandsire Titan unto mee
d by dew descent; as is well known to
thee.

XVII

mauger Jove, and all his gods beside,
ossesse the worlds most regiment;
ve please it into parts divide,
very parts inholders to convent,
to your eyes appeare incontinent.
irst, the Earth (great mother of us all)
only seemes unmov'd and permanent,
nto Mutabilitie not thrall, [rall:
she chang'd in part, and eeke in gene-

XVIII

all that from her springs, and is ybredde,
ver faire it flourish for a time,
e we soone decay; and, being dead,
ne againe unto their earthly slime:

Yet, out of their decay and mortall crime,
We daily see new creatures to arize,
And of their Winter spring another Prime,
Unlike in forme, and chang'd by strange dis-
guise: [lesse wise.
So turne they still about, and change in rest-

XIX

'As for her tenants, that is, man and beasts,
The beasts we daily see massacred dy
As thralls and vassals unto mens beheasts;
And men themselves do change continually,
From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
From good to bad, from bad to worst of all:
Ne doe their bodies only flit and fly,
But eeke their minds (which they immortall
call) [sions fall.
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occa-

XX

'Ne is the water in more constant case,
Whether those same on high, or these belowe;
For th' Ocean moveth still from place to
place,
And every River still doth ebbe and flowe;
Ne any Lake, that seems most still and slowe,
Ne Poole so small, that can his smoothnesse
holde
When any winde doth under heaven blowe;
With which the clouds are also tost and roll'd,
Now like great Hills, and streight like sluces
them unfold.

XXI

'So likewise are all watry living wights
Still tost and turned with continuall change,
Never abiding in their stedfast plights:
The fish, still floting, doe at rand'on range,
And never rest, but evermore exchange
Their dwelling places, as the streames them
carrie:
Ne have the watry foules a certaine grange
Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry;
But flitting still doe flie, and still their places
vary.

XXII

'Next is the Ayre; which who feelles not by
sense
(For of all sense it is the middle meane)
To flit still, and with subtile influence
Of his thin spirit all creatures to maintaine
In state of life? O weake life! that does
On thing so tickle as th' unsteady ayre, [leane
Which every howre is chang'd and altdred
cleane
With every blast that bloweth, fowle or faire:
The faire doth it prolong; the fowle doth it
impaire.

XXIII

'Therein the changes infinite beholde,
Which to her creatures every minute chaunce;
Now boyling hot, streight friezing deadly cold;
Now faire sun-shine, that makes all skip and
daunce; [tenance
Streight bitter stormes, and balefull coun-
That makes them all to shiver and to shake:
Rayne, haile, and snowe do pay them sad
penance, [quake)
And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them
With flames and flashing lights that thousand
changes make.

XXIV

'Last is the fire; which, though it live for
Necan be quenched quite, yet every day [ever,
We see his parts, so soone as they do sever,
To lose their heat and shortly to decay;
So makes himself his owne consuming pray:
Ne any living creatures doth he breed,
But all that are of others bredd doth slay;
And with their death his cruell life dooth feed:
Nought leaving but their barren ashes without
seede.

XXV

'Thus all these fower (the which the ground-
work bee
Of all the world and of all living wights)
To thousand sorts of Change we subject see:
Yet are they chang'd (by other wondrous
slights)
Into themselves, and lose their native might;
The Fire to Ayre, and th' Ayre to Water
sheere,
And Water into Earth; yet Water fights
With Fire, and Ayre with Earth, approaching
neere:
Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

XXVI

'So in them all raignes Mutabilitie;
How-ever these, that Gods themselves do call,
Of them do claime the rule and soveraintie;
As Vesta, of the fire æthereall;
Vulcan, of this with us so usuall;
Ops, of the earth; and Juno, of the ayre;
Neptune, of seas; and Nymphes, of Rivers all:
For all those Rivers to me subject are,
And all the rest, which they usurp, be all my
share.

XXVII

'Which to approven true, as I have told,
Vouchsafe, O Goddesses! to thy presence call
The rest which doe the world in being hold;
As times and seasons of the yeare that fall:

Of all the which demand in generall,
Or judge thyselfe, by verdit of thine eyes,
Whether to me they are not subject all.
Nature did yeeld thereto; and by-and-by
Bade Order call them all before her Majestie.

XXVIII

So forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeare
First, lusty Spring, all dight in leav
flowres [ll
That freshly budded and new bloosmes
(In which a thousand birds had built
bowres

That sweetly sung to call forth Paramour
And in his hand a javelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stour)
A guilt engraven morion he did weare:
That as some did him love, so others did
feare.

XXIX

Then came the jolly Sommer, being dig
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light;
And on his head a girlond well beseene
He wore, from which, as he had chauffed
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A boawe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore;
And now would bathe his limbes with
heated sore.

XXX

Then came the Autumne all in yellow
As though he joyed in his plentious store
Laden with fruits that made him laugh
glad
That he had banisht hunger, which to-for
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore:
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
With ears of corne of every sort, he bore;
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruits the which
earth had yold.

XXXI

Lastly, came Winter cloathed all in friz
Chattering his teeth for cold that did
chill; [fr
Whil'st on his hoary beard his breath
And the dull drops, that from his pu
bill
As from a limbeck did adown distill.
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still
For he was faint with cold, and weak with
That scarce his loosed limbes he hable w
weld.

XXXII

se, marching softly, thus in order went;
 After them the Monthes all riding came.
 , sturdy March, with brows full sternly
 armed strongly, rode upon a Ram, [bent
 same which over Hellespontus swam;
 in his hand a spade he also hent,
 in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
 ch on the earth he strowed as he went,
 fild her wombe with fruitfull hope of
 nourishment.

XXXIII

xt came fresh Aprill, full of lustyhed,
 wanton as a Kid whose horne new buds:
 a Bull he rode, the same which led
 pa floting through th' Argolick fluds:
 ornes were gilden all with golden studs,
 garnished with garlonds goodly dight
 of the fairest flowres and freshest buds
 ch th' earth brings forth; and wet he
 seem'd in sight [loves delight.
 a waves, through which he waded for his

XXXIV

en came faire May, the sayrest mayd on
 ground,
 t all with dainties of her seasons pryde,
 throwing flowres out of her lap around:
 a two brethrens shoulders she did ride,
 twinnes of Leda; which on eyther side
 ported her like to their soveraigne Queene:
 ! how all creatures laught when her they
 spide
 leapt and daunc't as they had ravisht beene!
 Cupid selfe about her flutred all in
 greene.

XXXV

After her came jolly June, arrayd
 a greene leaves, as he a Player were;
 n his time he wrought as well as playd,
 by his plough-yrons mote right well
 appeare.
 a Crab he rode, that him did beare
 crooked crawling steps an uncouth pase,
 backward yode, as Bargemen wont to
 fare
 ing their force contrary to their face;
 that ungracious crew which faines demu-
 rest grace.

XXXVI

n came hot July boyling like to fire,
 all his garments he had cast away.
 a Lyon raging yet with ire
 oldly rode, and made him to obay:
 as the beast that whylome did forray
 Nemaean Forrest, till th' Amphytrionide
 slew, and with his hide did him array.

Behinde his back a sithe, and by his side
 Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

XXXVII

The sixt was August, being rich arrayd
 In garment all of gold downe to the ground;
 Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Mayd
 Forth by the lilly hand, the which was cround
 With eares of corne, and full her hand was
 found:

That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
 Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound;
 But after Wrong was lov'd, and Justice solde,
 She left th' unrighteous world, and was to
 heaven extold.

XXXVIII

Next him September marched, eeke on foote,
 Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle
 Of harvests riches, which he made his boot,
 And him enrich with bounty of the soyle:
 In his one hand, as fit for harvests toyle,
 He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand
 A paire of waights, with which he did assoyle
 Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did
 stand,
 And equall gave to each as Justice duly scann'd.

XXXIX

Then came October full of merry glee;
 For yet his noule was totty of the must,
 Which he was treading in the wine-fats see,
 And of the joyous oyle, whose gentle gust
 Made him so frolicke and so full of lust:
 Upon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,
 The same which by Dianaes doom unjust
 Slew great Orion; and eeke by his side [tyde.
 He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready

XL

Next was November; he full grosse and fat
 As fed with lard, and that right well might
 seeme;
 For he had been a fattening hogs of late, [steem,
 That yet his browes with sweat did reek and
 And yet the season was full sharp and breem:
 In planting eeke he took no small delight.
 Whereon he rode not easie was to deeme;
 For it a dreadfull Centaure was in sight,
 The seed of Saturne and faire Nais, Chiron
 hight.

XLI

And after him came next the chill December:
 Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
 And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
 His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad.
 Upon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
 The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender yeares,
 They say, was nourisht by th' Idæan mayd;

And in his hand a broad deepe boawle he beares,
Of which he freely drinke an health to all his
peeres.

XLII

Then came old January, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver, like to quell,
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may;
For they were numbd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray:
Upon an huge great Earth-pot steane he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the
Romane Flood.

XLIII

And lastly came cold February, sitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawne of two fishes, for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slyde
And swim away: yet had he by his side
His plough and harness fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting Prime did make them burgein
round.
So past the twelve Months forth, and their dew
places found.

XLIV

And after these there came the Day and
Night,
Riding together both with equall pase,
Th' one on a Palfrey blacke, the other white;
But Night had covered her uncomely face
With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight;
And sleep and darknesse round about did
trace:
But Day did beare upon his scepters hight
The goodly Sun encompass all with beames
bright.

XLV

Then came the Howres, faire daughters of high
Jove
And timely Night; the which were all endewed
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love;
But they were virgins all, and love eschewed
That might forsack the charge to them fore-
shewed
By mighty Jove; who did them porters make
Of heavens gate (whence all the gods issued)
Which they did daily watch, and nightly wake
By even turnes, ne ever did their charge for-
sake.

XLVI

And after all came Life, and lastly Death;
Death with most grim and griesly visage
seene,

Yet is he nought but parting of the breath
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene
Unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseene:
But Life was like a faire young lusty boy
Such as they faine Dan Cupid to have been
Full of delightfull health and lively joy,
Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold
to employ.

XLVII

When these were past, thus gan the Time
nesse:
'Lo! mighty mother, now be judge, and see
Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse
CHANGE doth not raigin and bear the great
sway;

For who sees not that Time on all doth pre-
vail
But Times do change and move continually
So nothing heere long standeth in one sta-
tion
Wherefore this lower world who can deny
But to be subject still to Mutability?'

XLVIII

Then thus gan Jove: 'Right true it is,
these
And all things else that under heaven dw
Are chaung'd of Time, who doth them
disseise

Of being: But who is it (to me tell)
That Time himselfe doth move, and still
To keepe his course? Is not that namely
Which poure that vertue from our heavenly
That moves them all, and makes them cha-
nge?

So them we gods do rule, and in them
thee.

XLIX

To whom thus Mutability: 'The things,
Which we see not how they are mov'd
swayd

Ye may attribute to your selves as Kings,
And say, they by your secret powre are mo-
ved
But what we see not, who shall us perswa-
de
But were they so, as ye them faine to be,
Mov'd by your might and ordered by y
Yet what if I can prove, that even yee [a
Your selves are likewise chang'd, and sub-
ject
unto mee?

L

'And first, concerning her that is the first
Even you, faire Cynthia; whom so much
make

Joves dearest darling, she was bred and nu-
rish
On Cynthus hill, whence she her name
take;

Then is she mortall borne, how-so ye crake
Besides, her face and countenance every da-
y
We changed see and sundry formes partake

now hornd, now round, now bright, now browne
and gray;
that 'as changefull as the Moone' men use
to say.

LI

Next Mercury; who though he lesse appeare
change his hew, and alwayes seeme as one,
he his course doth alter every yeare,
and is of late far out of order gone.
Venus eeke, that goodly Paragone,
ough faire all night, yet is she darke all day:
and Phoebus selfe, who lightsome is alone,
is he oft eclipsed by the way,
and fills the darkned world with terror and
dismay.

LII

Now Mars, that valiant man, is changed
most;
he sometimes so far runnes out of square,
that he his way doth seem quite to have lost,
and cleane without his usuall spheere to fare;
that even these Star-gazers stonisht are
sight thereof, and damne their lying bookes:
likewise grim Sir Saturne oft doth spare
his sterne aspect, and calmes his crabbed lookes.
many turning cranks these have, so many
crookes.

LIII

But you, Dan Jove, that only constant are,
and King of all the rest, as ye doe clame,
ye you not subject eeke to this misfare?
then, let me aske you this withouten blame;
where were ye borne? Some say in Crete by
name,
others in Thebes, and others other-where;
yet, wheresoever they comment the same,
they all consent that ye begotten were
and borne here in this world; ne other can
appeare.

LIV

Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me
lesse the kingdome of the sky yee make
mortall and unchangeable to be:
besides, that power and vertue which ye spake,
that ye here worke, doth many changes take,
and your owne natures change; for each of
you,
that vertue have or this or that to make,
checkt and changed from his nature trew,
others opposition or obliquid view.

LV

Besides, the sundry motions of your Spheares,
sundry wayes and fashions as clerkes saine,
me in short space, and some in longer
yeares,
that is the same but alteration plaine?

Onely the starry skie doth still remaine:
Yet do the Starres and Signes therein still
move,
And even itselfe is mov'd, as wizards saine:
But all that moveth doth mutation love;
Therefore both you and them to me I subject
prove.

LVI

'Then, since within this wide great Universe
Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
But all things tost and turned by transverse,
What then should let, but I aloft should reare
My Trophee, and from all the triumph beare?
Now judge then, (O thou greatest goddesse
trew)

According as thy selfe doest see and heare,
And unto me addoorn that is my dew;
That is, the rule of all, all being rul'd by you.'

LVII

So having ended, silence long ensewed;
Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space,
But with firme eyes affixt the ground still
viewed.

Meane-while all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th' end of this so doubtfull case,
Did hang in long suspence what would ensue,
To whether side should fall the soveraine
place:

At length she, looking up with chearefull view,
The silence brake, and gave her doome in
speeches few.

LVIII

'I well consider all that ye have said,
And find that all things stedfastnesse do hate
And changed be; yet, being rightly wayd,
They are not changed from their first estate;
But by their change their being do dilate,
And turning to themselves at length againe,
Do worke their owne perfection so by fate:
Then over them Change doth not rule and
raigne,
But they raigne over Change, and do their
states maintaine.

LIX

'Cease therefore, daughter, further to aspire,
And thee content thus to be rul'd by mee,
For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire;
But time shall come that all shall changed bee,
And from thenceforth none no more change
shal see.'

So was the Titanessee put downe and whist,
And Jove confirm'd in his imperiall see.
Then was that whole assembly quite dismist,
And Natur's selfe did vanish, whither no man
wist.

THE VIII. CANTO, UNIERFITE.

I

WHEN I bethinke me on that speech why-
 Of Mutabilitie, and well it way! [leare
 Me seemes, that though she all unworthy were
 Of the Heav'ns Rule; yet, very sooth to say,
 In all things else she beares the greatest sway:
 Which makes me loath this state of life so
 tickle,
 And love of things so vaine to cast away;
 Whose flowring pride, so fading and so fickle,
 Short Time shall soon cut down with his con-
 suming sickle.

II

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature say
 Of that same time when no more Change sha-
 be,
 But stedfast rest of all things, firmly stayd
 Upon the pillours of Eternity;
 That is contrayr to Mutabilitie;
 For all that moveth doth in Change delight:
 But thence-forth all shall rest eternally
 With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight
 O! that great Sabaoth God, grant me tha
 Sabaoths sight

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE
SHEPHEARDES CALENDER:
CONTEYNING TWELVE ÆGLOGUES,
PROPORTIONABLE
TO THE TWELVE MONETHES.

ENTITLED

**To the noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of
all titles both of learning and chevalrie,**

MAISTER PHILIP SIDNEY.

TO HIS BOOKE.

*Goe, little booke! thy selfe present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the president
Of Noblesse and of chevalree :
And if that Envie barke at thee,
As sure it will, for succoure flee
Under the shadow of his wing;
And asked who thee forth did bring,
A shepherds swaine, saye, did thee sing
All as his straying flocke he fedde :
And, when his honor has thee redde,
Crave pardon for my hardyhedde.
But, if that any aske thy name,
Say, thou wert base-begot with blame;
For-thy thereof thou takest shame.
And, when thou art past jeoparddee,
Come tell me what was sayd of mee,
And I will send more after thee.*

IMMERITO.

TO THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LEARNED,

BOTH ORATOR AND POETE,

MAYSTER GABRIELL HARVEY,

HIS VERIE SPECIAL AND SINGULAR GOOD FREND E. K. COMMENDETH THE GOOD LYKING OF THIS
HIS LABOUR, AND THE PATRONAGE OF THE NEW POETE.

uncouth, unkiste, sayde the old famous
ete Chaucer: whom for his excellencie and
nderfull skil in making, his scholler
dgate, a worthy scholler of so excellent a
ister, calleth the Loadestarre of our
nguage: and whom our Colin Clout in
Eglogue calleth Tityrus the God of
pheards, comparing hym to the worthines
the Roman Tityrus, Virgile. Which
erbe, myne owne good friend Ma. Harvey,
in that good old Poete it served well
ndares purpose for the bolstering of his
dy brocade, so very well taketh place in this
new Poete, who for that he is uncouth
said Chaucer) is unkist, and unknown to
st men, is regarded but of few. But I
st not, so soone as his name shall come
to the knowledge of men, and his worthines
sounded in the tromp of fame, but that he
ll be not onely kiste, but also beloved of all,
raced of the most, and wondred at of the
No lesse, I thinke, deserveth his witti-
ne in devising, his pithinesse in uttering, his
plaints of love so lovely, his discourses of
sure so pleasantly, his pastoral rudenesse,
morall wisenesse, his dewe observing of
orum everye where, in personages, in
sons, in matter, in speach; and generally,
al seemely simplicity of handeling his
ter, and framing his words: the which
many thinges which in him be straunge, I
w will seeme the straungest, the words them
es being so auncient, the knitting of them
hort and intricate, and the whole Periode
compasse of speache so delightsome for the
ndnesse, and so grave for the straungenesse.
d firste of the wordes to speake, I graunt

they be something hard, and of most men un-
used, yet both English, and also used of most
excellent Authors, and most famous Poetes.
In whom, whenas this our Poet hath bene
much traveled and throughly redd, how could
it be, (as that worthy Oratour sayde) but that
walking in the sonne, although for other cause
he walked, yet needes he mought be sunburnt;
and, having the sound of those auncient Poetes
still ringing in his eares, he mought needes, in
singing, hit out some of theyr tunes. But
whether he useth them by such casualtye and
custome, or of set purpose and choyse, as
thinking them fittest for such rusticall rude-
nesse of shepheards, eyther for that theyr
rough sounde would make his rymes more
ragged and rustical, or els because such olde
and obsolete wordes are most used of country
folke, sure I think, and think I think not
amisse, that they bring great grace, and, as
one would say, auctoritie to the verse. For
albe, amongst many other faultes, it specially
be objected of Valla against Livie, and of
other against Saluste, that with over much
studie they affect antiquitie, as coveting thereby
credence and honor of elder yeeres, yet I am
of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the
lyke, that those auncient solemne wordes are a
great ornament, both in the one, and in the
other; the one labouring to set forth in hys
worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the
other carefully discoursing matters of gravitie
and importance. For, if my memory faile
not, Tullie, in that booke wherein he ende-
voureth to set forth the paterne of a perfect
Oratour, sayth that oftymes an auncient worde
maketh the style seeme grave, and as it were

reverend, no otherwise then we honour and reverence gray heares, for a certain religious regard, which we have of old age. Yet nether every where must old words be stuffed in, nor the common Dialecte and maner of speaking so corrupted therby, that, as in old buildings, it seme disorderly and ruinous. But all as in most exquisite pictures they use to blaze and portraict not only the daintie lineaments of beautye, but also rounde about it to shadowe the rude thickets and craggy cliffs, that, by the basenesse of such parts, more excellency may accrew to the principall; for oftimes we fynde our selves, I knowe not how, singularly delighted with the shewe of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order. Even so doe those rough and harsh termes enlumine, and make more clearly to appeare, the brightnesse of brave and glorious words. So oftentimes a dischorde in Musick maketh a comely concordance: so great delight tooke the worthy Poete Alceus to behold a blemish in the joynt of a wel shaped body. But, if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choyse of old and unwooned words, him may I more justly blame and condemne, or of witlesse headinesse in judging, or of heedelesse hardinesse in condemning; for, not marking the compasse of hys bent, he wil judge of the length of his cast: for in my opinion it is one special prayse of many, which are dew to this Poete, that he hath laboured to restore, as to their rightfull heritage, such good and naturall English words, as have ben long time out of use, and almost cleane disherited. Which is the onely cause, that our Mother tonge, which truly of it self is both ful enough for prose, and stately enough for verse, hath long time ben counted most bare and barreine of both. Which default whenas some endeavoured to salve and recure, they patched up the holes with peces and rags of other languages, borrowing here of the French, there of the Italian, every where of the Latine; not weighing how ill those tongues accorde with themselves, but much worse with ours: So now they have made our English tongue a gallimaufrey, or hodgepodge of al other speches. Other some, not so wel seene in the English tonge as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to here an olde word, albeit very naturall and significant, crye out streight-way, that we speak no English, but gibbrish, or rather such as in old time Evanders mother spake: whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their own mother tonge, to be counted straungers and alienes. The second shame no lesse then the first, that

what so they understand not, they streight-way deeme to be senselesse, and not at al to understode. Much like to the Mole in *Æsop's* fable, that, being blynd her selfe, would in a wise be perswaded that any beast could see. The last, more shameful then both, that, at their owne country and naturall speech, which together with their Nources milke they sucke, they have so base regard and bastard judgement, that they wil not onely themselves labor to garnish and beautifie it, but also repine that of other it shold be embellished. Like the dogge in the maunger, that him selfe can eat no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry bullocke, that so faine would feede whose currish kinde though it cannot be kept from barking, yet conne I them thanke that they refrain from byting.

Now, for the knitting of sentences, which they call the joynts and members therof, and for al the compasse of the speech, it is round without roughnesse, and learned without hardness, such indeede as may be perceived of the leaste, understoode of the moste, but judged onely of the learned. For what in many English wryters useth to be loose, and as were ungyrt, in this Authour is well grounded finely framed, and strongly trussed up together. In regard wherof, I scorne and spue out the rakehellie route of our ragged rymers (for themselves use to hunt the letter) which without learning boste, without judgement jangle without reason rage and some, as if some instinct of Poeticall spirite had newly ravished them above the meanenesse of common capacity. And being, in the midst of all theyr braver sodenly, eyther for want of matter, or of ryme, or having forgotten theyr former conceipt, they seeme to be so pained and traueiled in theyr remembrance, as it were a woman in child birth, or as that same Pythia, when the traunce came upon her: 'Os rabidum fera comdomans, &c.'

Nethelasse, let them a Gods name feede of theyr owne folly, so they seeke not to darken the beames of others glory. As for Colin, and whose person the Authour selfe is shadowed how furre he is from such vaunted titles and glorious showes, both him selfe sheweth, when he sayth,

'Of Muses Hobbin, I conne no skill.

And

'Enough is me to paint out my unrest, &c.'

And also appeareth by the basenesse of his name, wherein it semeth he chose rather to unfold great matter of argument covertly than

essing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. which moved him rather in *Æglogues* then wise to write, doubting perhaps his habilitie which he little needed, or mynding to shew our tongue with this kinde, wherein it lieth; or following the example of the best most auncient Poetes, which devised this of wryting, being both so base for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the first to shew their habilities; and as young birdes, newly crept out of the nest, by little to prove their tender wyngs, before they take a greater flight. So flew Theocritus, as may perceive he was all ready full fledged. So flew Virgile, as not yet well feeling his wings. So flew Mantuane, as not being full of his art. So Petrarque. So Boccace. So Sanazarus, and also divers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes, whoe foting this Author every where followe yet so as few, but they be wel sented, can follow him out. So finally flyeth this our newe as a birde whose principals be scarce shewen out, but yet as one that in time shall be able to keepe wing with the best.

Now, as touching the generall drift and use of his *Æglogues*, I mind not to say more, but him selfe labouring to conceale it. Onely appeareth, that his unstayed yowth had wandered in the common Labyrinth of love, in which time to mitigate and allay the violence of his passion, or els to warne (as he doth) the young shepheards, &c. his equalls and companions, of his unfortunate folly, he composed these xij *Æglogues*, which, for that they be proportioned to the state of the xij shepethes, he termeth the Shepheards Calendar, giving an olde name to a new worke. Here have I added a certain Glosse, or schooll for the exposition of old wordes, and of his phrases; which maner of glosing and commenting, well I wote, will seeme straunge to our eares in our tongue: yet, for so much as I have many excellent and proper devises, both in wordes and matter, would passe in the ordinary course of reading, either as unknowne, or not marked, and that in this kind, as in our time we might be equal to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines to make them, the rather for that by meanes of this familiar acquaintance I was made privie to the counsell and secret meaning in them, as in sundry other works of his, which albeit they be nothing so much hateth as to promulge yet thus much have I adventured upon his behalf, him selfe being for long time furred and blinded, hoping that this will the rather

occasion him to put forth divers other excellent works of his, which slepe in silence; as his *Dreames*, his *Legendes*, his *Court of Cupide*, and sondry others, whose commendations to set out were verie vaine, the thinges though worthy of many, yet being knowne to few. These my present paynes, if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you judge, mine own good maister Harvey, to whom I have, both in respect of your worthinesse generally, and otherwyse upon some particular and special considerations, vowed this my labour, and the maydenhead of this our common friends Poetrie; himselfe having already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and worthy Gentleman, the right worshipfull Ma. Phi. Sidney, a special favourer and maintainer of all kind of learning. Whose cause, I pray you, Sir, yf Envie shall stir up any wrongful accusasion, defend with your mighty Rhetorick and other your rare gifts of learning, as you can, and shield with your good wil, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies, as I know will be set on fire with the sparks of his kindled glory. And thus recommending the Author unto you, as unto his most special good friend, and my selfe unto you both, as one making singular account of two so very good and so choise friends, I bid you both most hartely farwel, and commit you and your commendable studies to the tuition of the Greatest.

Your owne assuredly to be commaunded,

E. K.

Post scr.

NOW I trust, M. Harvey, that upon sight of your special friends and fellow Poets doings, or els for envie of so many unworthy Quidams, which catch at the garland which to you alone is dewe, you will be perswaded to pluck out of the hateful darknesse those so many excellent English poemmes of yours which lye hid, and bring them forth to eternall light. Trust me, you doe both them great wrong, in depriving them of the desired sonne; and also your selfe, in smothering your deserved prayses; and all men generally, in withholding from them so divine pleasures, which they might conceive of your gallant English verses, as they have already doen of your Latine Poemes, which, in my opinion, both for invention and Elocution are very delicate and superexcellant. And thus againe I take my leave of my good Maysister Harvey: from my lodging at London this 10. of Aprill, 1579.

THE GENERALL ARGUMENT OF THE WHOLE BOOKE.

LITTLE, I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first Originall of *Æglogues*, having alreadye touched the same. But, for the word *Æglogues*, I know, is unknowne to most; and also mistaken of some of the best learned (as they think,) I wyll say somewhat thereof, being not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes, the inventours of them, called *Æglogai*, as it were *αἰγῶν*, or *αἰγονόμων λόγοι*, that is, Gotheards tales. For although in Virgile and others the speakers be more Shepheards then Goat-heards, yet Theocritus, in whom is more ground of authoritie then in Virgile, this specially from that deriving, as from the first head and welspring, the whole Invention of these *Æglogues*, maketh Gotheards the persons and authors of his tales. This being, who seeth not the grossenesse of such as by colour of learning would make us beleve that they are more rightly termed *Eclogai*, as they would say, extraordinary discourses of unnecessary matter: which definition albe in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth with the *ἀνάλυσις* and interpretation of the word. For they be not termed *Eclogues*, but *Æglogues*; which sentence this authour very well observing, upon good judgement, though indeede few Gotheards have to doe herein, nethelesse doubteth not to cal them by the used and best known name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserve to greater occasion.

These xij *Æglogues*, every where answering to the seasons of the twelve monthes, may be well divided into three formes or ranckes. For eyther they be Plaintive, as the first, the sixt, the eleventh, and the twelfth; or Recreative, such as al those be, which containe matter of love, or commendation of special personages; or Moral, which for the most part be mixed with some Satyricall bitterness; namely, the second, of reverence dewe to old

age; the fift, of coloured deceit; the seventh, and ninth, of dissolute shepheards and tours; the tenth, of contempt of Poetrie pleasaunt wits. And to this division every thing herein be reasonably applyed few onely except, whose speciall purpose meaning I am not privie to. And much generally of these xij *Æglogues*. I will we speake particularly of all, and first the first, which he calleth by the first moneth name, Januarie: wherein to some he seeme fowly to have faulted, in that heerously beginneth with that moneth, w^{ch} beginneth not the yeare. For it is wel known and stoutely mainteyned with stronge reason of the learned, that the yeare beginneth March; for then the sonne reneweth his finished course, and the seasonable spring fresheth the earth, and the plesaunce thereof being buried in the sadnesse of the dead, ter now worne away, reliveth.

This opinion mayntaine the olde Astronomers and Philosophers, namely, the reverend Plato, and Macrobius in his holydayes of turne; which account also was generally observed both of Grecians and Romans. saving the leave of such learned heads, mayntaine a custome of coumpting the moneths from the moneth January, upon a speciall cause then the heathen Philosophers ever coulde conceive, that is, for the incarnation of our mighty Saviour, and eternall redeemer the L. Christ, who, as then renewed the state of the decayed world, and returned the compasse of expired yeres to theyr first date and first commencement, left to us his heires a memoriall of his birth in the end of the last yeere and beginning of the new. Which reckoning, beside that eternall monument of our salvation, leaneth also upon a good proofe of speciall judgement.

For albeit that in elder tymes, when the coumpt of the yeere was not perfect, afterwarde it was by Julius Cæsar, the

to tel the monethes from Marches beginning, and according to the same God (as is said in Scripture) comaunded the people of Jewes, to count the moneth Abib, that which we call March, for the first moneth, in remembrance that in that moneth he brought them out of the land of Ægipt: yet, according to tradition of latter times, it hath been otherwise observed, both in government of the Church and rule of Mightiest Princes. For from Julius Cæsar who first altered the leape yeere, which he called *sextilem Annum*, and brought into a more plain course the odde wandring dayes which the Greekes were called *ὑπερβαίνοντες*, of the Romanes *intercalares*, (for in such matter learning I am forced to use the termes of learned,) the monethes have bene nombred which in the first ordinance of Romulus were but tenne, counting but ccciiij dayes in every yeare, and beginning with March. Numa Pompilius, who was the father of the Romain ceremonies and religion, seeing the reckoning to agree neither with the course of the sonne nor of the moone, thereunto added two monethes, January and February; wherein it seemeth, that wise king ruled, upon good reason, to begin the yeare

at Januarie, of him therefore so called *tantumquam Janua anni*, the gate and entrance of the yere; or of the name of the god *Janus*, to which god for that the olde Paynims attributed the byrth and beginning of all creatures new comming into the worlde, it seemeth that he therefore to him assigned the beginning and first entrance of the yeare. Which account for the most part hath hetherto continued: Notwithstanding that the Ægiptians beginne theyr yeare at September; for that, according to the opinion of the best Rabbins and very purpose of the Scripture itselſe, God made the worlde in that Moneth, that is called of them *Tisri*. And therefore he comaunded them to keepe the feast of Pavilions in the end of the yeare, in the xv. day of the seventh moneth, which before that time was the first.

But our Authour respecting nether the subtiltie of thone part, nor the antiquitie of thother, thinketh it fittest, according to the simplicities of common understanding, to begin with Januarie; wening it perhaps no decorum that Shepheards should be seene in matter of so deepe insight, or canvase a case of so doubtful judgment. So therefore beginneth he, and so continueth he throughout.

THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER.

JANUARIE.

ÆGLOGA PRIMA. ARGUMENT.

IN this fyrst Æglogue Colin Cloute, a shepheardes boy, complaineth him of his unfortunate love, being newly (as semeth) enamoured of a cuntry lasse called Rosalinde: with which strong affection & very sore traveled, he compareth his carefull case to the sadde season of the yeare, to the frostie growe to the frozen trees, and to his owne winter-beaten flocke. And, lastlye, fynding himselfe robbed of former pleasaunce and delights, hee breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth him selfe to the ground.

COLIN CLOUTE.

A SHEPHEARDS boye, (no better doe him call),
When Winters wastful spight was almost
All in a sunneshine day, as did befall, [spent,
Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent:
So faynt they woxe, and feeble in the folde,
That now unnethes their feete could them
uphold.

All as the Sheepe, such was the shepheards
looke,
For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while!)
May seeme he lov'd, or els some care he tooke;
Well couth he tune his pipe and frame his
stile:
Tho to a hill his faynting flocke he ledde,
And thus him playnd, the while his shepe
there fedde.

'Ye Gods of love, that pitie lovers payne,
(If any gods the paine of lovers pitie)
Looke from above, where you in joyes remaine,
And bowe your eares unto my dolefull dittie:
And, Pan, thou shepheards God that once
didst love, [prove.
Pitie the paines that thou thy selfe didst

'Thou barrein ground, whome winters wrath
hath wasted,
Art made a myrrhour to behold my plight:
Whilome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after
hasted
Thy sommer prowde, with Daffadillies dight;
And now is come thy wynters stormy state,
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou maskedst
late.

'Such rage as winters reigneth in my hea
My life-bloud friesing with unkindly cold
Such stormy stoures do breede my bal
smart,
As if my yeare were wast and woxen old
And yet, alas! but now my spring beg
And yet, alas! yt is already donne.

'You naked trees, whose shady leaves are
Wherein the byrds were wont to build
bowre,
And now are clothd with mosse and h
Instede of bloosmes, wherewith your buds
flowre;
I see your teares that from your bough
Whose drops in drery ysicles remaine.

'All so my lustfull leafe is drye and sere,
My timely buds with wayling all are w
The blossome which my branch of you
beare [bla
With breathed sighes is blowne away
And from mine eyes the drizzling teare
scend,
As on your boughes the ysicles depend

'Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough
rent,
Whose knees are weake through fast and
Mayst wnesse well, by thy ill governen
Thy maysters mind is overcome with car
Thou weake, I wanne; thou leane, I
forlorne:
With mourning pyne I; you with p
mourne.

Overhaile, drawe over.

EMBLEME.

His embleme or Poesye is here under added in Italian, Anchōra speme: the meaning wherof is, that notwithstanding his extreme passion and

lucklesse love, yet, leaning on hope, he is what recomforted.

FEBRUARIE.

ÆGLOGA SECUNDA. ARGUMENT.

THIS Æglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to any secrete or particular purpose. It speekeheth a discourse of old age, in the persone of Thenot, an olde Shepheard, who for his crookednesse and unlustinesse is scorned of Cuddie, an unhappy Heardmans boye. The matter very well accommeth with the season of the moneth, the yeare now drouping, and as it were drawing to his last age. For in this time of yeare, so then in our bodies, there is a dry and withering cold, which congealeth the cruddled blood, and frieseth the wetherbeaten flesh with stormes of Fortune, and hoare frosts of Calamity. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Bryer, so lively, and so feelingly, as the thing were set forth in some Picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

CUDDIE.

Cuddie.

AH for pittie! wil rancke Winters rage
These bitter blasts never ginne tasswage?
The kene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,
All as I were through the body gryde:
My ragged rontes all shiver and shake,
As doen high Towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wind wagge their wrigle
tayles,
Perke as a Peacock; but now it avales.

Thenot.

Lewdly complainest thou, laesie ladde,
Of Winters wracke for making thee sadde.
Must not the world wend in his commun course,
From good to badd, and from badde to worse,
From worse unto that is worst of all,
And then returne to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormy time,
Where will he live tyll the lusty prime?
Selfe have I worne out thrise threttie yeares,
Some in much joy, many in many teares,
Yet never complained of cold nor heate,
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threat,
Ne ever was to Fortune foeman,
But gently tooke that ungently came;
And ever my flocke was my chiefe care,
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

Cuddie.

No marveile, Thenot, if thou can beare
Cherefully the Winters wrathful cheare;
For Age and Winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold; this crooked, that wrye;
And as the lowring Wether lookes downe,
So semest thou like Good Fryday to frowne:
But my flowing youth is foe to frost,
My shippe unwont in stormes to be tost.

THENOT.

Thenot.

The soveraigne of seas he blames in vaine
That, once sea-beate, will to sea againe:
So loytring live you little heardgroomes,
Keeping your beastes in the budded broom:
And, when the shining sunne laugheth on,
You deemen the Spring is come attonce;
Tho gyne you, fond flyes! the cold
scorne,

And, crowing in pypes made of greene corn,
You thinke to be Lords of the yeare;
But est, when ye count you freed from feare,
Comes the breme Winter with chamfred brow,
Full of wrinckles and frostie furrowes,
Drerily shooting his stormy darte,
Which cruddles the blood and pricks the haire:
Then is your carelesse corage accoi'd,
Your carefull heards with cold bene annoi'd:
Then paye you the price of your surquedry,
With weeping, and wayling, and misery.

Cuddie.

Ah, foolish old man! I scorne thy skill,
That wouldest me my springing youngtill
I deeme thy braine emperished bee
Through rusty elde, that hath rotted thee:
Or sicker thy head veray tottie is,
So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.
Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp and topp,
Als my budding braunch thou wouldest crop:
But were thy yeares greene, as now bene mine,
To other delights they would encline:
Thou wouldest thou learne to caroll of Love,
And hery with hymnes thy lasses glove;
Thou wouldest thou pype of Phyllis prayse,
But Phyllis is myne for many dayes.
I wonne her with a gyrdle of gelt,
Emboist with buegle about the belt:

an oneshepheards would make full faine;
 an one would make thee younge againe.

Thenot.

ou art a fon of thy love to boste;
 that is lent to love wyll be lost.

Cuddie.

est howe brag yond Bullocke beares,
 mirke, so smoothe, his pricked eares?
 hornes bene as broode as Rainebowe bent,
 dewelap as lythe as lasse of Kent:
 howe he venteth into the wynd;
 what of love is not his mynd?
 meth thy flocke thy counsell can,
 lustlesse bene they, so weake, so wan;
 shed with cold, and hoary wyth frost,
 flocks father his corage hath lost.
 Ewes, that wont to have blowen bags,
 wailefull widdowes hangen their crags;
 rather Lambes bene starved with cold,
 for their Maister is lustlesse and old.

Thenot.

die, I wote thou kenst little good,
 mainly tadvaunce thy headlesse hood;
 youth is a bubble blown up with breath,
 se witt is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
 the way is wilderness, whose ynne Pen-
 naunce,
 stoope-gallaunt Age, the hoste of Gree-
 shall I tel thee a tale of truth, [vaunce.
 ch I cond of Tityrus in my youth,
 ing his sheepe on the hils of Kent?

Cuddie.

ought more, Thenot, my mind is bent
 to heare novells of his devise;
 bene so well-thewed, and so wise,
 t ever that good old man bespake.

Thenot.

ay meete tales of youth did he make,
 some of love, and some of chevalrie;
 none fitter then this to applie.
 listen a while and hearken the end.
 re grewe an aged Tree on the greene,
 dly Oake sometime had it bene,
 armes full strong and largely displayd,
 of their leaves they were disarayde:
 odie bigge, and mightely pight,
 ghly rooted, and of wonderous hight;
 me had bene the King of the field,
 mochell mast to the husband did yelde,
 with his nuts larded many swine:
 ow the gray mosse marred his rine;

His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
 His toppe was bald, and wasted with wormes,
 His honor decayed, his braunches sere.

Hard by his side grewe a bragging Brere,
 Which proudly thrust into Thelement,
 And seemed to threat the Firmament
 It was embellisht with blossomes fayre,
 And thereto aye wonned to repayre
 The shepheards daughters to gather flowres,
 To peinct their girlonds with his colowres;
 And in his small bushes used to shrowde
 The sweete Nightingale singing so lowde;
 Which made this foolish Brere wexe so bold,
 That on a time he cast him to scold
 And snebbe the good Oake, for he was old.
 'Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish
 blocke? [stocke;

Nor for fruit nor for shadowe serves thy
 Seest how fresh my flowers bene spredde,
 Dyed in Lilly white and Cremsin redde,
 With Leaves engrained in lusty greene;
 Colours meete to clothe a mayden Queene?
 Thy wast bignes but combers the grownd,
 And dirks the beauty of my blossomes rownd:
 The mouldie mosse, which thee accloiethe,
 My Sinamon smell too much annoiethe:
 Wherefore soone I rede thee hence remove,
 Least thou the price of my displeasure prove.'
 So spake this bold brere with great disdain:
 Little him aunswered the Oake againe,
 But yeilded, with shame and greefe adawed,
 That of a weede he was overcrawed.

Yt chaunced after upon a day,
 The Hus-bandman selfe to come that way,
 Of custome for to survewe his grownd,
 And his trees of state in compasse rownd:
 Him when the spitefull brere had espyed,
 Causelesse complained, and lowdly cryed
 Unto his lord, stirring up sterne strife.

'O, my liege Lord! the God of my life!
 Pleaseth you ponder your Suppliants plaint,
 Caused of wrong and cruell constraint,
 Which I your poore Vassall dayly endure;
 And, but your goodnes the same recure,
 Am like for desperate doole to dye,
 Through felonous force of mine enimie.'

Greatly agast with this piteous plea,
 Him rested the goodman on the lea,
 And badde the Brere in his plaint proceede.
 With painted words tho gan this proude weede
 (As most usen Ambitious folke:)
 His colowred crime with craft to cloke.

'Ah, my soveraigne! Lord of creatures all,
 Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
 Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
 To be the primrose of all thy land;
 With flowring blossomes to furnish the prime,
 And scarlot berries in Sommer time?

How falls it then that this faded Oake,
Whose bodie is sere, whose braunches broke,
Whose naked Armes stretch unto the fyre,
Unto such tyrannie doth aspire;
Hindring with his shade my lovely light,
And robbing me of the swete sonnes sight?
So beate his old boughes my tender side,
That oft the bloud springeth from woundes
Untimely my flowres forced to fall, [wyde;
That bene the honor of your Coronall:
And oft he lets his cancker-wormes light
Upon my braunches, to worke me more spight;
And oft his hoarie locks downe doth cast,
Where-with my fresh flowretts bene defast:
For this, and many more such outrage,
Craving your goodlihead to aswage
The ranckorous rigour of his might,
Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right;
Submitting me to your good sufferance,
And praying to be garded from greivance.
To this the Oake cast him to replie
Well as he couth; but his enemie
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
That the good man noulde stay his leasure,
But home him hasted with furious heate,
Encreasing his wrath with many a threate:
His harmefull Hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas! that it so ready should stand!)
And to the field alone he speedeth,
(Ay little helpe to harme there needeth!)
Anger nould let him speake to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee;
But to the roote bent his sturdy stroake,
And made many wounds in the wast Oake.
The Axes edge did oft turne againe,
As halfe unwilling to cutte the graine;
Semed, the sencelesse yron dyd feare,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbear;
For it had bene an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a mystere,
And often crost with the priestes crewe,
And often halowed with holy-water dewe:

But sike fancies weren foolerie,
And broughten this Oake to this miserye;
For nought mought they quitten him fro
decay,
For fiercely the good man at him did laye.
The blocke oft groned under the blow,
And sighed to see his neare overthrow.
In fine, the steele had pierced his pitth,
Tho downe to the earth he fell forthwith.
His wonderous weight made the ground
quake,
Thearth shronke under him, and seemed
shake:—
There lyeth the Oake, pitied of none!
Now stands the Brere like a lord alone,
Puffed up with pryde and vaine pleasaunce:
But all this glee had no continuance:
For eftsones Winter gan to approche;
The blustering Boreas did enroche,
And beate upon the solitarie Brere;
For nowe no succoure was seene him nere.
Now gan he repent his pryde to late;
For, naked left and disconsolate,
The byting frost nipt his stalke dead,
The watrie wette weighed downe his head,
And heaped snowe burdned him so sore,
That nowe upright he can stand no more;
And, being downe, is trodde in the durt
Of cattell, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.
Such was thend of this Ambitious brere,
For scorning Eld—

Cuddie.

Now I pray thee, shepheard, tel it not for
Here is a long tale, and little worth.
So longe have I listened to thy speche,
That grafted to the ground is my breche:
My hart-blood is wel nigh frogne, I feele,
And my galage growne fast to my heele:
But little ease of thy lewd tale I tasted:
Hye thee home, shepheard, the day is ni
wasted.

THENOTS EMBLEME.

*Iddio, perche è vecchio,
Fa suoi al suo essempto.*

CUDDIES EMBLEME.

*Niuno vecchio
Spaventa Iddio.*

GLOSSE.

Kene, sharpe.
Gríde, perced: an olde word much used of Lidgate, but not found (that I know of) in Chaucer.
Ronts, young bullockes.
Wracke, ruine or Violence, whence commeth

shipwracke: and not *wreake*, that is vengeance or wrath.

Foeman, a foe.

Thenot, the name of a shepheard in Marot's *Ælogues*.

overaigne of Seas, is Neptune the God of the The saying is borrowd of Mimius Publianus, used this proverb in a verse.

prophè Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit.

dgromes, Chaucers verse almost whole.

Flyes, He compareth carelesse sluggardes, unbandmen, to flyes that, so soone as the wineth, or yt wexeth anything warme, begin abroad, when sodeinly they be overtaken old.

When, a verye excellent and lively description of Winter, so as may bee indifferently taken, for old Age, or for Winter season.

chill, bitter.

wrinkled, chapt, or wrinkled.

plucked downe and daunted.

pryde.

old age.

sure.

wavering.

crooked.

worship.

is, the name of some mayde unknownen,

Cuddie, whose person is secrete, loved. The usuall in Theocritus, Virgile, and Man-

a girdle or wast-band.

a foole.

soft and gentle.

snuffeth in the wind.

locks father, the Ramme.

neckes.

lambs, that be ewed early in the beginning of the yeare.

is, a verye moral and pittthy Allegorie of and the lustes thereof, compared to a wearie man.

is, I suppose he meanes Chaucer, whose for pleasaunt tales cannot dye, so long as the storie of hys name shal live, and the name shal endure.

thewed, that is, *Bene moratæ*, full of morall sense.

grew: This tale of the Oake and the Brere, is learned of Chaucer, but it is cleane in kind, and rather like to Æsopes fables. It

is very excellent for pleasaunt descriptions, being altogether a certaine Icon, or Hypotyposis of disadainfull younkens.

Embellisht, beautified and adorned.

To wonne, to haunt or frequent.

Sneb, checke.

Why standst, The speach is scorneful and very presumptuous.

Engraind, dyed in grain.

Accloith, encombred.

Adawed, daunted and confounded.

Trees of state, taller trees, fitte for timber wood.

Sterne strife, said Chaucer, s. fell and sturdy.

O my liege, a maner of supplication, wherein is kindly coloured the affection and speache of Ambitious men.

Coronall, Garlande.

Flourets, yong blossomes.

The Primrose, the chiefe and worthiest.

Naked armes, metaphorically ment of the bare boughes, spoyled of leaves. This colourably he speaketh, as adjudging hym to the fyre.

The blood, spoken of a blocke, as it were of a living creature, figuratively, and (as they say) *κατ' εικασμον*.

Hoarie locks, metaphorically for withered leaves.

Hent, caught.

Nould, for would not.

Ay, evermore.

Wounds, gashes.

Enaunter, least that.

The priests crewe, holy water pott, wherewith the popishe priest used to sprinkle and hallowe the trees from mischaunce. Such blindness was in those times, which the Poete supposeth to have bene the final decay of this aunient Oke.

The blocke oft groned, a livelye figure, which giveth sence and feeling to unsensible creatures, as Virgile also sayeth: 'Saxa gemunt gravido,' &c.

Boreas, The Northerne wynd, that bringeth the mooste stormie weather.

Glee, chere and jollitie.

For scorning Eld, And minding (as shoulde seme) to have made ryme to the former verse, he is conningly cutte of by Cuddie, as disdayning to here any more.

Galage, A startuppe or clownish shoe.

EMBLEME.

Embleme is spoken of Thenot, as a moral of the tale: namely, that God, which is highest aged, being before al ages, and without age, maketh those, whom he loveth, like to him, in heaping yeares unto theyre dayes, and them withy longe lyfe. For the blessing is not given to all, but unto those whome he will so blesse. And albeit that many evil men come unto such fulnesse of yeares, and so wexe old in myserie and thraldome, yet he is not age ever the lesse blessing. For such evill men such number of yeares is that they may in their last dayes repent, and their first home: So the old man checketh the head-bowed boy for despysing his gray and beares.

Cuddie doth counterbuff with abyting

and bitler proverbe, spoken indeede at the first in contempt of old age generally: for it was an old opinion, and yet is continued in some mens conceit, that men of yeares have no feare of God at al, or not so much as younger folke; for that being rypened with long experience, and having passed many bitter brunts and blastes of vengeance, they dread no stormes of Fortune, nor wrahe of God, nor daunger of menne, as being eyther by longe and ripe wisdomed armed against all mischaunces and adversitie, or with much trouble hardened against all troublesome tydes: lyke unto the Ape, of which is sayd in Æsops fables, that, oftentimes meeting the Lyon, he was at first sore aghast and dismayed at the grimmes and austeritie of hys countenance, but at last, being acquainted with his lookes, he was so furre from fearing him, that

he would familiarly gybe and jest with him : Suche lence experience breedeth in some men securitie. Although it please Erasmus, a great clerke, and good old father, more fatherly and favourablye to construe it, in his Adages, for his own behoofe, That by the proverbe, 'Nemo senex metuit Jovem,' is not meant, that old men have no feare of God

at al, but that they be furre from superstition. Idolatrous regard of false Gods, as is Juy. But his grcate learning notwithstanding, it is plaine to be gainsayd, that olde men are much more enclined to such fond fooleries, then young heades.

MARCH.

ÆGLOGA TERTIA. ARGUMENT.

In this Æglogue two shepheards boyes, taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose of love, other plesaunce which to spring time is most agreeable. The speciall meaning hereof is, to give certain markes and tokens to know Cupide, the Poets God of Love. But more particularlye, I thinke, in person of Thomalin is meant some secrete friend, who scorned Love and his knights so long, till at last him selfe was entangled, and unwaies wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupids arrow.

WILLYE.

Wil. THOMALIN, why sytten we soe,
As weren overwent with woe,
Upon so fayre a morow ?
The joyous time now nighes fast,
That shall alegge this bitter blast,
And slake the winters sorowe.
Tho. Sicker, Willye, thou warnest well ;
For Winters wrath beginnes to quell,
And pleasant spring appeareth :
The grasse nowe ginnes to be refresht,
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.
Wil. Seest not thilke same Hawthorne studded,
How bragly it beginnes to budde,
And utter his tender head ?
Flora now calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make readie Maies bowre,
That newe is upryst from bedde :
Tho shall we sporten in delight,
And learne with Lettice to wexe light,
That scornefully lookes askaunce ;
Tho will we little Love awake,
That nowe sleepeth in Lethe lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.
Tho. Willye, I wene thou bee assot ;
For lustie Love still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.
Wil. How kenst thou that he is awoke ?
Or hast thy selfe his slomber broke,
Or made previe to the same ?
Tho. No: but happely I hym spyde,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With winges of purple and blew ;
And, were not that my sheepe would stray,
The previe marks I would bewray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knewe.
Wil. Thomalin, have no care for-thy ;
My selfe will have a double eye,
Ylike to my flocke and thine ;

THOMALIN.

For als at home I have a syre,
A stepdame eke, as whott as fyre,
That dewly adayes counts mine.
Tho. Nay, but thy seeing will not serve,
My sheepe for that may chaunce to swerve
And fall into some mischief :
For sithens is but the third morowe
That I chaunst to fall asleepe with sorowe
And waked againe with grieve ;
The while thilke same unhappye Ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe,
Fell headlong into a dell,
And there unjoynted both her bones :
Mought her necke bene joynted attones,
She shoulde have neede no more spell ;
Thelf was so wanton and so wood,
(But now I trowe can better good,)
She mought ne gang on the greene.
Wil. Let be, as may be, that is past :
That is to come, let be forecast :
Now tell us what thou hast seene.
Tho. It was upon a holiday,
When shepheardes groomes han leave to play
I cast to goe a shooting.
Long wandering up and downe the land,
With bowe and bolts in either hand,
For birds in bushes tooting,
At length within an Yvie todde,
(There shrouded was the little God)
I heard a busie bustling.
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Listening if any thing did rushe,
But then heard no more rustling :
Tho, peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the moving of some quicke,
Whose shape appeared not ;
But were it faerie, feend, or snake,
My courage earnd it to awake,
And manfully thereat shotte.

that sprong forth a naked swayne
 spotted winges, like Peacocks trayne,
 laughing lope to a tree;
 ylden quiver at his backe,
 silver bowe, which was but slacke,
 which lightly he bent at me:
 seeing, I levelde againe
 shott at him with might and maine,
 thicke as it had hayled.
 I shott, that al was spent;
 mie stones I hastily hent
 and threwe; but nought availed:
 as so wimble and so wight,
 bough to bough he lepped light,
 off the punies latched.
 with affrayd, I ranne away;
 he, that earst seemd but to playe,
 shaft in earnest snatched,
 hit me running in the heele:
 when I little smart did feelee,

But soone it sore encreased;
 And now it ranckleth more and more,
 And inwardly it festreth sore,
 Ne wote I how to cease it.
Wil. Thomalin, I pittie thy plight,
 Perdie with Love thou diddest fight:
 I know him by a token;
 For once I heard my father say,
 How he him caught upon a day,
 (Whereof he wil be wroken)
 Entangled in a fowling net,
 Which he for carrion Crowes had set
 That in our Peere-tree haunted:
 Tho sayd, he was a winged lad,
 But bowe and shafts as then none had,
 Els had he sore be daunted.
 But see, the Welkin thicks apace,
 And stouping Phebus steepes his face:
 Yts time to hast us homeward.

WILLYES EMBLEME.

*To be wise, and eke to love,
 Is graunted scarce to Gods above.*

THOMALINS EMBLEME.

*Of Hony and of Gaule in love there is store;
 The Honye is much, but the Gaule is more.*

GLOSSE.

Æglogue seemeth somewhat to resemble
 name of Theocritus, wherein the boy likewise
 the old man, that he had shot at a winged
 a tree, was by hym warned to beware of
 life to come.

current, overgone.

age, to lessen or assuage.

quell, to abate.

kin, the skie.

swallow, which bird useth to be counted the
 nger, and as it were, the forerunner, of
 e.

Maia, the Goddess of flowres, but indede (as
 Tacitus) a famous harlot. which, with the
 of her body having gotten great riches,
 the people of Rome her heyre: who, in re-
 stance of so great beneficence, appointed a
 feste for the memoriall of her, calling her,
 she was, nor as some doe think. *Andronica*,
ora; making her the Goddess of floures, and
 yerely to her solemne sacrifice.

as bower, that is, the pleasaunt field, or ra-
 he Maye bushes. *Maia* is a Goddess, and
 other of Mercurie, in honour of whome the
 h of Maye is of her name so called, as sayth
 bius.

ce, the name of some country lasse.

unce. askewe, or asquint.

thy, therefore.

is a lake in hell, which the Poetes call the
 forgetfulnes. For *Lethe* signifieth forget-

fulnes. Wherein the soules being dipped did forget
 the cares of their former lyfe. So that by love
 sleeping in *Lethe* lake, he meaneth he was almost
 forgotten, and out of knowledge, by reason of
 winters hardnesse, when all pleasures, as it were,
 sleepe and weare oute of minde.

Assotte, to dote.

His slomber, To breake Loves slomber is to exer-
 cise the delightes of Love, and wanton pleasures.

Winges of purple, so is he feyned of the Poetes.

For als, he imitateth Virgils verse.

*'Est mihi namque domi pater, est injusta no-
 verca, &c.'*

A dell, a hole in the ground.

Spell, is a kinde of verse or charme, that in elder
 tymes they used often to say over every thing that
 they would have preserved, as the Nightspel for
 theeves, and the woodspell. And herehence, I
 thinke, is named the gospel, as it were Gods spell,
 or worde. And so sayth Chaucer, Listeneth Lord-
 ings to my spell.

Gang, goe.

An yvie todde, a thicke bush.

Swaine, a boye: For so is he described of the
 Poetes to be a boye, s. alwayes freshe and lustie:
 blindfolded, becau-e he maketh no difference of
 personages: wyth divers coloured winges, s. ful of
 flying fancies: with bowe and arrow, that is, with
 glaunce of beautye, which prycketh as a forked
 arrowe. He is sayd also to have shafts, some leaden.

some golden : that is, both pleasure for the gracious and loved, and sorow for the lover that is disdayned or forsaken. But who liste more at large to behold Cupids colours and furniture, let him reade ether Propertius, or Moschus his Idyllion of *winged love*, being now most excellently translated into Latine, by the singuler learned man Angelus Politianus : whych worke I have seene, amongst other of thys Poets doings, very wel translated also into English Rymes.

Wimble and wighte, Quicke and deliver.

In the heele, is very poetically spoken, and not without speciall judgement. For I remember that in Homer it is sayd of Thetis, that shee tooke her young babe Achilles, being newly borne, and, holding him by the heele, dipped him in the River of Styx. The vertue whereof is, to defend and keepe the bodies washed therein from any mortall wound. So Achilles being washed al over, save onely his heele, by which his mother held, was in the rest invulnerable : therfore by Paris was feyned

to bee shotte with a poysoned arrowe in the whiles he was busie about the marying of Polyxene in the Temple of Apollo : which mysticall Eustathius unfolding sayth : that by wound in the heele is meant lustfull love. For from the (as say the best Phisitions) to the previe there passe certaine veines and slender synewes, also the like come from the head, and are called little pypes behynd the eares : so the sayth Hipocrates) yf those veynes there be considered, the partie straighte becommeth cold and unfruitful. Which reason our Poete wel weighing, maketh this shepheards boye of purpose wounded by Love in the heele.

Latched, caught.

Wroken, revenged.

For once : In this tale is sette out the simpleness of shepheards opinion of Love.

Stouping Phæbus, is a Periphrasis of the setting.

EMBLEME.

Hereby is meant, that all the delights of Love, wherein wanton youth walloweth, be but follye mixt with bitterness, and sorow sawced with repentance. For besides that the very affection of Love it selfe tormenteth the mynde, and vexeth the body many wayes, with unrestfulnesse all night, and wearines all day, seeking for that we cannot have, and fynding that we would not have :

even the selfe things which best before us ly in course of time, and chaung of ryper yeares, whiche also therewithall chaungeth our wylking and former fantasies, will then seeme some, and breede us annoyaunce, when your flowre is withered, and we fynde our bodies wits aunswere not to suche vayne jollitie and full pleasaunce.

APRIL.

ÆGLOGA QUARTA. ARGUMENT.

THIS Æglogue is purposely intended to the honor and prayse of our most gracious sovereigne, Queen Elizabeth. The speakers herein be Hobbinoll and Thenott, two shepheardes : the which Hobbinoll, being mentioned greatly to have loved Colin, is here set forth more largely, complayning him of that boyes misadventure in Love ; whereby his mynd was alienate and withdraven not onely from him, who loved him, but also from all former delightes and studies, as well in pleasaunt pyping, as comyng and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for prooffe of more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to recorde a songe, which the sayd Colin sometime made in honor of her Majestie, whom abruptly he termeth Elysa.

THENOTT.

The. TELL me, good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greete ? [ytorne ?]

What ? hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes Or is thy Bagpype broke, that soundes so sweete ?

Or art thou of thy loved lasse forlorne ?

Or bene thine eyes attempred to the yeare, Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne ?

Like April shoure so stremes the trickling teares Adowne thy cheeke, to quenche thy thirstye payne.

Hob. Nor thys, nor that, so muche doeth make me mourne, [deare,

But for the ladde, whome long I lovd so

HOBBINOLL.

Nowe loves a lasse that all his love doth set
He, plongd in payne, his tressed locks doth
teare.

Shepheards delights he dooth them all
swear ;

Hys pleasaunt Pipe, whych made us
ment,

He wyllfully hath broke, and doth forbear
His wonted songs, wherein he all outw

The. What is he for a Ladde you so lam
Ys love such pinching payne to them
prove ?

And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to brydle love ?

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shep-
heardes boye; [darte:
Love hath wounded with a deadly
me on him was all my care and joye,
ing with gyfts to winne his wanton heart.

W from me hys madding mynd is starte,
woes the Widdowes daughter of the
glenne;
ve fayre Rosalind hath bredde hys smart,
ow his frend is chaunged for a frenne.

But if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,
y thee, Hobbinoll, recorde some one,
hiles our flockes do graze about in sight,
we close shrowded in thys shade alone.

Contented I: then, will I singe his laye
yre Elisa, Queene of shepheardes all,
once he made as by a spring he laye,
tuned it unto the Waters fall.

Myntyte Nymphs, that in this blessed
bathe your brest, [brooke
e your watry bowres, and hether looke,
ay request:

Ye you Virgins, that on Parnasse dwell,
e floweth Helicon, the learned well,
e me to blaze
worthy praise,
in her sexe doth all excell.

Ye Elisa be your silver song,
blessed wight,
we of Virgins: may shee flourish long
incely plight!

Ye is Syrinx daughter without spotte,
Pan, the shepheards God, of her begot:
rong her grace
eavenly race,
tall blemishe may her blotte.

Here she sits upon the grassie greene,
emely sight!)
n Scarlot, like a mayden Queene,
ermine white:
er head a Cremosin coronet,
amaske roses and Daffadillies set:
eaves betweene,
primroses greene,
ish the sweete Violet.

Ye, have ye seene her angelick face,
Phoebe fayre?
venly haveour, her princely grace,
ou well compare?
dde rose medled with the White yfere,
r cheekes depeincten lively chere:
nodest eye,
Majestie,
have you seene the like but there?

'I sawe Phœbus thrust out his golden hedde,
Upon her to gaze: [spredde,
But, when he sawe how broade her beames did
It did him amaze.

He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,
Ne durst againe his fyrye face out showe:
Let him, if he dare,
His brightnesse compare
With hers, to have the overthrowe.

'Shewe thyselfe, Cynthia, with thy silver rayes,
And be not abasht:
When shee the beames of her beauty displayes,
O, how art thou dasht!
But I will not match her with Latonaes seede,
Such follie great sorow to Niobe did breede:
Now she is a stone,
And makes dayly mone,
Warning all other to take heede.

'Pan may be proud that ever he begot
Such a Bellibone;
And Syrinx rejoyse that ever was her lot
To beare such an one.
Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam
To her will I offer a milkwhite Lamb:
Shee is my goddesse plaine,
And I her shepherds swayne,
Albee forswonck and forswatt I am.

'I see Calliope speede her to the place,
Where my Goddesse shines;
And after her the other Muses trace,
With their Violines. [beare,
Bene they not Bay braunches which they doe
All for Elisa in her hand to weare?
So sweetely they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heaven is to heare.

'Lo! how finely the Graces can it foote
To the Instrument:
They dauncen deffly, and singen soote,
In their meriment.
Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the daunce
even?
Let that rowme to my Lady be yeven:
She shal be a Grace,
To fyll the fourth place,
And reigne with the rest in heaven.

'And whither rennes this bevie of Ladies bright,
Raunged in a rowe?
They bene all Ladyes of the lake behight,
That unto her goe.
Chloris, that is the chiefest Nymph of all,
Of Olive braunches beares a Coronall:
Olives bene for peace,
When wars doe surcease:
Such for a Princesse bene principall.

'Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,

Hye you there apace:
Let none come there but that Virgins bene,
To adorne her grace:
And, when you come whereas shee is in place,
See that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:
Binde your fillets faste,
And gird in your waste,
For more finenesse, with a tawdrie lace.

'Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
With Gelliflowres;
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
Worne of Paramoures:
Strowe me the ground with Daffadownillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loved Lillies:
The pretie Pawnee,
And the Chevisaunce,
Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice.

'Now ryse up, Elisa, decked as thou art
In royall aray;
And now ye daintie Damsells may depart
Eche one her way.
I feare I have troubled your troupes to looke
Let dame Elisa thanke you for her song
And if you come hether
When Damsines I gether,
I will part them all you among.'

The. And was thilk same song of
owne making?
Ah, foolish Boy! that is with love yblynd
Great pittie is, he be in such taking,
For naught caren that bene so lewdly
Hob. Sicker I hold him for a greater fool
That loves the thing he cannot purchace
But let us homeward, for night draweth
And twinkling starres the daylight chase.

THENOTS EMBLEME.

O quam te memorem Virgo !

HOBBINOLS EMBLEME.

O dea certe !

GLOSSE.

Gars thee greete, causeth thee weepe and complain.
Forlorne, left and forsaken.

Attempted to the yeare, agreeable to the season of the yeare, that is Aprill, which moneth is most bent to shoures and seasonable rayne: to quench, that is, to delaye the drought, caused through drynesse of March wyndes.

The Ladde, Colin Clout.

The Lasse, Rosalinda.

Tressed locks, wrethed and curled.

Is he for a ladde? a straunge manner of speaking, s. what maner of Ladde is he?

To make, to rime and versifye. For in this word, *making*, our olde Englishe Poetes were wont to comprehend all the skil of Poetrye, according to the Greeke woorde ποιειν, to make, whence cometh the name of Poetes.

Colin thou kenst, knowest. Seemeth hereby that Colin perteyneth to some Southern noble man, and perhaps in Surrye or Kent, the rather bicause he so often nameth the Kentish downes, and before, *As lythe as lasse of Kent*.

The Widowes, He calleth Rosalind the Widowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a country Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather sayde to coloure and conceale the person, then simply spoken. For it is well knowne, even in spighte of Colin and Hobbinoll, that shee is a Gentlewoman of no meane house, nor endowed with anye vulgare and common gifts, both of nature and manners: but suche indeede, as neede nether Colin be ashamed to have her made knowne by his verses, nor Hob-

binol be greved, that so she should be commended to immortalitie for her rare and singular vertue. Specially deserving it no lesse, then eyther of the most excellent Poete Theocritus his dea or Laurretta the divine Petrarches Godde. Himera the worthy Poete Stersichorus hypon whom he is sayd so much to have doted in regard of her excellencie, he scorned and against the beauty of Helena. For which his sumptuous and unheede hardinesse, he is sayd vengeance of the Gods, thereat being offended have lost both his eyes.

Frenne, a straunger. The word, I thinke first poetically put, and afterwarde used in common custome of speech for forene.

Dight, adorned.

Laye, a songe, as Roundelays and Virelays.

In all this songe is not to be respected, what worthinesse of her Majestie deserveth, nor what the highnes of a Prince is agreeable, but what is most comely for the meannesse of a shepewitte, or to conceive, or to utter. And thus he calleth her Elysa, as through rudenesse putting in her name; and a shepheards daughter being very unfit, that a shepheards boy, brought up in the shepefold, should know, or ever should have heard of, a Queenes roialty.

Ye daintie, is, as it were, an Exordium ad propositum.

Virgins, the nine Muses, daughters of Memory and Memorie, whose abode the Poets faine on Parnassus, a hill in Grece, for that it is

ye specially florished the honor of all studies.

Ion is both the name of a fountaine at the foot of Parnassus, and also of a mounteine in Bæotia, of which floweth the famous spring Castalide also to the Muses: of which spring it is that, when Pegasus the winged horse of Perseus, whereby is meant fame and flying renowne) the grownde with his hoofe, sodenly there-
 range a wel of moste cleare and pleasaunte
 which fro thenceforth was consecrate to
 es and Ladies of learning.

silver song, seemeth to imitate the like in
 his ἀργύριον μέλος.

ix is the name of a Nympe of Arcadie, when Pan being in love pursued, she, flying him, of the Gods was turned into a reede. Pan catching at the Reedes, in stede of the rell, and puffing hard, (for he was almost wind,) with hys breath made the Reedes to which he seeing, tooke of them, and, in reu-
 ance of his lost love, made him a pype. But here by Pan and Syrinx is not to bee te, that the shephearde simplye meante Poeticall Gods: but rather supposing (as is) her graces progenie to be divine and im-
 (so as the Paynims were wont to judge Kings and Princes, according to Homeres

μὲν δὲ μέγας ἐστὶ διοτρεφέος βασιλῆος,
 καὶ δ' ἐκ Διὸς ἐστὶ, φιλεῖ δέ ἐκ μητρίᾳ Ζεὺς,')

erise no parents in his judgement so worthy as Pan the shepheards God, and his best Syrinx. So that by Pan is here meant st famous and victorious king, her high-
 father, late of worthy memorye, K. Henry th. And by that name, oftymes (as here-
 appeareth) be noted kings and mighty Pns: And in some place Christ himselfe, who erie Pan and god of Shepheardes.

osin coronet, he deviseth her crowne to be finest and most delicate flowers, instede of and precious stones, wherewith Princes es use to bee adorned and embost.

lilish, beautifye and set out.
 the Moone, whom the Poets faine to be into Phœbus, that is, the Sunne.
 ed, mingled.

together. By the mingling of the Redde and the White is meant the uniting of the ncipall houses of Lancaster and Yorke: by onge discord and deadly debate this realm ceares was sore traueiled, and almost cleane l. Til the famous Henry the seventh, of of Lancaster, taking to wife the most ver-
 rincesse Elisabeth, daughter to the fourth of the house of Yorke, begat the most Henry the eyght aforesayde, in whom was t union of the Whyte rose and the Redde.
 pe, one of the nine Muses: to whome they the honor of all Poeticall Invention, and e glorie of the Heroical verse. Other say, ee is the Goddess of Rethorick; but by it is manifeste, that they mystake the thyng-
 re, in hys Epigrams, that arte semeth to be ted to Polymnia, saying,

'Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia gestu.'

Which seemeth specially to be meant of Action, and elocution, both special partes of Rethorick: besyde that her name, which (as some construe it) importeth great remembrance, conteineth another part: but I holde rather with them, which call her Polymnia, or Polyhymnia, of her good singing.

Bay branches, be the signe of honor and victory, and therfore of mighty Conquerors worn in their triumphes, and eke of famous Poets, as saith Petrarch in hys Sonets,

'Arbor vittoriosa triumphale,
 'Honor d' Imperadori et di Poeti,' &c.

The Graces be three sisters, the daughters of Jupiter, (whose names are Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne; and Homer onely added a fourth, s. Pasithea) otherwise called Charites, that is, thanks: whom the Poetes feyned to be the Goddesses of all bountie and comelines, which therefore (as sayth Theodotus) they make three, to wete, that men first ought to be gracious and bountifull to other freely; then to receive benefits at other mens hands curteously; and thirdly, to requite them thankfully; which are three sundry Actions in liberalitie. And Boccace saith, that they be painted naked (as they were indeede on the tombe of C. Julius Cæsar) the one having her backe toward us, and her face fromwarde, as proceeding from us; the other two toward us, noting double thanke to be due to us for the benefit we have done.

Deffly, finelye and nimbley.

Sootie, sweete.

Meriment, mirth.

Bevie, a beavie of ladyes, is spoken figuratively for a company, or troupe: the terme is taken of Larkes. For they say a Bevie of Larkes, even as a Covey of Partridge, or an eye of Pheasaunts.

Ladies of the lake be Nymphes. For it was an olde opinion amongst the Auncient Heathen, that of every spring and fountaine was a goddesse the Sovereigne. Whiche opinion stucked in the myndes of men not many yeares sithence, by meanes of certain fine fablers, and lowd lyers, such as were the Authors of King Arthure the great, and such like, who tell many an unlawfull leasing of the Ladies of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the word Nympe in Greeke, signifieth Well water, or otherwise, a Spouse or Bryde.

Behight, called or named.

Cloris, the name of a Nymph, and signifieth greenesse; of whome is sayd, that Zephyrus, the Western wind, being in love with her, and coveting her to wyfe, gave her for a dowrie the chieffedome and soveraintye of al flowres, and greene herbes, growing on earth.

Olive bene, The Olive was wont to be the ensigne of Peace and quietnesse, eyther for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and so carefully looked to as it ought, but in time of peace; or es for that the Olive tree, they say, will not growe neare the Firre tree, which is dedicate to Mars the God of bataille, and used most for speares, and other instruments of warre. Whereuppon is finely feigned, that when Neptune and Minerva strove for the naming of the cite of Athens, Neptune striking the ground with his mace caused a horse to come

forth, that importeth warre, but at Minervaes stroke sprong out an Olive, to note that it should be a nurse of learning, and such peaceable studies.

Binde your, spoken rudely, and according to shepheardes simplicitie.

Bring, all these be names of flowers. *Sops in wine*, a flowre in colour much like to a Coronation, but differing in smel and quantitie. *Flowre delice*, that which they use to misterine flowre deluce, being in Latine called *Flos deltiarum*.

A Bellibone, or a bonibell, homely spoken for a fayre mayde, or Bonilasse.

Forswoock, and *forswall*, overlaboured and sunne-burnt.

I saw Phœbus, the sunne. A sensible narration, and present view of the thing mentioned, which they call *παρρησία*.

Cynthia, the Moone, so called of *Cynthus* a hyll, where she was honoured.

Latonaes seede, Was Apollo and Diana. when as Niobe the Wife of Amphion scorned respect of the noble fruct of her wombe, in her seven sonnes, and so many daughters, being therewith displeased, commaunded her Phœbus to slea al the sonnes, and Diana daughters: whereat the unfortunate Niobe sore dismayed, and lamenting out of measure, feigned of the Poetes to be turned into a stone upon the sepulchre of her children: for cause the shepheard sayth, he will not comfort her to them, for feare of like misfortune.

Now rise, is the conclusion. For, having decked her with prayes and comparisons, turneth all the thanck of hys labour to the lence of her Majestie.

When Damsins, A base reward of a clove-giver.

I'blent, Y is a poetically addition; *blent*, blent.

EMBLEME.

This Poesye is taken out of Virgile, and there of him used in the person of Æneas to his mother Venus, appearing to him in likenesse of one of Dianaes damosells: being there most divinely set forth. To which similitude of divinitie Hobbinoll, comparing the excellency of Elisa, and being, through the worthynes of Colins song, as it were, overcome with the hugeness of his imagination, brusteth

out in great admiration, (*O quam te mirum videro!*) being otherwise unhable, then by silence, to expresse the worthinesse of his countenance. Whom Thenot answereth with another part like verse, as confirming by his graunt and provuance, that Elisa is no whit inferiour to the Majestie of her, of whome that Poete so pronounced *O dea certe*.

MAYE.

ÆGLOGA QUINTA. ARGUMENT.

In this fiftē Æglogue, under the persons of two shepheards, Piers and Palinodie, be represented two sorts of pastoures or Ministers, or the Protestant and the Catholique: whose chiefe talke standeth in reasoning whether the life of the one must be like the other: with whom having shewed, that it is daunge to mainteine any fellowship, or give too much credit to their colourable and feyned good will, he telleth a tale of the foxe, that, by such a counterpoynt of craftines, deceived and devoured the credulous shepheard.

PALINODE.

PIERS.

Palinode. Is not thilke the mery moneth of When love-lads masken in fresh aray? [May, How falles it, then, we no merrier bene, Ylike as oth'rs, girt in gawdy greene?

Our bloncket liveryes bene all to sadde For thilke same season, when all is ycladd With pleasaunce: the grownd with grasse, the Woods [buds.

With greene leaves, the bushes with blooming Youghthes folke now flocken in every where, To gather May bus-kets and smelling breere: And home they hasten the postes to dight, And all the Kirke pillours eare day light, With Hawthorne buds, and swete Eglantine, And girlonds of roses, and Sops in wine. Such merimake holy Saints doth queme, But we here sitten as drownd in a dreame.

Piers. For Younkers, Palinodie, such follies But we tway bene men of elder witt. [fitte,

Pal. Sicker this morrowe, no lenger a I sawe a shole of shepheardes outgoe With singing, and shouting, and jolly clatter Before them yode a lusty Taberere, That to the many a Horne-pype playd, [Where to they dauncen, eche one with a pipe To see those folkes make such jovysaunce Made my heart after the pype to daunce Tho to the greene Wood they speeden he To fetchen home May with their musica And home they bringen in a royall throng Crowned as king: and his Queene attended Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend A fayre flocke of Faeries, and a fresh bevy Of lovely Nymphs. (O that I were the To helpen the Ladyes their Maybush buds Ah! Piers, bene not thy teeth on edge thinke [swif How great sport they gaynen with

Piers. Perdie, so farre am I from envie,
 At their fondnesse inly I pitie :
 These faytours little regarden their charge,
 While they, letting their sheepe runne at large,
 Seen their time, that should be sparely spent,
 Justihede and wanton meryment. [stedde,
 Like same bene shepheardes for the Devils
 At playen while their flockes be unfedde :
 All is it seene theyr sheepe bene not their
 owne,
 At letten them runne at randon alone :
 They bene hyred for little pay
 Other, that caren as little as they
 At fallen the flocke, so they han the fleece,
 I get all the gayne, paying but a peece.
 Use, what account both these will make ;
 One for the hire which he doth take,
 Another for leaving his Lords taske, [aske.
 Pan great Pan account of shepherdes shall
Pal. Sicker, now I see thou speakest of
 spight,
 For thou lackest somedele their delight.
 As I am) had rather be envied,
 Were it of my foe, then fouly pitied :
 I yet, if neede were, pitied would be,
 Her then other should scorne at me :
 Pittied is mishappe that nas remedie,
 Scorned bene dedes of fond foolerie.
 That shoulde shepheards other things tend,
 In, sith their God his good does them send,
 Eaten the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,
 While they here liven at ease and leasure ?
 When they bene dead, their good is ygoe,
 They sleepen in rest, well as other moe :
 With them wends what they spent in cost,
 What they left behind them is lost.
 And is no good, but if it be spend ;
 I giveth good for none other end.
Piers. Ah ! Palinodie, thou art a worldes
 childe :
 No touches Pitch, mought needes be defilde ;
 Shepheards (as Algrind used to say)
 Mought not live ylike as men of the laye.
 With them it sits to care for their heire,
 To haunter their heritage doe impaire. [aunce,
 They must provide for meanes of mainten-
 d to continue their wont countenance :
 The shepheard must walke another way,
 The worldly sovenance he must forsay.
 The sonne of his loines why should he regard
 Leave enriched with that he hath spard ?
 Could not thilke God, that gave him that
 good,
 He cherish his child, if in his wayes he stood ?
 If he mislive in leudnes and lust,
 The bootes all the welth and the trust,
 At his father left by inheritaunce ;
 Will be soone wasted with misgovernance ;

But through this, and other their miscreaunce
 They maken many a wrong chevisaunce,
 Heaping up waves of welth and woe,
 The floddes whereof shall them overflowe
 Sike mens follie I cannot compare
 Better then to the Apes folish care,
 That is so enamoured of her young one,
 (And yet, God wote, such cause hath she none)
 That with her hard hold, and straight em-
 bracing,
 She stoppeth the breath of her youngling.
 So often times, when as good is meant,
 Evil ensueth of wrong entent.

The time was once, and may againe retorne,
 (For ought may happen, that hath bene be-
 forne)

When shepheards had none inheritaunce,
 Ne of land, nor fee in sufferaunce,
 But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
 (Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
 Well ywis was it with shepheards thoe :
 Nought having, nought feared they to forgoe ;
 For Pan himselfe was their inheritaunce,
 And little them served for their mayntenance.
 The shepheards God so wel them guided,
 That of nought they were unprovided ;
 Butter enough, honye, milke, and whay,
 And their flockes fleeces them to araye :
 But tract of time, and long prosperitie,
 That nource of vice, this of insolencie,
 Lulled the shepheards in such securitie,
 That, not content with loyall obeysaunce,
 Some gan to gape for greedie governaunce,
 And match them selfe with mighty potentates,
 Lovers of Lordship, and troublers of states.
 Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke aloft,
 And leave to live hard, and learne to ligge
 soft :

Tho, under colour of shepheards, somewhile
 There erept in Wolves, ful of fraude, and
 That often devoured their owne sheepe, [guile,
 And often the shepheards that did hem keene :
 This was the first sourse of shepheards sorowe,
 That now nill be quitt with baile nor borrowe.

Pal. Three thinges to beare bene very bur-
 denous,

But the fourth to forbear is outrageous :
 Wemen, that of Loves longing once lust,
 Hardly forbearen, but have it they must :
 So when choler is inflamed with rage,
 Wanting revenge, is hard to asswage :
 And who can counsell a thristic soule,
 With patience to forbear the offred bowle ?
 But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
 Most is, a foolos talke to beare and to heare.
 I wene the Geaunt has not such a weight,
 That beares on his shoulders the heavens
 height.

Thou findest faulte where nys to be found,
And buildest strong warke upon a weake
ground:

Thou raylest on, right withouten reason,
And blamest hem much for small encheason.
How shouldest shepherdes live, if not so?
What! should they pynen in payne and woe?
Nay, say I thereto, by my deare borrowe,
If I may rest, I will live in sorrowe.

Sorrowe ne neede be hastened on,
For he will come, without calling, anone.
While times endure of tranquillitie,
Usen we freely our felicitie;
For, when approchen the stormie stowres,
We mought with our shoulders beare of the
sharpe showres;

And, sooth to sayne, nought seemeth sike
strife,

That shepherdes so witen ech others life,
And shew her faults the world beforne,
The while their foes done eache of hem scorne.
Let none mislike of that may not be mended:
So conteck soone by concord mought be ended.

Piers. Shepheard, I list none accordaunce
make

With shepheard that does the right way for-
And of the twaine, if choice were to me,
And layen my foe then my freend he be;
For what concord han light and darke sam?
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?
Such faitors, when their false harts bene hidde,
Will doe as did the Foxe by the Kidde.

Pal. Now, *Piers*, of felowship, tell us that
saying:

For the Ladde can keepe both our flockes from
Piers. Thilke same Kidde (as I can well

Was too very foolish and unwise; [devise]
For on a tyme, in Sommer season,
The Gate her dame, that had good reason,
Yode forth abroad unto the greene wood,
To brouze, or play, or what shee thought good:
But, for she had a motherly care
Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,
Shee set her youngling before her-knee,
That was both fresh and lovely to see,
And full of favour as kidde mought be.
His Vellet head began to shoote out,
And his wreathed hornes gan newly sprout:
The blossomes of lust to bud did beginne,
And spring forth ranckly under his chinne.
'My Sonne,' (quoth she and with that gan
weepe,

For careful thoughts in her heart did creepe)
'God blesse thee, poore Orphane! as he
mought me,

And send thee joy of thy jollitee.

Thy father,' (that word she spake with payne,
For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine)

'Thy father, had he lived this day,
To see the braunche of his body displaie,
How would he have joyed at this sweete sight!
But ah! false Fortune such joy did him spie!
And cutte of hys dayes with untimely we
Betraying him into the traines of hys foe.

Now I, a wayfull widdowe behight,
Of my old age have this one delight,
To see thee succede in thy fathers steade,
And florish in flowres of lusty-head:
For even so thy father his head upheld,
And so his hauty hornes did he weild.'

Tho marking him with melting eyes,
A thrilling throbbe from her hart did arise
And interrupted all her other speache
With some old sorowe that made a ne
breache:

Seemed shee sawe in the younglings face
The old lineaments of his fathers grace.
At last her solein silence she broke,
And gan his newe-budded beard to stroke.
'Kiddie, (quoth shee) thou kenst the gr
care

I have of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wyld beastes ligen in waite
For to entrap in thy tender state:

But most the Foxe, maister of collusion:
For he has vowed thy last confusion.

For-thy, my Kiddie, be rul'd by mee,
And never give trust to his trecheree:

And, if he chauce come when I am abroad
Sperre the yate fast for feare of fraude:

Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
Open the dore at his request.'

So schooled the Gate her wanton sonne,
That answerd his mother, all should be do

Tho went the pensife Damme out of dore,
And chaunst to stamble at the threshold th

Her stombling steppe some what her amaz
(For such, as signes of ill luck, bene c
praised;)

Yet forth shee yode, thereat halfe aghast
And Kiddie the dore sperred after her fast

It was not long, after shee was gone,
But the false Foxe came to the dore anone

Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poore pedler he did wend,

Bearing a trusse of tryfles at hys backe,
As bells, and babes, and glasses, in hys packe

A Biggen he had got about his brayne,
For in his headpeace he felt a sore payner

His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had gotte the gout.

There at the dore he cast me downe hys packe
And layd him downe, and groned, (Alas

Alack!

Ah, deare Lord! and sweete Saint Charitee
That some good body would once pitie mee

ell heard Kiddie al this sore constraint,
lengt to know the cause of his complaint :
creeping close behind the Wickets clink,
relie he peeped out through a chinck,
not so previlie but the Foxe him spyed ;
deceitfull meaning is double eyed.

Al, good young maister !' (then gan he
crye)

us blesse that sweete face I espye,
keepe your corpse from the carefull stounds
t in my carrion carcas abounds.'

ed Kidd, pitying hys heavinesse,
ed the cause of his great distresse,
also who, and whence that he were ?

ho he, that had well ycond his lere,
s medled his talke with many a teare :
ke, sicke, alas ! and little lack of dead,

I be relieved by your beastly head.

a poore sheepe, albe my coloure donne,
with long travaile I am brent in the sonne :

, if that my Grandsire me sayd be true,
er, I am very sybbe to you :

be your goodlihead doe not disdayne
base kinred of so simple swaine.

nercy and favour, then, I you pray
h your ayd to fore-stall my neere decay.'

ho out of his packe a glasse he tooke,
erein while Kiddie unwares did looke,

was so enamored with the newell,
t nought he deemed d-are for the jewell :

opened he the dore, and in came
false Foxe, as he were starke lame :

tayle he clapt bewixt his legs twayne,
he should be descried by his trayne.

eing within, the Kidde made him good glee,
for the love of the glasse he did see.

After his chere the Pedler can chat,
And tell many lesinges of this and that,
And how he could shewe many a fine knack :
Tho shewed his ware and opened his packe,
All save a bell, which he left behind
In the basket for the Kidde to fynd :

Which when the Kidde stooped downe to catch,
He popt him in, and his basket did latch :

Ne stayed he once the dore to make fast,
But ranne awaye with him in all hast. [hyde,

Home when the doubtfull Damme had her
She mought see the dore stand open wyde.

All agast, lowdly she gan to call

Her Kidde ; but he nould answer at all :

Tho on the flore she saw the merchaundise
Of which her sonne had sette to deere a prise

What helpe? her Kidde shee knewe well was
gone :

Shee weeped, and wayled, and made great mone,
Such end had the Kidde, for he nould warned

Of craft, coloured with simplicitie : [be

And such end, perdie, does all hem remayne,

That of such falsers freendship bene sayne.

Pal. Truly, Piers, thou art beside thy wit,
Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit.

Now, I pray thee, lette me thy tale borrowe

For our Sir John, to say to morrowe

At the Kerke, when it is holliday ;

For well he meanes, but little can say.

But, and if foxes bene so crafty as so,

Much needeth all shepheards hem to knowe.

Piers, Of their falshode more could I re-
count,

But now the bright Sunne gynneth to dismount ;

And, for the deawie night now doth nye,

I hold it best for us home to hye.

PALINODES EMBLEME.

Πᾶς μὲν ἄπιστος ἀπιστεῖ.

PIERS HIS EMBLEME.

Τίς δ' ἄρα πίστις ἀπιστῶ ;

GLOSSE.

ilke, this same moneth. It is applyed to the
on of the moneth, when all menne delight
selves with pleasaunce of fieldes, and gardens,
garments.

oncket liveries, gray coates.

lad, arrayed, Y redoundeth, as before.

every where, a straunge, yet proper kind of
sing.

askets, a diminutive, a little bushes of hau-
ne.

ke, church.

me, please.

hole, a multitude, taken of fishe, whereof some,

going in great companies, are sayde to swimme in
a shole.

Yode, went.

Jovyssaunce, Joye.

Swinck, labour.

Inly, entirely.

Faytours, vagabonds.

Great Pan, is Christ, the very God of all shep-
heards, which calleth himselfe the greate, and
good shepherd. The name is most rightly (me-
thinkes) applyed to him ; for Pan signifieth all, or
omnipotent, which is onely the Lord Jesus. And
by that name (as I remember) he is called of Euse-

blius, in his fiftie booke *De Preparat. Evang.*, who thereof telleth a proper storrye to that purpose. Which story is first recorded of Plutarch, in his booke of the ceasing of Oracles: and of Iavotere translated, in his booke of walking sprights; who sayth, that about the same time that our Lord suffered his most bitter passion, for the redemption of man, certain passengers sayling from Italy to Cyprus, and passing by certaine Iles called Paxæ, heard a voyce calling alowde Thamus, Thamus! (now Thamus was the name of an Ægyptian, which was Pilote of the ship) who, giving eare to the cry, was bidden, when he came to Palodes, to tel that the great Pan was dead: which he doubting to doe, yet for that when he came to Palodes, there sodeinly was such a calme of winde, that the shippe stooode still in the sea unmoved, he was forced to cry alowd, that Pan was dead: wherewithall there was heard suche piteous outcryes, and dreadfull shriking, as hath not bene the like. By whych Pan, though of some be understoode the great Satanas, whose kingdome at that time was by Christ conquered, the gates of hell broken up, and death by death delivered to eternall death, (for at that time, as he sayth, all Oracles surceased, and enchaunted spirits, that were wont to delude the people, thenceforth held theyr peace:) and also at the demaund of the Emperoure Tiberius, who that Pan should be, answer was made him by the wisest and best learned, that it was the sonne of Mercurie and Penelope: yet I thinke it more properly meant of the death of Christ, the onely and very Pan, then suffering for his flock.

I as I am, seemeth to imitate the common proverb, *Malim invidere mihi omnes, quam misercere.*

Nas is a syncope, for *ne has*, or *has not*: as *nould* for *would not*.

Tho with them they did imitate the Epitaphe of the ryotous king Sardanapalus, which he caused to be written on his tombe in Greeke: which verses be thus translated by Tullie.

'Hæc habui quæ edo, quæque exaturata libido
'Hausit, at illa manent multa ac præclara relicta.'

Which may thus be turned into English.

'All that I eate did I joye, and all that I greedily gorged:

'As for those many goodly matters left I for others.'

Much like the Epitaph of a good olde Erle of Devonshire, which though much more wisdomed bevaileth then Sardanapalus, yet hath a smacke of his sensuall delights and beastlinesse: the rymes be these:

'Ho, ho! who lies here?
'I the good Earle of Devonshire,
'And Maulede my wife that was ful deare:
'We lived together lv. yeare.
'That we spent, we had:
'That we gave, we have:
'That we left, we lost.'

Algrind, the name of a shepheard.

Men of the lay, Laymen.

Enaunter, least that.

Sovenance, remembrance.

Miscraunce, despeire, or misbeliefe.

Chevisaunce, sometime of Chaucer used for gain, sometime of other for spoyle, or bootie, or enterprise, and sometime for chiefdom.

Pan himselfe, God: according as is sayd in Terenomie, That, in division of the lande of Canaan to the tribe of Levie no portion of heritage should bee allotted, for God himselfe was their inheritance.

Some *pan*, meant of the Pope, and his Antichristian prelates, which usurpe a tyrannical dominion in the Church, and with Peters counterfet key open a wide gate to all wickednesse and insolent government. Nought here spoken, as of purpose to deny fatherly rule and governaunce (as some maliciously of late have done, to the great unreason and hinderance of the Church) but to display the pride and disorder of such, as, in steede of feeding their sheepe, indeede feede of theyr sheepe.

Sourse, welspring and originall.

Borrowe, pledge or suertie.

The Geaunte is the greates Atlas, whom the poet feign to be a huge geaunt, that beareth Heaven on his shoulders: being indeede a mervellous high mountaine in Mauritania, that now is Barbarie, which, to mans seeming, perceth the cloudes, as seemeth to touch the heavens. Other thinke, as they not amisse, that this fable was meant of Atlas king of the same countrye, (of whome we see, that that hil had his denomination) brother of Prometheus, who (as the Greekes say) did first discover out the hidden courses of the starres, by an excellent imagination: wherefore the poetes feigne that he susteyned the firmament on his shoulder. Many other conjectures needlesse be told hereof.

Warke, worke.

Encheason, cause, occasion.

Deare borrow, that is our Saviour, the common pledge of all mens debts to death.

Wyten, blame.

Nought seemeth, is unseemely.

Conteck, strife, contention.

Her, theyr, as useth Chaucer.

Han, for have.

Sam, together.

This tale is much like to that in Æsops fables, but the Catastrophe and end is farre different. The Kidde may be understoode the simple sort of the faythfull and true Christians. By hys daughter, Christe, that hath already with carefull watchwords (as heere doth the gote) warned her lions, to beware of such doubling deceit. By the Foxe, the false and faithlesse Papistes, to whom is no credit to be given, nor felowshippe to be used.

The Gate, the Gote: Northerly spoken, to turne into A.

Yode, went: afforesayd.

She set, a figure called *Fictio*, which useth to attribute reasonable actions and speeches to unreasonable creatures.

The bloosmes of lust, be the yong and most heares, which then beginne to sproute and shew forth, when lustfull heate beginneth to kindle.

And with, a very poetical *modus*.

phane, a youngling or pupill, that needeth a
ar and governour.
t word, a patheticaall parenthesis, to encrease
full hyperbaton.
branch, of the fathers body, is the child.
even so, Alluded to the saying of Andromache
canus in Virgile.

Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.*

Drilling throð, a percing sighe.

gen, lye.

ister of collusion, s. coloured guile, because
oxe, of al beasts, is most wily and crafty.

re the yate, shut the dore.

uch, the gotes stombling is here noted as an
signe. The like to be marked in all histories :
hat not the leaste of the Lorde Hastings in
Rycharde the third his dayes. For, beside
angerous dreame (whiche was a shrewde
ecie of his mishap that folowed) it is sayd,
n the morning, ryding toward the tower of
on, there to sitte uppon matters of counsell,
orse stombled twice or thrise by the way :
a, of some, that ryding with him in his com-
were privie to his neere destenie, was secretly
ed, and afterward noted for memorie of his
mishap that ensewed. For being then as
as man might be, and least doubting any
all daunger, he was, within two howres after,
e Tyranne put to a shamefull deathe.

belles, by such trifles are noted, the reliques
aggies of popish superstition, which put no

small religion in Belles, and Babies, s. Idoles, and
glasses, s. Paxes, and such lyke trumperies.

Great cold, for they boast much of their outward
patience, and voluntarie sufferance, as a worke
of merite and holy humblenesse.

Sweete S. Charitie, The Catholiques common othe,
and onely speache, to have charitye alwayes in
their mouth, and sometime in their outward Ac-
tions, but never inwardly in fayth and godly zeale.

Cluncke, a keyhole. Whose diminutive is clicket,
used of Chaucer for a Key.

Stounds, fittes : aforesayde.

His lere, his lesson.

Meded, mingled.

Bestlihead, agreeing to the person of a beast.

Sibbe, of kinne.

Newell, a newe thing.

To forestall, to prevent.

Glée, chere : aforesayde.

Deare a price, his lyfe which he lost for those toyes.

Such ende, is an Epiphonema, or rather the mora
of the whole tale, whose purpose is to warne the
protestaunt beware, how he giveth credit to the
unfaythfull Catholique ; wherof we have dayly
proofes sufficient, but one moste famous of all
practised of late yeares in Fraunce, by Charles the
nynth.

Fayne, gladd or desyrous.

Our sir John, a Popishe priest. A saying fit for
the grosenesse of a shepheard, but spoken to taunte
unlearned Priestes.

Dismount, descende or set.

Nye, draweth nere.

EMBLEME.

These Emblemes make one whole Hexa-
. The first spoken of Palinodie, as in re-
of them that be distrustfull, is a peece of
this verse, intending, that who doth most mis-
is most false. For such experience in falshod
eth mistrust in the mynd, thinking no lesse
to lurke in others then in hyselfe. But

Piers thereto strongly replyeth with an other peece
of the same verse, saying, as in his former fable,
what fayth then is there in the faythlesse ? For if
fayth be the ground of religion, which fayth they
dayly false, what hold is then there of theyr reli-
gion ? And thys is all that they saye.

JUNE.

ÆGLOGA SEXTA. ARGUMENT.

Æglogue is wholly vowed to the complayning of Colins ill successe in his love. For being (as is afore-
id) enuicmoured of a country lasse, Rosalind, and having (as seemeth) founde place in her heart, he
menteth to his deare friend Hobbinoll, that he is noice forsaken unfaithfully, and in his steede
enalcas, another shepheard, received disloyalty. And this is the whole Argument of this Æglogue.

HOBBINOL.

Lo ! Collin, here the place whose plesant
syte [mynde :
other shades hath weand my wandering
ne, what wants me here to worke de-
lyte ?
imple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,
me, so coole, as no where else I fynde :
grassye ground with dainty Daysies
dight,

COLIN CLOUT.

The Bramble bush, where Byrds of every kynde
To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

Col. O happy Hobbinoll ! I blesse thy state,
That Paradise hast founde whych Adam
lost :

Here wander may thy flocke, early or late,
Withouten dreade of Wolves to bene ystot :
Thy lovely layes here mayst thou freely
boste.

But I, unhappy man! whom cruell fate
And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,
Can nowhere fynd to shroude my lucklesse
pate.

Hob. Then, if by me thou list advised be,
Forsake the soyle that so doth thee bewitch:
Leave me those hilles where harbrough nis to
see,

Nor holy-bush, nor breere, nor winding witcher:
And to the dales resort, where shepheards
ritch,

And fruitfull flocks, bene every where to see:
Here no night-ravenes lodge, more black then
pitche,

Nor elvish ghosts, nor gastly owles doe flee.

But frendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfoote Nymphes, can chace the ling-
ring Night

With Heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst systers nyne, which dwell on Parnasse
hight,

Doe make them musick for their more delight:
And Pan himselfe, to kisse their christall
faces,

Will pype and daunce when Phoebe shineth
Such pierlesse pleasures have we in these places.

Col. And I, whylst youth and course of
carelesse yeeres,

Did let me walke withouten linkes of love,
In such delights did joy amongst my peeres:
But ryper age such pleasures doth reprove:
My fancye eke from former follies move
To stayed steps; for time in passing weares,
(As garments doen, which wexen old above,)
And draweth newe delightes with hoary
heares.

Tho couth I sing of love, and tune my pype
Unto my plaintive pleas in verses made:

Tho would I seeke for Queene-apples unrype,
To give my Rosalind; and in Sommer shade
Dight gaudy Girlands was my common trade,
To crowne her golden locks: but yeeres more
rype,

And losse of her, whose love as lyfe I wayd,
Those weary wanton toyes away dyd wye,

Hob. Colin, to heare thy rymes and rounde-
layes,

Which thou wert wont on wastfull hylls to
I more delight then larke in Sommer dayes:
Whose Echo made the neyghbour groves to
ring,

And taught the byrds, which in the lower
Did shroude in shady leaves from sonny rayes,
Frame to thy songe their chereful cheriping,
Or hold theyr peace, for shame of thy swete
layes.

I sawe Calliope wyth Muses moe,
Soone as thy oaten pype began to sound,
Theyr yvory Luyts and Tamburins forgooe
And from the fountaine, where they
around,

Renne after hastely thy silver sound;
But, when they came where thou thy
didst showe,

They drewe abacke, as halfe with shame:
Shepherd to see them in theyr art outgoe

Col. Of Muses, Hobbinol, I conne no skil:
For they bene daughters of the hyghest Jove
And holden scorn of homely shepheards
quill:

For sith I heard that Pan with Phœbus strid
Which him to much rebuke and Dau-
drove,

I never lyst presume to Parnasse hyll,
But, pyping lowe in shade of lowly grove,
I play to please my selfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I who my song doth prays
blame,

Ne strive to winne renowne, or passe the r
With shephard sittes not followe flying fa
But feede his flocke in fields where falls
best.

I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely dr
The fyttier they my carefull case to fram
Enough is me to paint out my unrest,
And poore my piteous plaints out in the sa

The God of shepheards, Tityrus, is dead,
Who taught me homely, as I can. to make
He, whilst he lived, was the soveraigne he
Of shepheards all that bene with love yta
Well couth he wayle his Woes, and light
slake

The flames which love within his heart
And tell us mery tales to keepe us wake,
The while our sheepe about us safely fedd

Nowe dead he is, and lyeth wrapt in lead
(O! why should Death on hym such o
showe?)

And all hys passing skil with him is fledd
The fame whereof doth dayly greater grow
But, if on me some little drops would flow
Of that the spring was in his learned hedd
I soone would learne these woods to wayle
woe,

And teache the trees their trickling tear
[she]

Then should my plaints, causd of discourte
As messengers of this my painfull plight,
Flye to my love, where ever that she bee,
And pierce her heart with poynt of wo
wight,

As shee deserves that wrought so deadly spi
And thou, Menalcas, that by trechere

underfong my lasse to wexe so light,
dest well be knowne for such thy
villanee.

Since I am not as I wish I were,
gentle Shepheards, which your flocks do
feede,
her on hylls, or dales, or other where,
witnessse all of thys so wicked deede:
tell the lasse, whose flowre is woxe a
weede,
faultlesse fayth is turned to faithlesse
fere,

That she the truest shepheards hart made
bleede,
That lyves on earth, and loved her most dere.

Hob. O, carefull Colin! I lament thy case;
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe!
Ah, faithlesse Rosalind and voide of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe!
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:
Then ryse, ye blessed Flocks, and home apace,
Least night with stealing steppes doe you
forsloe, [trace.
And wett your tender Lambes that by you

COLINS EMBLEME.

Gia speme spenta.

GLOSSE.

situation and place.

Paradise, A Paradise in Greeke, signifieth a Gar-
pleasure, or place of delights. So he com-
to the soile, wherin Hobbinoll made his abode,
at earthly Paradise, in scripture called Eden,
in Adam in his first creation was placed:
of the most learned is thought to be in
otamia, the most fertile pleasaunte country
world (as may appeare by Diodorus Syculus
ption of it, in the historie of Alexanders
rest thereof,) lying betweene the two famous
(which are sayd in scripture to flowe out
radise) Tygris and Euphrates, whereof it is
ominate.

Take the soyle. This is no Poetical fiction, but
nedly spoken of the Poete selfe, who for
II occasion of private affayres, (as I have
partly of himselfe informed) and for his
preferment, removing out of the Northpartes,
into the South, as Hobbinoll indeede advised
privately.

These hylls, that is in the North country, where
he lye.

is not.

Dales. The Southpartes, where he nowe
th, which thoughte they be full of hylles and
s (for Kent is very hyllye and woodye; and
ore so called, for *Kanish* in the Saxons tongue
eth woodie,) yet in respecte of the North-
they be called dales. For indeede the North
nted the higher countrye.

White Ravens, &c. By such hatefull byrdes, hee
th all misfortunes (whereof they be tokens)
every where.

Madly faeries. The opinion of Faeries and
is very old, and yet sticketh very religiously
myndes of some. But to roote that rancke
on of Elfes oute of mens hearts, the truth is,
here be no such thinges, nor yet the shadowes
e things, but onely by a sort of bald Friers
navish shavelings so feigned; which as in all
things, so in that, soughte to nousell the
on people in ignorance, least, being once
inted with the truth of things, they would

in tyme smell out the untruth of theyr packed
pelfe, and Massepenie religion. But the sooth is,
that when all Italy was distraicte into the Factions
of the Guelphes and the Gibelins, being two famous
houses in Florence, the name began through their
great mischiefes and many outrages, to be so odious,
or rather dreadfull, in the peoples eares, that, if
theyr children at any time were frowarde and
wanton, they would say to them that the Guelph
or the Gibeline came. Which words nowe from
them (as many things els) be come into our usage.
and, for Guelphes and Gibelines, we say Elfes and
Goblins. No otherwise then the Frenchmen used
to say of that valiaunt captain, the very scourge
of France, the Lorde Thalbot, afterward Erie of
Shrewsbury, whose noblesse bred such a terrour in
the hearts of the French, that oft times even great
armies were defaicted and put to flyght at the onely
hearing of his name. In somuch that the French
women, to affray their chyldren, would tell them
that the Talbot commeth.

Many Graces, though there be indeede but three
Graces or Charites (as afore is sayd) or at the ut-
most but foure, yet, in respect of many gyftes of
bounty there may be sayde more. And so Musaeus
sayth, that in Heroes eyther eye there sat a hun-
dred Graces. And, by that authoritye, thys same
Poete, in his Pageaunts, saith 'An hundred Graces
on her eyelidde sate,' &c.

Heydeguyes, A country daunce or rownd. The
concept is, that the Graces and Nymphes doe
daunce unto the Muses and Pan his musicke all
night by Moonelight. To signifie the pleasaunt-
nesse of the soyle.

Peeres. Equalles, and fellow shepheards.

Queene-apples unripe, imitating Virgils verse.

'Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.'

Neighbour groves, a straunge phrase in English,
but word for word expressing the Latine *vicina
nemora*.

Spring, not of water, but of young trees springing.

Calliope, afforesayde. Thys staffe is full of verie
poetical invention.

Tamburines, an olde kind of instrument, which of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

Pan with Phœbus, the tale is well knowne, howe that Pan and Apollo, striving for excellencye in musicke, chose Midas for their iudge. Who, being corrupted wyth partiall affection, gave the victorie to Pan undeserved: for which Phœbus sette a payre of Asses eares upon hys head, &c.

Tityrus, That by Tityrus is meant Chaucer, hath bene already sufficiently sayde; and by thys more playne appeareth, that he sayth, he tolde merye tales. Such as be hys Canterburie tales, whom he calleth the God of Poetes for hys excellencie; so as

Tullie calleth *Lentulus*, *Deum vitæ suæ*, s. the God of hys life.

To make, to versifie.

O why, A pretye Epanorthosis, or correction. *Discurtisie*: he meaneth the falsenesse of lover Rosalinde, who forsaking hym hadde choise of another.

Poynte of worthy wile, the pricke of deserved blame.

Menalcas, the name of a shepheard in Virgil, but here is meant a person unknowne and secret, against whome he often bitterly invayeth.

Underfonge, undermyne, and deceive by suggestion.

EMBLEME.

You remember that in the fyrst Æglogue Colins Poesie was *Anchora speme*: for that as then there was hope of favour to be found in tyme. But now being cleane forlorne and rejected of her, as whose

hope, that was, is cleane extinguished and turned into despayre, he renounceth all comfort, and is content of goodnesse to come: which is all the meaning of thys Embleme.

JULYE.

ÆGLOGA SEPTIMA. ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepheardes, and to the shame dispraise of proude and ambitious Pastours: Such as Morrell is here imagined to bee.

THOMALIN.

MORRELL.

Tho. Is not thilke same a goteheard prowde,
That sittes on yonder bancke,
Whose straying heard them selfe doth shrowde

Among the bushes rancke?

Mor. What, ho! thou jollye shepheardes

Come up the hyll to me; [swayne,

Better is then the lowly playne,

Als for thy flocke and thee.

Thom. Ah! God shield, man, that I should

And learne to looke alofte; [clime,

This reede is ryfe, that oftentime

Great clymbers fall unsoft.

In humble dales is footing fast,

The trode is not so tickle:

And though one fall through heedlesse hast,

Yet is his misse not mickle.

And now the Sonne hath reared up

His fyerie-footed teme,

Making his way betwene the Cuppe

And golden Diademe:

The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,

With dogges of noysome breath,

Whose balefull barking bringes in hast

Pyne, plagues, and dreery death.

Agaynst his cruell scorching heate,

Where hast thou coverture?

The wastefull hylls unto his threate

Is a playne overture.

But, if thee lust to holden chat

With seely shepherds swayne,

Come downe, and learne the little what,
That Thomalin can sayne.

Mor. Syker, thous but a laesie loord,

And rekes much of thy swinck,

That with fond termes, and witlesse words,

To blere mine eyes doest thinke.

In evill houre thou hentest in hond

Thus holy hylles to blame,

For sacred unto saints they stond,

And of them han theyr name.

St. Michels Mount who does not know,

That wardes the Westernne coste?

And of St. Brigets bowre, I trow,

All Kent can rightly boaste:

And they that con of Muses skill

Sayne most-what, that they dwell

(As goteheards wont) upon a hill,

Beside a learned well.

And wonned not the great God Pan

Upon mount Olivet,

Feeding the blessed flocke of Dan,

Which dyd himselfe beget?

Thom. O blessed sheepe! O shepheard gre

That bought his flocke so deare,

And them did save with bloudy sweat

From Wolves that would them teare.

Mor. Besyde, as holy fathers sayne,

There is a hyllie place,

Where Titan ryseth from the mayne

To renne hys dayly race,

n whose toppe the starres bene stayed,
 and all the skie doth leane;
 e is the cave where Phœbe layed
 e shepheard long to dreame.
 lome there used shepherds all
 o feede theyr flocks at will,
 by his foly one did fall,
 at all the rest did spill.
 , sithens shepheardes bene forsayd
 om places of delight,
 thy I weene thou be affrayd
 clime this hilles height.
 ynah can I tell thee more,
 and of our Ladyes bowre;
 little needes to strow my store,
 office this hill of our.
 e han the holy Faunes recourse,
 and Sylvanes haunten rathe;
 e has the salt Medway his sourse,
 Therein the Nymphes doe bathe;
 salt Medway, that trickling stremis
 downe the dales of Kent,
 with his elder brother Themis
 is brackish waves be meyn.
 e growes Melampode every where,
 and Teribinth, good for Gotes:
 one my madding kiddes to smere,
 he next to heale theyr throtes.
 eto, the hills bene nigher heven,
 and thence the passage ethe;
 ell can prove the piercing levin,
 hat seeldome falles bynethie.
 m. Syker, thou speakes lyke a lewde
 f Heaven to demen so; [lorrell,
 y be I am but rude and borrell,
 et nearer wayes I knowe.
 Kerke the narre, from God more farre,
 as bene an old-sayd sawe,
 he, that strives to touch a starre,
 ft stumbles at a strawe.
 one may shepheard clymbe to skye
 hat leades in lowly dales,
 Goteherd prowd, that, sitting hye,
 pon the Mountaine sayles.
 seely sheepe like well belowe,
 hey neede not Melampode:
 they bene hale enough, I trowe,
 and liken theyr abode;
 , if they with thy Gotes should yede,
 hey soone myght be corrupted,
 ike not of the frowie fede,
 r with the weedes be glutted.
 hyls where dwelled holy saints
 reverence and adore:
 for themselfe, but for the sayncts
 Which han be dead of yore.
 l nowe they bene to heaven forewent,
 heyr good is with them goe:

Theyr sample onely to us lent,
 That als we mought doe soe.
 Shepherds they weren of the best,
 And lived in lowlye leas:
 And, sith theyr soules bene now at rest,
 Why done we them disease?
 Such one he was (as I have heard
 Old Algrind often sayne)
 That whilome was the first shepheard,
 And lived with little gayne:
 And meeke he was, as meeke mought be,
 Simple as simple sheepe;
 Humble, and like in eche degree
 The flocke which he did keepe.
 Often he used of hys keepe
 A sacrifice to bring,
 Nowe with a Kidde, now with a sheepe,
 The Altars hallowing.
 So lowted he unto hys Lord,
 Such favour couth he fynd,
 That sithens never was abhord
 The simple shepherds kynd.
 And such, I weene, the brethren were:
 That came from Canaïn:
 The brethren twelve, that kept yfere
 The flockes of mighty Pan.
 But nothing such thilk shepheard was
 Whom Ida hyll dyd beare,
 That left hys flocke to fetch a lasse,
 Whose love he bought to deare;
 For he was proude, that ill was payd,
 (No such mought shepherds bee)
 And with lewde lust was overlaid:
 Tway things doen ill agree.
 But shepheard mought be meeke and mylde,
 Well-eyed, as Argus was,
 With fleshly follyes undefyled,
 And stoute as steede of brasse.
 Sike one (sayd Algrind) Moses was,
 That sawe hys makers face,
 His face, more cleare then Christall glasse,
 And spake to him in place.
 This had a brother (his name I knewe)
 The first of all his cote,
 A shepheard trewe, yet not so true
 As he that earst I hote.
 Whilome all these were lowe and lief,
 And loved theyr flocks to feede;
 They never stroven to be chiefe,
 And simple was theyr weede:
 But now (thanked be God therefore)
 The world is well amend,
 Their weedes bene not so nighly wore;
 Such simplesse mought them shend:
 They bene yclad in purple and pall,
 So hath theyr god them blist;
 They reigne and rulen over all,
 And lord it as they list:

Ygyrt with belts of glitterand gold,
 (Mought they good sheepeheards bene?)
 They Pan theyr sheepe to them has sold,
 I saye as some have seene.
 For Palinode (if thou him ken)
 Yode late on Pilgrimage
 To Rome, (if such be Rome) and then
 He saw thiike misusage;
 For shepeheards (sayd he) there doen leade,
 As Lordes done other where;
 Theyr sheepe han crustes, and they the bread;
 The chippes, and they the chere:
 They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
 (O, seely sheepe, the while!)
 The corne is theyrs, let other thresh,
 Their handes they may not file.
 They han great stores and thriftye stockes,
 Great freendes and feeble foes:
 What neede hem caren for their flocks,
 Theyr boyes can looke to those.
 These wisards welter in welths waves,
 Pampred in pleasures deepe:
 They han fatte kernes, and leany knaves,
 Their fasting flocks to keepe.
 Sike mister men bene all misgone,
 They heapen hylles of wrath;
 Sike syrlye shepheards han we none,
 They keepen all the path.

Mor. Here is a great deale of good matter
 Lost for lacke of telling:
 Now, sicker, I see thou doest but clatter,
 Harme may come of melling.
 Thou medlest more then shall have thanke:
 To wyten shepheards welth:
 When folke bene fat, and riches rancke,
 It is a signe of helth.
 But say me, what is Algrind, he
 That is so oft bynempt?
Thom. He is a shepheard great in gree,
 But hath bene long ypent.
 One daye he sat upon a hyll,
 (As now thou wouldest me:
 But I am taught, by Algrinds ill,
 To love the lowe degree);
 For sitting so with bared scalpe,
 An Eagle sored hys,
 That, weening hys whyte head was chalke,
 A shell-fish downe let flye:
 She weend the shell-fishe to have broke,
 But therewith brüzd his brayne;
 So now, astonied with the stroke,
 He lyes in lingring payne.
Mor. Ah! good Algrind! his hap was ill,
 But shall be better in time.
 Now farwell, shepheard, sith thys hyll
 Thou hast such doubt to climbe.

THOMALINS EMBLEME.

In medio virtus.

MORRELLS EMBLEME.

In summo felicitus.

GLOSSE.

A Goteheard: by Gotes, in scrypture, be represented the wicked and reprobate, whose pastour also must needes be such.

Banck, is the seate of honor.

Straying heard, which wander out of the waye of truth.

Als, for also.

Clymbe, spoken of Ambition.

Great clymbers, according to Seneca his verse. 'Decidunt celsa, graviores lapsus.' *Mickle,* much.

The sonne, A reason why he refuseth to dwell on Mountaines, because there is no shelter against the scorching Sunne, according to the time of the yeare, whiche is the whotest moneth of all.

The Cupp and Diademe, be two signes in the Firmament, through which the sonne maketh his course in the moneth of July.

Lion, Thys is poetically spoken, as if the Sunne did hunt a Lion with one dogge. The meaning whereof is, that in July the sonne is in Leo. At which time the Dogge starre, which is called Syrius, or Canicula, reigneth with immoderate heate, causing pestilence, droughth, and many diseases.

Overture, an open place. The word is borrowed of the French, and used in good writers.

To holden chatt, to talke and prate.

A loorde was wont among the old Britons signifie a Lorde. And therefore the Danes, a long time usurped theyr Tyrannie here in Britaine, were called, for more dread then dignitie Lurdanes, s. *Lord Danes.* At which time it sayd, that the insolencie and pryde of that nation was so outrageous in thys Rea'me, that if it fittuned a Briton to be going over a bridge, and saw the Dane set foote upon the same, he muste turne backe, till the Dane were cleane over, or abyde the pryce of his displeasure, which was lesse then present death. But being afterward expelled, that name of Lurdane became so odious unto the people, whom they had long oppressed, that even at this daye they use, for more reproche to call the Quartane ague the Fever Lurdane.

Recks much of thy swinck, counts much of thy paynes.

Weetelesse, not understoode.

S. Michels mount, is a promontorie in the West part of England.

hill. Parnassus afforesayd.

an, Christ.

*an, one trybe is put for the whole nation, per
ecdochen.*

here Titan, the Sonne. Which story is to be
ie in Diodorus Syc. of the hyl Ida; from whence,
ayth, all night time is to bee seene a mightye
as if the skye burned, which toward morning
neth to gather into a rownd forme, and thereof
th the sonne, whome the Poetes call Titan.

the Shepheard is Endymion, whom the Poets
e to have bene so beloved of Phoebe. s. the
ne, that he was by her kept asleepe in a cave
he space of xxx yeares, for to enjoye his com-
ye.

*here, that is, in Paradise, where, through errour
he shepheards understanding, he sayth, that all
sheards did us: to feede theyr flocks, till one,
(tis Adam,) by hys follye and disobedience, made
he rest of hys ofspring be debarred and shutte
from thence.*

amah, a hill in Arabia, where God appeared.

*er Ladyes bowre, a place of pleasure so called.
unes, or Sylvanes* be of Poetes feigned to be
s of the Wooode.

*edway, the name of a Ryver in Kent, which,
ning by Rochester, meeteth with Thames,
m he calleth his elder brother, both because
s greater, and also falleth sooner into the Sea.
eynt, mingled.*

elampode and Terebinth be hearbes good to cure
sated Gotes: of thone speaketh Mantuane, and
another Theocritus.

Τερμίνθου τράγων εἴκατον ἀκρέμονα.

igher heaven: Note the shepheards simplenesse,
supposeth that from the hylls is nearer waye
eaven.

*win, lightning, which he taketh for an argu-
t to prove the nighnes to heaven, because the
ning doth commonly light on hygh moun-
es, according to the saying of the Poete:*

‘Feriantque summos fulmina montes.’

rrrell, a losell.

borrell, a playne fellowe.

urve, nearer.

ale, for hole.

de, goe.

owye, mustye or mossie.

yore, long agoe.

rewent, gone afore.

*the firste shepheard, was A bell the righteous, who
scripture sayth) bent hys mind to keeping of
e, as did hys brother Cain to tilling the
nde.*

His keepe, hys charge, s. his flocke.

Lovted, did honour and reverence.

*The brethren, the twelve sonnes of Jacob, which
were shepe-maisters, and lyved onelye thereupon.*

Whom Ida, Paris. which being the sonne of
Priamus king of Troy, for his mother Heecubas
dreame, which, being with childe of hym, dreamed
shee broughte forth a firebrand, that set all the
towre of Ilium on fire, was cast forth on the hyl
Ida, where being fostered of shepheards, he eke in
time became a shepheard, and lastly came to the
knowledge of his parentage.

*A lasse, Helena, the wyfe of Menelaus king of
Lacedemonia, was by Venus, for the golden Aple to
her geven, then promis-d to Paris, who thereupon
with a sorte of lustye Troyanes, stole her out of
Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troye, which was
the cause of the tenne yeares warre in Troye, and
the moste famous cytye of all Asia lamentably
sacked and defaced.*

*Argus, was of the Poets devised to be full of eyes,
and therefore to hym was committed the keeping
of the transformed Cow, Io: so called, because
that, in the print of a Cowes foote, there is
figured an I in the midst of an O.*

*His name, he meaneth Aaron, whose name, for
more Decorum, the shephearde sayth he hath for-
got, lest his remembraunce and skill in antiquities
of holy writ should seeme to exceede the meane-
nesse of the Person.*

*Not so true, for Aaron, in the absence of Moses,
started aside, and committed Idolatry.*

*In purple, spoken of the Popes and Cardinales,
which use such tyrannical colours and pompous
paynting.*

Belts, Girdles.

*Glitterand, glittering, a participle used sometime
in Chaucer, but altogether in I. Gower.*

*Theyr Pan, that is, the Pope, whom they count
theyr God and greatest shepheard.*

*Painode, a shephearde, of whose report he seem-
eth to speake all thys.*

Wisards, greate learned heads.

Weller, wallowe.

Kerne, a Churle or Farmer.

Sike mister men, suche kinde of men.

Surly, stately and powde.

Melling, medling.

Bett, better.

Bynempt, named.

Gree, for degree.

*Algrind, the name of a shepheard afforesayde,
whose myshap he alludeth to the chauce that hap-
pened to the Poet Æschylus, that was brayned with
a shell-fishe.*

EMBLEME

*thys poesye Thomalin confirmeth that, which
ys former speech by sondrye reasons he had
ed; for being both hymselfe sequestred from
mbition, and also abhorring it in others of hys
he taketh occasion to prayse the meane and
estate, as that wherein is safetie without feare,
quiet without daunger; according to the say-
of olde Philosophers, that vertue dwelleth in
middest, being environed with two contrary
: wh-reto Morrell replieth with continuance
e same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all*

*bountye dwelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felici-
tye dwelleth in supremacie: for they say, and most
true it is, that happinesse is placed in the highest
degree, so as if any thing be higher or better, then
that straight way ceaseth to be perfect happines.
Much like to that which once I heard alleaged in
defence of humilite, out of a great doctour. ‘Suor-
um Christus humillimus:’ which saying a gentle
man in the companie taking at the rebownd,
beate backe againe with a lyke saying of another
doctoure, as he sayde ‘Suorum Deus altissimus.’*

AUGUST.

ÆGLOGA OCTAVA. ARGUMENT.

IN this Æglogue is set forth a delectable controversie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto Virgile fashioned his third and seventh Æglogue. They choose for umpere of their strife, Cuddie a neatheards boye; who, having ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper song, when Colin, he sayth, was Authour.

WILLIE.

PERIGOT.

CUDDIE.

Wil. TELL me, Perigot, what shalbe the game,
Wherefore with myne thou dare thy musick
matche?

Or bene thy Bagpypes renne farre out of frame?
Or hath the Crampe thy joynts benomd with
ache?

Per. Ah! Willye, when the hart is ill assayde,
How can Bagpipe or joynts be well apayd?

Wil. What the foule evill hath ther so bes-
tadde?

Whilom thou was peregall to the best,
And wont to make the jolly shepeheards gladd,
With pypping and dauncing did passe the
rest. [daunce]

Per. Ah! Willye, now I have leard a newe
My old musick mard by a newe mischaunce.

Wil. Mischiefe mought to that mischaunce
befall,

That so hath raft us of our meriment,
But reede me what payne doth thee so appall;
Or lovest thou, or bene thy younglings mis-
went? [and mee]

Per. Love hath misled both my younglings
I pyne for payne, and they my payne to see.

Wil. Perdie, and wellawaye, ill may they
thrive!

Never knew I lovers sheepe in good plight:
But, and if in rymes with me thou dare strive,
Such fond fantasies shall soone be put to flight

Per. That shall I doe, though moche worse
I fared:

Never shall be sayde that Perigot was dared.

Wil. Then loe, Perigot, the Pledge which I
plight,

A mazer ywrought of the Maple warre,
Wherein is enchased many a fayre sight

Of Beres and Tygres, that maken fiers warre;
And over them spred a goodly wild vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Yvie twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolves jawes:

But see, how fast renneth the shepheard
swayne

To save the innocent from the beastes pawes,

And here with his shepe-hooke hath him
slayne.

Tell me, such a cup hast thou ever sene?
Well mought it beseme any harvest Queen

Per. Thereto will I pawne yonder spot
Lambe,

Of all my flocke there nis sike another,
For I brought him up without the Dambe

But Colin Clout rafte me of his brother,
That he purchast of me in the playne field

Sore against my will was I forst to yield.

Wil. Sicker, make like account of his brot
But who shall judge the wager wonne
lost? [oth]

Per. That shall yonder heardgrome, and no
Which over the pousse hetherward doth po

Wil. But, for the Sunnbeame so sore doth
beate,

Were not better to shunne the scortching hea

Per. Well agreed, Willie: then, sitte t
downe, swayne: [si]

Sike a song never heardest thou but Co
Cud. Gynne when ye lyst, ye jolly shephea
twayne:

Sike a judge as Cuddie were for a king.

Per. 'It fell upon a holy eve,
Wil. Hey, ho, hollidaye!

Per. When holy fathers wont to shrieve;
Wil. Now gynneth this roundelay.

Per. Sitting upon a hill so bye,
Wil. Hey, ho, the high hyll!

Per. The while my flocke did feede thereb
Wil. The while the shepheard selfe

Per. I saw the bouncing Bellibone, [sp
Wil. Hey, ho, Bonibell!

Per. Tripping over the dale alone,
Wil. She can trippe it very well.

Per. Well decked in a frocke of gray,
Wil. Hey, ho, gray is greet!

Per. And in a Kirtle of greene saye,
Wil. The greene is for maydens meete.

Per. A chapelet on her head she wore,
Wil. Hey, ho, chapelet!

Per. Of sweete Violets therein was store,
Wil. She sweeter then the Violet.

Per. My sheepe did leave theyr wonted f
Wil. Hey, ho, seely sheepe!

And gazd on her as they were wood,
 Woode as he that did them keepe.
 As the bonilasse passed bye,
 Hey, ho, bonilasse!
 She rovde at me with glauncing eye,
 As cleare as the christall glasse;
 All as the Sunnye beame so bright,
 Hey, ho, the Sunne-beame!
 Glaunceth from Phœbus face forthright,
 So love into thy hart did streame:
 Or as the thonder cleaves the cloudes,
 Hey, ho, the Thonder!
 Wherein the lightsome levin shroudes,
 So cleaves thy soule asonder:
 Or as Dame Cynthias silver raye,
 Hey, ho, the Moonelight!
 Upon the glyttering wave doth playe,
 Such play is a pitteous plight.
 The glaunce into my heart did glide;
 Hey, ho, the glyder!
 Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,
 Such woundes soone wexen wider.
 Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
 Hey, ho, Perigot!
 I left the head in my hart-roote,
 It was a desperate shot.
 There it ranckleth, ay more and more,
 Hey, ho, the arrowe!
 Ne can I find salve for my sore:
 Love is a curelesse sorrowe.
 And though my bale with death I bought,
 Hey, ho, heavie cheere!
 Yet should thilk lasse not from my
 thought,
 So you may buye golde to deere.
 But whether in paynefull love I pyne,
 Hey, ho, pinching payne!
 Or thrive in welth, she shalbe mine,
 But if thou can her obtaine.
 And if for gracelesse greefe I dye,
 Hey, ho, gracelesse grieve!
 Witnesse shee slewe me with her eye,
 Let thy follye be the priefe.
 And you, that sawe it, simple shepe,
 Hey, ho, the fayre flocke!
 For priefe thereof, my death shall weepe,
 And mone with many a mocke.
 So leard I love on a holye eve,
 Hey, ho, holidaye!
 That ever since my hart did greve,
 Now endeth our roundelay.
 Sicker, sike a rounde never heard I
 little lacketh Perigot of the best, [none:
 Willye is not greatly overgone,
 weren his under-songs well addrest.
 Herdgrome, I fear me, thou have a squint
 eye:
 ede uprightly who has the victorye

Cud. Fayth of my soule, I deeme ech have
 gayned:

For-thy let the Lambe be Willye his owne:
 And for Perigot, so well hath hyin payned,
 To him be the wroughten mazer alone.

Per. Perigot is well pleased with the doome:
 Ne can Willye wite the witelesse herdgrome.

Wil. Never dempt more right of beautye, I
 weene, [Queene,

The shepheard of Ida that judged beauties

Cud. But tell me, shepherds, should it not
 yshend

Your roundels fresh, to heare a doolefull
 verse

Of Rosalend (who knowes not Rosalend?)

That Colin made? ylke can I you rehearse.

Per. Now say it, Cuddie, as thou art a ladde:
 With mery thing its good to medle sadde.

Wil. Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrownd
 be

In Colins stede, if thou this song areede;

For never thing on earth so pleaseth me

As him to heare, or matter of his deede.

Cud. Then listneth ech unto my heavy laye,
 And tune your pypes as ruthful as ye may.

‘Ye wastefull Woodes! beare witnesse of my
 woe,

Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound:

Ye carelesse byrds are privie to my cries,

Which in your songs were wont to make a part:

Thou, pleasaunt spring, hast luld me oft asleepe,

Whose streames my tricklinge teares did ofte
 augment.

‘Resort of people doth my greefs augment,

The walled townes doe worke my greater woe;

The forest wide is fitter to resound

The hollow Echo of my carefull cries:

I hate the house, since thence my love did part,

Whose waylefull want debarres myne eyes from
 sleepe.

‘Let stremes of teares supply the place of sleepe;

Let all, that sweete is, voyd: and all that may
 augment [my woe

My doole, draw neare! More meete to wayle

Bene the wild woodes, my sorowes to resound,

Then bedde, or bowre, both which I fill with
 cries,

When I them see so waist, and fynd no part

‘Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart

In gastfull grove therefore, till my last sleepe

Doe close mine eyes: so shall I not augment

With sight of such as change my restlesse woe.

Helpe me, ye banefull byrds, whose shrieking
 sound

Ys signe of dreery death, my deadly cries’

'Most ruthfully to tune: And as my cryes
(Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)
You heare all night, when nature craveth sleepe,
Increase, so let your yrksome yells augment.
Thus all the night in plaints, the daye in woe,
I vowed have to wayst, till safe and sound

'She home returne, whose voyces silver sound
To cheerefull songs can chaunge my cherelesse
cryes.

Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,
That blessed byrd, that spends her time of
sleepe [ment

In songs and plaintive pleas, the more taug-
The memory of hys misdeede that bred her woe.

And you that feele no woe,
When as the sound
Of these my nightly cryes
Ye heare apart,
Let breake your sounder sleepe,
And pitie augment.'

Per. O Colin, Colin! the shepheards joye,
How I admire ech turning of thy verse!
And Cuddie, fresh Cuddie, the liefest boye,
How dolefully his doole thou didst
hearse!

Cud. Then blowe your pypes, shepheards,
you be at home;
The night nigheth fast, yts time to be gone.

PERIGOT HIS EMBLEME.

Vincenti gloria victi.

WILLYES EMBLEME.

Vinto non vitto.

CUDDIES EMBLEME.

Felice chi puo.

GLOSSE.

Bestadde, disposed, ordered.

Peregall, equall.

Whilome, once.

Rafte, bereft, deprived.

Miswent, gon a straye.

Ill may, according to Virgile.

'Infelix o semper ovis pecus.'

A *mazer*: So also do Theocritus and Virgile
feigne pledges of their strife.

Enchased, engraved. Such pretie descriptions
every where useth Theocritus to bring in his
Idyllia. For which speciall cause, indeede, he by
that name termeth his *Æglogues*; for Idyllion in
Greeke signifieth the shape or picture of any
thyng, wherof his booke is ful. And not, as I have
heard some fondly guesse, that they be called not
Idyllia, but *Rædilia*, of the Goteheards in them.

Entrailed, wrought betwene.

Harvest Queene, The manner of country folke in
harvest tyme

Pousse, Pease.

It fell upon: Perigot maketh all hys song in

prayse of his love, to whom Willy answereth eve-
nderverse. By Perigot who is meant, I can not
uprightly say: but if it be who is supposed, his lov-
shee deserveth no lesse prayse then he giveth her
Greete, weeping and complaint.

Chaplet, a kinde of Garland lyke a crowne.

Leven, Lightning.

Cynthia, was sayd to be the Moone.

Gryde, perced.

But if, not unlesse.

Squint eye, partiall judgement.

Ech have, so saith Virgile,

'Et vitula tu dignus, et hic,' &c.

So by enterchaunge of gyfts Cuddie pleaseth bo-
partes.

Dooome, judgement.

Dempt, for deemed, judged.

Wite the witelesse, blame the blamelesse.

The shepherd of Ida, was sayd to be Paris.

Beauties Queene, Venus, to whome Paris
judged the golden Apple, as the pryce of his
beautie.

EMBLEME.

The meaning hereof is very ambiguous: for
Perigot by his poesie claiming the conquest, and
Willye not yeelding, Cuddie the arbiter of theyr
cause, and Patron of his own, semeth to challenge

it, as his dew, saying, that he is happy which can
so abruptly ending: but hee meaneth eyther him-
that can win the beste, or moderate him selfe be-
best, and leave off with the best.

SEPTEMBER.

ÆGLOGA NONA. ARGUMENT.

FOREIN Diggon Davie is devised to be a shepheard that, in hope of more gayne, drove his sheepe into a farre countrye. The abuses whereof, and loose living of Popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinols demaund, he discourseth at large.

HOBBINOL.

DIGGON DAVIE.

Hob. DIGGON DAVIE! I bidde her god
Diggon her is, or I missaye. [day;

Dig. Her was her, while it was daye-light,
at now her is a most wretched wight:

er day, that was, is wightly past,
and now at earst the dirke night doth hast.

Hob. Diggon, areede who has theesodight?
over I wist thee in so poore a plight. [leade?

here is the fayre flocke thou was wont to
bene they chaffred, or at mischief dead?

Dig. Ah! for love of that is to thee moste
leefe,

Hobbinol, I pray thee, gall not my old griefe:
ke question ripeth up cause of newe woe,

er one, opened, mote unfold many moe.
Hob. Nay, but sorrow close shrouded in hart,

now, to kepe is a burdenous smart:
the thing imparted is more eath to beare:

then the rayne is faln, the cloudes wexen
cleare.

and nowe, sithence I sawe thy head last,
rise three Moones bene fully spent and past;

see when thou hast measured much grownd,
and wandred, I wene, about the world round,

as thou can many thinges relate;
t tell me first of thy flocks estate.

Dig. My sheepe bene wasted; (wae is me
therefore!)

e jolly shepheard that was of yore
nowe nor jollye, nor shepeheard more.

forrein costes men sayd was plentye;
and so there is, but all of miserye:

empt there much to have eeked my store,
such eeking hath made my hart sore.

who countryes, whereas I have bene,
being for those that truely mene;

for such, as of guile maken gayne,
such countrye as there to remaine;

ey setten to sale their shops of shame,
I maken a Mart of theyr good name:

shepheards there robben one another,
I layen baytes to beguile her brother;

they will buy his sheepe out of the cote,
they will carven the shepheards throte.

shepheardes swayne you cannot wel ken,
it be by his pryde, from other men:

They looken bigge as Bulls that bene bate,
And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state,
As cocke on his dunghill crowing cranck.

Hob. Diggon, I am so stiffe and so stanck,
That uneth may I stand any more:

And nowe the Western wind bloweth sore,
That nowe is in his chiefe sovereigntee,

Beating the withered leafe from the tree,
Sitte we downe here under the hill;

Tho may we talke and tellen our fill,
And make a mocke at the blustering blast.

Now say on, Diggon, what ever thou hast.
Dig. Hobbin, ah Hobbin! I curse the

stounde

That ever I cast to have lorne this ground:
Wel-away the while I was so fonde

To leave the good, that I had in hande,
In hope of better that was uncouth!

So lost the Dogge the flesh in his mouth.

My seely sheepe (ah, seely sheepe!)

That here by there I whilome usd to keepe,
All were they lustye as thou didst see,

Bene all stervyd with pyne and penuree:

Hardly my selfe escaped thilke payne,

Driven for neede to come home agayne.

Hob. Ah fon! now by thy losse art taught,
That seeldome chaunge the better brought:

Content who lives with tryed state

Neede feare no chaunge of frowning fate;

But who will seeke for unknowne gayne,

Oft lives by losse, and leaves with payne.

Dig. I wote ne, Hobbin, how I was bewicht

With vayne desire and hope to be enrich;

But, sicker, so it is, as the bright starre

Seemeth ay greater when it is farre:

I thought the soyle would have made me rich,

But nowe I wote it is nothing sich;

For eyther the shepheards bene ydle and still,

And ledde of theyr sheepe what way they wyll,

Or they bene false, and full of covetise,

And casten to compasse many wrong emprise:

But the more bene freight with fraud and

spight,

Ne in good nor goodnes taken delight,

But kindle coales of conteck and yre,

Wherewith they sette all the world on fire;

Which when they thinke agayne to quench,
With holy water they doen hem all drench.
They saye they con to heauen the high-way,
But, by my soule, I dare undersaye
They never sette foote in that same troade,
But balk the right way, and strayen abroad.
They boast they han the devill at commaund,
But aske hem therefore what they han paund:
Marrie! that great Pan bought with deare
borrow,

To quite it from the blacke bowre of sorrowe.
But they han sold thilk same long agoe,
For-thy woulde drawe with hem many moe.
But let hem gange alone a Gods name;
As they han brewed, so let hem beare blame.

Hob. Diggon, I praye thee, speake not so dirke;

Such myster saying me seemeth to mirke.

Dig. Then, playnely to speake of shepheards
most what,

Badde is the best; (this English is flatt.)
Their ill haviour garres men missay
Both of their doctrine, and of theyr faye.
They sayne the world is much war then it wont,
All for her shepheards bene beastly and blont.
Other sayne, but how truely I note,
All for they holden shame of theyr cote:
Some sticke not to say, (whote cole on her
tongue!)

That sike mischiefe graseth hem emong,
All for they casten too much of worlds care,
To deck her Dame, and enrich her heyre;
For such encheason, if you goe nye,
Fewe chymneis reeking you shall espye:
The fatte Oxe, that wont ligge in the stal,
Is now fast stalled in her crumenall.
Thus chatten the people in theyr steads,
Ylike as a Monster of many heads;
But they that shooten nearest the pricke
Sayne, other the fat from their beards doen
lick:

For bigge Bulles of Basan brace hem about,
That with theyr hornes batten the mostoute;
But the leane soules treaden under foote,
And to seeke redresse mought little boote;
For liker bene they to pluck away more,
Then ought of the gotten good to restore:
For they bene like foule wagmoires overgrast,
That, if thy galage once sticketh fast,
The more to wind it out thou doest swinck,
Thou mought ay deeper and deeper sinck.
Yet better leave of with a little losse,
Then by much wrestling to leese the grosse.

Hob. Nowe, Diggon, I see thou speakest
Better it were a little to feyne, [to plaine;
And cleanly cover that cannot be cured:
Such ill, as is forced, mought nedes be en-
dured.

But of sike pastoures howe done the flock
creepe?

Dig. Sike as the shepheards, sike bene
sheepe,

For they nill listen to the shepheards voyces
But-if he call hem at theyr good choyce;
They wander at wil and stay at pleasure;
And to theyr foldes yeed at their owne leasure
But they had be better come at their cal;
For many han into mischiefe fall,
And bene of ravenous Wolves yrent,
All for they nould be buxome and bent.

Hob. Fye on thee, Diggon, and all the
foule leasing!

Well is knowne that sith the Saxon king
Never was Wolfe seene, many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendome;
But the fewer Woolves (the soth to sayne)
The more bene the Foxes that here remaine.

Dig. Yes, but they gang in more secrete wise
And with sheepes clothing doen hem disguise
They walke not widely as they were wont,
For feare of raungers and the great hunt,
But prively prolling to and froe,
Enaunter they mought be inly knowe.

Hob. Or prive or pert yf any bene,
We han great Bandogs will teare their skinn.

Dig. Indeepe, thy Ball is a bold bigge cur
And could make a jolly hole in theyr furre;
But not good Dogges hem needeth to chace,
But heedie shepheards to discerne their face:
For all their craft is in their countenance,
They bene so grave and full of mayntenance
But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe
Chaunced to Ruffynn not long ygoe?

Hob. Say it out, Diggon, whatever it high
For not but well mought him betight:
He is so meeke, wise, and merciable,
And with his word his worke is convenable.
Colin Clout, I wene, be his selfe boye,
(Ah, for Colin, he whilome my joye!
Shepheards sich, God mought us many send
That doen so carefully theyr flocks tend.

Dig. Thilk same shepherd mought I wene
He has a Dogge to byte or to barke; [mark
Never had shepherd so kene a kurre,
That waketh and if but a leafe sturre.
Whilome there wonned a wicked Wolfe,
That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulf
And ever at night wont to repayre
Unto the flocke, when the Welkin shone faire
Ycladde in clothing of seely sheepe,
When the good old man used to sleepe.
Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,
(For he had est learned a curre call,
As if a Wolfe were among the sheepe:
With that the shepherd would breake his
sleepe,

send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
 aunge the fields with wide open throte.
 When as Lowder was farre awaye,
 Wolvish sheepe woulde catchen his pray,
 ambe, or a Kidde, or a weanell wast;
 n that to the wood would he speede him
 g time he used this slippery pranck, [fast.
 Roffy could for his laboure him thanck.
 and, the shepheard his practise spyed,
 Roffy is wise, and as Argus eyed,)
 when at even he came to the flocke,
 in theyr folds he did them locke,
 tooke out the Woofe in his counterfect cote,
 let out the sheepes bloud at his throte.
 b. Marry, Diggon, what should him
 make his owne where ever it laye? [affraye
 had his wesand bene a little widder,
 would have devoured both hidder and
 shidder. [great curse!
 g. Mischiefe light on him, and Gods
 good for him had bene a great deale worse;
 t was a perilous beast above all,
 eke had he cond the shepherds call,
 oft in the night came to the sh pe-cote,
 called Lowder, with a hollow throte,
 it the old man selfe had bene:
 dog his maisters voice did it wene,
 halfe in doubt he opened the dore,
 ranne out as he was wont of yore.
 oner was out, but, swifter then thought,
 y the hyde the Wolfe Lowder caught;
 had not Roffy renne to the steven,
 er had be slaine thilke same even.
 b. God shield, man, he should so ill have
 er he did his devoyr belive! [thrive,

If sike bene Wolves, as thou hast told,
 How mought we, Diggon, hem be-hold?

Dig. How, but, with heede and watchfull-
 nesse,

Forstallen hem of their wilnesse:
 For-thy with shepheard sittes not playe,
 Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day;
 But ever lighen in watch and ward,
 From soddein force theyr flocks for to gard.

Hob. Ah, Diggon! thilke same rule were
 too straight,

All the cold season to wach and waite;
 We bene of fleshe, men as other bee,
 Why should we be bound to such miseree?
 Whatever thing lacketh chaungeable rest,
 Mought needes decay, when it is at best.

Dig. Ah! but, Hobbinoll, all this long tale
 Nought easeth the care that doth me forhaile;
 What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,
 My piteous plight and losse to amend?
 Ah! good Hobbinoll, mought I thee praye
 Of ayde or counsell in my decaye.

Hob. Now, by my soule, Diggon, I lament
 The haplesse mischiefe that has thee hent;
 Nethelasse thou seest my lowly saile,
 That forward fortune doth ever availe:
 But, were Hobbinoll as God mought please,
 Diggon should soone find favour and ease:
 But if to my cotage thou wilt resort,
 So as I can I wil thee comfort;
 There mayst thou ligge in a vetchy bed,
 Till fayrer Fortune shewe forth her head.

Dig. Ah, Hobbinoll! God mought it thee
 requite;
 Diggon on fewe such freends did ever lite.

DIGGONS EMBLEME.

Inopem me copia fecit.

GLOSSE.

Dialecte and phrase of speache, in this Dia-
 seemeth somewhatto differ from the common.
 use whereof is supposed to be, by occasion of
 rty herein meant, who, being very freend to
 uthor hereof, had bene long in forrain coun-
 and there seene many disorders, which he
 counteth to Hobbinoll.

le her, Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is
 ye, whereof commeth beades for prayers, and
 y say, To bidde his beades, s. to saye his

s.
 ally, quicklye, or sodenlye.

Fred. solde.

at mischiefe, an unusuall speache, but much
 d of Lidgate, and sometime of Chaucer.

, deare.

easeie.

se three moones, nine monethes.

Measured, for traveled.

Wae, woe, Northernly.

Eeked, encreased.

Curven, cutte.

Kenne, know.

Cragge, neck.

Stale, stoutely.

Stanck, wearie or fainte.

And nowe: he applieth it to the tyme of the
 yeare, which is in thend of harvest, which they
 call the fall of the leafe; at which tyme the Wes-
 terne wynde beareth most swaye.

A mocke, Imitating Horace, '*Debes ludibrium
 ventis.*'

Lorne, leftie.

Sootie, swete.

Uncouthie, unknownen.

Hereby there, here and there.

Whilome thou wont the shepheards lad
to leade
In rymes, in ridles, and in bydding base:
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art de

d. Piers, I have pyped erst so long with
payne,
all mine Oten reedes bene rent and wore,
my poore Muse hath spent her spared
store,
little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.
pleasaunce makes the Grashopper so
poore, [straine.
ligge so layd, when Winter doth her

lapper ditties, that I wont devise
ede youtnes fancie, and the flocking fry,
iten much; what I the best for-thy?
han the pleasure, I a sclander prise;
te the bush, the byrds to them doe flye:
t good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

ra. Cuddie, the prayse is better then the
price.
glory eke much greater then the gayne:
hat an honor is it, to restraine
ust of lawlesse youth with good advice,
icke them forth with pleasaunce of thy
vaine,
eto thou list their trayned willes entice.

as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,
w the rarall routes to thee doe cleave!
eth thou dost their soule of sence bereave;
the shepheard that did fetch his dame
Plutoes balefull bowre withouten leave,
sicks might the hellish hound did tame.

So praysen babes the Peacocks spotted
traine,
yondren at bright Argus blazing eye;
ho rewards him ere the more for-thy,
des him once the fuller by a graine?
prayse is smoke, that sheddeth in the
skye; [vayne.
vords bene wynd, and wasten soone in

s. Abandon, then, the base and viler
clowne;
p thy selfe out of the lowly dust,
ng of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts;
thee to those that weld the awful crowne,
bted Knights, whose woundlesse armour
rusts,
lmes unbruized wexen dayly browne.

may thy Muse display her fluttryng
wing,
retch her selfe at large from East to
er thou list in fayre Elisa rest, [West;
hee please in bigger notes to sing,
nce the worthy whome shee loveth best,
rst the white beare to the stake did
bring.

And, when the stubborne stroke of stronger
stounds
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string,
Of love and lustihead tho mayst thou sing,
And carroll lowde, and leade the Myllers
rownde,
All were Elisa one of thilke same ring;
So mought our Cuddies name to heaven sownde.

Cud. Indeede the Romishi Tityrus, I heare,
Through his Mecænas left his Oaten reede,
Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to
feede,
And laboured lands to yield the timely eare,
And est did sing of warres and deadly drede,
So as the Heavens did quake his verse to here.

But ah! Mecænas is yclad in claye,
And great Augustus long ygoe is dead,
And all the worthies ligger wrapt in leade,
That matter made for Poets on to play:
For ever, who in derring-doe were drede,
The loftie verse of hem was loved ay.

But after vertue gan for age to stoope,
And mightie manhode brought a bedde of ease,
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a
pease

To put in preace among the learned troupe:
Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
And sonne-bright honour pend in shamefull
coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poesie,
Yet of the old stocke, gan to shoote agayne,
Or it mens follies mote be forst to fayne,
And rolle with rest in rymes of rybaudrye;
Or, as it sprong, it wither must agayne:
Tom Piper makes us better melodie.

Piers. O pierlesse Poesye! where is then
thy place?

If nor in Princes pallace thou doe sitt,
(And yet is Princes pallace the most fitt,)
Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embrace,
Then make thee winges of thine aspyring wit;
And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heaven
apace.

Cud. Ab, Percy! it is all to weake and
wanne,

So high to sore and make so large a flight;
Her peececd pyneons bene not so in plight:
For Colin fittes such famous flight to scanne;
He, were he not with love so ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and sing as soote as
Swanne.

Piers. Ah, fon! for love does teach him
climbe so hie,
And lyftes him up out of the loathsome myre:

Such immortal mirrhor, as he doth admire,
Would rayse ones mynd above the starry skie,
And cause a caytive corage to aspire;
For lofty love doth loath a lowly eye.

Cud. All otherwise the state of Poet stands;
For lordly love is such a Tyranne fell,
That where he rules all power he doth expell;
The vaunted verse a vacant head demaundes,
Ne wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell:
Unwisely weaves, that takes two webbes in
hand.

Who ever casts to compasse weightye prise,
And thinkes to throwe out thondring words of
threate,
Let powre in lavish cups and thriftie bitts of
meate,
For Bacchus fruite is frend to Phœbus wise;

And, when with Wine the braine begi
sweate,
The numbers flowe as fast as spring doth

Thou kenst not, Percie, howe the ryme s
rage,
O! if my temples were distaind with w
And girt in girlonds of wild Yvie twine
How I could reare the Muse on stately s
And teache her tread aloft in buskin fin
With quaint Bellona in her equipage!

But ah! my corage cooles ere it be w
For-thy content us in thys humble shad
Where no such troublous tydes han us ass
Here we our slender pypes may safely ch
Piers. And, when my Gates shall har
bellies layd,
Cuddie shall have a Kidde to store his :

CUDDIES EMBLEME.

Agitante calescimus illo, &c.

GLOSSE.

This *Æglogue* is made in imitation of Theocritus his xvi. Idilion, wherein he reproved the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for his nigardise towarde Poetes, in whome is the power to make men immortal for theyr good dedes, or shameful for their naughty lyfe. And the lyke also is in Mantuane. The style hereof, as also that in Theocritus, is more loftye then the rest, and applyed to the heighte of Poeticall witte.

Cuddie. I doubte whether by Cuddie be specified the authour selfe, or some other. For in the eyght *Æglogue* the same person was brought in, singing a Cantion of Colins making, as he sayth. So that some doubt that the persons be different.

Whilome, sometime.

Oaten reedes, Avena.

Ligge so luyde, lye so faynt and unlustye.

Dapper, pretye.

Frye, is a bold Metaphore, forced from the spawning fishes; for the multitude of young fish be called the frye.

To restrain: This place seemeth to conspyre with Plato, who in his first booke de Legibus sayth, that the first invention of Poetry was of very vertuous intent. For at what time an infinite number of youth usually came to theyr great solemne feastes called Panegyrica, which they used every five yeere to hold, some learned man, being more habile then the rest for speciall gyftes of wytte and Musicke, would take upon him to sing fine verses to the people, in prayse eyther of vertue or of victory, or of immortality, or such like. At whose wonderfull gyft al men being astonied, and as it were ravished with delight, thinking (as it was indeed) that he was inspired from above, called him vatem: which kinde of men afterward framing theyr verses to lighter musick (as of musick be many kinds, some

sadder, some lighter, some martiall, some he
and so diversely eke affect the myndes of
found out lighter matter of Poesie also, som
ing wyth love, some scorning at mens fa
some poured out in pleasures: and so were
Poetes or makers.

Sence bereave: what the secreete working of
is in the myndes of men, as well appeareth
that some of the auncient Philosophers, an
the moste wise, as Plato and Pythagoras, h
opinion, that the mynd was made of a c
harmonie and musicall numbers, for the grea
passion, and likenes of affection in thone an
other, as also by that memorable history of
ander: to whom when as Timotheus the
Musitian playd the Phrygian melody, it
that he was distraught with such unwonted
that, streightway rysing from the table in
rage, he caused himselfe to be armed, as
goe to warre, (for that musick is very wa
And immediatly when as the Musitian cha
his stroke into the Lydian and Ionique har
he was so furr from warring, that he sat as
if he had bene in matters of counsell. Such
is in musick; wherefore Plato and Aristot
bid the Arcadian Melodie from children and
For that being altogether on the fyft a
tone, it is of great force to molifie and quer
kindly courage, which useth to burne in
breasts. So that it is not incredible which th
here sayth, that Musick can bereave the s
sence.

The shepheard that, Orpheus: of whom
that by his excellent skill in Musick and Po
recovered his wife Eurydice from hell.

Argus eyes: of Argus is before said, tha
to him committed her husband Iupiter his

ron Io, because he had an hundred eyes : but afterwards Mercury, wyth hys Musick lulling Argus slepe, slew him and brought Io away, whose eyes it is sayd that Iuno, for his eternall memory, placed in her byrd the Peacocks tayle ; for those coloured spots indeede resemble eyes.

Woundlesse armour, unwounded in warre, doe rust through long peace.

Display, A poetically metaphore, whereof the meaning is, that, if the Poet list shewe his skill in matter of more dignitie then is the homely Æglogue, good occasion is him offered of higher rhyme and more Heroicall argument in the person of our most gracious sovereign, whom (as before) we calleth Elisa. Or if matter of knighthood and chevalrie please him better, that there he many noble and valiaunt men, that are both worthy of his payne in theyr deserved prayes, and also favourers of hys skill and faculty.

The worthy, he meaneth (as I guesse) the most honorable and renowned the Erie of Leicester, whom by his cognisance (although the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he betrayeth, being not likely that the names of worldly princes be known to country clowne.

Slack, that is when thou chaungest thy verse from lately discourse, to matter of more pleasance and delight.

The Millers, a kind of daunce.

Ring, company of dauncers.

The Romish Tityrus, wel known to be Virgile, who by Mæcenas means was brought into the court of the Emperor Augustus, and by him moved to write in loftier kinde then he erst had doen.

Whereon, in these three verses are the three severall workes of Virgil intended, for in teaching his flockes to feede, is meant his Æglogues. In bounding of lands, is hys Bucoliques. In singing of wars and deadly dreade, is his divine Æneis gered.

In derring doe, In manhood and chevalrie.

For ever: He sheweth the cause why Poetes were wont to be had in such honor of noble men, that by them their worthines and valor shold rough theyr famous Poesies be commended to posterities. Wherefore it is sayd, that Achilles had ever bene so famous, as he is, but for Homeres immortal verses, which is the only advantage which he had of Hector. And also that Alexander the great, comming to his tombe in Sigeus, with eternal teares blessed him, that ever was his hap to be honoured with so excellent a Poets work, as renowned and ennobled onely by hys méanes. Which being declared in a most eloquent Oration Tullies, is of Petrarch no lesse woorthely sette forth in a sonet.

Giunto Alexandro a la famosa tomba

Del fero Achille, sospirando disse:

O fortunato, che si chiara tromba. Trouasti, &c.

And that such account hath bene alwayes made of Poetes, as well sheweth this, that the worthy Heroe, in all his warres against Carthage and Numantia, had evermore in his company, and that in most familiar sort, the good olde poet Ennius ; as so that Alexander destroying Thebes, when he was informed, that the famous Lyrick poet Pindarus was borne in that citie, not onely commanded

straightly, that no man should, upon payne of death, do any violence to that house, by fire or otherwise : but also specially spared most, and some highly rewarded, that were of hys kinne. So favoured he the only name of a Poete, which prayse otherwise was in the same man no lesse famous, that when he came to ransacking of king Darius coffers, whom he lately had overthrowen, he founde in a little coffer of silver the two bookes of Homers works, as layd up there for speciall jewels and riches, which he taking thence, put one of them dayly in his bosome, and thother every night layde under his pillowe. Such honor have Poetes alwayes found in the sight of princes and noble men, which this author here very well sheweth, as els where more notably.

But after, He sheweth the cause of contempt of Poetry to be idleness, and baseness of mynd.

Pent, shut up in slouth, as in a coope or cage.

Tom piper, an ironically Sarcasmus, spoken in derision of these rude wits, which make more account of a ryming rybaud, then of skill grounded upon learning and judgment.

Ne brest, the meaner sort of men.

Her peeced pineons, unperfect skil : Spoken wyth humble modestie.

As soote as Swanne: The comparison seemeth to be strange, for the swanne hath ever wonne small commendation for her swete singing : but it is sayd of the learned, that the swan, a little before hir death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophecyng by a secrete instinct her neere destinie. As well sayth the Poete elsewhere in one of his sonetts.

‘The silver swanne doth sing before her dying day,

‘As shee that feelles the deepe delight that is in death,’ &c.

Immortall myrrhour, Beautie, which is an excellent object of Poeticall spirites, as appeareth by the worthy Petrarch, saying,

‘Fiorir faceva il mio debile ingegno,

‘A la sua ombra, et crescer ne gli affanni.’

A caytive corage, a base and abject minde.

For lofty love, I thinke this playing with the letter, to be rather a fault then a figure, as wel in our English tongue, as it hath bene alwayes in the Latine called *Cacozelon*.

A vacant, imitateth Mantuanes saying, ‘vacuum curis divina cerebrum Poscit.’

Lavish cups, Resembleth the comen verse, ‘Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum.’

O if my, he seemeth here to be ravished with a Poeticall furie. For (if one rightly mark) the numbers rise so ful, and the verse groweth so big, that it seemeth he had forgot the meanenesse of shepherds state and stile.

Wild yvie, for it is dedicated to Bacchus, and therefore it is sayd, that the Mænades (that is Bacchus frantick priestes) used in theyr sacrifice to carry Thyrsos, which were pointed staves or Javelins, wrapped about with yvie.

In buskin, it was the maner of Poetes and plaiers in tragedies to were buskins, as also in Comedies to use stockes and light shoes. So that the buskin in Poetry is used for tragical matter, as is said in Virgile, ‘Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno.’

And the like in Horace, 'Magnum loqui, nitique cothurno.'

Queint, strange. Bellona, the goddess of battle, that is, Pallas, which may therefore wel be called *queint*, for that (as Lucian saith) when Jupiter hir father was in traveile of her, he caused his sonne Vulcane with his axe to hew his head : Out of which leaped forth lustely a valiant damsell armed at all poyntes, whom seeing Vulcane so faire

and comely, lightly leaping to her, proffered some cortesie, which the Lady disdeigning, shewd her speare at him, and threatned his saucing. Therefore such straungenesse is well applyed to

Equipage, order.

Tydes, seasons.

Charme, temper and order ; for Charmes wont to be made by verses, as Ovid sayth, 'A carminibus.

EMBLEME.

Hereby is meant, as also in the whole course of this *Æglogue*, that Poetry is a divine instinct, and unnatural rage, passing the reach of common reason.

Whom Piers answereth Epiphonematos, admitting the excellencye of the skyl, where Cuddie hee hadde already hadde a taste.

NOVEMBER.

ÆGLOGA UNDECIMA. ARGUMENT.

In this xi. *Æglogue* hee bewayleth the death of some mayden of greate bloud, whom he calleth *Dido*. personage is secrete, and to me altogether unknowne, albe of him selfe I often required the same. *Æglogue* is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made upon the death of Loys the Fr. Queene ; but farre passing his reache, and in myne opinion all other the *Eglogues* of this booke.

THENOT.

COLIN.

The. COLIN, my deare, when shall it please thee sing,

As thou were wont, songs of some jouisaunce ?
Thy Muse to long slombreth in sorrowing,
Lulled a sleepe through loves misgovernance.
Now somewhat sing, whose endles sovenaunce
Among the shepheards swaines may aye remaine,

Whether thee list thy loved lasse advaunce,
Or honor Pan with hynnes of higher vaine.

Col. Thenot, now nis the time of merimake,
Nor Pan to herye, nor with love to playe ;
Sike myrth in May is meetest for to make,
Or summer shade, under the cocked hay.
But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,
And Phœbus, weary of his yerely taske,
Ystabled hath his steedes in lowlye laye,
And taken up his ynne in Fishes haske.
Thilke sollein season sadder plight doth aske,
And loatheth sike delightes as thou doest prayse :
The mornefull Muse in myrth now list ne maske,

As shee was wont in youngth and sommer
But if thou algate lust light virelayes,
And looser songs of love to underfong,
Who but thy selfe deserves sike Poetes prayse ?
Relieve thy Oaten pypes that sleepe long.

The. The Nightingale is sovereigne of song,
Before him sits the Titmose silent bee ;
And I, unfitte to thrust in skilfull thronge,
Should Colin make judge of my fooleree :

Nay, better learne of hem that learned be
And han be watered at the Muses well ;
The kindely dewe drops from the higher
And wets the little plants that lowlye dwe
But if sadde winters wrathe, and season c
Accorde not with thy Muses meriment,
To sadder times thou mayst attune thy c
And sing of sorrowe and deathes dreerime
For deade is Dido, dead, alas ! and drent
Dido ! the greate shephearde his daugh
sheene.

The fayrest May she was that ever went,
Her like shee has not left behinde I weene
And, if thou wilt bewayle my wofull tene
I shall thee give yond Cosset for thy pay
And, if thy rymes as rownde and ruffall b
As those that did thy Rosalind complayn
Much greater gyfts for guerdon thou
gayne,

Then Kidde or Cosset, which I thee byner
Then up, I say, thou jolly shepheheard sw
Let not my small demaund be so contempt

Col. Thenot, to that I choose thou c
me tempt ;

But ah ! to well I wote my humble vaine
And howe my rimes bene rugged and unke
Yet, as I conne, my conning I will straye

'Up, then, Melpomene ! the mournefulst
of nyne,
Such cause of mourning never hadst afore

O, grieslie ghostes! and up my rufull ryme!
 Matter of myrth now shalt thou have no more;
 For dead shee is, that myrth thee made of yore.
 Dido, my deare, alas! is dead,
 Dead, and lyeth wrapt in lead.
 O heavie herse!
 At streaming teares be poured out in store;
 O carefull verse!

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish
 downes abyde,
 Maile ye this wofull waste of Natures warke;
 Maile we the wight whose presence was our
 pryde; [carke;
 Maile we the wight whose absence is our
 sonne of all the world is dimme and darke:
 The earth now lacks her wonted light,
 And all we dwell in deadly night.
 O heavie herse! [Larke;
 Craeke we our pypes, that shrild as lowde as
 O carefull verse!

Why doe we longer live, (ah! why live we so
 long?) [woe?
 Those better dayes death hath shut up in
 the fayrest floure our gyrlond all emong
 faded quite, and into dust ygoe. [moe
 Sing now, ye shepheards daughters, sing no
 The songs that Colin made you in her praise,
 But into weeping turne your wanton layes.
 O heavie herse! [ygoe:
 Nowe is time to dye: Nay, time was long
 O carefull verse!

Hence is it, that the flouret of the field
 doth fade,
 And lyeth buried long in Win'ers bale;
 Yet, soone as spring his mantle hath displayde,
 Flourisheth fresh, as it should never fayle?
 What thing on earth that is of most availe,
 As vertues braunch and beauties budde,
 Reliven not for any good.

O heavie herse!
 The branch once dead, the budde eke needes
 O carefull verse! [must quaille;

He, while she was, (that was, a woful word
 to sayne!)

Her beauties prayse and plesaunce had no peere;
 Well she couth the shepherds entertayne
 With cakes and cracknells, and such country
 chere: [swaine;

He would she scorne the simple shepheards
 For she would cal him often heame,
 And give him curds and clouted Creame.

O heavie herse!
 As Colin Cloute she would not once disdayne;
 O carefull verse!

But nowe sike happy cheere is turnd to heavie
 chaunce,
 Such plesaunce now displast by dolours dint:
 All musick sleepes, where death doth leade the
 daunce,

And shepherds wonted solace is extinct.
 The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct;
 The gaudie girlonds deck her grave,
 The faded flowres her corse embrace.
 O heavie herse!

Morne nowe, my Muse, now morne with teares
 O carefull verse! [besprink;

O thou greate shepheard, Lobbin, how great
 is thy grieffe! [thee?
 Where bene the nosegayes that she dight for
 The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
 The knotted rush-ringes, and gilte Rosemarree?
 For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee.
 Ah! they bene all yclad in clay;
 One bitter blast blewle all away.
 O heavie herse!

Thereof nought remainyes but the memoree;
 O carefull verse!

Ay me! that dreerie Death should strike so
 mortall stroke,

That can undoe Dame Natures kindly course;
 The faded lockes fall from the loftie oke,
 The fouds do gaspe, for dryed is theyr soursa,
 And fouds of teares flowe in theyr stead per-
 forse:

The mantled medowes mourne,
 Theyr sondry colours tourne.
 O heavie herse!

The heavens doe melt in teares without re-
 O carefull verse! [morse;

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former
 foode, [to weepe;

And hang theyr heads as they would learne
 The beastes in forest wayle as they were woode,
 Except the Wolves, that chase the wandring
 sheepe,

Now she is gone that safely did hem keepe:
 The Turtle on the bared braunch
 Laments the wound that death did launch.
 O heavie herse!

And Philomele her song with teares doth
 O carefull verse! [steep;

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to
 sing and daunce,

And for her girlond Olive braunches beare,
 Nowe balefull boughes of Cypres doen ad-
 vance; [weare,

The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to
 Now bringen bitter Eldre braunches seare;

The fatall sisters eke repent
 Her vitall threde so soone was spent.
 O heaue herse!
 Morne now, my Muse, now morne with heauey
 O carefull verse! [cheare,

‘O! trustlesse state of earthly things, and
 slipper hope [nought,
 Of mortal men, that swinke an! sweate for
 And, shooting wide, doe misse the marked
 scope;
 Now haue I learnd (a lesson derely bought)
 That nys on earth assurance to be sought;
 For what might be in earthlie mould,
 That did her buried body hould.
 O heaue herse!
 Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought;
 O carefull verse!

‘But maugre death, and dreaded sisters
 deadly spight,
 And gates of hel, and fyrie furies forse,
 She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
 Her soule unbodied of the burdenous corpse.
 Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse?
 O Lobb! thy losse no longer lament;
 Dido nis dead, but into heauen hent.
 O happye herse!
 Cease now, my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes
 O joyfull verse! [sourse;

‘Why wayle we then? why weary we the
 Gods with playnts,
 As if some euill were to her betight?
 She raignes a goddessse now among the saintes,
 That whilome was the saynt of shepheards
 light,
 And is enstalled nowe in heuens hight.

I see thee, blessed soule, I see
 Walke in Elisian fieldes so free.
 O happy herse!
 Might I once come to thee, (O that I might)
 O joyfull verse!

‘Unwise and wretched men, to weete
 good or ill,
 We deeme of Death as doome of ill desert
 But knewe we, fooles, what it us bringes
 Dye would we dayly, once it to expert!
 No daunger there the shepheard can aster
 Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there be
 The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay gree
 O happy herse!
 Make hast, ye shepheards, thether to reue
 O joyfull verse!

‘Dido is gone afore; (whose turne shall be
 next?)
 There liues shee with the blessed Gods in b
 There drincks she Nectar with Ambrosia
 And joyes enjoys that mortall men doe n
 The honor now of highest gods she is,
 That whilome was poore shepheards pr
 While here on earth she did abyde
 O happy herse!
 Ceasse now, my song, my woe now waste
 O joyfull verse!’

The. Ay, francke shepheard, how bene
 verses meint
 With doleful pleasaunce, so as I ne wott
 Whether rejoyce or weepe for great constr
 Thyne be the cossette, well hast thou it
 Up, Colin up! ynough thou morned has
 Now gynnes to mizzle, hye we homeward

COLINS EMBLEME.

La mort ny mord.

GLOSSE.

Jouisauance, myrth.
Souenaunce, remembrance.
Herie, honour.
Welked, shortned or empayred. As the Moone
 being in the waine is sayde of Lidgate to welk.
In louly lay, according to the season of the
 moneth November, when the sonne draweth low
 in the South toward his Tropick or returne.
In fishes haske, the sonne reigneth, that is, in the
 signe Pisces all November: a haske is a wicker pad,
 wherein they use to cary fish.
Virelaies, a light kind of song.
Bee watred, for it is a saying of Poetes, that they
 haue dronk of the Muses well Castalias, whereof
 was before sufficiently sayd.

Dreriment, dreery and heauey cheere.
The great shepheard, is some man of high
 and not, as some vainely suppose, God Pan
 person both of the shephearde and of Dido
 knownen, and closely buried in the Authors co
 But out of doubt I am, that it is not Rosa
 some imagin: for he speaketh soone after of h
Shene, fayre and shining.
May, for mayde.
Tene, sorrow.
Guerdon, reward.
Bynempt, bequeathed.
Cosset, a lambe brought up without the d
Unkempt, Incompti. Not comed, that i
 and unhansome.

epithene, The sadde and waylefull Muse, used of
in honor of Tragedies : as saith Virgile, ' Mel-
e tragicco proclamat mesta boatu.'

griously gasts, The maner of Tragical Poetes,
all for helpe of Furies, and damned ghostes : so
scuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of
sea. And the rest of the rest.

esse, is the solemne obsequie in funeralles.

est of, decay of so beautifull a peece.

ake, care.

why, an elegant Epanorthosis, as also soone
r : nay, time was long ago.

aret, a diminutive for a little floure. This is
stable and sententious comparison, ' *A minore*
magis.'

iven not, live not againe, s. not in their earthly
es : in heaven they enjoy their due reward.

he braunch, He meaneth Dido, who being as it
the mayne braunch now withered, the buddes,
is, beautie (as he sayd afore) can no more
rish.

th cakes, fit for shepheards bankets.

ame, for home, after the northerne pronoun-

t.

et, liyed or stayned.

he gaudie : the meaning is, that the things which
e the ornaments of her lyfe are made the honor
er funeral, as is used in burials.

abin, the name of a shepherd, which seemeth
ave bene the lover and deere frende of Dido.

ashrings, agreeable for such base gyfts.

ader lockes, dryed leaves. As if Nature her seife
ayled the death of the Mayde.

urse, spring.

ntill'd meadowes, for the sondry flowres are like
ttle or coverlet wrought with many colours.

alanele, the Nightingale : whome the Poetes
once to have bene a Ladye of great beauty,

being ravished by hir sisters husbände, she
ed to be turned into a byrde of her name,

complaintes be very wel set forth of Ma.
rge Gascoin, a wittie gentleman, and the very

of our late rymers, who, and if some partes of
ing wanted not (albee it is well knowne he

gether wanted not learning) no doubt would

have attayned to the excellencye of those famous
Poets. For gifts of wit and naturall promptnesse
appeare in hym abundantly.

Cypresse, used of the old Paynims in the furnish-
ing of their funerall Pompe, and properly the signe
of all sorow and heavinesse.

The fatall sisters, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos,
daughters of Herebus and the Nighte, whom the
Poetes fayne to spinne the life of man, as it were
a long threde, which they drawe out in length, till
his fatal howre and timely death be come ; but if
by other casuallie his dayes be abridged, then one
of them, that is, Atropos, is sayde to have cut
the threde in twain. Hereof commeth a common
verse.

' Clotho colum bajulat, Lachesis trahit, Atropos
occidat.'

O trustlesse, a gallant exclamation, moralized
with great wisdom, and passionate wyth great
affection.

Beare, a frame, wheron they use to lay the dead
corse.

Furies, of Poetes are feyned to be three, Perse-
phone, Alecto, and Megera, which are sayd to be
the Authours of all evill and mischief.

Eternall night, is death or darknesse of hell.

Betight, happened.

I see, a lively Icon or representation, as if he saw
her in heaven present.

Elysian fieldes, be devised of Poetes to be a place
of pleasure like Paradise, where the happye soules
doe rest in peace and eternal happynesse.

Dye would, the very expresse saying of Plato in
Phædone.

Aslert, befall unwares.

Nectar and Ambrosia, be feigned to be the drink
and foode of the gods : Ambrosia they liken to
Manna in scripture, and Nectar to be white like
Creme, whereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt
a cup of it, and stayned the heavens, as yet appear-
eth. But I have already discoursed that at large
in my Commentarie upon the Dreames of the same
Author.

Meynt, mingled.

EMBLEME.

Which is as much to say, as *death biteth not*. For
each by course of nature we be borne to dye,
being ripened with age, as with a timely har-
we must be gathered in time, or els of our
as we fall like rotted ripe fruite fro the tree :
death is not to be counted for evill, nor (as the
ic sayd a litle before) as doome of ill desert.

For though the trespassed of the first man brought
death into the world, as the guerdon of sinne,
yet being overcome by the death of one that dyed
for al, it is now made (as Chaucer sayth) the grene
path way to life. So that it agreeth well with that
was sayd, that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth
not at all.

DECEMBER.

ÆGLOGA DUODECIMA. ARGUMENT.

Æglogue (even as the first beganne) is ended with a complaynte of Colin to God Pan ; wherein, as
memory of his former wayes, hee proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare ; comparing hys
youth to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from loves follye. His manhood to the sommer,
which, he sayth, was consumed with greate heate and excessive drouth, caused throughe a Comet or blasing

starre, by which hee meaneth love; which passion is commonly compared to such flames and immoderate heate. His riper yeares hee resembleth to an unsasonable harveste, wherein the fruites fall ere they ripe. His latter age to winters chyll and frostie season, now drawing neare to his last ende.

THE gentle shepherd satte beside a springe,
All in the shadowe of a bushye brere,
That Colin high, which wel could pype and
 singe,
For he of Tityrus his songs did lere:
There, as he satte in secreate shade alone,
Thus gan he make of love his piteous mone.

'O soveraigne Pan! thou god of shepherds
 all,
Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe,
And, when our flocks into mischaunce mought
 fall,
Doeest save from mischief the unwary sheepe,
Als of their maisters hast no lesse regarde
Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch
 and warde;

'I thee beseche (so be thou deigne to heare
Rude ditties, tund to shepherds Oaten reede,
Or if I ever sonet song so cleare,
As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feede)
Hearken awhile, from thy greene cabinet,
The rurall song of carefull Colinet.

-Whilome in youth, when flowrd my joyfull
 spring,
Like Swallow swift I wandred here and there;
For heate of heedlesse lust me so did sting,
That I of doubted daunger had no feare:
I went the wastefull woodes and forest wide,
Withouten dreade of Wolves to bene espyed.

'I wont to raunge amydde the mazie thickette,
And gather nuttes to make me Christmas
 game,
And joyed oft to chace the trembling Pricket,
Or hunt the hartlesse hare til shee were tame.
What recked I of wintrye ages waste?--
Tho deemed I my spring would ever laste.

'How often have I scaled the craggie Oke,
All to dislodge the Raven of her nest?
How have I wearied with many a stroke
The stately Walnut-tree, the while the rest
Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife?
For ylike to me was libertee and lyfe.

'And for I was in thilke same looser yeares,
(Whether the Muse so wrought me from my
 byrth,
Or I to much beleevd my shepherd peeres,)
Somedele ybent to song and musicks mirth,
A good old shepheard, Wrenock was his
 name,
Made me by arte more cunning in the same.

'Fro thence I durst in derring-doe compare
With shepherds swayne what ever fed
 field;
And, if that Hobbinol right judgement
To Pan his owne selfe pype I neede not
For, if the flocking Nymphes did follow
The wiser Muses after Colin ranne.

'But, ah! such pryde at length was i
 payde:
The shepherds God (perdie God was he)
My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill upbr
My freedome lorne, my life he leste to m
Love they him called that gave me o
 mate,
But better mought they have behote
 Hate.

'Tho gan my lovely Spring bid me fare
And Sommer season sped him to displa
(For love then in the Lyons house did c
The raging fyre that kindled at his ray-
A comett stird up that unkindly heate
That reigned (as men sayd) in Venus

'Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore,
When choise I had to choose my war
 wave,
But whether luck and loves unbridled l
Woulde leade me forth on Fancies bi
 playe:
The bush my bedde, the bramble w
The Woodes can wnesse many a
 stowre.

'Where I was wont to seeke the honey
Working her formall rowmes in wexen
The grieslie Tode-stoole growne there m
 I se,
And loathed Paddocks lording on the
And where the chaunting birds lul
 asleepe,
The ghaestlie Owle her grievous ynn
 keepe.

'Then as the springe gives place to elder
And bringeth forth the fruites of sommers
Also my age, now passed youngthly pr
To thinges of riper season selfe applyed
And leard of lighter timber cofes to t
Such as might save my sheepe and m
 shame.

'To make fine cages for the Nightingal
And Baskets of bulrushes, was my won
Who to entrappe the fish in winding sa
Was better seene, or hurtful beastes to

learned als the signes of heaven to ken,
ow Phœbe fayles, where Venus sittes, and
when.

d tried time yet taught me greater things;
sodain rysing of the raging seas,
soothe of byrdes by beating of their
winges, [ease,
power of herbs, both which can hurt and
nd which be wont t' enrage the restlesse
sheepe,
nd which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

t, ah! unwise and witlesse Colin Cloute,
t kydst the hidden kinds of many a wede,
kydst not ene to cure thy sore hart-roote,
ose ranckling wound as yet does rifelye
bleede. [wound?
Why livest thou stil, and yet hast thy deathes
Why dyest thou stil, and yet alive art
founde?

us is my sommer worne away and wasted,
us is my harvest hastened all to rathe;
eare that budded faire is burnt and blasted,
all my hoped gaine is turnd to scathe:
fall the seede that in my youth was sowne
as nought but brakes and brambles to be
mowne.

roughes with bloosmes that crowned
were at firste,
promised of timely fruite such store,
left both bare and barreine now at erst;
flattrng fruite is fallen to grownd before.
rotted ere they were halfe mellow ripe;
harvest, wast, my hope away dyd wipe.

efragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe,
e withered, as they had bene gathered long;
yr rootes bene dried up for lacke of dewe,
dewed with teares they han be ever
among. [spight,
h! who has wrought my Rosalind this
o spil the flowres that should her girlond
dight?

d I, that whilome wont to frame my pype
o the shifting of the shepherds foote,
ollies now have gathered as too ripe,
cast hem out as rotten and unsoote.

The loser Lasse I cast to please no more;
One if I please, enough is me therefore.

'And thus of all my harvest-hope I have
Nought reaped but a weedye crop of care;
Which, when I thought have thresht in swell-
ing sheave,
Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley, bare:
Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be fynd,
All was blowne away of the wavering wynd.

'So now my yeare drawes to his latter terme,
My spring is spent, my sommer burnt up quite;
My harveste hasts to stirre up Winter sterne,
And bids him clayme with rigorous rage hys
right: [stoure;
So now he stormes with many a sturdy
So now his blustering blast eche coste dooth
scoure.

'The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rynde.
And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight:
My head besprent with hoary frost I fynd,
And by myne eie the Crow his clawe dooth
wright:
Delight is layd abedde; and pleasure past;
No sonne now shines; cloudes han all over-
cast.

'Now leave, ye shepherds boyes, your merry
glee;
My Muse is hoarse and wearie of thys stounde:
Here will I hang my pype upon this tree:
Was never pype of reede did better sounde.
Winter is come that blowes the bitter blaste,
And after Winter dreerie death does hast.

'Gather together ye my little flocke,
My little flock, that was to me so liefte;
Let me, ah! lette me in your foldes ye lock,
Ere the breme Winter breede you greater grieve.
Winter is come, that blowes the balefull
breath,
And after Winter commeth timely death.

'Adieu, delightes, that lulled me asleepe;
Adieu, my deare, whose love I bought so deare;
Adieu, my little Lambes and loved sheepe;
Adieu, ye Woodes, that oft my witness were:
Adieu, good Hobbinoll, that was so true,
Tell Rosalind, her Colin bids her adieu.'

COLINS EMBLEME.

Vivitur ingenio: cætera mortis erunt.

GLOSSE.

yrus, Chaucer, as hath bene oft sayd.
mbkins, young lambes.
of their, seemeth to expresse Virgils verse.
'Pan curat oves oviumque magistros.'
me, vouchsafe.

Cabinet, Colinet, diminutives.
Mazie, for they be like to a maze whence it is hard
to get out agayne.
Peres, felowes and companions.
Musick, that is Poetry, as Terence sayth, 'Qui
artem tractant musicam,' speking of Poetes.

Derring doe, aforesayd.

Lions house: he imagineth simply that Cupid, which is love, had his abode in the whote signe Leo, which is in the midst of somer; a prettie allegory; whereof the meaning is, that love in him wrought an extraordinarie heate of lust.

His ray, which is Cupides beame or flames of Love.

A comete, a blasing starre, meant of beantie, which was the cause of his whote love.

Venus, the goddess of beauty or pleasure. Also a signe in heaven, as it is here taken. So he meaneth that beantie, which hath alwayes aspect to Venus, was the cause of his unquietnes in love.

Where I was: a fine description of the chaunge of his lyfe and liking, for all things now seemed to him to have altered their kindly course.

Lording: Spoken after the manner of Paddocks and Frogges sitting, which is indeed lordly, not removing nor looking once aside, unlesse they be sturred.

Then as: The second part, that is, his manhoode. *Cotes*, Sheepcotes, for such be the exercises of shepheards.

Sal, or sallow, a kinde of woodde like Wyllow, fit to wreath and bynde in leapes to catch fish withall.

Phæbe fayles, The Eclipse of the Moone, which is alwayes in Cauda, or Capite Draconis, signes in heaven.

Venus, s. Venus starre, otherwise called Hesperus, and Vesper, and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest starres, and also first ryseth, and setteth last. All which skill in starres being convenient for shepheardes to knowe, Theocritus and the rest use.

Raging seas: The cause of the swelling and ebbing of the sea commeth of the course of the Moone, sometime encreasing, sometime wayning and decreasing.

Sooth of byrdes, A kind of soothsaying used in elder tymes, which they gathered by the flying of

byrds: First (as is sayd) invented by the canes, and from them derived to the Roma. as it is sayd in Livie, were so superstitious in the same, that they agreed that ever man should put his sonne to the Thuscanes, to be brought up in that knowledge.

Of herbes: That wonderous thinges be wrought by herbes, as well appeareth by the common wordes them in our bodies, as also by the wondrous chauntments and sorceries that have bene wrought by them, insomuch that it is sayde that famous sorceresse, turned men into sondry beastes and Monsters, and onely by herbes Poete sayth,

'Dea sæva potentibus herbis, &c.'

Kidst, knewest.

Eare, of corne.

Scathe, losse, hinderaunce.

The fragrant flowres, sundry studies and partes of learning, wherein our Poet is sayd to have been privie to this study. *Ever among*, Ever and anone.

Thus is my. The thyrd part wherein is sayd his ripe yeeres as an untimely harvest that hath little fruite.

So now my yeere: The last part, wherein is described his age, by comparison of wynter. *Carefull cold*, for care is sayd to coole the Glee, mirth.

Hoary frost, a metaphore of hoary haires, as they lyke to a gray frost.

Breeme, sharpe and bitter.

Adieu delights, is a conclusion of all: six verses he comprehendeth briefly all that is touched in this booke. In the first verses of youth generally: In the second, of Rosalind: In the thyrd, the keeping of which is the argument of all the Æglogues fourth, his complaints: And in the last professed friendship and good will to his good Hobbinoll.

EMBLEM.

The meaning whereof is, that all thinges perish and come to theyr last end, but workes of learned wits and monuments of Poetry abide for ever. And therefore Horace of his Odes, a worke though full indee of great wit and learning yet of no so great weight and importaunce, boldly sayth,

'Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
'Quod nec imber edax, nec aquilo vorax.' &c.

Therefore let not be envied, that this his Epilogue sayth, he hath made a Calender shall endure as long as time, &c. following a sample of Horace and Ovid in the like.

'Grande opus exegi, quod nec Iovis
ignis,

'Nec ferum poterit nec edax abolere
&c.

Loe! I have made a Calender for every
yeare,
That steele in strength, and time in durance,
shall outweare;
And, if I marked well the starres revolution,
It shall continewe till the worlds dissolution,
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his
sheepe,
And from the falsers fraude his folded flocke to
keepe.

Goe, lyttle Calender! thou hast a fre
porte;
Goe but a lowly gate emongste the meane
Dare not to match thy pype with Tity
style.
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman
awhyle;
But followe them farre off, and their high
adore:
The better please, the worse despise; I

COMPLAINTS:

CONTAINING SUNDRIE SMALL POEMES

OF THE

WORLDS VANITIE.

WHEREOF THE NEXT PAGE MAKETH MENTION.

BY ED. SP.

A NOTE OF THE SUNDRIE POEMES CONTAINED IN THIS VOLUME

- | | |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. <i>The Ruines of Time.</i> 2. <i>The Teares of the Muses.</i> 3. <i>Virgils Gnat.</i> 4. <i>Prosopopoia, or Mother Hubberds Tale.</i> 5. <i>The Ruines of Rome : by Bellay.</i> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 6. <i>Muopotmos, or The Tale of the Bu
flie.</i> 7. <i>Visions of the Worlds Vanitie.</i> 8. <i>Bellayes Visions.</i> 9. <i>Petrarches Visions.</i> |
|--|--|

THE PRINTER TO THE GENTLE READER.

SINCE my late setting forth of the Faerie Queene, finding that it hath found a favourable passage amongst you, I have sithence endeavoured by all good meanes (for the better encrease and accomplishment of your delights,) to get into my handes such smale Poemes of the same Authors, as I heard were disperst abroad in sundrie hands, and not easie to bee come by, by himselfe; some of them having bene diverslie imbeziled and purloyned from him since his departure over Sea. Of the which I have, by good meanes, gathered together these fewe parcels present, which I have caused to bee imprinted altogether, for that they al seeme to containe like matter of argument in them; being all complaints and meditations of the worlds vanitie,

verie grave and profitable. To which effect I understand that he besides wrote sundrie other, namelie *Ecclesiastes* and *Canticum canticorum* translated, *A senights slumber*, *The he loves*, *his Purgatorie*, being all dedicated to Ladies; so as it may seeme he ment them to one volume. Besides some other Pamphlets looselie scattered abroad: as *The Pellican*, *The howers of the Lord*, *sacrifice of a sinner*, *The seven Psalmes* which when I can, either by himselfe, otherwise, attaine too, I meane likewise your favour sake to set forth. In the meantime, praying you gentlie to accept of them, and graciouslie to entertaine the new Poet, I take leave.

THE RUINES OF TIME.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND BEAUTIFULL LADIE,

THE LADIE MARIE,

COUNTESSE OF PEMBROOKE.

Honourable and bountifull Ladie,
 I have long sithens deepe sowed in my
 heart the seede of most entire love and
 noble affection unto that most brave
 knight, your noble brother deceased; which,
 long roote, began in his life time some what
 bud forth, and to shew themselves to him,
 when in the weakenes of their first spring;
 and in their riper strength (had it
 pleased high God till then to drawe out his
 spirited forth fruit of more perfection.
 since God hath disdeigned the world of
 most noble Spirit, which was the hope
 of all learned men, and the Patron of my
 Muses, togeather with him both their
 hope of anie further fruit was cut off, and also
 the tender delight of those their first blossoms
 faded and quite dead. Yet, sithens my late
 coming into England, some frends of mine,
 which might much prevaile with me, and
 (as I am comended) knowing with howe
 might bandes of duetie was tied to him,
 have bound unto that noble house, (of which

the chiefe hope then rested in him) have
 sought to revive them by upbraiding me, for
 that I have not shewed anie thankefull re-
 membrance towards him or any of them, but
 suffer their names to sleep in silence and
 forgetfulnesse. Whome chieflie to satisfie, or
 els to avoide that fowle blot of unthankful-
 nesse, I have conceived this small Poeme,
 intituled by a generall name of *The Worlds
 Ruines*; yet speciallie intended to the re-
 newming of that noble race, from which both
 you and he sprong, and to the eternizing of
 some of the chiefe of them late deceased.
 The which I dedicate unto your La. as whome
 it most speciallie concerneth; and to whome
 I acknowledge my selfe bounden by manie
 singular favours and great graces. I pray
 for your Honourable happinesse; and so
 humblye kisse your handes.

Your Ladiships ever
 humble at commaund.

E. S.

THE RUINES OF TIME.

haunched me on day beside the shore
 silver streaming Thamesis to bee,
 where the goodly Verlame stood of yore,
 which there now remains no memorie,
 anie little moniment to see,
 which the traveller, that fares that way,
 is once was she, may warned be to say.
 re, on the other side, I did behold
 woman sitting, sorrowfullie wailing,
 binding her yeolow locks, like wyrie gold
 out her shoulders careleslie downe trailing,

And streames of teares from her faire eyes
 forth railing;
 In her right hand a broken rod she held, [weld.
 Which towards heaven shee seemd on high to
 Whether shewere one of that Rivers Nymphes,
 Which did the losse of some dere love lament,
 I doubt; or one of those three fatall Impes
 Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent;
 Or th' auncient Genius of that Citie bren:
 But, seeing her so piteouslie perplexed,
 I (to her calling) askt what her so vexed.

'Ah! what delight (quoth she) in earthlie thing,

Or comfort can I, wretched creature, have?
Whose happines the heavens envying,
From highest staire to lowest step me drave,
And have in mine owne bowels made my grave,
That of all Nations now I am forlorne,
The worlds sad spectacle, and fortunes scorne.'

Much was I mooved at her piteous plaint,
And felt my heart nigh riven in my brest
With tender ruth to see her sore constraint;
That, shedding teares a while, I still did rest,
And after did her name of her request.
'Name have I none (quoth she) nor anie being,
Bereft of both by Fates unjust decreeing.

'I was that Citie, which the garland wore
Of Britaines pride, delivered unto me
By Romane Victors, which it wonne of yore;
Though nought at all but ruines now I bee,
And lye in mine owne ashes, as ye see,
Verlame I was: what bootes it that I was,
Sith now I am but weedes and wastfull gras?

'O vaine worlds glorie! and unstedfast state
Of all that lives on face of sinfull earth!
Which, from their first untill their utmost date,
Taste no one hower of happines or merth;
But like as at the ingate of their berth
They crying creep out of their mothers wombe,
So wailing backe go to their wofull toomb.

'Why then dooth flesh, a bubble-glas of breath,
Hunt after honour and advauncement vaine,
And reare a trophee for devouring death,
With so great labour and long lasting paine,
As if his daies for ever should remaine?
Sith all that in this world is great or gaie
Doth as a vapour vanish, and decaie.

'Looke backe, who list, unto the former ages,
And call to count what is of them become:
Where be those learned wits and antique Sages,
Which of all wisdome knew the perfect
somme?

Where those great warriors, which did overcome

The world with conquest of their might and
maine,

And made one meare of th' earth and of their
[raine?

'What nowe is of th' Assyrian Lyonesse,
Of whome no footing now on earth appeares?
What of the Persian Beares outrageousnesse,
Whose memorie is quite worne out with yeares,
Who of the Grecian Libbard now ought heares,
That overran the East with greedie powre,
And left his whelps their kingdomes to devoure?

'And where is that same great seven-headed
beast,

That made all nations vassals of her pride
To fall before her feete at her behest,
And in the necke of all the world did ride
Where doth she all that wondrous welth
hide?

With her owne weight down pressed now
lies,

And by her heaps her hugeness testifies

'O Rome! thy ruine I lament and rue,
And in thy fall my fatall overthrowe,
That whilom was, whilst heavens with e
Deign'd to behold me and their gifts best
The picture of thy pride in pompous shew
And of the whole world as thou wast the
presse,

So I of this small Northerne world was
cesse.

'To tell the beawtie of my buildings fay:
Adorn'd with purest golde and precious st
To tell my riches, and endowments rare,
That by my foes are now ail spent and g
To tell my forces, matchable to none,
Were but lost labour, that few would bel
And with rehearsing would me more agr

'High towers, faire temples, goodly thea
Strong walls, rich porches, princelie pall
Large streetes, brave houses, sacred sepul
Sure gates, sweete gardens, stately galle
Wrought with faire pillours and fine imag
All those (O pitie!) now are turn'd to du
And overgrown with blacke oblivions r

'Theretoo for warlike power, and peoples
In Britannie was none to match with me
That manie often did abie full sore;
Ne Troynovant, though elder sister shee
With my great forces might compared b
That stout Pendragon to his perill felt,
Who in a siege seaven yeres about me d

'But long ere this, Bunduca, Britonness
Her mightie hoast against my bulw
Bunduca, that victorious conqueresse, [bro
That, lifting up her brave heroick thoug
Bove womens weaknes, with the Ro
fought,

Fought, and in field against them thric
Yet was she foyld, when as she me assai

'And though at last by force I conq
were

Of hardie Saxons, and became their thr
Yet was I with much bloodshed bough
deere,

And prizde with slaughter of their Gene

moniment of whose sad funeral,
wonder of the world, long in me lasted,
now to nought through spoyle of time is
wasted.

sted it is, as if it never were;
all the rest, that me so honord made
of the world admired ev'rie where,
and to smoake, that doth to nothing fade;
of that brightnes now appears no shade,
greislie shades, such as doo haunt in hell
fearfull fiends, that in deep darknes dwell.

ere my high steeple whilom usde to stand;
which the lordly Faulcon wont to towre
now is but an heap of lyme and sand,
the Shriche-owle to build her balefull bowre:
where the Nightingale wont forth to powre
restles plaints, to comfort wakefull
Lovers, [Plovers,
e now haunt yelling Mewes and whining

d where the christall Thamis wont to slide
olver channell, downe along the Lee,
at whose flowrie bankes on either side
ousand Nymphes, with mirthfull jollitee,
e wont to play, from all annoyance free,
e now no rivers course is to be seene,
moorish fennes, and marshes ever greene.

mes, that that gentle River for great
griefe

ny mishaps, which oft I to him plained,
or to shunne the horrible mischiefe,
h which he saw my cruell foes me pained,
his pure streames with guiltles blood oft
stained;

o my unhappie neighborhood farre fled,
his sweete waters away with him led.

ere also, where the winged ships were seene
quid waves to cut their fomie waie,
housand Fishers numbred to have been,
at wide lake looking for plenteous praie
sh, which they with baits usde to betraie,
ow no lake, nor anie fishers store,
ever ship shall saile there anie more.

ey all are gone, and all with them is gone;
ught to me remaines, but to lament
ong decay, which no man els doth mone,
mourne my fall with dolefull dreriment.
it is comfort in great languishment,
e bemoned with compassion kinde,
mitigates the anguish of the minde.

t me no man bewaileth, but in game,
beddeth teares from lamentable eie;
anie lives that mentioneth my name
e remembred of posteritie,

Save One that, maugre fortunes injurie,
And times decay, and envies cruell tort,
Hath writ my record in true-seeming sort.

'Cambden! the nourice of antiquitie,
And lanterne unto late succeeding age,
To see the light of simple veritie
Buried in ruines, through the great outrage
Of her owne people led with warlike rage:
Cambden! though Time all monuments obscure,
Yet thy just labours ever shall endure.

'But whie (unhappie wight!) doo I thus crie,
And grieve that my remembrance quite is raced
Out of the knowledge of posteritie,
And all my antique monuments defaced?
Sith I doo daileie see things highest placed,
So soone as Fates their vitall thred have shorne,
Forgotten quite as they were never borne.

'It is not long, since these two eyes beheld
A mightie Prince, of most renowned race,
Whom England high in count of honour held,
And greatest ones did sue to gaine his grace;
Of greatest ones he, greatest in his place,
Sate in the bosome of his Sovereaine,
And *Right and loyall* did his word maintaine.

'I saw him die, I saw him die, as one
Of the meane people, and brought forth on
beare;

I saw him die, and no man left to mone
His dolefull fate, that late him loved deare:
Scarse anie left to close his ey lids neare;
Scarse anie left upon his lips to laie
The sacred sod, or Requiem to saie.

'O! trustlesse state of miserable men,
That builde your blis on hope of earthly thing,
And vainly thinke yourselves halfe happie then,
When painted faces with smooth flattering
Doo fawne on you, and your wide praises sing;
And, when the courting masker louteth lowe,
Him true in heart and trustie to you throw

'All is but fained, and with oaker dide,
That everie shower will wash and wipe away;
All things doo change that under heaven abide,
And after death all friendship doth deciae:
Therefore, what ever man bearest worldlie sway,
Living, on God and on thy selfe relie,
For, when thou diest, all shall with thee die.

'He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
Save what in heavens storehouse he uplaid:
His hope is faild, and come to passe his d. ead,
And evill men, now dead, his deeds npbraid:
Spite bites the dead, that living never baid.
He now is gone, the whiles the Foxe is crept
Into the hole, the which the Badger swept.

'He now is dead, and all his glorie gone,
And all his greatnes vapoured to nought,
That as a glasse upon the water shone,
Which vanisht quite, so soone as it was sought:
His name is worne alreadie out of thought,
Ne anie Poet seekes him to revive,
Yet manie Poets honourd him alive.

'Ne doth his Colin, carelesse Colin Cloute,
Care now his idle bagpipe up to raise,
Ne tell his sorrow to the listning rout
Of shepherd groomes, which wont his songs to
praise:

Praise who so list, yet I will him dispraise,
Untill he quite him of this guiltie blame.
Wake, shepheards boy, at length awake for
shame!

'And who so els did goodnes by him gaine,
And who so els his bounteous minde did trie,
Whether he shepheard be, or shepheards
swaine,
(For manie did, which doo it now denie,)
Awake, and to his Song a part applie:
And I, the whilest you mourne for his decease,
Will with my mourning plaints your plaint
increase.

'He dyde, and after him his brother dyde,
His brother Prince, his brother noble Peere,
That whilst he lived was of none envyde,
And dead is now, as living, counted deare,
Deare unto all that true affection beare:
But unto thee most deare, O dearest Dame!
His noble Spouse, and Paragon of fame.

'He, whilst he lived, happie was through thee,
And, being dead, is happie now much more;
Living, that lincked chaunst with thee to bee,
And dead, because him dead thou dost adore
As living, and thy lost deare love deplore.
So whilst that thou, faire flower of chastitie,
Dost live, by thee thy Lord shall never die.

'Thy Lord shall never die, the whiles this
verse

Shall live, and surely it shall live for ever:
For ever it shall live, and shall rehearse
His worthie praise, and vertues dying never,
Though death his soule doo from his bodie
sever;

And thou thy selfe herein shalt also live:
Such grace the heavens doo to my verses give.

'Ne shall his sister, ne thy father die,
Thy father, that good Earle of rare renowne,
And noble Patrone of weake povertie;
Whose great good deeds, in cuntry and in
towne,

Have purchast him in heaven an happie e,
Where he now liveth in eternall blis,
And left his sonne t' ensue those steps

'He, noble bud, his Grandsires livelie b
Under the shadow of thy countenance
Now ginnes to shoote up fast, and flourish
In learned artes, and goodlie governau
That him to highest honour shall advan
Brave Impe of Bedford! grow apace in bo
And count of wisdom more than
Countie.

'Ne may I let thy husbands sister die,
That goodly Ladie, sith she eke did spr
Out of his stocke and famous familie,
Whose praises I to future age doo sing;
And fourth out of her happie womb did
The sacred brood of learning and all ho
In whom the heavens powde all thei
upon her.

'Most gentle spirite, breathed from abo
Out of the bosome of the makers blis,
In whom all bountie and all vertuous lo
Appeared in their native propertis,
And did enrich that noble breast of his
With treasure passing all this world's v
Worthie of heaven it selfe, which brou
forth.

'His blessed spirite, full of power divine
And influence of all celestia!l grace,
Loathing this sinfull earth and earthlie
Fled back too soone unto his native pla
Too soone for all that did his love embr
Too soone for all this wretched world, wh
Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

'Yet, ere his happie soule to heaven wen
Out of this fleshlie gaole, he did devise
Unto his heavenlie maker to present
His bodie, as a spotles sacrifice;
And chose that guiltie hands of enemie
Should powre forth th' offering of his g
blood:

So life exchanging for his countries goo

'O noble spirite! live there ever blessed,
The worlds late wonder, and the heaven
Live ever there, and leave me here distr
With mortall cares and cumbrous world
But, where thou dost that happines enjo
Bid me, O! bid me quicklie come to the
That happie there I maie thee alwaies

'Yet, whilst the fates affoord me vitall b
I will it spend in speaking of thy praise
And sing to thee, untill that timelie de
By heavens doome doo ende my earthlie

to doo thou my humble spirite raise,
into me that sacred breath inspire,
thou there breathest perfect and entire.

Will I sing; but who can better sing
thine owne sister, peerles Ladie bright,
whilst thou livest, madest the Forrests
ring, [daunce,
fields resownd, and flockes to leap and
shepheards leave their lambs unto mis-
chance,
anne thy shrill Arcadian Pipe to heare:
happie were those dayes, thrice happie were!

Now, more happie thou, and wretched wee
thou want the wonted sweetnes of thy voice,
thou, now in Elisian fields so free,
Orpheus, and with Linus, and the choicel
that ever did in rimes rejoice, [layes,
errest, and doost-heare their heavenlie
they heare thine, and thine doo better
praise.

here thou livest, singing evermore,
here thou livest, being ever song
which living loved thee afore, [throng
now thee worship mongst that blessed
avenlie Poets and Heroës strong.
ou both here and there immortall art,
everie where through excellent desart.

such as neither of themselves can sing,
yet are sung of others for reward,
in obscure oblivion, as the thing
thou never was, ne ever with regard
names shall of the later age be heard,
shall in rustie darknes ever lie,
thou mentiond be with infamie.

at booteth it to have been rich alive?
to be great? what to be gracious?
after death no token doth survive
former being in this mortall hous,
leepes in dust, dead and inglorious,
beast whose breath but in his nostrils is,
hath no hope of happinesse or blis.

manie great ones may remembered be,
thou in their daies most famoslie did florish;
home no word we heare, nor signe now
see,
things wipt out with a sponge to perishe,

Because they living cared not to cherishe
No gentle wits, through pride or covetize,
Which might their names for ever memorize.

Provide therefore (ye Princes) whilst ye live,
That of the Muses ye may friended bee,
Which unto men eternitie do give;
For they be daughters of Dame Memorie
And Jove, the father of eternitie,
And do those men in golden thrones repose,
Whose merits they to glorifie do chose.

'The sevenfold yron gates of grislie Hell,
And horrid house of sad Proserpina,
They able are with power of mightie spell
To breake, and thence the soules to bring awaie
Out of dread darknesse to eternall day, [die
And them immortall make, which els would
In foule forgetfulnesse, and nameles lie.

'So whilome raised they the puissant brood
Of golden girt Alcmena, for great merite,
Out of the dust, to which the Oetæan wood
Had him consum'd, and spent his vitall spirite,
To highest heaven, where now he doth inherite
All happinesse in Hebes silver bowre,
Chosen to be her dearest Paramoure.

'So raisde they eke faire Ledaes warlick
twinnes,
And interchanged life unto them lent, [ginnes
That, when th' one diës, th' other then be-
To shew in Heaven his brightnes orient;
And they, for pittie of the sad wayment
Which Orpheus for Eurydice did make,
Her back againe to life sent for his sake.

'So happie are they, and so fortunate,
Whom the Pierian sacred sisters love,
That freed from bands of impacable fate,
And power of death, they live for aye above,
Where mortall wreakes their blis may not re-
move;
But with the Gods, for former vertues meede,
On Nectar and Ambrosia do feede.

'For deeds doe die, how ever noblie donne,
And thoughts of men do as themselves decay;
But wise wordes, taught in numbers for to
Recorded by the Muses, live for ay; [runne,
Ne may with storming showers be washt away,
Ne bitter-breathing windes with harmfull blast,
Nor age, nor envie, shall them ever wast.

'In vaine doo earthly Princes, then, in vaine,
Seeke, with Pyramides to heaven aspired,
Or huge Colosses built with costlie paine,
Or brasen Pillours never to be fired,
Or Shrines made of the mettall most desired,

To make their memories for ever live;
For how can mortall immortalitie give?

'Such one Mausolus made, the worlds great wonder,

But now no remnant doth thereof remaine:
Such one Marcellus, but was torne with thunder:

Such one Lisippus, but is worne with raine:
Such one King Edmond, but was rent for gaine.
All such vaine moniments of earthlie masse,
Devour'd of Time, in time to nought doo passe.

'But Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
Above the reach of ruinous decay, [skie,
And with brave plumes doth beate the azure
Admir'd of base-borne men from farre away:
Then, who so will with vertuous deeds assay
To mount to heaven, on Pegasus must ride,
And with sweete Poets verse be glorified.

'For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake,
Could save the sonne of Thetis from to die;
But that blinde bard did him immortal make
With verses, dipt in dew of Castalie:
Which made the Easterne Conquerour to crie,
O fortunate yong-man, whose vertue found
So brave a Trompe, thy noble acts to sound!

'Therefore in this halfe happie I doo read
Good Melibæ, that hath a Poet got
To sing his living praises being dead,
Deserving never here to be forgot,
In spite of envie that his deeds would spot:
Since whose decease, learning lies unregarded,
And men of armes doo wander unrewarded.

'Those two be those two great calamities,
That long agoe did grieve the noble spright
Of Salomon with great indignities,
Who whilome was alive the wisest wight:
But now his wisdom is disprooved quite;
For he, that now welds all things at his will,
Scorns th' one and th' other in his deeper skill.

'O griefe of griefes! O gall of all good heartes!
To see that vertue should dispised bee
Of him, that first was raisde for vertuous parts,
And now, broad spreading like an aged tree,
Lets none shoot up that nigh him planted bee:
O let the man, of whom the Muse is scorned,
Nor alive nor dead be of the Muse adorned!

'O vile worlds trust! that with such vaine illusion
Hath so wise men bewicht, and overkest,
That they see not the way of their confusion.
O vainesse! to be added to the rest,
That do my soule with inward griefe infest:

Let them behold the piteous fall of mee,
And in my case their owne ensample see

'And who so els that sits in highest seat
Of this worlds glorie, worshipped of all,
Ne feareth change of time, nor fortunes th
Let him behold the horror of my fall,
And his owne end unto remembrance call
That of like ruine he may warned bee,
And in himselfe be moov'd to pittie mee

Thus having ended all her piteous plaint
With dolefull shrikes shee vanished awa
That I, through inward sorrowe wexen f
And all astonished with deepe dismay,
For her departure, had no word to say;
But sate long time in sencelesse sad aff
Looking still, if I might of her have sight

Which when I missed, having looked lo
My thought returned greeved home aga
Renewing her complaint with passion st
For ruth of that same womans piteous p
Whose wordes recording in my troubled b
I felt such anguish wound my feeble he
That frozen horror ran through everie p

So inlie greiving in my groning brest,
And deepe mizing at her doubtfull sp
Whose meaning much I labored forth to
Being above my slender reasons reach;
At length, by demonstration me to teach
Before mine eies strange sights presented
Like tragicke Pageants seeming to appe

I

I SAW an Image, all of massie gold,
Placed on high upon an Altare faire,
That all, which did the same from farre be
Might worship it, and fall on lowest sta
Not that great Idoll might with this com
To which th' Assyrian tyrant would have
The holie brethren falslie to have paid.

But th' Altare, on the which this Image
Was (O great pitie!) built of bricke cl
That shortly the foundation decaid,
With shoures of heaven and tempests
away;
Then downe it fell, and low in ashes lay
Scorned of everie one, which by it went
That I, it seeing, dearelie did lament.

II

Next unto this a statelie Towre appeare
Built all of richest stone that might bee
And nigh unto the Heavens in height up
But placed on a plot of sandie ground:
Not that great Towre, which is so mu
nownd

tongues confusion in Holie Writ,
g Ninus worke, might be compar'd to it.

O vaine labours of terrestriall wit,
at buildes so stronglie on so frayle a soyle,
with each storme does fall away, and flit,
I gives the fruit of all your travailes toyle
be the pray of Tyme, and Fortunes spoyle!
at this Towre fall sodainelie to dust,
at nigh with griefe thereof my heart was
brust.

III

en did I see a pleasant Paradize,
of sweete flowres and daintiest delights,
as on earth man could not more devise,
with pleasures choyce to feed his cheerefull
sprights:
t that, which Merlin by his magicke slights
de for the gentle Squire, to entertaîne
a fayre Belphebe, could this gardine
staine.

O short pleasure, bought with lasting
paine!
ay will hereafter anie flesh delight
earthlie blis, and joy in pleasures vaine,
ce that I sawe this gardine wasted quite,
at where it was scarce seemed anie sight?
at I, which once that beantie did beholde,
did not from teares my melting eyes with-
holde.

IV

one after this a Giaunt came in place,
wondrous powre, and of exceeding stature,
at none durst vewe the horror of his face,
t was he milde of speach, and meeke of
nature:
t he, which in despite of his Creatour
with railing tearmes defied the Jewish hoast,
ght with this mightie one in hugenes boast;
r from the one he could to th' other coast
etch his strong thighes, and th' Ocean
overstride,
d reach his hand into his enemies hoast.
t see the end of pompe and fleshlie pride!
e of his feete unwares from him did slide,
at downe hee fell into the deepe Abisse,
ere drown'd with him is all his earthlie
blisse.

V

en did I see a Bridge, made all of golde,
er the Sea from one to other side,
ithouten prop or pillour it t' upholde,
t like the coloured Rainbowe arched wide:
t that great Arche, which Trajan edifice,
be a wonder to all age ensuing,
as matchable to this in equall vewing.

But (ah!) what bootes it to see earthlie thing
In glorie, or in greatnes to excell,
Sith time doth greatest things to ruine bring?
This goodlie bridge, one foote not fastned well,
Gan faile, and all the rest downe shortlie fell,
Ne of so brave a building ought remained,
That griefe thereof my spirite greatly pained.

VI

I saw two Beares, as white as anie milke,
Lying together in a mightie cave,
Of milde aspect, and haire as soft as silke,
That salvage nature seemed not to have,
Nor after greedie spoyle of bloud to crave:
Two fairer beasts might not elsewhere be found,
Although the compast world were sought
around.

But what can long abide above this ground
In state of blis, or stedfast happinesse?
The Cave, in which these Beares lay sleeping
sound, [nesse,
Was but earth, and with her owne weighti-
Upon them fell, and did unwares oppresse;
That, for great sorrow of their sudden fate,
Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate.

¶ Much was I troubled in my heavie
spright,
At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,
That all my senses were bereaved quight,
And I in minde remained sore agast,
Distraught twixt feare and pitie; when at
last
I heard a voyce, which loudly to me called,
That with the suddein shrill I was appalled.

Behold (said it) and by ensample see,
That all is vanitie and griefe of minde,
Ne other comfort in this world can be,
But hope of heaven, and heart to God inclinde;
For all the rest must needs be left behinde:
With that it bad me, to the other side
To cast mine eye, where other sights I spide.

I

UPON that famous Rivers further shore,
There stood a snowie Swan of heavenly hiew,
And gentle kinde as ever Fowle afore;
A fairer one in all the goodlie crieu
Of white Strimonian brood might no man
view:

There he most sweetly sung the prophecie
Of his owne death in dolefull Elegie.

At last, when all his mourning melodie
He ended had, that both the shores resounded,
Feeling the fit that him forwarnd to die,
With loftie flight above the earth he bounded,

And out of sight to highest heaven mounted,
Where now he is become an heavenly signe,
There now the joy is his, here sorrow mine.

II

Whilest thus I looked, loe! adowne the Lee
I sawe an Harpe stroong all with silver twyne,
And made of golde and costlie yvorie,
Swimming, that whylome seemed to have been
The Harpe on which Dan Orpheus was seene
Wylde beasts and forrests after him to lead,
But was th' Harpe of Philisides now dead.

At length out of the River it was reard
And borne above the cloudes to be divin'd,
Whilst all the way most heavenly noyse was
heard

Of the strings, stirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both joy and sorrow in my
mind:

So now in heaven a signe it doth appeare,
The Harpe well knowne beside the Northern
Beare.

III

Soone after this I saw, on th' other side,
A curious Coffe made of Heben wood,
That in it did most precious treasure hide,
Exceeding all this baser worldes good:
Yet through the overflowing of the flood
It almost drowned was, and done to nought,
That sight thereof much griev'd my pensive
thought.

At length, when most in perill it was brought,
Two Angels, downe descending with swift
flight,

Out of the swelling streame it lightly caught,
And twixt their blessed armes it carried
quight

Above the reach of anie living sight:
So now it is transform'd into that starre,
In which all heavenly treasures locked are.

IV

Looking aside I saw a stately Bed,
Adorned all with costly cloth of gold,
That might for anie Princes couche be red,
And deckt with daintie flowres, as if it shold
Be for some bride, her joyous night to hold:
Therein a goodly Virgine sleeping lay;
A fairer wight saw never summers day.

I heard a voyce that called farre away,
And her awaking bad her quickly dight,
For lo! her Bridegrome was in readie ray
To come to her, and seeke her loves delight.

With that she started up with cherefull
When suddainly both bed and all was gone
And I in languor left there all alone.

V

Still as I gazed, I beheld where stood
A Knight all arm'd, upon a winged steed
The same that bred was of Medusaes blood
On which Dan Perseus, borne of heavenly
The faire Andromeda from perill freed:
Full mortally this Knight ywounded was
That streames of blood forth flowed on
gras.

Yet was he deckt (small joy to him, alas
With manie garlands for his victories,
And with rich spoyles, which late he did
Through brave atcheivements from his ene:
Fainting at last through long infirmities,
He smote his steed, that straight to he
him bore,
And left me here his losse for to deplore.

VI

Lastly I saw an Arke of purest golde
Upon a brazen pillour standing hie,
Which th' ashes seem'd of some great P
Enclorde therein for endles memorie [to
Of him, whom all the world did glorifie:
Seemed the heavens with the earth did
agree,

Whether should of those ashes keeper be
At last me seem'd wing-footed Mercurie,
From heaven descending to appease their
The Arke did beare with him above the s
And to those ashes gave a second life,
To live in heaven where happines is rife
At which the earth did grieve exceedingly
And I for dole was almost like to die.

L' Envoy.

Immortall spirite of Philisides,
Which now art made the heavens ornam
That whilome wast the worldes chiefst ri
Give leave to him that lov'd thee to lam
His losse, by lacke of thee to heaven hen
And with last duties of this broken verse
Broken with sighes, to decke thy sable H
And ye, faire Ladie, th' honour of your d
And glorie of the world your high thou
scorne,
Vouchsafe this monument of his last prais
With some few silver-dropping teares t' ad
And as ye be of heavenlie off-spring born
So unto heaven let your high minde aspi
And loath this drosse of sinfull worlds de

THE TEARES OF 'THE MUSES.

BY ED. SP.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE LADIE STRANGE.

That brave and noble Ladie, the things, which make ye so much honored of the world, are such, as (without my similes testimonie) are throughlie knowne of all men; namely, your excellent beautie, your vertuous behavior, and your noble match with that most honourable Lord, the verie Prince of right Nobilitie: But the causes which ye have thus deserved of me to be assured (if honour it be at all) are, both your particular bounties, and also some private bands of affinitie, which it hath pleased your Ladiship to acknowledge. Of which as I found my selfe in no part worthie, I devised this last slender meanes, both to

intimate my humble affection to your Ladiship, and also to make the same universallie knowne to the world; that by honouring you they might know me, and by knowing me they might honor you. Vouchsafe, noble Lady, to accept this simple remembrance, though not worthy of your self, yet such as, perhaps, by good acceptance thereof, ye may hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable evidence of your own excellent deserts. So, recommending the same to your Ladiships good liking, I humbly take leave.

Your La: humbly ever.

ED. SP.

THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

NEARSE to me, ye sacred Sisters nine, golden brood of great Apolloes wit, whose piteous plaints and sorrowfull sad time, which late ye powred forth as ye did sit beside the silver Springs of Helicone, making your musick of hart-breaking mone.

since the time that Phœbus foolish sonne, undered, through Joves avengefull wrath, traversing the charret of the Sunne, and the compasse of his pointed path, you, his mournfull Sisters, was lamented, your mournfull tunes were never since invented.

Nor since that faire Calliope did lose Her loved Twinnes, the dearlings of her joy, Her Palici, whom her unkindly foes, The fatall Sisters, did for spight destroy, Whom all the Muses did bewaile long space, Was ever heard such wayling in this place.

For all their groves, which with the heavenly noyses

Of their sweete instruments were wont to sound, And th' hollow hills, from which their silver voyces

Were wont redoubled Echoes to rebound, Did now rebound with nought but rufull cries, And yelling shrieks throwne up into the skies.

The trembling streames, which wont in chanelles
cleare

To romble gently downe with murmur soft,
And were by them right tunefull taught to
beare

A Bases part amongst their consorts oft,
Now, forst to overflow with brackish teares,
With troublous noyse did dull their daintie
eares.

The joyous Nymphes and lightfoote Faëries
Which thether came to heare their musick
sweet,

And to the measure of their melodies
Did learne to move their nimble-shifting feete,
Now, hearing them so heavily lament,
Like heavily lamenting from them went.

And all that els was wont to worke delight
Through the divine infusion of their skill,
And all that els seemd faire and fresh in sight,
So made by nature for to serve their will,
Was turned now to dismall heavinesse,
Was turned now to dreadfull uglinesse.

Ay me! what thing on earth, that all thing
breeds,

Might be the cause of so impatient plight?
What furie, or what feend with felon deeds
Hath stirred up so mischievous despight?
Can grieve then enter into heavenly harts,
And pierce immortall breasts with mortall
smarts?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom onely it concernes,
To me those secret causes to display;
For none but you, or who of you it learnes,
Can rightfully aread so dolefull lay.
Begin, thou eldest Sister of the crew,
And let the rest in order thee ensew.

CLIO.

Heare, thou great Father of the Gods on hie,
That most art dreaded for thy thunder darts;
And thou, our Syre, that raignt in Castalie
And mount Parnasse, the God of goodly Arts:
Heare, and behold the miserable state
Of us, thy daughters, dolefull desolate.

Behold the fowle reproach and open shame,
The which is day by day unto us wrought
By such as hate the honour of our name,
The foes of learning and each gentle thought;
They, not contented us themselves to scorne,
Doo seeke to make us of the world forlorne.

Ne onely they that dwell in lowly dust,
The sonnes of darknes and of ignoraunce,
But they, whom thou, great Jove, by doome
unjust

Didst to the type of honour earst advaunce:

They now, puffed up with adaignfull insolence,
Despise the brood of blessed Sapience.

The sectaries of my celestial skill,
That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornam
And learned Impes that wont to shoote up
And grow to height of kingdomes govern
They underkeep, and with their spre
arnes

Do beat their buds, that perish through

It most behoves the honorable race
Of mightie Peeres true wisdomes to susta
And with their noble countenance to gi
The learned forheads, without gifts or ga
Or rather learnd themselves behoves to b
That is the girlond of Nobilitie.

But (ah!) all otherwise they doo esteeme
Of th' heavenly gift of wisdomes influen
And to be learned it a base thing deeme
Base minded they that want intelligence
For God himselfe for wisdomemost is pra
And men to God thereby are highest rais

But they doo onely strive themselves to
Through pompous pride, and foolish van
In th' eyes of people they put all their p
And onely boast of Armes and Auncestri
But vertuous deeds, which did those a
first give

To their Grandsyres, they care not to at

So I, that doo all noble feates professe
To register, and sound in trump of gold, [
Through their bad dooings, or base slo
Finde nothing worthie to be writ, or told
For better farre it were to hide their nar
Than telling them to blazon out their bl

So shall succeeding ages have no light
Of things forepast, nor moniments of tim
And all that in this world is worthie hig
Shall die in darknesse, and lie hid in shi
Therefore I mourne with deep harts sorr
Because I nothing noble have to sing.

With that she raynd such store of stres
teares,

That could have made a stonie heart to
And all her Sisters rent their golden hea
And their faire faces with salt humour s
So ended shee, and then the next anew
Began her grievous plaint as doth ensew

MELPOMINE.

O! who shall powre into my swollen ey
A sea of teares that never may be dryde
A brasen voice that may with shrilling
Pierce the dull heavens and fill the ay
And yron sides that sighing may endure
To waile the wretchednes of world impu

wretched world! the den of wickednesse,
 formd with filth and fowle iniquitie;
 wretched world! the house of heavinesse,
 d with the wrea克斯 of mortall miserie;
 wretched world! and all that is therein,
 e vassals of Gods wrath, and slaves of sin.

st miserable creature under sky
 n without understanding doth appeare;
 all this worlds affliction he thereby,
 d Fortunes freakes, is wisely taught to beare:
 wretched life the onely joy shée is,
 d th' only comfort in calamities.

e armes the brest with constant patience
 ainst the bitter throwes of dolours darts:
 e solaceth with rules of Sapience
 e gentle minds, in midst of worldlie smarts:
 en he is sad, shée seeks to make him merie,
 d doth refresh his sprights when they be
 verie.

t he that is of reasons skill bereft,
 d wants the staffe of wisdom him to stay,
 like a ship in midst of tempest left
 thouten helme or Pilot her to sway:
 l sad and dreadfull is that ships event;
 is the man that wants intendiment.

hie then doo foolish men so much despize
 e precious store of this celestiall riches?
 y doo they banish us, that patronize
 e name of learning? Most unhappie
 wretches!

e which lie drowned in deep wretchednes,
 t doo not see their owne unhappiness.

y part it is and my professed skill
 e Stage with Tragick buskin to adorne,
 d fill the Scene with plaint, and outcries shrill
 wretched persons to misfortune borne;
 t none more tragick matter I can finde
 an this, of men depriv'd of sense and minde.

r all mans life me seemes a Tragedy,
 ll of sad sights and sore Catastrophees;
 rst comming to the world with weeping eye,
 here all his dayes, like dolorous Trophees,
 e heapt with spoyles of fortune and of feare,
 d he at last laid forth on balefull beare.

all with rufull spectacles is fild,
 r for Megera or Persephone;
 t I that in true Tragedies am skild,
 e flowre of wit, finde nought to busie me:
 erefore I mourne, and pitifully mone,
 ecause that mourning matter I have none.

en gan she wofully to waile, and wring
 er wretched hands in lamentable wise;
 d all her Sisters, thereto answering, [cries.
 rew forth lowd shrieks and drierie dolefull

So rested she; and then the next in rew
 Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

THALIA.

Where be the sweete delights of learnings
 treasure

That wont with Comick sock to beautefie
 The painted Theaters, and fill with pleasure
 The listners eyes and eares with melodie;
 In which I late was wont to raine as Queene,
 And maske in mirth with Graces well beseene?

O! all is gone; and all that goodly glee,
 Which wont to be the glorie of gay wits,
 Is layd abed, and no where now to see;
 And in aer roome unseemly Sorrow sits,
 With hollow browes and greisly countenance,
 Marring my joyous gentle dalliance.

And him beside sits ugly Barbarisme,
 And brutish Ignorance, ycrept of late
 Out of dredd darknes of the deepe Abysme,
 Where being bredd, he light and heaven does
 hate:

They in the mindes of men now tyrannize,
 And the faire Scene with rudenes foule disguise.

All places they with follie have possest,
 And with vaine toyes the vulgare entertaine;
 But me have banished, with all the rest
 That whilome wont to wait upon my traine,
 Fine Counterfesaunce, and unhurtfull Sport,
 Delight, and Laughter, deckt in seemly sort.

All these, and all that els the Comick Stage
 With seasoned wit and goodly pleasance graced,
 By which mans life in his likest image
 Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced;
 And those sweete wits, which wont the like to
 frame,

Are now despidz, and made a laughing game.

And he, the man whom Nature selfe had made
 To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,
 With kindly counter under Mimick shade,
 Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late:
 With whom all joy and jolly meriment
 Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.

In stead thereof scoffing Scurrilitie,
 And scornfull Follie with Contempt is crept,
 Rolling in rymes of shameles ribaudrie
 Without regard, or due Decorum kept;
 Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
 And doth the Learneds taske upon him take.

But that same gentle Spirit, from whose pen
 Large streames of honnie and sweete Nectar
 flowe,

Scorning the boldnes of such base-borne men,
 Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe,

Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell,
Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell.

So am I made the servant of the manie,
And laughing stocke of all that list to scorne;
Not honored nor cared for of anie,
But loath'd of losels as a thing forlorne:
Therefore I mourne and sorrow with the rest,
Untill my cause of sorrow be redrest.

Therewith she lowdly did lament and shriek,
Pouring forth streames of teares abundantly;
And all her Sisters, with compassion like,
The breaches of her singults did supply.
So rested shee; and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

EUTERPE.

Like as the dearling of the Summers pryde,
Faure Philomele, when winters stormie wrath
The goodly fields, that earst so gay were dyde
In colours divers, quite despoyled hath,
All comfortlesse doth hide her chearlesse head
During the time of that her widowhead:

So we, that earst were wont in sweet accord
All places with our pleasant notes to fill,
Whilest favourable times did us afford
Free libertie to chaunt our charmes at will,
All comfortlesse upon the bared bow,
Like wofull Culvers, doo sit wayling now,

For far more bitter storme than winters stowre
The beautie of the world hath lately wasted,
And those fresh buds, which wont so faire to
flowre, [blasted;
Hath marred quite, and all their blossoms
And those yong plants, which wont with fruit
t'abound,
Now without fruite or leaves are to be found.

A stonie coldnesse hath benumbd the sence
And livelie spirits of each living wight,
And dimd with darknesse their intelligence,
Darknesse more than Cymerians daylie night:
And monstrous error, flying in the ayre,
Hath mard the face of all that semed fayre.

Image of hellish horreur, Ignorance,
Borne in the bosome of the black Abyss,
And fed with Furies milke for sustenance
Of his weake infancie, begot amisse
By yawning Sloth on his owne mother Night;
So hee his sonnes both Syre and brother hight.
He, armd with blindnesse and with boldnes
stout, [defaced;
(For blind is bold) hath our fayre light
And, gathering unto him a ragged rout
Of Faunes and Satyres, hath our dwellings
raced

And our chaste bowers, in which all ve
rained,
With brutishnesse and beastlie filth
stained.

The sacred springs of horsefoot Helicon,
So oft bedewd with our learned layes,
And speaking streames of pure Castalion,
The famous witsse of our wonted praise,
They trampled have with their fowle foot
trade,

And like to troubled puddles have them m

Our pleasant groves, which planted were v
paines,
That with our musick wont so oft to ring,
And arbors sweet, in which the Shepher
swaines

Were wont so oft their Pastoralls to sing,
They have cut downe, and all their pleasur
That now no pastorall is to bee hard. [m

Instead of them, fowle Goblins and Shr
owles

With fearfull howling do all places fill;
And feeble Eccho now laments and howles
The dreadfull accents of their outcries shr
So all is turned into wilderness,
Whilest Ignorance the Muses doth oppress

And I, whose joy was earst with Spirit full
To teach the warbling pipe to sound aloft,
My spirits now dismayd with sorrow dull
Doo mone my miserie with silence soft:
Therefore I mourne and waile incessantly,
Till please the heavens afford me remedy.

Therewith shee wayled with exceeding wo
And pitious lamentation did make;
And all her sisters, seeing her doo soe,
With equall plaints her sorrowe did partake
So rested shee; and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

TERPSICHORE.

Whoso hath in the lap of soft delight
Beene long time luld, and fed with pleas
sweet, [spi
Feareles through his own fault or Fortu
To tumble into sorrow and regret,
Yf chaunce him fall into calamitie,
Findes greater burthen of his miserie.

So wee that earst in joyance did abound,
And in the bosome of all blis did sit,
Like virgin Queenes, with laurell garla
croud

For vertues meed and ornament of wit,
Sith ignorance our kingdome did confound
Bee now become most wretched wightes
ground.

in our royall thrones, which lately stood
th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,
now hath placed his accursed brood,
him begotten of fowle infamy;
and Error. scornfull Follie, and base Spight,
to hold by wrong that wee should have by
right.

to the vulgar sort now pipe and sing,
and make them merrie with their fooleries;
by cherelie chaunt, and rymes at random
fling,
of fruitfull spawne of their ranke fantasies:
they feede the eares of fooles with flattery,
and good men blame, and losels magnify.

places they doo with their toyes possesse,
and raigne in liking of the multitude;
the schooles they fill with fond new fangle-
nesse, [rude;
and sway in Court with pride and rashnes
against simple shepheards they do boast their
skill,
and say their musicke matcheth Phoebus quill.

the noble hearts to pleasures they allure,
and tell their Prince that learning is but vaine:
the Ladies loves they spot with thoughts
impure,
and gentle mindes with lewd delights distaine;
and as they to loathly idlenes entice,
so fill their bookes with discipline of vice.

every where they rule, and tyrannize,
their usurped kingdomes maintenaunce,
whiles we silly Maides, whom they dispize
and with reprochfull scorne discountenaunce,
from our owne native heritage exile,
walk through the world of every one revilde.

any one doth care to call us in,
once vouchsafeth us to entertaine,
esse some one perhaps of gentle kin,
pitties sake compassion our paine,
they yeeld us some reliefe in this distresse;
to be so reliev'd is wretchednesse.

wander we all carefull comfortlesse,
none doth care to comfort us at all;
seeke we helpe our sorrow to redresse,
none vouchsafes to answer to our call;
therefore we mourne and pittillesse complaine,
cause none living pittietieth our paine.

h that she wept and wofullie waymented,
taught on earth her grieve might pacifie;
and all the rest her dolefull din augmented
with shrikes and groanes and grievous agonie.
ended shee; and then the next in rew
an her piteous plaint, as doth ensue.

ERATO.

Ye gentle Spirits, breathing from above,
Where ye in Venus silver bowre were bred,
Thoughts halfe devine, full of the fire of love,
With beawtie kindled, and with pleasure fed,
Which ye now in securitie possesse,
Forgetfull of your former heaviness;

Now change the tenor of your joyous layes,
With which ye use your loves to deifie,
And blazon forth an earthlie beauties praise
Above the compasse of the arched skie;
Now change your praises into piteous cries,
And Eulogies turne into Elegies.

Such as ye wont, whenas those bitter stounds
Of raging love first gan you to torment,
And launch your hearts with lamentable
wounds

Of secret sorrow and sad languishment,
Before your Loves did take you unto grace;
Those now renew, as fitter for this place.

For I that rule in measure moderate
The tempest of that stormie passion,
And use to paint in rimes the troublous state
Of Lovers life in likest fashion,
Am put from practise of my kindlie skill,
Banisht by those that Love with leawdnes
fill.

Love wont to be schoolmaster of my skill,
And the devicefull matter of my song;
Sweete Love devoyd of villanie or ill,
But pure and spotles, as at first he sprong
Out of th' Almightyes bosome, where he nests;
From thence infused into mortall brests.

Such high concept of that celestiall fire,
The base-borne brood of blindnes cannot
gesse,

Ne ever dare their dunghill thoughts aspire
Unto so loftie pitch of perfectnesse,
But rime at riot, and doo rage in love;
Yet little wote what doth thereto behove.

Faire Cytheree, the Mother of delight,
And Queene of beawtie, now thou maist go
pack;

For lo! thy Kingdome is defaced quight,
Thy scepter rent, and power put to wrack;
And thy gay Sonne, that winged God of Love,
May now goe prune his plumes like ruffed
Dove.

And ye three Twins, to light by Venus
brought,

The sweete companions of the Muses late,
From whom what ever thing is goodly
thought,

Doth borrow grace, the fancie to aggrate;

Go beg with us, and be companions still,
As heretofore of good, so now of ill.

For neither you nor we shall anie more
Find entertainment or in Court or Schoole;
For that which was accounted heretofore
The learneds meed is now lent to the foole:
He sings of love, and maketh loving layes,
And they him heare, and they him highly
prayse.

With that she powred foorth a brackish flood
Of bitter teares, and made exceeding mone;
And all her Sisters, seeing her sad mood,
With lowd laments her answered all at one.
So ended she; and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew.

CALLIOPE.

To whom shall I my evill case complaine,
Or tell the anguish of my inward smart,
Sith none is left to remedie my paine,
Or deignes to pitie a perplexed hart;
But rather seekes my sorrow to augment
With fowle reproach, and cruell banishment?

For they, to whom I used to applie
The faithfull service of my learned skill,
The goodly off-spring of Joves progenie,
That wont the world with famous acts to fill;
Whose living praises in heroick style,
It is my chiefe profession to compyle;

They, all corrupted through the rust of time
That doth all fairest things on earth deface,
Or through unnoble sloth, or sinfull crime,
That doth degenerate the noble race,
Have both desire of worthie deeds forlorne,
And name of learning utterly doo scorne.

Ne doo they care to have the auncestrie
Of th' old Heroës memorizde anew;
Ne doo they care that late posteritie [dew,
Should know their names, or speak their praises
But die forgot from whence at first they sprong,
As they themselves shalbe forgot ere long.

What bootes it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to have been nobly bredd?
What oddes twixt Irus and old Inachus,
Twixt best and worst, when both alike are
dadd;

If none of neither mention should make,
Nor out of dust their memories awake?

Or who would ever care to doo brave deed,
Or strive in vertue others to excell,
If none should yeeld him his deserved meed,
Due praise, that is the spur of dooing well?
For if good were not praised more than ill,
None would choose goodnes of his owne free-
will.

Therefore the nurse of vertue I am hight,
And golden Trompet of eternitie,
That lowly thoughts lift up to heavens high,
And mortall men have powre to deifie:
Bacchus and Hercules I raised to heaven,
And Charlemaine amongst the Starris sear

But now I will my golden Clarion rend,
And will henceforth immortalize no more:
Sith I no more finde worthie to commend
For prize of value, or for learned lore:
For noble Peeres, whom I was wont to raise
Now onely seeke for pleasure, nought
praise.

Their great revenues all in sumptuous pri-
They spend, that nought to learning they
spare;

And the rich fee, which Poets wont divide
Now Parasites and Sycophants doo share:
Therefore I mourne and endlesse sorrow me
Both for my selfe and for my Sisters sake.

With that she lowdly gan to waile and shr
And from her eyes a sea of teares did pow
And all her sisters, with compassion like,
Did more increase the sharpnes of her sho
So ended she; and then the next in rew
Began her plaint, as doth herein ensew,

URANIA.

What wrath of Gods, or wicked influence
Of Starres conspiring wretched men t' affl
Hath powrd on earth this noyous pestilen
That mortall mindes doth inwardly infect
With love of blindnesse and of ignorance,
To dwell in darkenesse without sovenance

What difference twixt man and beast is le
When th' heavenlie light of knowledge is
out,

And th' ornaments of wisdom are bereft?
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,
Unweeting of the danger hee is in,
Through fleshes frailtie, and deceit of sin

In this wide world in which they, wret
stray,

It is the onelie comfort which they have,
It is their light, their loadstarre, and their
But hell, and darkenesse, and the grislie g
Is ignorance, the enemy of grace, [del
That mindes of men borne heavenlie

Through knowledge we behold the w
creation,

How in his cradle first he fostred was;
And judge of Natures cunning operation,
How things she formed of a formelesse m
By knowledge wee do learne our selves to kn
And what to man, and what to God, wee

rom hence wee mount aloft unto the skie,
nd looke into the Christall firmament :

here we behold the heavens great Hierarchie,
he Starres pure light, the Spheres swift
movément,

he Spirites and Intelligences fayre, [chayre,
nd Angels waighting on th' Almightyes

nd there, with humble minde and high in-
sight,

Th' eternall Makers majestie wee viewe,
his love, his truth, his glorie, and his might,
nd mercie more than mortall men can vew.

O soveraigne Lord ! O soveraigne happinesse,
o see thee, and thy mercie measurelesse !

uch happinesse have they that doo embrace
he precepts of my heavenlie discipline ;
ut shame and sorrow and accursed case
ave they thatscorne the schoole of arts divine,
nd banish me, which do professe the skill
o make men heavenly wise through humbled
will.

ow ever yet they mee despise and spight,
eede on sweet contentment of my thought,
nd please my selfe with mine owne selfe-
delight,

o contemplation of things heavenlie wrought :
o, loathing earth, I looke up to the sky,
nd, being driven hence, I thether fly.

hence I behold the miserie of men, [breed,
hich want the blis that wisdom would them
nd like brute beasts doo lie in loathsome den
f ghostly darkenes, and of gastlie dreed ;
or whom I mourne, and for my selfe com-
plaine,
nd for my Sisters eake whom they disdaine.

With that shee wept and waild so pityouslie,
s if her eyes had beene two springing wells ;
nd all the rest, her sorrow to supplie,
did throw forth shrieks and cries and dreery
yells.

o ended shee ; and then the next in rew
egan her mournfull plaint, as doth ensue.

POLYHYMNIA.

o dolefull case desires a dolefull song,
Without vaine art or curious complements ;
nd squallid Fortune, into basenes flong,
oth scorne the pride of wonted ornaments :
hen fittest are these ragged rimes for mee,
o tell my sorrowes that exceeding bee.

or the sweet numbers and melodious measures,
ith which I wont the winged words to tie,
nd make a tunefull Diapase of pleasures,
ow being let to ruine at libertie

By those which have no skill to rule them right,
Have now quite lost their naturall delight,

Heapes of huge wordes uphoorded hideously,
With horrid sound though having little sence,
They thinke to be chiefe praise of Poëtry ;
And, thereby wanting due intelligence,
Have mard the face of goodly Poësie,
And made a monster of their fantasie.

Whilom in ages past none might professe
But Princes and high Priests that secret skill ;
The sacred lawes therein they wont expresse,
And with deepe Oracles their verses fill :
Then was shee held in soveraigne dignitie,
And made the noursling of Nobilitie.

But now nor Prince nor Priest doth her main-
tayne,
But suffer her prophaned for to bee
Of the base vulgar, that with hands uncleane
Dares to pollute her hidden mysterie ;
And treadeth under foote hir holie things,
Which was the care of Kesars and of Kings.

One onelie lives, her ages ornament,
And myrrour of her Makers majestie,
That with rich bountie, and deare cherishment,
Supports the praise of noble Poësie ;
Ne onelie favours them which it professe,
But is her selfe a peeereles Poëtresse.

Most peeereles Prince, most peeereles Poetresse,
The true Pandora of all heavenly graces,
Divine Elisa, sacred Emperesse !
Live she for ever, and her royall P'laces
Be fild with praises of divinst wits,
That her eternize with their heavenlie writs !

Some few beside this sacred skill esteme,
Admirers of her glorious excellence ;
Which, being lighned with her beawties beme,
Are thereby fild with happie influence ;
And lifted up above the worldës gaze,
To sing with Angels her immortall praise.

But all the rest, as borne of salvage brood,
And having beene with Acorns alwaies fed,
Can no whit savour this celestiall food,
But with base thoughts are into blindness led,
And kept from looking on the lightsome day :
For whome I waile and weepe all that I may.

Eftsoones such store of teares shee forth did
powre,

As if shee all to water would have gone ;
And all her sisters, seeing her sad stowre,
Did weep and waile, and made exceeding mone,
And all their learned instruments did breake :
The rest untold no living tongue can speake.

VIRGILS GNAT.

LONG SINCE DEDICATED

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND EXCELLENT LORD,

THE EARLE OF LEICESTER,

LATE DECEASED.

WRONG'D yet not daring to expresse my paine,
 To you (great Lord) the causer of my care,
 In clowdie teares my case I thus complaine
 Unto yourselfe, that onely privie are:
 But if that any Oedipus unware
 Shall chaunce, through power of some divining spright,
 To reade the secrete of this riddle rare,
 And know the purporte of my evill plight,
 Let him rest pleased with his owne insight,
 Ne further seeke to glose upon the text;
 For grieve enough it is to griev'd wight
 To feele his fault, and not be further vext.
 But what so by my selfe may not be shoven,
 May by this Gnatts complaint be easily knowen.

VIRGILS GNAT.

WE now have playde (Augustus) wantonly,
 Tuning our song unto a tender Muse,
 And, like a cobweb weaving slenderly,
 Have onely playde: let thus much then excuse
 This Gnats small Poeme, that th' whole history
 Is but a jest, though envie it abuse: [blame,
 But who such sports and sweet delights doth
 Shall lighter seeme than this Gnats idle name.

Hereafter, when as season more secure
 Shall bring forth fruit, this Muse shall speak
 to thee

In bigger notes, that may thy sense allure,
 And for thy worth frame some fit Poësie:
 The golden offspring of Latona pure,
 And ornament of great Joves progenie,
 Phœbus, shall be the author of my song,
 Playing on yvorie harp with silver strong.

He shall inspire my verse with gentie mood
 Of Poets Prince, whether he woon beside
 Faire Xanthus sprinckled with Chimæras blood
 Or in the woods of Astery abide;
 Or whereas mount Parnasse, the Muses bro
 Doth his broad forehead like two hornes div
 And the sweete waves of sounding Castaly
 With liquid foote doth slide downe easily.

Wherefore ye Sisters, which the glorie bee
 Of the Pierian streames, fayre Naiades,
 Go too, and, dauncing all in companie,
 Adorne that God: and thou holie Pales,
 To whome the honest care of husbandrie
 Returneth by continuall successe,
 Have care for to pursue his footing light
 Throgh the wide woods and groves, with gr
 leaves dight.

professing thee I lifted am aloft
 twixt the Forrest wide and starrie sky :
 And thou, most dread (Octavius), which oft
 learned wits givest courage worthily,
 come, (thou sacred childe) come sliding soft,
 and favour my beginnings graciously :
 nor not these leaves do sing that dreadful
 stound, [ground.
 When Giants bloud did staine Phlegrean
 or how th' halfe-horsy people, Centaures hight,
 fight with the bloudie Lapithæes at bord :
 or how the East with tyrannous despight
 burnt th' Attick towres, and people slew with
 sword,
 or how mount Athos through exceeding might
 was digged downe . nor yron bands aboard
 the Pontick sea by their huge Navy cast,
 whose volume shall renowne, so long since past.
 or Hellespont trampled with horses feete,
 when flocking Persians did the Greeks affray ;
 and my soft Muse, as for her power more meete,
 fights (with Phœbus friendly leave) to play
 easie running verse with tender feete.
 And thou, (dread sacred childe) to thee alway,
 everlasting lightsome glory strive,
 through the worlds endles ages to survive.
 And let an happie roome remaine for thee
 amongst heavenly ranks, where blessed soules
 do rest ;
 And let long lasting life with joyous glee,
 thy due meede that thou deservest best,
 hereafter many yeares remembered be
 amongst good men, of whom thou oft are blest ;
 And thou for ever in all happinesse !
 And let us turne to our first businesse.
 fiery Sun was mounted now on hight
 to the heavenly towers, and shot each where
 of his golden Charet glistring light ;
 And fayre Aurora, with her rosie heare,
 whose hatefull darknes now had put to flight ;
 when as the shepherd, seeing day appeare,
 his little Goats gan drive out of their stalls,
 to feede abroad where pasture best befalls.
 And on high mountaines top he with them
 went,
 where thickest grasse did cloath the open hills.
 And now amongst the woods and thickets
 went,
 in the valleies wandring at their wills,
 and had themselves farre abroad through each
 descent, [fills,
 on the soft greene grasse feeding their
 he, clambing through the hollow chffes on hy
 ble the bushie shrubs which growe thereby.

Others the utmost boughs of trees doe crop,
 And brouze the woodbine twiggess that freshly
 bud ;
 This with full bit doth catch the utmost top,
 Of some soft Willow, or new growen stud ;
 This with sharpe teeth the bramble leaves
 doth lop,
 And chaw the tender prickles in her Cud ;
 The whiles another high doth overlooke
 Her owne like image in a christall brooke.
 O ! the great happines, which shepherds have,
 Who so loathes not too much the poore estate,
 With minde that ill use doth before deprave,
 Ne measures all things by the costly rate
 Of riotise, and semblants outward brave !
 No such sad cares, as wont to macerate
 And rend the greedie mindes of covetous men,
 Do ever creepe into the shepherds den.
 Ne cares he if the fleece, which him araves,
 Be not twice steeped in Assyrian dye ;
 Ne glistring of golde, which underlayes
 The summer beames, doe blinde his gazing
 eye ;
 Ne pictures beautie, nor the glauncing rayes
 Of precious stones, whence no good commeth
 by ;
 Ne yet his cup embost with Imagery
 Of Bætus or of Alcons vanity.
 Ne ought the whelky pearles esteemeth hee,
 Which are from Indian seas brought far away ;
 But with pure brest from carefull sorrow free,
 On the soft grasse his limbs doth oft display,
 In sweete spring time, when flowres varietie
 With sundrie colours paints the sprinkled
 lay :
 There, lying all at ease from guile or spight,
 With pype of fennie reedes doth him delight.
 There he, Lord of himselfe, with palme be-
 dight,
 His looser locks doth wrap in wreath of vine :
 There his milk-dropping Goats be his delight,
 And fruitfull Pales, and the Forrest greene,
 And darkesome caves in pleasaunt vallies
 pight,
 Whereas continuall shade is to be seene,
 And where fresh springing wells, as christall
 neate,
 Do alwayes flow to quench his thirstie heate.
 O ! who can lead, then, a more happie life
 Than he, that with cleane minde, and heart
 sincere,
 No greedy riches knowes nor bloudie strife,
 No deadly fight of warlick fleete doth feare
 Ne runs in perill of foes cruell knife,

That in the sacred temples he may reare
A trophee of his glittering spoyles and
treasure,
Or may abound in riches above measure.

Of him his God is worshipt with his sythe,
And not with skill of craftsman polished :
He joyes in groves, and makes himselfe full
blythe
With sundrie flowers in wilde fieldes gathered ;
Ne frankincens he from Panchæa buyth :
Sweete quiet harbours in his harmeless head,
And perfect pleasure buildes her joyous bowre,
Free from sad cares that rich mens hearts
devowre.

This all his care, this all his whole indeavour,
To this his minde and senses he doth bend,
How he may flow in quiet matchles treasour,
Content with any food that God doth send ;
And how his limbs, resolv'd through idle
leisour,
Unto sweete sleepe he may securely lend
In some coole shadow from the scorching heat,
The whiles his flock their chawed cuds do
cate.

O flocks ! O Faunes ! and O ye pleasaunt Springs
Of Tempe ! where the countrey Nymphs are
rife, [sings
Through whose not costly care each shepheard
As merrie notes upon his rusticke Fife,
As that Ascræan bard, whose fame now rings
Through the wide world, and leads as joyfull
life ;
Free from all troubles and from worldly toyle,
In which fond men doe all their dayes tur-
moyle.

In such delights whilst thus his carelesse time
This Shepheard drives, upleaning on his batt,
And on shrill reedes chaunting his rustick rime,
Hyperion, throwing forth his beames full
hott,
Into the highest top of heaven gan clime,
And, the world parting by an equall lott,
Did shed his whirling flames on either side,
As the great Ocean doth himselfe divide.

Then gan the shepheard gather into one
His stragling Goates, and drave them to a
foord,
Whose carule streame, rombling in Pible stone,
Crept under mosse as Greene as any goord.
Now had the Sun halfe heaven overgone,
When he his heard back from that water foord
Drave, from the force of Phœbus boyling ray,
Into thick shadowes, there themselves to
lay.

Soone as he them plac'd in thy sacred wood
(O Delian Goddesse !) saw, to which of you
Came the bad daughter of old Cadmus bro
Cruell Agavè, flying vengeance sore
Of king Nictileus for the guiltie blood
Which she with cursed hands had shed be
There she halfe frantick, having slaine
sonne,

Did shrowd her selfe like punishment to sho

Here also playing on the grassy Greene,
Woodgods, and Satyres, and swift Dryads
With many Fairies oft were dauncing seen
Not so much did Dan Orpheus repress
The streames of Hebrus with his song
weene,

As that faire troupe of woodie Goddesses
Staied thee, (O Peneus !) powring forth to
From cheerefull looks great mirth and
some glee.

The verie nature of the place, resounding
With gentle murmure of the breathing ay
A pleasant bowre with all delight abound
In the fresh shadowe did for them prepay
To rest their limbs with wearines redound
For first the high Palme trees, with braun
Out of the lowly vallies did arise, [
And high shoote up their heads into the s

And them amongst the wicked Lotos gre
Wicked for holding guilefully away
Ulysses men, whom rapt with sweetenes
Taking to hoste, it quite from him did st
And eke those trees, in whose transformed
The Sunnes sad daughters waylde the
decay

Of Phaeton, whose limbs, with lightening
They, gathering up, with sweete teares
lament.

And that same tree, in which Demophoo
By his disloyalty lamented sore,
Eternall hurte left unto many one :
Whom als accompanied the Oke, of yore
Through fatall charmes transformd to
an one ;

The Oke, whose Acornes were our foode, b
That Ceres seede of mortall men were kn
Which first Triptoleme taught how
sowne.

Here also grew the rougher rinded Pine,
The great Argoan ships brave ornament,
Whom golden Fleece did make an hea
signe ;

Which coveting, with his high tops exte
To make the mountaines touch the s
divine,
Decks all the Forrest with embellishment

and the blacke Holme that loves the watrie
vale ;

and the sweete Cypresse, signe of deadly bale.

amongst the rest the clambring Yvie grew,
nitting his wanton armes with grasping hold,
past that the Poplar hapely should rew
er brothers strokes, whose boughes she doth
enfold

With her lythe twigs, till they the top survey,
and paint with pallid greene her buds of gold.
Next did the Myrtle tree to her approach,
not yet unmindfull of her olde reproach.

at the small Birds, in their wide boughs em-
bowring, [consent ;

haunted their sundrie tunes with sweete
and under them a silver Spring, forth powring
is trickling streames, a gentle murmur sent ;
hereto the frogs, bred in the slimie scowring
of the moist moores, their jarring voyces bent,
and shrill grashoppers chirped them around ;
all whilst the ayrie Echo did resound.

in this so pleasant place this Shepheards flocke
by everie where, their wearie limbs to rest,
in everie bush, and everie hollow rocke,
there breathe on them the whistling wind
more best ; [stocke,

he whiles the Shepheard self, tending his
ste by the fountaine side, in shade to rest,
where gentle slumbring sleep oppressed him
displaid on ground, and seized everie lim.

of trecherie or traines nought tooke he keep,
not, looslie on the grassie greene dispredd,
his dearest life did trust to careles sleep ;
which, weighing down his drouping drowsie
hedd,

in quiet rest his molten heart did steep,
in eroid of care, and feare of all falshedd ;
and not inconstant fortune, bent to ill,
did strange mischance his quietnes to spill.

or at his wonted time in that same place
in huge great Serpent, all with speckles pide,
he drench himselfe in moorish slime did trace,
here from the boyling heate himselfe to hide :
he, passing by with rolling wreathed pace,
with brandisht tongue the emptie aire did
gride,

and wrapt his scalie boughts with fell despight,
but all things seem'd appalled at his sight.

ow, more and more having himselfe enrolde,
his glittering breast he lifteth up on hie,
and with proud vaunt his head aloft doth
holde ;

his creste above, spotted with purple die,
on everie side did shine like scalie golde ;
and his bright eyes, glauncing full dreadfullie,

Did seeme to flame out flakes of flashing fyre,
And with sterne lookes to threaten kindled yre.

Thus wise long time he did himselfe dispace
There round about, when as at last he spide,
Lying along before him in that place,
That flocks grand Captaine and most trustie
guide

Eftsoones more fierce in visage, and in pace,
Throwing his fire eyes on everie side,
He commeth on, and all things in his way
Full stearnly rends that might his passage stay.

Much he disdaines that anie one should dare
To come unto his haunt ; for which intent
He inly burns, and gins straight to prepare
The weapons, which Nature to him hath lent :
Fellie he hisseth, and doth fiercely stare,
And hath his jawes with angrie spirits rent,
That all his tract with bloudie drops is stained
And all his foldes are now in length outstrained.

Whom, thus at point prepared, to prevent,
A litle noursling of the humid ayre,
A Gnat, unto the sleepeie Shepheard went ;
And, marking where his ey-lids twinkling rare
Shewd the two pearles which sight unto him
lent,

Through their thin coverings appearing sayre,
His little needle there infixing deep,
Warnd him awake, from death himselfe to keep.

Wherewith enrag'd he fiercely gan upstart,
And with his hand him rashly bruizing slewe
As in avengement of his heedles smart,
That streight the spirite out of his senses flew,
And life out of his members did depart :
When, suddenly casting aside his vew,
He spide his foe with felonous intent,
And fervent eyes to his destruction bent.

All suddenly dismaid, and hartles quight,
He fled abacke, and catching hastie holde
Of a yong alder hard beside him pight,
It rent, and streight about him gan beholde
What God or Fortune would assist his might.
But whether God or Fortune made him bold
Its hard to read : yet hardie will he had
To overcome, that made him lesse adrad.

The scalie backe of that most hideous snake
Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire
And oft him to assaile, he fiercely strake
Whereas his temples did his creast-front tyre ;
And, for he was but slowe, did slowth off shake
And gazing ghastly on, (for feare and yre
Had blent so much his sense, that lesse he
feard)

Yet when he saw him slaine himselfe he
cheard.

By this the Night forth from the darksome
bowre

Of Herebus her teemed steedes gan call,
And laesie Vesper in his timely howre
From golden Oeta gan proceede withall;
Whenas the Shepheard after this sharpestowre,
Seeing the doubled shadowes low to fall,
Gathering his straying flocke, does homeward
fare,
And unto rest his wearie joynts prepare.

Into whose sense so soone as lighter sleepe
Was entered, and now loosing everie lim,
Sweete slumbring deaw in carelesnesse did
steepe,

The Image of that Gnat appeard to him,
And in sad tearmes gan sorrowfully weepe,
With greislie countenance and visage grim,
Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,
In steed of good, hastning his cruell fate.

Said he, 'What have I, wretch, deserv'd, that
Into this bitter bale I am outcast, [thus
Whilest that thy life more deare and precious
Was than mine owne, so long as it did last?
I now, in lieu of paines so gracious,
Am tost in th' ayre with everie windie blast:
Thou, safe delivered from sad decay,
Thy careles limbs in loose sleep dost display.

'So livest thou; but my poore wretched ghost
Is forst to ferrie over Lethes river,
And spoyld of Charon too and fro am tost.
Seest thou not how all places quake and quiver,
Lightned with deadly lamps on everie post?
Tisphone each where doth shake and shiver
Her flaming fire-brond, encountering me,
Whose lockes uncombed cruell adders be.

'And Cerberus, whose many mouthes doo bay
And barke out flames, as if on fire he fed;
Adowne whose necke, in terrible array,
Ten thousand snakes cralling about his hed
Doo hang in heapes, that horribly affray,
And bloodie eyes doo glister fire red;
He oftentimes me dreadfullie doth threaten
With painfull torments to be sorely beaten.

'Ay me! that thanks so much should faile of
meed;

For that I thee restor'd to life againe,
Even from the doore of death and deadlie dreed!
Where then is now the guerdon of my paine?
Where the reward of my so piteous deed?
The praise of pitie vanisht is in vaine,
And th' antique faith of Justice long agoone
Out of the land is fled away and gone.

'I saw anothers fate approaching fast,
And left mine owne his safetie to tender;

Into the same mishap I now am cast,
And shun'd destruction doth destruc
render:

Not unto him that never hath trespass,
But punishment is due to the offender.
Yet let destruction be the punishment,
So long as thankfull will may it relent.

'I carried am into waste wilderness,
Waste wildernes, amongst Cymerian shad
Where endles paines and hideous heavines
Is round about me heapt in darksome gla
For there huge Othos sits in sad distresse.
Fast bound with serpents that him oft inva
Far of beholding Ephialtes tide,
Which once assai'd to burne this world so y

'And there is mournfull Tityus, mindefull
Of thy displeasure, O Latona faire!
Displeasure too implacable was it,
That made him meat for wild foules of the s
Much do I feare among such fiends to sit
Much do I feare back to them to repayre,
To the black shadowes of the Stygian sho
Where wretched ghosts sit wailing everm

'There next the utmost brinck doth he ab
That did the bankets of the Gods bewray,
Whose throat through thirst to nought
being dride

His sense to seeke for ease turnes every w
And he, that in avengement of his pride
For scorning to the sacred Gods to pray,
Against a mountaine rolls a mightie ston
Calling in vaine for rest, and can have no

Go ye with them, go, cursed damosells,
Whose bridale torches foule Erynnis tynd
And Hymen, at your Spousalls sad, forete
Tydings of death and massacre unkinde:
With them that cruell Colchid mother dw
The which conceiv'd in her revengefull mi
With bitter woundes her owne deere babe
slay,

And muredred troupes upon great heapes to

'There also those two Pandionian maides,
Calling on Itis, Itis! evermore,
Whom, wretched boy, they slew with gu
blades;

For whom the Thracian king lamenting s
Turn'd to a Lapwing, fowlie them upbray
And fluttering round about them still does s
There now they all eternally complain
Of others wrong, and suffer endles paine.

'But the two brethren borne of Cadmus bl
Whilst each does for the Sovereignty cont
Blinde through ambition, and with venge
wood,
Each doth against the others bodie bend

his cursed steele, of neither well withstood,
And with wide wounds their carcases doth rend;
That yet they both doe mortall foes remaine,
With each with brothers bloudie hand was slaine.

Ah (waladay !) there is no end of paine,
For chaunge of labour may intreated bee;
Yet I beyond all these am carried faine,
Where other powers farre different I see,
And must passe over to th' Elisian plaine:
Where grim Persephone, encountring mee,
Doth urge her fellow Furies earnestlie
With their bright firebronds me to terrifie.

There chaste Alceste lives inviolate,
Free from all care, for that her husbands daies
He did prolong by changing fate for fate.
So! there lives also the immortall praise
Of womankind, most faithfull to her mate,
Penelope; and from her farre awayes
A rulesse rout of yongmen which her woo'd,
Will slaine with darts, lie wallowed in their
blood.

And sad Eurydice thence now no more
Must turne to life, but there detained bee
For looking back, being forbid before:
Yet was the guilt thereof, Orpheus, in thee.
Held sure he was, and worthie spirite bore,
That durst those lowest shadowes goe to see,
And could beleve that anie thing could please
Of Cerberus, or Stygian powres appease:

He feard the burning waves of Phlegeton,
For those same mournfull kingdomes, com-
passed
With rustie horror and fowle fashion;
And deep digd vawtes; and Tartar covered
With bloodie night, and darke confusion;
And judgement seates, whose Judge is deadlie
dred,
Judge, that after death doth punish sore
The faults which life hath trespassed before.

But valiant fortune made Dan Orpheus bolde;
For the swift running rivers still did stand,
And the wilde beasts their furie did withhold,
To follow Orpheus musicke through the land:
And th' Okes, deep grounded in the earthly
molde,
Did move, as if they could him understand;
And the shrill woods, which were of sense be-
reav'd, [ceav'd.
Through their hard barke his silver sound re-

And eke the Moone her hastie steedes did
stay,
Drawing in teemes along the starrie skie;
And didst (O monthly Virgin!) thou delay
Any nightly course, to heare his melody?

The same was able with like lovely lay
The Queene of hell to move as easily,
To yeeld Eurydice unto her fere
Backe to be borne, though it unlawfull were;

'She, (Ladie) having well before approoved
The feends to be too cruell and severe,
Observ'd th' appointed way, as her behooved,
Ne ever did her ey-sight turne arere,
Ne ever spake, ne cause of speaking mooved;
But, cruell Orpheus, thou much crueller,
Seeking to kisse her, brok'st the Gods decree,
And thereby mad'st her ever damn'd to be.

'Ah! but sweete love of pardon worthie is,
And doth deserve to have small faults remitted,
If Hell at least things lightly done amis
Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted;
Yet are ye both received into blis,
And to the seates of happie soules admitted:
And you beside the honourable band
Of great Heroës doo in order stand.

'There be the two stout sonnes of Aeacus,
Fierce Peleus, and the hardie Telamon,
Both seeming now full glad and joyeous
Through their Syres dreadfull jurisdiction,
Being the Judge of all that horrid hous:
And both of them, by strange occasion,
Renown'd in choyce of happie marriage
Through Venus grace, and vertues cariage.

'For th' one was ravisht of his owne bond-
maide,

The faire Ixione captiv'd from Troy;
But th' other was with Thetis love assaid,
Great Nereus his daughter and his joy.
On this side them there is a yongman layd,
Their match in glorie, mightie, fierce, and
coy;

That from th' Argolick ships with furious yre
Bett back the furie of the Trojan fyre.

'O! who would not recount the strong divorces
Of that great warre, which Trojanes oft be-
helde?

And oft beheld the warlike Greekish forces,
When Teuerian soyle with bloodie rivers
swelde,

And wide Sigæan shores were spred with corses,
And Simois and Xanthus blood outwelde;
Whilst Hector raged with outragious minde,
Flames, weapons, wounds, in Greeks flete to
have tynde.

'For Ida selfe, in ayde of that fierce fight,
Out of her mountaines ministred supplies;
And, like a kindly nourse, did yeeld (for spight)
Store of firebronds out of her nourseries
Unto her foster children, that they might
Inflame the Navie of their enemies,

And all the Rhetæan shore to ashes turne,
Where lay the ships which they did seeke to
burne.

'Gainst which the noble sonne of Telamon
Oppos'd himselfe, and, thwarting his huge
shield,

Them battell bad, gainst whom appeard anon
Hector, the glorie of the Trojan field:
Both fierce and furious in contention [shrild,
Encountred, that their mightie strokes so
As the great clap of thunder which doth ryve
The ratling heavens, and cloudes asunder
dryve.

'So th' one with fire and weapons did contend
To cut the ships from turning home againe
To Argos; th' other strove for to defend
The force of Vulcane with his might and
maine.

Thus th' one Aeacide did his fame extend;
But th' other joy'd, that, on the Phrygian
playne

Having the blood of vanquisht Hector shedd,
He compast Troy thrice with his bodie dedd.

'Againe great dole on either partie grewe,
That him to death unfaithfull Paris sent;
And also him that false Ulysses slewe,
Drawne into danger through close ambush-
ment;

Therefore from him Laërtes sonne his vewe
Doth turne aside, and boasts his good event
In working of Strymonian Rhæus fall,
And este in Dolons subtil surprysall.

'Againe the dreadfull Cycones him dismay,
And blacke Læstrigones, a people stout:
Then greedie Scilla, under whom there bay
Manie great bandogs which her gird about:
Then doo the Aetnean Cyclops him affray,
And deep Charybdis gulping in and out:
Lastly the squalid lakes of Tartarie,
And griesly Feends of hell him terrifie.

'There also goodly Agamemnon bosts,
The glorie of the stock of Tantalus,
And famous light of all the Greekish hosts;
Under whose conduct most victorious,
The Dorick flames consum'd the Iliack posts.
Ah! but the Greekes themselves, more dolo-
rous,

To thee, O Troy! paid penance for thy fall;
In th' Hellespont being nigh drowned all.

'Well may appeare by prooffe of their mis-
chaunce,

The chaungfull turning of mens slipperie state,
That none whom fortune freely doth ad-
vaunce

Himselfe therefore to heaven should elevate;

For loftie type of honour, through the glau
Of envies dart, is downe in dust prostrate,
And all that vaunts in worldly vanitie
Shall fall through fortunes mutabilitie.

'Th' Argolicke power returning home aga
Enricht with spoyles of th' Ericthonian to
Did happie winde and weather entertaine
And with good speed the somie billow
scowre:

No signe of storme, no feare of future pain
Which soone ensued them with heave stov
Nereis to the Seas a token gave, [cl
The whiles their crooked keeles the sun

'Suddenly, whether through the Gods dec
Or haplesse rising of some froward starre,
The heavens on everie side enclowded bee
Black stormes and fogs are blown up fi
farre,

That now the Pylote can no loadstarre see
But skies and seas doo make most dread
warre;

The billowes striving to the heavens to rea
And th' heavens striving them for to imper

'And in avengement of their bold attempt
Both Sun and starres and all the heave
powres

Conspire in one to wreake their rash conten
And downe on them to fall from high
towres:

The skie, in pieces seeming to be rent,
Throwes lightning forth, and haile, and ha
ful showres,

That death on everie side to them appeare
In thousand formes, to worke more gha
feares.

'Some in the greedie floods are sunke
drent;

Some on the rocks of Caphareus are throw
Some on th' Euboick Cliffs in pieces rent
Some scattred on the Hercæan shores
knowne;

And manie lost, of whom no moniment
Remaines, nor memorie is to be shovne:
Whilst all the purchase of the Phrigan p
Tost on salt billowes, round about doth st

'Here manie other like Heroës bee,
Equall in honour to the former crue,
Whom ye in goodly seates may placed see
Descended all from Rome by linage due;
From Rome, that holds the world in s
reigntie,

And doth all Nations unto her subdue:
Here Fabii and Decii doo dwell,
Horatii that in vertue did excell,

nd here the antique fame of stout Camill
th ever live; and constant Curtius,
no, stifly bent his vowed life to spill
r Countreyes health, a gulph most hideous
midst the Towne with his owne corps did
fill.

appease the powers; and prudent Mutius,
no in his flesh endur'd the scorching flame,
daunt his foe by ensample of the same.

nd here wise Curius, companion
noble vertues, lives in endles rest;
d stout Flaminius, whose devotion
ght him the fires scorn'd furie to detest;
d here the praise of either Scipion
ides in highest place above the best,
whom the ruin'd walls of Carthage vow'd,
mbling their forces, sound their praises
lowd.

ve they for ever through their lasting
praise!

I, poore wretch, am forced to retourne
the sad lakes that Phœbus sunnie rayes
o never see, where soules doo alwaies
mourne;

l by the wayling shores to waste my dayes,
ere Phlegeton with quenchles flames doth
burne;

which just Minos righteous soules doth
m wicked ones, to live in blisse for ever.

e therefore thus the cruell fiends of hell,
t with long snakes, and thousand yron
chaynes, [sever
ough doome of that their cruell Judge
h bitter torture, and impatient paines,
se of my death and just complaint to tell:
thou art he whom my poore ghost com-
be the author of her ill unwares, [plaines
t cares hear'st my intollerable cares.

em therefore as bequeathing to the winde,
w depart, returning to thee never,
leave this lamentable plaint behinde:
doo thou haunt the soft downe-rolling
river, [minde;
wilde greene woods and fruitful pastures
let the flitting aire my vaine words sever.
s having said, he heavily departed
h piteous crie, that anie would have
smarted.

y, when the sloathfull fit of lifes sweete rest
left the heavey Shepheard, wondrous cares
inly grieved minde full sore opprest;
t balefull sorrow he no longer beares

For that Gnats death, which deeply was
imprest,

But bends what ever power his aged yeares
Him lent, yet being such as through their
might

He lately slue his dreadfull foe in fight.

By that same River lurking under greene,
Eftssoones he gins to fashion forth a place;
And, squaring it in compasse well beseene,
There plotteth out a tombe by measured
space:

His yron-headed spade tho making cleene,
To dig up sods out of the flowrie grasse,
His worke he shortly to good purpose brought,
Like as he had conceiv'd it in his thought.

An heape of earth he hoorded up on hie,
Enclosing it with banks on everie side,
And thereupon did raise full busily
A little mount, of greene turffs edifice;
And on the top of all, that passers by
Might it behold, the toomb he did provide
Of smoothest marble stone in order set,
That never might his luckie scape forget.

And round about he taught sweete flowres to
growe:

The Rose engrained in pure scarlet die;
The Lilly fresh, and Violet belowe;
The Marigolde, and cherefull Rosemarie;
The Spartan Mirtle, whence sweet gumb does
flowe;

The purple Hyacinthe, and fresh Costmarie;
And Saffron, sought for in Cilician soyle;
And Lawrell, th' ornament of Phœbus toyle.

Fresh Rhododaphne, and the Sabine flowre,
Matching the wealth of th' auncient Frank-
incence;

And pallid Yvie, building his owne bowre;
And Box, yet mindfull of his olde offence;
Red Amaranthus, lucklesse Paramour;
Oxeye still greene, and bitter Patience;
Ne wants there pale Narcisse, that, in a well
Seeing his beautie, in love with it fell.

And whatsoever other flowre of worth,
And whatso other hearb of lovely hew, [forth,
The joyous Spring out of the ground brings
To cloath her selfe in colours fresh and new,
He planted there, and reard a mount of earth,
In whose high front was writ as doth ensue.

To thee, small Gnat, in lieu of his life saved,
The Shepheard hath thy deaths record engraved.

PROSOPOPOIA:
OR
MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

BY ED. SP.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE
LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE
LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.

Most faire and vertuous Ladie; having often sought opportunitie by some good meanes to make knowne to your Ladiship the humble affection and faithfull duetie, which I have alwaies professed, and am bound to beare to that House, from whence yee spring, I have at length found occasion to remember the same, by making a simple present to you of these my idle labours; which having long sithens composed in the raw conceipt of my youth, I lately amongst other papers lighted upon, and was by others, which liked the same, mooved to set them foorth. Simple is

the device, and the composition meane, carrieth some delight, even the rather because of the simplicitie and meannesse thus presented. The same I beseech your Ladiship in good part, as a pledge of that professed affection, which I have made to you; and keepe you untill, with some other more worthy labour, I do redeeme it out of your hands, and discharge my utmost dutie. Till then, wishing your Ladiship all increase of honour and happinesse, I humbly take leave.

Your La: ever humbly;

ED. SP.

PROSOPOPOIA: OR MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE

It was the month in which the righteous Maide,
That for disdaine of sinfull worlds upbraide
Fled back to heaven, whence she was first conceived,

Into her silver bowre the Sunne received;
And the hot Syrian Dog on him awayting,
After the chafed Lyons cruell bayting,
Corrupted had th' ayre with his noysome breath,

And powr'd on th' earth plague, pestilence, and
Emongst the rest a wicked maladie
Raignd' emongst men, that manie did to die,

Depriv'd of sense and ordinarie reason,
That it to Leaches seemed strange and ge-
My fortune was, mongst manie others mine
To be partaker of their common woe;
And my weake bodie, set on fire with griefe,
Was rob'd of rest and naturall reliefe.
In this ill plight there came to visite me
Some friends, who, sorie my sad case to see,
Began to comfort me in chearfull wise,
And meanes of gladsome solace to devise
But seeing kindly sleep refuse to doe
His office, and my feeble eyes forgoe,

ey sought my troubled sense how to deceive
 ith talke, that might unquiet fancies reave;
 d, sitting all in seates about me round,
 ith pleasant tales (fit for that idle stound)
 y cast in course to waste the wearie howres.
 ne tolde of Ladies, and their Paramoures;
 ne of brave Knights, and their renowned
 Squires;

ne of the Faeries and their strange attires;
 d some of Giaunts, hard to be beleaved;
 d the delight thereof me much releev'd.

mongst the rest a good old woman was,
 ght Mother Hubberd, who did farre surpas
 rest in honest mirth, that seem'd her
 well:

hen her turne was come her tale to tell,
 de of a strange adventure, that betided
 wixt the Foxe and th' Ape by him mis-
 guided,

which, for that my sense it greatly pleased,
 were my spirite heavie and diseased,
 write in termes as she the same did say,
 well as I her words remember may.

Muses aide me needes heretoo to call;
 e is the style, and matter meane withall.
 hilome (said she) before the world was
 civill,

Foxe and th' Ape, disliking of their evill
 hard estate, determined to seeke [lyeke,
 ir fortunes farre abroad, lyeke with his
 oth were crafie and unhappie witted;
 o fellowes might no where be better fitted.
 Foxe, that first this cause of grieve did finde.
 first thus plaine his case with words un-
 kinde.

ighbour Ape, and my Gossip eke beside,
 th two sure bands in friendship to be tide)
 whom may I more trustely complaine
 evill plight that doth me sore constraîne,
 hope thereof to finde due remedie?

re, then, my paine and inward agonie.
 s manie yeares I now have spent and worne
 neane regard, and basest fortunes scorne,
 ing my Countrey service as I might,
 esse, I dare saie, than the proudest wight;
 still I hoped to be up advanced,
 ny good parts; but still it has mischaunced.

therefore that no lenger hope I see,
 froward fortune still to follow mee,
 losels lifted up on high, where I did looke,
 ane to turne the next leafe of the booke:
 ere that anie way I doo betake,
 ane my Gossip privie first to make.'

my deare Gossip, (answer'd then the
 Ape)

ly doo your sad words my wits awhape,
 for because your grieve doth great appeare,
 eke because my selfe am touched neare:

For I likewise have wasted much good time,
 Still wayting to preferment up to clime,
 Whilest others alwayes have before me stept,
 And from my beard the fat away have swept;
 That now unto despaire I gin to growe,
 And meane for better winde about to throwe.
 Therefore to me, my trustie friend, aread
 Thy counsell: two is better than one head.'
 'Certes (said he) I meane me to disguise
 In some straunge habit, after uncouth wize;
 Or like a Pilgrim, or a Lymiter,
 Or like a Gipsen, or a Juggeler,
 And so to wander to the world's ende,
 To seeke my fortune, where I may it mend:
 For worse than that I have I cannot meete.
 Wide is the world I wote, and everie streete
 Is full of fortunes, and adventures straunge,
 Continuallie subject unto chaunge.
 Say, my faire brother now, if this device
 Doth like you, or may you to like entice.'
 'Surely (said th' Ape) it likes me wondrous
 well;

And would ye not poore fellowship expell,
 My selfe would offer you t' accompanie
 In this adventures chauncefull jeoparddie:
 For to wexe olde at home in idlenesse
 Is disadventrous, and quite fortunelesse;
 Abroad, where change is, good may gotten bee.'

The Foxe was glad, and quickly did agree:
 So both resolv'd, the morrow next ensuing,
 So soone as day appeard to peoples vewing,
 On their intended journey to proceede;
 And over night whatso theretoo did neede
 Each did prepare, in readines to bee.
 The morrow next, so soone as one might see
 Light out of heavens windowes forth to looke,
 Both their habiliments unto them tooke,
 And put themselves (a Gods name) on their
 way;

Whenas the Ape, beginning well to wey
 This hard adventure, thus began t' advise.
 'Now read, Sir Reynold, as ye be right wise,
 What course ye weene is best for us to take,
 That for our selves we may a living make.
 Whether shall we professe some trade or skill,
 Or shall we varie our device at will,

Even as new occasion appeares?
 Or shall we tie our selves for certaine yeares
 To anie service, or to anie place?
 For it behoves, ere that into the race
 We enter, to resolve first hercupon.'

'Now surely brother (said the Foxe anon)
 Ye have this matter motioned in season;
 For everie thing that is begun with reason
 Will come by readie meanes unto his end,
 But things miscounselled must needs miswend.
 Thus therefore I advize upon the case,
 That not to anie certaine trade or place,

Nor anie man, we should our selves applie;
 For why should he that is at libertie [borne,
 Make himselfe bond? sith then we are free
 Let us all servile base subjection scorne;
 And as we bee sonnes of the world so wide,
 Let us our fathers heritage divide,
 And challenge to our selves our portions dew
 Of all the patrimonie, which a few
 Now hold in hugger mugger in their hand,
 And all the rest doo rob of good and land.
 For now a few have all, and all have nought,
 Yet all be brethren ylike dearly bought:
 There is no right in this partition,
 Ne was it so by institution
 Ordained first, ne by the law of Nature,
 But that she gave like blessing to each cature,
 As well of worldly livelode as of life,
 That there might be no difference nor strife,
 Nor ought cald mine or thine: thrice happie
 then

Was the condition of mortall men.

That was the golden age of Saturne old,
 But this might better be the world of gold;
 For without golde now nothing wilbe got,
 Therefore (if please you) this shalbe our plot:
 We will not be of anie occupation;
 Let such vile vassals, borne to base vocation,
 Drudge in the world, and for their living
 droyle,

Which have no wit to live withouten toyle;
 But we will walke about the world at pleasure
 Like two free men, and make our ease our
 treasure.

Free men some beggers call, but they be free,
 And they which call them so more beggers bee;
 For they doo swinke and sweate to feed th
 other,

[gather,
 Who live like Lords of that which they doo
 And yet doo never thanke them for the same,
 But as their due by Nature doo it clame.
 Such will we fashion both our selves to bee,
 Lords of the world; and so will wander free
 Where so us listeth, uncontrol'd of anie:
 Hard is our hap, if we (amongst so manie)
 Light not on some that may our state amend;
 Sildome but some good commeth ere the end.

Well seemd the Ape to like this ordinaunce;
 Yet, well considering of the circumstance,
 As pausing in great doubt, awhile he staid,
 And afterwards with grave advizement said:
 'I cannot, my lief brother, like but well
 The purpose of the complot which ye tell;
 For well I wot (compar'd to all the rest
 Of each degree) that Beggars life is best: [all
 And they, that thinke themselves the best of
 Oft-times to begging are content to fall.
 But this I wot withall, that we shall runne
 Into great daunger, like to bee undone,

Thus wildly to wander in the worlds eye,
 Withouten pasport or good warrantye,
 For feare least we like rogues should be
 puted,

And for care-marked beasts abroad be bru
 Therefore, I read that we our counsells c
 How to prevent this mischiefe ere it fall
 And how we may, with most securitie,
 Beg amongst those that beggers doo defe
 'Right well, deere Gossip, ye advized ha
 (Said then the Foxe) but I this doubt
 For ere we farther passe I will devise [s
 A pasport for us both in fittest wize,
 And by the names of Souldiers us protect
 That now is thought a civile begging sect
 Be you the Souldier, for you likest are
 For manly semblance, and small skill
 warre:

I will but wayte on you, and, as occasion
 Falls out, my selfe fit for the same
 fashion.'

The pasport ended, both they forward v
 The Ape clad Souldierlike, fit for th' inte
 In a blew jacket with a crosse of redd
 And manie slits, as if that he had shedd
 Much blood through many wounds th
 received,

Which had the use of his right arme bere
 Upon his head an old Scotch cap he wore
 With a plume feather all to peeces tore:
 His breeches were made after the new cu
 Al Portugese, loose like an emptie gut;
 And his hose broken high above the hee
 And his shooes beaten out with traveling
 But neither sword nor dagger he did bea
 Seemes that no foes revengement h
 feare:

In stead of them a handsome bat he held
 On which he leaned, as one farre in elde
 Shame light on him, that through so
 illusion,

Doth turne the name of Souldiers to ab
 And that, which is the noblest mysterie
 Brings to reproach and common infamie
 Long they thus travailed, yet never met
 Adventure which might them a working
 Yet manie waies they sought, and manie
 Yet for their purposes none fit espyed.
 At last they chaunst to meet upon the v
 A simple husbandman in garments gray
 Yet though his vesture were but mean
 bace,

A good yeoman he was of honest place,
 And more for thrift did care than fo
 clothing:

[lou
 Gay without good is good hearts gr
 The Foxe him spying, bad the Ape him
 To play his part, for loe! he was in sigh

hat (if he er'd not,) should them entertaine,
 and yeeld them timely profite for their paine.
 Itsoones the Ape himselfe gan up to reare,
 and on his shoulders high his bat to beare,
 as if good service he were fit to doo;
 at little thrift for him he did it too:
 and stoutly forward he his steps did straine,
 at like a handsome swaine it him became.
 When as they nigh approached, that good
 man,
 seeing them wander loosly, first began
 enquire of custome, what and whence they
 to whom the Ape, 'I am a Souldiere, [were?
 at late in warres have spent my dearest
 blood,
 and in long service lost both limbs and good;
 and now, constrain'd that trade to overgive,
 driven am to seeke some meanes to live:
 which might it you in pitie please t' afford,
 would be readie, both in deed and word,
 to doo you faithfull service all my dayes.
 This yron world (that same he weeping sayes)
 brings downe the stowtest hearts to lowest
 state;
 or miserie doth bravest mindes abate,
 and make them seeke for that they wont to
 scorne,
 fortune and of hope at once forlorne.'
 The honest man, that heard him thus com-
 plaine,
 griev'd as he had felt part of his paine;
 and, well dispos'd him some reliefe to shewe,
 kt if in husbandrie he ought did knowe,
 plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to sowe,
 hedge, to ditch, to thrash, to thetch, to
 mowe?
 to what labour els he was prepar'd,
 or husbands life is labourous and hard?
 whenas the Ape him hard so much to talke
 labour, that did from his liking balke,
 he would have slipt the collar handsomly,
 and to him said: 'Good Sir, full glad am I,
 to take what paines may anie living wight;
 at my late maymed limbs lack wanted
 might
 to doo their kindly services as needeth.
 Give this right hand the mouth with diet
 feedeth,
 that it may no painfull worke endure,
 to strong labour can it selfe enure:
 t if that anie other place you have,
 which asks small paines, but thriftines to
 save,
 care to overlooke, or trust to gather,
 may me trust as your owne ghostly
 father.'
 With that the husbandman gan him avize,
 at it for him were fittest exercise:

Cattell to keep, or grounds to oversee;
 And asked him, if he could willing bee
 To keep his sheep, or to attend his swyne,
 Or watch his mares, or take his charge of
 kyne?
 'Gladly (said he) what ever such like paine
 Ye put on me, I will the same sustaine;
 But gladliest I of your fleecie sheepe
 (Might it you please) would take on me the
 keep.
 For ere that unto armes I me betooke,
 Unto my fathers sheepe I usde to looke,
 That yet the skill thereof I have not loste:
 Thereto right well this Curdog, by my coste,
 (Meaning the Foxe) will serve my sheepe to
 gather,
 And drive to follow after their Belwether.'
 The Husbandman was meanly well content
 Triall to make of his endeavourment;
 And, home him leading, lent to him the charge
 Of all his flocke, with libertie full large,
 Giving accompt of th' annuall increce [fleece.
 Both of their lambes, and of their woolly
 Thus is this Ape become a shepherd swaine,
 And the false Foxe his dog (God give them
 paine!)
 For ere the yeare have halfe his course out-run,
 And doo returne from whence he first begun,
 They shall him make an ill accompt of thrift.
 Now whenas Time, flying with winges swift,
 Expired had the terme, that these two javels
 Should render up a reckning of their travels
 Unto their master, which it of them sought,
 Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,
 Ne wist what answer unto him to frame,
 Ne how to scape great punishment, or shame,
 For their false treason and vile theverie:
 For not a lambe of all their flockes supply
 Had they to shew; but, ever as they bred,
 They slue them, and upon their fleshes fed;
 For that disguised Dog lov'd blood to spill,
 And drew the wicked Shapheard to his will.
 So twixt them both they not a lambkin left,
 And when lambes fail'd the old sheepes lives
 they reft;
 That how t' acquite themselves unto their Lord
 They were in doubt, and flatly set aboard.
 The Foxe then counsel'd th' Ape for to require
 Respite till morrow t' answer his desire;
 For times delay new hope of helpe still breeds.
 The goodman granted, doubting nought their
 deeds,
 And bad next day that all should readie be:
 But they more subtil meaning had than he;
 For the next morrowes meed they closely ment,
 For feare of afterclaps, for to prevent:
 And that same evening, when all shrowded were
 In careles sleep, they without care or feare:

Cruelly fell upon their flock in folde,
And of them slew at pleasure what they wolde.
Of which whenas they feasted had their fill,
For a full complement of all their ill,
They stole away, and tooke their hastie flight,
Carried in cloudes of all-concealing night.

So was the husbandman left to his losse,
And they unto their fortunes change to tosse:
After which sort they wandered long while,
Abusing manie through their cloaked guile,
That at the last they gan to be descryed
Of everie one, and all their sleights espyed.
So as their begging now them failed quyte,
For none would give, but all men would them
wyte:

[living,
Yet would they take no paines to get their
But seeke some other way to gaine by giving,
Much like to begging, but much better named,
For marie beg which are thereof ashamed.
And now the Foxe had gotten him a gowne,
And th' Ape a cassocke sidelong hanging downe;
For they their occupation meant to change,
And now in other state abroad to range:
For, since their souldiers pas no better spedd,
They forg'd another, as for Clerkes booke-redd.
Who passing forth, as their adventures fell,
Through manie haps, which needs not here to
tell,

[meete,
At length chaunst with a formall Priest to
Whom they in civill manner first did greete,
And after askt an almes for Gods deare love.
The man straightway his choler up did move,
And with reproachfull tearmes gan them revile,
For following that trade so base and vile;
And askt what license, or what Pas they had?
'Ah! (said the Ape, as sighing wondrous sad)
Its an hard case, when men of good deserving
Must either driven be perforce to sterving,
Or asked for their pas by everie squib,
That list at will them to revile or snib:
And yet (God wote) small oddes I often see
Twixt them that aske, and them that asked bee.
Natheles, because you shall not us misdeeme,
But that we are as honest as we seeme,
Yee shall our pasport at your pleasure see,
And then ye will (I hope) well mooved bee.'
Which when the Priest beheld, he vew'd it nere,
As if therein some text he studying were,
But little els (God wote) could thereof skill;
For read he could not evidence, nor will,
Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
Ne make one title worse, ne make one better:
Of such deep learning little had he neede,
Ne yet of Latine, ne of Greeke, that breede
Doubts mongst Divines, and difference of texts,
From whence arise diversitie of sects,
And hatefull heresies, of God abhor'd:
But this good Sir did follow the plaine word,

Ne medled with their controversies vaine;
All his care was, his service well to saine,
And to read Homelies upon holidayes;
When that was done, he might attend
playes:

An easie life, and fit high God to please.
He, having overlookt their pas at ease,
Gan at the length them to rebuke againe,
That no good trade of life did entertaing,
But lost their time in wandring loose abroad,
Seeing the world, in which they bootles bo
Had wayes enough for all therein to live;
Such grace did God unto his creatures give
Said then the Foxe: 'Who hath the w
not tride,

[wi
From the right way full eath may wan
We are but Novices, new come abroad,
We have not yet the tract of anie troad,
Nor on us taken anie state of life,
But readie are of anie to make preife.

Therefore might please you, which the w
have proved,
Us to advise, which forth but lately moved
Of some good course that we might un
take;

Ye shall for ever us your bondmen make.
The Priest gan waxe halfe proud to be
praide,

And thereby willing to affoord them aide,
'It seemes (said he) right well that ye
Clerks,

Both by your wittie words, and by your we
Is not that name enough to make a living
To him that hath a whit of Natures givin
How manie honest men see ye arize
Daylie thereby, and grow to goodly prize
To Deanes, to Archdeacons, to Commissar
To Lords, to Principalls, to Prebendaries
All jolly Prelates, worthie rule to beare,
Who ever them envie: yet spite bites nea
Why should ye doubt, then, but that ye l
Might unto some of those in-time arise?
In the meane-time to live in good estate,
Loving that love, and hating those that h
Being some honest Curate, or some Vicke
Content with little in condition sicker.
'Ah! but (said th' Ape) the charge is v
drous great,

To feed mens soules, and hath an heave thr
'To feede mens soules (quoth he) is not in n
For they must feed themselves, doo what we
We are but charg'd to lay the meate befor
Eate they that list, we need to doo no m
But God it is that feedes them with his g
The bread of life powr'd downe from heav
place.

Therefore said he, that with the budding
Did rule the Jewes, *All shalbe taught of*

same hath Jesus Christ now to him
 taught,
 whom the flock is rightly fed, and taught:
 the Shepheard, and the Priest is hee;
 but his shepheard swaines ordain'd to bee.
 before herewith doo not your selfe dismay;
 the paines so great, but beare ye may,
 not so great, as it was wont of yore,
 now a dayes, ne halfe so streight and sore.
 whilome used duly everie day
 service and their holie things to say,
 borne and even, besides their Anthemes
 sweete,
 penie Masses, and their Complynes meete,
 Diriges, their Trentals, and their shrifts,
 memories, their singings, and their gifts.
 all those needlesse works are laid away;
 once a weeke, upon the Sabbath day,
 enough to doo our small devotion,
 then to follow any merrie motion.
 we tyde to fast, but when we list;
 we weare garments base of wollen twist,
 with the finest silkes us to aray,
 before God we may appeare more gay,
 bumbling Aarons glorie in his place:
 are unfit it is, that person base
 with vile cloaths approach Gods
 majestie,
 no uncleannes may approachen nie;
 at all men, which anie master serve,
 garments for their service should deserve;
 he that serves the Lord of hoasts most
 high,
 that in highest place, t' approach him
 nigh,
 all the peoples prayers to present
 his throne, as on ambassage sent
 too and fro, should not deserve to weare
 ment better than of wooll or heare.
 we, we may have lying by our sides
 lovely Lasses, or bright shining Brides:
 a not tyde to wilfull chastitie,
 have the Gospell of free libertie.'
 that he ended had his ghostly sermon,
 'Foxe was well induc'd to be a Parson,
 of the Priest eftsoones gan to enquire,
 to a Benefice he might aspire?
 e, there (said the Priest) is arte indeed:
 good deep learning one thereout may
 reed;
 at the ground-worke is, and end of all,
 to obtaine a Beneficiall.
 therefore, when ye have in handsome wise
 selfe attyred, as you can devise,
 to some Noble-man your selfe applye,
 er great one in the world's eye,
 with a zealous disposition
 d, and so to his religion.

There must thou fashion eke a godly zeale,
 Such as no carpers may contrayre reveale;
 For each thing fained ought more warie bee.
 There thou must walke in sober gravitee,
 And seeme as Saintlike as Saint Radegund:
 Fast much, pray oft, looke lowly on the ground,
 And unto everie one doo curtesie meeke:
 These lookes (nought saying) doo a benefice
 seeke,
 And be thou sure one not to lacke or long.
 But if thee list unto the Court to throng,
 And there to hunt after the hoped pray,
 Then must thou thee dispose another way:
 For there thou needs must learne to laugh, to
 To face, to forge, to scoffe, to companie, [lie,
 To crouche, to please, to be a beetle-stock
 Of thy great Masters will, to scorne, or mock.
 So maist thou chauce mock out a Benefice,
 Unlesse thou canst one conjure by device,
 Or cast a figure for a Bishoprick;
 And if one could, it were but a schoole trick.
 These be the wayes by which without reward
 Livings in Court be gotten, though full hard;
 For nothing there is done without a fee:
 The Courtier needes must recompenced bee
 With a Benevolence, or have in gage
 The Primitias of your Parsonage:
 Scarce can a Bishoprick forpas them by,
 But that it must be gelt in privitie.
 Doo not thou therefore seeke a living there,
 But of more private persons seeke elsewhere,
 Whereas thou maist compound a better penie,
 Ne let thy learning question'd be of anie.
 For some good Gentleman, that hath the right
 Unto his Church for to present a wight,
 Will cope with thee in reasonable wise;
 That if the living yerely doo arise
 To fortie pound, that then his yongest sonne
 Shall twentie have, and twentie thou hast
 wonne:
 Thou hast it wonne, for it is of franke gift,
 And he will care for all the rest to shift,
 Both that the Bishop may admit of thee,
 And that therein thou maist maintained bee.
 This is the way for one that is unlern'd
 Living to get, and not to be discern'd.
 But they, that are great Clerkes, have nearer
 wayes,
 For learning sake to living them to raise;
 Yet manie eke of them (God wote) are driven
 T' accept a Benefice in peeces riven. [court
 How saist thou (friend) have I not well dis-
 Upon this Common-place, (though plaine, not
 wourst?)
 Better a short tale than a bad long shriving:
 Needes anie more to learne to get a living?
 'Now sure, and by my hallidome, (quoth he)
 Ye a great master are in your degree:

Great thanks I yeeld you for your discipline,
And doo not doubt but duly to encline
My wits theretoo, as ye shall shortly heare.
The Priest him wisht good speed, and well to
fare:

So parted they, as eithers way them led.
But th' Ape and Foxe ere long so well them
sped,

Through the Priests holesome counsell lately
tought, [wrought,

And throg their owne faire handling wisely
That they a Benefice twixt them obtained;
And craftie Reynold was a Priest ordained,
And th' Ape his Parish Clarke procur'd to bee.
Then made they revell route and goodly glee;
But, ere long time had passed, they so ill
Did order their affaires, that th' evill will
Of all their Parishners they had constraind;
Who to the Ordinarie of them complain'd,
How fowlie they their offices abus'd,
And them of crimes and heresies accus'd,
That Pursivants he often for them sent;
But they neglected his commaundement.
So long persisted obstinate and bolde,
Till at the length he published to holde
A Visitation, and them cyted thether:

Then was high time their wits about to
geather.

What did they then, but made a composition
With their next neighbor Priest, for light con-
dition,

To whom their living they resigned quight
For a few pence, and ran away by night.

So passing through the Countrey in disguise,
They fled farre off, where none might them
surprize;

And after that long straid here and there,
Through everie field and forrest farre and nere,
Yet never found occasion for their tourne,
But almost sterv'd did much lament and
mourne.

At last they chaunst to meete upon the way
The Mule all deckt in goodly rich aray,
With bells and bosses that full lowdly rung,
And costly trappings that to ground downe
hung.

Lowly they him saluted in meeke wise;
But he through pride and fatnes gan despise
Their meanesse; scarce vouchsafte them to
requite.

Whereat the Foxe, deep groning in his sprite,
Said; 'Ah! sir Mule, now blessed be the day,
That I see you so goodly and so gay
In your attyres, and eke your silken hyde
Fil'd with round flesh, that everie bone doth
hide.

Seemes that in fruitfull pastures ye doo live,
Or fortune doth you secret favour give.'

'Foolish Foxe (said the Mule) thy w
need

Praiseth the thing that doth thy sorrow
For well I weene, thou canst not but en
My wealth, compar'd to thine owne mis
That art so leane and meagre waxen lat
That scarce thy legs uphold thy feeble
'Ay me! (said then the Foxe) whom e
Unworthy in such wretchednes doth w
And makes the scorne of other beasts to
But read (faire Sir, of grace) from whence

ye
Or what of tidings you abroad doo hear
Newes may perhaps some good unw
beare.'

'From royall Court I lately came (said
Where all the braverie that eye may see
And all the happinesse that heart desire
Is to be found: he nothing can admire,
That hath not seene that heavens portra
But tidings there is none, I you assure,
Save that which common is, and knowne
That Courtiers, as the tide, doo rise and
'But tell us (said the Ape) we doo you
Who now in Court doth beare the greatest
That, if such fortune doo to us befall,
We may seeke favour of the best of al
'Marie, (said he) the highest now in g
Be the wilde beasts, that swiftest
chase;

For in their speedie course and nimble
The Lyon now doth take the most delig
But chieffie joyes on foote them to beho
Enchaste with chaine and circulet of go
So wilde a beast so tame ytaught to be
And buxome to his bands, is joy to see:
So well his golden Circlet him beseemet
But his late chayne his Liege unmes
teemeth;

For so brave beasts she loveth best to s
In the wilde forrest raunging fresh and
Therefore if fortune thee in Court to li
In case thou ever there wilt hope to thi
To some of these thou must thy selfe a
Els as a thistle-downe in th' ayre doth
So vainly shalt thou too and fro be tos
And loose thy labour and thy fruitles c
And yet full few which follow them, I
For vertues bare regard advaunced bee,
But either for some gainfull benefit,
Or that they may for their owne turnes
Nath'les perhaps ye things may handle
That ye may better thrive than thousand
'But (said the Ape) how shall v
come in,

That after we may favour seeke to win
'How els (said he) but with a good bo
And with big words, and with a statel

men may thinke of you in generell,
 to be in you which is not at all :
 not by that which is, the world now
 deemeth,
 it was wont) but by that same that seemeth,
 do I doubt but that ye well can fashion
 or selves theretoo, according to occasion.
 fare ye well ; good Courtiers may ye bee !
 prouddie neighing, from them parted bee.
 an gan this craftie couple to devise,
 for the Court themselves they might
 aguize ;
 thither they themselves meant to addresse,
 hope to finde there happier successe.
 well they shifted, that the Ape anon
 nselfe had cloathed like a Gentleman,
 d the slie Foxe, as like to be his groome,
 at to the Court in seemly sort they come ;
 ere the fond Ape, himselfe uprearing hy
 on his tiptoes, stalketh stately by,
 if he were some great Magnifico,
 d boldlie doth amongst the boldest go ;
 d his man Reynold, with fine counterfe-
 saunce,
 ports his credite and his countenance.
 en gan the Courtiers gaze on everie side,
 d stare on him, with big lookes basen wide,
 ndring what mister wight he was, and
 whence :
 r he was clad in strange accoustrements,
 ion'd with queint devises, never seene
 Court before, yet there all fashions beene ;
 t he them in newfanglesse did pas.
 t his behaviour altogether was
 e *Turchesca*, much the more admyr'd ;
 d his lookes loftie, as if he aspyr'd
 dignitie, and sdeign'd the low degree ; [see
 at all which did such strangenesse in him
 secrete meanes gan of his state enquire,
 d privily his servant thereto hire :
 no, throughly arm'd against such coverture,
 ported unto all, that he was sure
 noble Gentleman of high regard, [far'd,
 uth through the world had with long travel
 d seene the manners of all beasts on ground ;
 w here arriv'd, to see if like he found.
 Thus did the Ape at first him credit gaine,
 uth afterwards he wisely did maintaine
 th gallant showe, and daylie more augment
 rough his fine fetes and Courtly comple-
 ment ; [spring,
 he could play, and daunce, and vaute, and
 d all that els pertaines to reveling,
 ely through kindly aptnes of his joynts.
 sides, he could doo manie other poynts,
 e which in Court him served to good stead ;
 he mongst Ladies could their fortunes
 read

Out of their hands, and merie leasings tell,
 And juggle finely, that became him well.
 But he so light was at legierdemaine,
 That what he toucht came not to light againe ;
 Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly looke,
 And tell them that they greatly him mistooke.
 So would he scoffe them out with mockerie,
 For he therein had great felicitie ;
 And with sharp quips joy'd others to deface,
 Thinking that their disgracing did him grace :
 So whilst that other like vaine wits he pleased,
 And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eased.
 But the right gentle minde would bite his lip.
 To heare the Javell so good men to nip ;
 For, though the vulgar yeeld an open eare,
 And common Courtiers love to gybe and feare
 At everie thing which they heare spoken ill,
 And the best speaches with ill meaning spill,
 Yet the brave Courtier, in whose beauteous
 thought
 Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
 Doth loath such base condition, to backbite
 Anies good name for envie or despite :
 He stands on tearmes of honourable minde,
 Ne will be carried with the common winde
 Of Courts inconstant mutabilitie,
 Ne after everie tattling fable flie ;
 But heares and sees the follies of the rest,
 And thereof gathers for himselfe the best.
 He will not creepe, nor crouche with fained face,
 But walkes upright with comely stedfast pace,
 And unto all doth yeeld due curtesie ;
 But not with kissed hand belowe the knee,
 As that same Apish crue is wont to doo :
 For he disdaines himselfe t' embase theretoo.
 He hates fowle leasings, and vile flatterie,
 Two filthie blots in noble gentrie ;
 And lothefull idlenes he doth detest,
 The canker worme of everie gentle brest ;
 The which to banish with faire exercise
 Of knightly feates, he daylie doth devise :
 Now menaging the mouthes of stubborne
 steedes,
 Now practising the prooffe of warlike deedes,
 Now his bright armes assaying, now his speare,
 Now the nigh aymed ring away to beare.
 At other times he casts to sew the chace
 Of swift wilde beasts, or runne on foote a race,
 T' enlarge his breath, (large breath in armes
 most needfull)
 Or els by wrestling to wex strong and heedfull,
 Or his stiffe armes to stretch with Eughen
 bowe,
 And manly legs, still passing too and fro,
 Without a gowned beast him fast beside,
 A vaine ensample of the Persian pride ;
 Who, after he had wonne th' Assyrian foe,
 Did ever after scorne on foote to goe.

Thus when this Courtly Gentleman with
toyle

Himselfe hath wearied, he doth recoyle
Unto his rest, and there with sweete delight
Of Musicks skill revives his toyled spright;
Or els with Loves, and Ladies gentle sports,
The joy of youth, himselfe he recomforts;
Or lastly, when the bodie list to pause,
His minde unto the Muses he withdrawes:
Sweete Ladie Muses, Ladies of delight,
Delights of life, and ornaments of light!
With whom he close confers with wise dis-
course,

[course,
Of Natures workes, of heavens continuall
Of forreine lands, of people different,
Of kingdomes change, of divers gouernment,
Of dreadfull battailes of renowned Knights;
With which he kindleth his ambitious sprights
To like desire and praise of noble fame,
The onely upshot whereto he doth ayme:
For all his minde on honour fixed is,
To which he levels all his purposis,
And in his Princes service spends his dayes,
Not so much for to gaine, or for to raise
Himselfe to high degree, as for his grace,
And in his liking to winne worthie place,
Through due deserts and comely carriage,
In whatso please employ his personage,
That may be matter meete to gaine him praise:
For he is fit to use in all assayes,
Whether for Armes and warlike amenaunce,
Or else for wise and civill governaunce.
For he is practiz'd well in policie,
And thereto doth his Courting most applie:
To learne the enterdeale of Princes strange,
To marke th' intent of Counsellis, and the
change

Of states, and eke of private men sometime,
Supplanted by fine falshood and faire guile;
Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
T' enrich the storehouse of his powerfull wit,
Which through wise speeches and grave con-
ference

He daylie eekes, and brings to excellence.

Such is the rightfull Courtier in his kinde,
But unto such the Ape tent not his minde:
Such were for him no fit companions,
Such would deserie his lewd conditions;
But the yong lustie gallants he did chose
To follow, meete to whom he might disclose
His witlesse pleasance, and ill pleasing vaine.
A thousand wayes he them could entertaine,
With all the thrifles games that may be
found;

With mumming and with masking all around,
With dice, with cards, with balliards farre
unfit

With shuttelcocks, misseeming manlie wit,

With courtizans, and costly riotize,
Whereof still somewhat to his share did ri-
Ne, them to pleasure, would he someti-
scorne

A Pandares coate (so basely was he borne,
Thereto he could fine loving verses frame,
And play the Poet oft. But ah! for sham
Let not sweete Poets praise, whose onely
Is vertue to advaunce, and vice deride,
Be with the worke of losels wit defamed,
Ne let such verses Poetrie be named!

Yet he the name on him would rashly take
Maugre the sacred Muses, and it make
A servant to the vile affection
Of such, as he depended most upon;
And with the sugrie sweete thereof allure
Chast Ladies eares to fantasies impure.

To such delights the noble wits he led
Which him reliev'd, and their vaine hum-
fed

With fruitles follies and unsound delights,
But if perhaps unto their noble sprights
Desire of honor or brave thought of armes
Did ever creepe, then with his wicked char-
And strong conceits he would it drive aw-
Ne suffer it to house there halfe a day.

And whenso love of letters did inspire
Their gentle wits, and kindle wise desire,
That chieflie doth each noble minde adorn
Then he would scoffe at learning, and
The Sectaries thereof, as people base [sc
And simple men, which never came in pla-
Of worlds affaires, but, in darke corners me-
Muttred of matters as their bookes th-
shewd,

Ne other knowledge ever did attaine,
But with their gownes their gravitie mainta-
From them he would his impudent le-
speech

Against Gods holie Ministers oft reach,
And mocke Divines and their profession.
What else then did he by progression,
But mocke high God himselfe, whom
professe?

But what car'd he for God, or godlinesse?
All his care was himselfe how to advaunce
And to uphold his courtly countenance
By all the cunning meanes he could devise
Were it by honest wayes, or otherwise,
He made small choyce; yet sure his hone-
Got him small gaines, but shameles flatter-
And filthie brocage, and unseemly shifts,
And borowe base, and some good Ladies g-
But the best helpe, which chiefly him susta-
Was his man Raynolds purchase which
gain'd.

For he was school'd by kinde in all the sk-
Of close conveyance, and each practise ill

coosinage and cleanly knaverie,
 which oft maintain'd his masters braverie.
 Besides, he usde another slipprie slight,
 taking on himselfe, in common sight,
 these personages fit for everie sted,
 in which he thousands cleanly coosined:
 As like a Merchant, Merchants to deceave,
 in whom his credite he did often leave
 rage for his gay Masters hopelesse dett:
 As like a Lawyer, when he land would lett,
 sell fee-simples in his Masters name,
 which he had never, nor ought like the same.
 Then would he be a Broker, and draw in
 his wares and money, by exchange to win:
 Then would he seeme a Farmer, that would
 sell
 gaires of woods, which he did lately fell,
 or come, or cattle, or such other ware,
 whereby to coosin men not well aware:
 All the which there came a secret fee, [bee.
 the Ape, that he his countenance might
 besides all this, he us'd oft to beguile
 the suters, that in Court did haunt some
 while;
 he would learne their busines secretly,
 and then informe his Master hastily,
 that he by meanes might cast them to pre-
 vent,
 and beg the sute the which the other ment.
 Otherwise false Reynold would abuse
 the simple Suter, and wish him to chuse
 a Master, being one of great regard
 in Court, to compas anie sute not hard,
 because his paines were recompensd with
 reason.
 he would worke the silly man by treason
 to buy his Masters frivolous good will,
 that had not power to doo him good or ill.
 How pitifull a thing is Suters state!
 that miserable man, whom wicked fate
 hath brought to Court, to sue for had ywist,
 that few have found, and manie one hath
 mist!
 that little knowest thou, that hast not tride,
 that hell it is in suing long to bide:
 loose good dayes, that might be better
 spent;
 wast long nights in pensive discontent;
 speed to day, to be put back to morrow;
 rested on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow;
 have thy Princes grace, yet want her
 Peeres;
 have thy asking, yet waite manie yeeres;
 fret thy soule with crosses and with cares;
 eate thy heart through comfortlesse dis-
 paires;
 fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to
 spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.

Unhappie wight, borne to desastrous end,
 That doth his life in so long tendance spend!
 Who ever leaves sweete home, where meane
 estate
 In safe assurance, without strife or hate,
 findes all things needfull for contentment
 meeke,
 And will to Court for shadowes vaine to seeke,
 Or hope to gaine, himselfe will a daw trie:
 That curse God send unto mineemie!
 For none but such as this bold Ape, unblest,
 Can ever thrive in that unluckie quest;
 Or such as hath a Reynold to his man,
 That by his shifts his Master furnish can.
 But yet this Foxe could not so closely hide
 His craftie feates, but that they were descride
 At length by such as sate in justice seate,
 Who for the same him fowlie did entreate;
 And having worthily him punished,
 Out of the Court for ever banished.
 And now the Ape wanting his huckster man,
 That wont provide his necessaries, gan
 To growe into great lacke, he could upholde
 His countenance in those his garments olde;
 Ne new ones could he easily provide,
 Though all men him uncased gan deride,
 Like as a Puppit placed in a play,
 Whose part once past all men bid take away:
 So that he driven was to great distresse,
 And shortly brought to hopelesse wretched-
 nesse.
 Then, closely as he might, he cast to leave
 The Court, not asking any passe or leave;
 But ran away in his rent rags by night,
 Ne ever stayd in place, ne spake to wight,
 Till that the Foxe, his copesmate he had found,
 To whome complayning his unhappy stound,
 At last againe with him in travell joynd,
 And with him far'd some better chaunce to
 fynde.
 So in the world long time they wandered,
 And mickle want and hardnesse suffered;
 That them repented much so foolishly
 To come so farre to seeke for misery,
 And leave the sweetnes of contented home,
 Though eating hipps, and drinking watry fome.
 Thus as they them complayned too and fro,
 Whilst through the forest rechlesse they did
 goe,
 Lo! where they spide, how, in a gloomy glade,
 The Lyon sleeping lay in secret shade,
 His Crowne and Scepter lying him beside,
 And having doft for heate his dreadfull hide:
 Which when they sawe, the Ape was sore
 afrayde,
 And would have fled with terror all dismayde.
 But him the Foxe with hardy words did stay,
 And bad him put all cowardize away:

For now was tyme (if ever they would hope)
To ayme their counsels to the fairest scope,
And them for ever highly to advaunce,
In case the good, which their owne happie
chaunce

Them freely offred, they would wisely take.
Scarse could the Ape yet speake, so did he
quake;

Yet, as he could, he askt how good might
Where nought but dread and death do seeme
in show?

'Now, (sayd he) whiles the Lyon sleepeth
May we his Crowne and Mace take from the
ground,

And eke his skinne, the terror of the wood,
Wherewith we may our selves (if we thinke
good)

Make Kings of Beasts, and Lords of forests all
Subject unto that powre imperiall.' [wretch,

'Ah! but (sayd the Ape) who is so bold a
That dare his hardy hand to those outstretch,
When as he knowes his meede, if he be spide,
To be a thousand deathes, and shame beside?'
'Fond Ape! (sayd then the Foxe) into whose
brest

Never crept thought of honor, nor brave gest,
Who will not venture life a King to be,
And rather rule and raigne in sovereign see,
Than dwell in dust inglorious and bace,
Where none shall name the number of his
place?

One joyous howre in blisfull happines,
I chose before a life of wretchednes.

Be therefore counselled herein by me,
And shake off this vile harted cowardree.

If he awake, yet is not death the next,
For we may coulor it with some pretext
Of this, or that, that may excuse the cryme:
Else we may flye; thou to a tree mayst clyme,
And I creepe under ground, both from his
reach:

Therefore be rul'd to doo as I doo teach.'

The Ape, that earst did nought but chill
and quake,

Now gan some courage unto him to take,
And was content to attempt that enterprise,
Tickled with glorie and rash covetise:

But first gan question, whether should assay
Those royall ornaments to steale away?

'Marie, that shall your selfe, (quoth he theretoo)
For ye be fine and nimble it to doo;

Of all the beasts, which in the forrests bee,
Is not a fitter for this turne than yee:

Therefore, my owne deare brother, take good
hart,

And ever thinke a Kingdome is your part,'
Loath was the Ape, though praised, to adventer,

Yet faintly gan into his worke to enter,

Afraid of everie leafe that stir'd him by,
And everie stick that underneath did ly,
Upon his tiptoes nicely he up went,
For making noyse, and still his eare he le
To everie sound that under heaven blew;
Now went, now stopt, now crept, now b
ward drew,

That it good sport had been him to have
Yet at the last, (so well he him applyde)
Through his fine handling, and his cleanly
He all those royall signes had stolne away,
And with the Foxes helpe them borne as
Into a secret corner unespide.

Whither whenas they came they fell at w
Whether of them should be the Lord of Lo
For th' Ape was stryfull, and ambitious;
And the Foxe guilefull, and most covetous;

That neither pleased was to have the ray
Twixt them divided into even twaine,
But either (algates) would be Lords alon

For Love and Lordship bide no paragone.
'I am most worthie, (said the Ape) sith I

For it did put my life in jeopardie:
Thereto I am in person and in stature

Most like a Man, the Lord of everie creat
So that it seemeth I was made to raigne,
And borne to be a Kingly soveraigne.'

'Nay (said the Foxe) Sir Ape, you are as
For though to steale the Diademe away

Were the worke of your nimble hand, ye
Did first devise the plot by pollicie;

So that it wholly springeth from my wit
For which also I claime my selfe more fit

Than you to rule; for government of sta
Will without wisdome soone be ruinate

And where ye claime your selfe for out
shape

Most like a man, Man is not like an Ape
In his chiefe parts, that is, in wit and sp

But I therein most like to him doo merit
For my slie wyles and subtill craftinesse

The title of the Kingdome to possesse.
Nath'les (my brother) since we passed a

Unto this point, we will appease our jarre
And I with reason meete will rest conten

That ye shall have both crowne and go
ment,

Upon condition, that ye ruled bee
In all affaires, and counselled by mee;

And that ye let none other ever drawe
Your minde from me, but keepe this as a

And hereupon an oath unto me plight.'

The Ape was glad to end the strife so
And thereto swore; for who would n

sweare,
And oft unsweare, a Diademe to beare?

Then freely up those royall spoyles he to
Yet at the Lyons skin he inly quooke;

it dissembled, and upon his head
 Crowne, and on his backe the skin he did,
 the false Foxe him helped to array.
 n, when he was all dight, he tooke his way
 the forest, that he might be seene
 he wilde beasts in his new glory sheene.
 re the two first whome he encountred were
 Sheepe and th' Asse, who, stricken both
 with feare,
 sight of him, gan fast away to flye;
 unto them the Foxe alowd did cry,
 in the Kings name bad them both to stay,
 in the payne that thereof follow may.
 dly, naythles, were they restrayned so,
 that the Foxe forth toward them did goe,
 there dissuaded them from needlesse feare,
 that the King did favour to them beare;
 therefore dreadles bad them come to Corte,
 no wild beasts should do them any torte
 re or abroad; ne would his majestye
 them but well, with gracious clemencie,
 whome he knew to him both fast and true.
 he perswaded them, with homage due
 selves to humble to the Ape prostrate,
 n, gently to them bowing in his gate,
 eyved them with chearefull entertayne.
 nceforth proceeding with his princely
 trayne,
 shortly met the Tygre, and the Bore,
 igh with the simple Camell raged sore
 iter words, seeking to take occasion
 his fleshly corpse to make invasion:
 soone as they this mock-King did espy,
 ir troublous strife they stinted by and by,
 nking indeed that it the Lyon was.
 then, to prove whether his powre would pas
 urrent, sent the Foxe to them streightway,
 remaunding them their cause of strife be-
 wray;
 if that wrong on eyther side there were,
 t he should warne the wronger to appeare
 morrow next at Court, it to defend;
 he mean-time upon the King t' attend.
 subtile Foxe so well his message sayd,
 t the proud beasts him readily obayd:
 hereby the Ape in wondrous stomack woxe,
 ngly encorag'd by the crafty Foxe;
 t King indeed himselfe he shortly thought,
 all the Beasts him feared as they ought,
 followed unto his palaise hye;
 ere taking Congé, each one by and by
 arted to his home in dreadfull awe,
 of the feared sight which late they
 sawe.
 he Ape, thus seized of the Regall throne,
 ones by counsell of the Foxe alone,
 to provide for all things in assurance,
 t so his rule might lenger have endurance.

First to his Gate he pointed a strong gárd,
 That none might enter but with issue hard:
 Then, for the safegard of his personage,
 He did appoint a warlike equipage
 Of forreine beasts, not in the forest bred,
 But part by land and part by water fed;
 For tyrannie is with strange ayde supported.
 Then unto him all monstrous beasts resorted
 Bred of two kinds, as Griffons, Minotaures,
 Crocodiles, Dragons, Beavers, and Centaures:
 With those himselfe he strengthned mightelie,
 That feare he neede no force of enemie.
 Then gan he rule and tyrannize at will,
 Like as the Foxe did guide his graceles skill;
 And all wyld beasts made vassals of his
 pleasures, [treasures.
 And with their spoyles enlarg'd his private
 No care of justice, nor no rule of reason,
 No temperance, nor no regard of season,
 Did thenceforth ever enter in his minde;
 But crueltie, the signe of currish kinde,
 And sdeignfull pride, and wilfull arrogance:
 Such followes those whom fortune doth ad-
 vantage.

But the false Foxe most kindly plaid his
 For whatsoever mother-wit or arte [part;
 Could worke, he put in prooffe: no practise slie,
 No counterpoint of cunning policie,
 No reach, no breach, that might him profit
 bring,

But he the same did to his purpose wring.
 Nought suffered he the Ape to give or graunt,
 But through his hand must passe the Fiaunt.
 All offices, all leases by him leapt,
 And of them all whatso he likte he kept.
 Justice he solde injustice for to buy,
 And for to purchase for his progeny.
 Ill might it prosper that ill gotten was;
 But, so he got it, little did he pas.
 He fed his cubs with fat of all the soyle,
 And with the sweete of others sweating toyle;
 He crammed them with crumbs of Benefices,
 And fild their mouthes with meeds of male-
 fices:

He cloathed them with all colours, save white,
 And loded them with lordships and with might,
 So much as they were able well to beare,
 That with the weight their backs nigh broken
 were:

He chaffred Chayres in which Churchmen
 were set,

And breach of lawes to privie ferme did let:
 No statute so established might bee,
 Nor ordinance so needfull, but that hee
 Would violate, though not with violence,
 Yet under colour of the confidence
 The which the Ape repos'd in him alone,
 And reckned him the kingdomes corner stone,

And ever, when he ought would bring to pas,
His long experience the platforme was :
And, when he ought not pleasing would put by
The cloke was care of thrift, and husbandry,
For to encrease the common treasures store ;
But his owne treasure he encreased more,
And lifted up his loftie towres thereby,
That they began to threat the neighbour sky ;
The whiles the Princes pallaces fell fast
To ruine (for what thing can ever last ?)
And whilst the other Peeres, for povertie,
Were forst their auncient houses to let lie,
And their olde Castles to the ground to fall,
Which their forefathers, famous over-all,
Had founded for the Kingdomes ornament,
And for their memories long monument :
But he no count made of Nobilitie,
Nor the wilde beasts whom armes did glorifie,
The Realmes chiefe strength and girlond of
the crowne. {adowne,

All these through fained crimes he thrust
Or made them dwell in darknes of disgrace ;
For none, but whom he list, might come in
place.

Of men of armes he had but small regard,
But kept them lowe, and streigned verie hard.
For men of learning little he esteemed ;
His wisdom he above their learning deemed.
As for the rascall Commons least he cared,
For not so common was his bountie shared :
Let God, (said he) if please, care for the manie,
I for my selfe must care before els anie.
So did he good to none, to manie ill,
So did he all the kingdome rob and pill,
Yet none durst speake, ne none durst of him
plaine, {gaine.

So great he was in grace, and rich through
Ne would he anie let to have accesse
Unto the Prince, but by his owne addresse,
For all that els did come were sure to faile.
Yet would he further none but for availe ;
For on a time the Sheepe, to whom of yore
The Foxe had promised of friendship store,
What time the Ape the kingdome first did
gaine, {plaine;

Came to the Court, her case there to com-
How that the Wolfe, her mortall enemye,
Had sithence slaine her Lambe most cruellie,
And therefore crav'd to come unto the King,
To let him knowe the order of the thing.
'Soft, Gooddie Sheepe! (then said the Foxe)
not soe:

Unto the King so rash ye may not goe ;
He is with greater matter busied
Than a Lambe, or the Lambes owne mothers
hed.

Ne, certes, may I take it well in part,
That ye my cousin Wolfe so fowly thwart,

And seekewith slaunder his good name to
For there was cause, els doo it he would
Therefore surcease, good Dame, and
depart.'

So went the Sheepe away with heavie he
So many moe, so everie one was used,
That to give largely to the boxe refused.
Now when high Jove, in whose alme
hand

The care of Kings and power of Em
Sitting one day within his turret hye,
From whence he vewes, with his black-h
Whatso the heaven in his wide vawte
taines,

And all that in the deepest earth remaine
And troubled kingdome of wilde beasts
helde,

Whom not their kindly Sovereigne did w
But an usurping Ape, with guile suborn'
Had all subvert, he sdeignfully it scorn'
In his great heart, and hardly did refrain
But that with thunder bolts he had him s
And driven downe to hell, his dewest me
But, him avizing, he that dreadfull deed
Forbore, and rather chose with scornfull sl
Him to avenge, and blot his brutish nam
Unto the world, that never after anie
Should of his race be voyd of infamie ;
And his false counsellor, the cause of all
To damne to death, or dole perpetuall,
From whence he never should bequit, nor s
Forthwith he Mercurie unto him cal'd,
And bad him flie with never-resting spee
Unto the Forrest, where wilde beasts doo b
And there enquiring privily, to learne
What did of late chaunce happen to the
stearne,

That he rul'd not the Empire, as he ough
And whence were all those plaints unto
brought

Of wronges, and spoyles, by salvage b
committed?

Which done, he bad the Lyon be remitt
Into his seate, and those same treachours
Be punished for their presumptuous guile
The Sonne of Maia, soone as he receiv'
That word, streight with his azure wing
cleav'd

The liquid clowdes, and lucid firmament
Ne staid, till that he came with steep de
Unto the place where his prescript did sh
There stouping, like an arrowe from a b
He soft arrived on the grassie plaine,
And fairly paced forth with easie paine,
Till that unto the Pallace nigh he came.
Then gan he to himselfe new shape to fra
And that faire face, and that Ambrosiall
Which wents to decke the Gods immortal

l beautefie the shinie firmament,
 doft, unfit for that rude rabblement,
 standing by the gates in strange disguise,
 gan enquire of some in secret wize,
 of the King, and of his government,
 of the Foxe, and his false blandishment:
 evermore he heard each one complaine
 howe abuses both in realme and raine;
 which yet to prove more true he meant to see,
 an ey-witnes of each thing to bee.
 on his head his dreadfull hat he dight,
 which maketh him invisible in sight,
 to mocketh th' eyes of all the lookers on,
 making them thinke it but a vision.
 enough power of that he runnes through
 his enemies swerds; [herds
 enough power of that he passeth through the
 venous wilde beasts, and doth beguile
 his greedie mouthes of the expected spoyle;
 enough power of that his cunning theeveries
 wents to worke, that none the same espies;
 through the power of that, he putteth on
 that shape he list in apparition.
 on his head he wore, and in his hand
 tooke Caduceus, his snake wand,
 with which the damned ghosts he governeth,
 his furies rules, and Tartare tempereth.
 with that he causeth sleep to seize the eyes,
 he feare the harts of all his enemyes;
 when him list, an universall night
 throughout the world he makes on everie
 when his Syre with Alcumena lay. [wight;
 thus dight, into the Court he tooke his
 way, [scride,
 through the gard, which never him de-
 through the watchmen, who him never
 spide:
 once forth he past into each secrete part,
 whereas he saw, that sorely grier'd his hart,
 in place abounding with fowle injuries,
 filled with treasure rackt with robberies;
 in place defilde with blood of guiltles
 beasts, [beheasts:
 which had been slaine to serve the Apes
 stonie, malice, pride, and covetize,
 lawlesnes raining with riotize;
 besides the infinite extortions,
 through the Foxes great oppressions,
 that the complaints thereof could not be
 tolde.
 when he did with lothfull eyes beholde,
 would no more endure, but came his way,
 cast to seeke the Lion where he may,
 that he might worke the avengement for this
 shame [blame,
 those two caytives, which had bred him
 seeking all the Forrest busily,
 as he found, where sleeping he did ly.

The wicked weed, which there the Foxe did
 lay,
 From underneath his head he tooke away,
 And then him waking, forced up to rize.
 The Lion looking up gan him avize,
 As one late in a traunce, what had of long
 Become of him; for fantasie is strong.
 'Arise, (said Mercurie) thou sluggish beast,
 That here liest senseles, like the corpse deceast,
 The whilstte thy kingdome from thy head is
 rent,
 And thy throne royall with dishonour blent:
 Arise, and doo thyself redeeme from shame,
 And be aveng'd on those that breed thy
 blame.'
 Thereat enraged, soone he gan upstart,
 Grinding his teeth, and grating his great
 hart;
 And, rousing up himselfe, for his rough hide
 He gan to reach, but no where it espide.
 Therewith he gan full terribly to rore,
 And chafte at that indignitie right sore:
 But when his Crowne and scepter both he
 wanted, [panted;
 Lord! how he fum'd, and sweld, and rag'd, and
 And threatned death, and thousand deadly
 dolours, [honours.
 To them that had purloyn'd his Princely
 With that in hast, disrobed as he was,
 He toward his owne Pallace forth did pas;
 And all the way he roared as he went,
 That all the Forrest with astonishment
 Thereof did tremble, and the beasts therein
 Fled fast away from that so dreadfull din.
 At last he came unto his mansion,
 Where all the gates he found fast lockt anon,
 And manie warders round about them stood:
 With that he roard alowd, as he were wood,
 That all the Pallace quaked at the stound,
 As if it quite were riven from the ground,
 And all within were dead and hartles left:
 And th' Ape himselfe, as one whose wits were
 rest,
 Fled here and there, and everie corner sought,
 To hide himselfe from his owne feared thought.
 But the false Foxe, when he the Lion heard,
 Fled closely forth, streightway of death
 afraid,
 And to the Lion came, full lowly creeping,
 With fained face, and watrie eyne halfe
 weeping,
 T' excuse his former treason and abusion,
 And turning all unto the Apes confusion.
 Nath'les the royall Beast forbore beleaving,
 But bad him stay at ease till further preaving.
 Then, when he saw no entraunce to him
 graunted,
 Roaring yet lowerd that all harts it daunted,

Upon those gates with force he fiercely flew,
And, rending them in pieces, felly slewe
Those warders strange, and all that els he
met.

But th' Ape still flying he no where might
From rowme to rowme, from beam to beame
he fled

All breathles, and for feare now almost ded;
Yet him at last the Lyon spide, and caught,
And forth with shame unto his judgement
brought.

Then all the beasts he caus'd assembled bee,
To heare their doome, and sad ensample see.

The Foxe, first Author of that treacherie
He did uncase, and then away let flie:
But th' Apes long taile (which then he
he quight

Cut off, and both eares pared of their hig
Since which all Apes but halfe their
have left,

And of their tailles are utterlie bereft.

So Mother Hubbard her discourse did
Which pardon me, if I amisse have pend
For weake was my remembrance it to be
And bad her tongue that it so bl
tolde.

THE RUINES OF ROME:

BY BELLAY.

I

YE heavenly spirites, whose ashie cinders lie
Under deep ruines, with huge walls opprest,
But not your praise, the which shall never die
Through your faire verses, ne in ashes rest;
If so be shrilling voyce of wight alive
May reach from hence to depth of darkest hell,
Then let those deep Abysses open rive,
That ye may understand my shreiking yell.
Thrice having seene under the heavens veale
Your toombs devoted compasse over-all,
Thrice unto you with lowd voyce I appeale,
And for your antique furie here doo call,

The whiles that I with sacred horror sing
Your glorie, fairest of all earthly thing!

II

Great Babylon her haughtie walls will praise,
And sharped steeples high shot up in ayre;
Greece will the olde Ephesian buildings blaze,
And Nylus nurslings their Pyramides faire;
The same yet vaunting Greece will tell the storie
Of Joves great Image in Olympus placed;
Mausolus worke will be the Carians glorie;
And Crete will boast the Labyrinth, now raced:
The antique Rhodian will likewise set forth
The great Colosse, erect to Memorie;
And what els in the world is of like worth,
Some greater learned wit will magnifie:

But I will sing above all monuments

Seven Romane Hills, the worlds Seven Won-
derments.

III

Thou stranger, which for Rome in Rome here
seekest,
And nought of Rome in Rome perceiv'st at all,

These same olde walls, olde arches, which
seest,

Olde Palaces, is that which Rome men c
Beholde what wreake, what ruine, and

WEST.

And how that she, which with her mi
Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd herse
last;

The pray of time, which all things
Rome now of Rome is th' onely funerall,
And onely Rome of Rome hath victorie;
Ne ought save Tyber hastning to his fall
Remaines of all. O worlds inconstancie!

That which is firme doth flit and fall
And that is fitting doth abide and sta

IV

She, whose high top above the starres dic
One foote on Thetis, th' other on the Mo
One hand on Scythia, th' other on the M
Both heaven and earth in roundnesse
passing;

Jove fearing, least if she should greater g
The Giants old should once again uprise
Her whelm'd with hills, these seven hills,
be now

Tombes of her greatnes which did threat
Upon her head he heapt Mount Saturna
Upon her bellie th' antique Palatine,
Upon her stomacke laid Mount Quirinal
On her left hand the noysome Esquiline
And Cælian on the right; but both he
Mount Viminall and Aventine doo me

V

Who lists to see what ever nature, arte,
And heaven could doo, O Rome! thee le

case thy greatnes he can gesse in harte,
 That which but the picture is of thee.
 Rome is no more: but if the shade of Rome
 Lay of the bodie yeeld a seeming sight,
 'Tis like a corse drawne forth out of the tombe
 By Magicke skill out of eternall night.
 The corpses of Rome in ashes is entomb'd,
 And her great spirite, rejoynd to the spirite
 Of this great masse, is in the same enwomb'd;
 At her brave writings, which her famous
 Merite
 In spight of time out of the dust doth reare,
 Doo make her Idole through the world
 Appeare.

VI

As the Berecynthian Goddess bright,
 Her swifte charret with high turrets crownde,
 Found that so manie Gods she brought to light;
 As was this Citie in her good daies fownd:
 This Citie, more than that great Phrygian
 Mother
 Enwom'd for fruite of famous progenie,
 Whose greatnes by the greatnes of none other,
 At by her selfe, her equall match could see.
 Some onely might to Rome compared bee,
 And onely Rome could make great Rome to
 Tremble:
 Did the Gods by heavenly doome decree,
 That other earthlie power should not resemble
 Her that did match the whole earths
 Puissaunce, [vaunce.
 And did her courage to the heavens ad-

VII

Sacred ruines, and ye tragick sights,
 Which onely doo the name of Rome retaine,
 The monuments, which of so famous sprights
 Honour yet in ashes doo maintaine;
 Triumphant Arcks, spyres, neighbours to the
 Skie,
 That you to see doth th' heaven it selfe appall;
 And by little ye to nothing flie,
 The peoples fable, and the spoyle of all:
 And though your frames do for a time make
 Warre
 Against time, yet time in time shall ruinate
 Your workes and names, and your last reliques
 Marre.
 Your sad desires, rest therefore moderate;
 For if that time make ende of things so sure,
 It als will end the paine which I endure.

VIII

Rough armes and vassals Rome the world
 Subdu'd, [strength
 That one would weene that one sole Cities
 Th' land and sea in roundnes had survey'd,
 Be the measure of her bredth and length:

This peoples vertue yet so fruitfull was
 Of vertuous nephewes, that posteritie,
 Striving in power their grandfathers to passe,
 The lowest earth join'd to the heaven hie;
 To th' end that, having all parts in their
 power, [quight;
 Nought from the Romane Empire might be
 And that though time doth Commonwealths
 Devowre,
 Yet no time should so low embase their hight,
 That her head, earth'd in her foundations
 deep,
 Should not her name and endles honour
 keep.

IX

Ye cruell starres, and eke ye Gods unkinde,
 Heaven envious, and bitter stepdame Nature!
 Be it by fortune, or by course of kinde,
 That ye doo weld th' affaires of earthlie crea-
 ture;
 Why have your hands long sithence traveled
 To frame this world that doth endure so long?
 Or why were not these Romane palaces
 Made of some matter no less firme and strong?
 I say not, as the common voyce doth say,
 That all things which beneath the Moone have
 Are temporall, and subject to decay: [being
 But I say rather, though not all agreeing
 With some that weene the contrarie in
 thought,
 That all this whole shall one day come to
 nought.

X

As that brave sonne of Aeson, which by
 charmes
 Atcheived the golden Fleece in Colchid land,
 Out of the earth engendred men of armes
 Of Dragons teeth, sowne in the sacred sand;
 So this brave Towne, that in her youthlie daies
 An Hydra was of warriours glorious,
 Did fill with her renowned nourslings praise
 The fire sunnes both one and other hous:
 But they at last, there being then not living
 An Hercules so ranke seed to repressse,
 Emongst themselves with cruell furie striving,
 Mow'd downe themselves with slaughter mer-
 cillesse;
 Renewing in themselves that rage unkinde,
 Which whilom did those earthborn brethren
 blinde.

XI

Mars, shaming to have given so great head
 To his off-spring, that mortall puissaunce,
 Pust up with pride of Romane hardiehead,
 Seem'd above heavens powre it selfe to ad-
 vance;

Cooling againe his former kindled heate,
With which he had those Romane spirits fild,
Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath
Into the Gothicke colde hot rage instil'd.
Then gan that Nation, th' earths new Giant
brood,

To dart abroad the thunder bolts of warre,
And, beating downe these walls with furious
mood

Into her mothers bosome, all did marre;
To th' end that none, all were it Jove his sire,
Should boast himselfe of the Romane Empire,

XII

Like as whilome the children of the earth
Heapt hils on hils to scale the starrie skie,
And fight against the Gods of heavenly berth,
Whiles Jove at them his thunderbolts let flie,
All suddenly with lightning overthrowne,
The furious squadrons downe to ground did
fall,

That th' earth under her childrens weight did
And th' heavens in glorie triumpht over all:
So did that haughtie front, which heaped was
On these seven Romane hils, it selfe upreare
Over the world, and lift her loftie face
Against the heaven, that gan her force to feare.

But now these scorned fields bemone her
fall,

And Gods secure feare not her force at all.

XIII

Nor the swift furie of the flames aspiring,
Nor the deep wounds of victours raging blade,
Nor ruthlesse spoyle of souldiers blood-desiring,
The which so oft thee, (Rome) their conquest
Ne stroke on stroke of fortune variable, [made;
Ne rust of age hating continuance,
Nor wrath of Gods, nor spight of men unstable,
Nor thou oppos'd against thine owne puissance;
Nor th' horrible uprore of windes high blowing,
Nor swelling streames of that God snakie-
paced,

Which hath so often with his overflowing
Thee drenched, have thy pride so much abaced,
But that this nothing, which they have
thee left,

Makes the world wonder what they from thee [reft.

XIV

As men in Summer fearles passe the foord
Which is in Winter lord of all the plaine,
And with his tumbling streames doth beare
aboord

The ploughmans hope and shepheards labour [vaine:
And as the coward beasts use to despise
The noble Lion after his lives end, [hardise
Whetting their teeth, and with vaine fool-
Daring the foe that cannot him defend:

And as at Troy most dastards of the Gree
Did brave about the corpes of Hector cold
So those, which whilome wont with p
cheekes

The Romane triumphs glorie to behold, [va
Now on these ashie tombes shew boldne
And, conquer'd, dare the Conquerour
daine.

XV

Ye pallid spirits, and ye ashie ghoasts,
Which, joying in the brightnes of your da
Brought forth those signes of your presu
tuous boasts

Which now their dusty reliques do bewra
Tell me, ye spirits, (sith the darksome rive
Of Styx, not passable to soules returning,
Enclosing you in thrice three wards for ev
Doo not restraine your images still mourn
Tell me then, (for perhaps some one of yo
Yet here above him secretly doth hide)

Doo ye not feele your torments to accrew
When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd pri
Of these old Romane works, built with y
hands,

Now to become nought els but heaped sa

XVI

Like as ye see the wrathfull Sea from farr
In a great mountaine heap't with hid
noyse,

Eftsoones of thousand billowes shouldred na
Against a Rocke to breake with dread
poyse:

Like as ye see fell Boreas with sharpe blas
Tossing huge tempests through the trou
skie,

Eftsoones having his wide wings spent in w
To stop his wearie cariere suddenly:
And as ye see huge flames spred diverslie,
Gathered in one up to the heavens to spy
Eftsoones consum'd to fall downe feebily,
So whilom did this Monarchie aspyre,

As waves, as winde, as fire, spred over a
Till it by fatall doome adowne did fall.

XVII

So long as Joves great Bird did make his fl
Bearing the fire with which heaven doth us f
Heaven had not feare of that presumpt
might,

With which the Giaunts did the Gods ass
But all so soone as scortching Sunne had b
His wings which wont the earth to overspre
The earth out of her massie wombe forth a
That antique horror, which made hea
adredd.

Then was the Germane Raven in disguise
[That Romane Eagle seene to cleave asund

d towards heaven freshly to arise
t of these mountaines, now consum'd to
pouder; [lightning,
n which the foule, that serves to beare the
s now no more seen flying, nor alighting.

XVIII

ese heapes of stones, these old wals, which
ye see,
ere first enclosures but of salvage soyle;
d these brave Pallaces, which maystred bee
time, were shepherds cottages sometime.
en tooke the shepherds Kingly ornaments,
d the stout hynde arm'd his right hand with
steale:
soones their rule of yearly Presidents
ew great, and sixe months greater a great
deale;
hich, made perpetuall, rose to so great might,
at thence th' Imperiall Eagle rooting tooke,
l th' heaven it selfe, opposing gainst her
r power to P'eters successor betooke; [might,
Who, shepherdlike, (as fates the same
foreseeing)
Doth shew that all things turne to their first
being.

XIX

that is perfect, which th' heaven beautefies;
that's imperfect, borne belowe the Moone;
that doth feede our spirits and our eies,
all that doth consume our pleasures soone;
the mishap the which our daies outweares,
the good hap of th' oldest times afore,
me, in the time of her great ancesters,
a Pandora, locked long in store,
t destinie this huge Chaos tarmorling,
which all good and evill was enclosed,
eir heavenly vertues from these woes as-
soyling,
ried to heaven, from sinfull bondage losed;
ut their great sinnes, the causers of their
paine,
Under these antique ruines yet remaine.

XX

otherwise than raynie cloud, first fed
th earthly vapours gathered in the ayre,
soones in compas arch't, to steepe his hed,
th plunge himselfe in Tethys bosome faire;
l, mounting up againe from whence he came,
th his great bellie spreads the dimmed world,
l at the last, dissolving his moist frame,
raine, or snowe, or haile, he forth is horid;
is Citie, which was first but shepherds shade,
rising by degrees, grewe to such height,
ut Queene of land and sea her selfe she
made.
last, not able to beare so great weight,

Her power, disperst through all the world
did vade; [fade,
To shew that all in th' end to nought shall

XXI

The same, which Pyrrhus and the puissance
Of Afrike could not tame, that same brave Citie,
Which, with stout courage arm'd against mis-
chaunce,
Sustain'd the shocke of common enmitie;
Long as her ship, tost with so manie freakes,
Had all the world in armes against her bent,
Was never seene, that anie fortunes wreakes
Could breake her course begun with brave
intent.
But, when the object of her vertue failed,
Her power it selfe against it selfe did arme;
As he that having long in tempest sailed,
Faine would arive, but cannot for the storme,
If too great winde against the port him drive,
Doth in the port it selfe his vessell rive.

XXII

When that brave honour of the Latine name,
Which mear'd her rule with Africa, and Byze,
With Thames inhabitants of noble fame,
And they which see the dawning day arise;
Her nourslings did with mutinous uprore
Harten against her selfe her conquer'd spoile,
Which she had wonne from all the world
afore,
Of all the world was spoyl'd within a while:
So, when the compast course of the universe
In sixe and thirtie thousand yeares is ronne,
The bands of th' elements shall backe reverse
To their first discord, and be quite undonne:
The seedes, of which all things at first were
bred,
Shall in great Chaos wombe againe be hid.

XXIII

O! warie wisdom of the man, that would
That Carthage towres from spoile should be
forborne,
To th' end that his victorious people should
With cancring laisure not be overorne:
He well foresaw how that the Romane courage
Impatient of pleasures faint desires,
Through idlenes would turne to civill rage,
And be her selfe the matter of her fires;
For, in a people given all to ease,
Ambition is engendred easily;
As, in a vicious bodie, grose disease
Soone growes through humours superfluitie.
That came to passe, when, swolne with
plenties pride,
Nor prince, nor peere, nor kin, they would
abide.

XXIV

If the blinde furie, which warres breedeth oft,
Wonts not t' enrage the hearts of equall beasts,
Whether they fare on foote, or flie aloft,
Or armed be with clawes, or scalie creasts,
What fell Erynnis, with hot burning tongs,
Did grype your hearts with noysome rage
imbew'd,

That, each to other working cruell wrongs,
Your blades in your owne bowels you embrew'd?

Was this (ye Romanes) your hard destinie,
Or some old sinne, whose unappeased guilt
Powr'd vengeance forth on you eternallie?
Or brothers blood, the which at first was spilt
Upon your walls, that God might not endure
Upon the same to set foundation sure?

XXV

O that I had the Thracian Poets harpe,
For to awake out of th' infernall shade
Those antique Cæsars, sleeping long in darke,
The which this auncient Citie whilome made!
Or that I had Amphions instrument,
To quicken, with his vitall notes accord,
The stonie joynts of these old walls now rent,
By which th' Ausonian light might be restor'd!
Or that at least I could, with pencill fine,
Fashion the pourtraicts of these Palacis,
By paterne of great Virgils spirit divine!
I would assay with that which in me is,
To builde, with leuell of my loftie style,
That which no hands can evermore compyle.

XXVI

Who list the Romane greatnes forth to figure,
Him needeth not to seeke for usage right
Of line, or lead, or rule, or squire, to measure
Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her
hight;

But him behooves to vew in compasse round
All that the Ocean graspes in his long armes;
Be it where the yerely starre doth scorch the
ground,

Or where colde Boreas blowes his bitter stormes.
Rome was th' whole world, and al the world
was Rome;

And if things nam'd their names doo equalize,
When land and sea ye name, then name ye
Rome;

And, naming Rome, ye land and sea comprize:
For th' auncient Plot of Rome, displayed
plaine,

The map of all the wide world doth containe.

XXVII

Thou that at Rome astonisht dost behold
The antique pride which menaced the skie,

These haughtie heapes, these palaces of old
These wals, these arcks, these baths, the
temples hie;

Judge, by these ample ruines vew, the res
The which injurious time hath quite outw
Since of all workmen helde in reckning be
Yet these olde fragments are for paterne b
Then also marke how Rome, from day to
Repayring her decayed fashion,

Renewes herselfe with buildings rich and g
That one would judge, that the Romaine Da
Doth yet himselfe with fatall hand enfor
Againe on foote to reare her poul
corse.

XXVIII

He that hath seene a great Oke drie and d
Yet clad with reliques of some Trophies
Lifting to heaven her aged hoarie head,
Whose foote in ground hath left but fe
holde,

But halfe disbowel'd lies above the groun
Shewing her wreathed rootes, and na
armes,

And on her trunk, all rotten and unsound
Onely supports herselfe for meate of worm
And, though she owe her fall to the [wi
Yet of the devout people is ador'd,
And manie yong plants spring out of
rinde:

Who such an Oke hath seene, let him rec
That such this Cities honour was of yor
And mongst all Cities florished much m

XXIX

All that which Aegypt whilome did devis
All that which Greece their temples to
brave

After th' Ionicke, Atticke, Doricke guise;
Or Corinth skil'd in curious workes to gra
All that Lysippus practike arte could form
Apelles wit, or Phidias his skill,

Was wont this auncient Citie to adorne,
And the heaven it selfe with her wide won
All that which Athens ever brought forth v

All that which Afrike ever brought
All that which Asie ever had of prise, [stra
Was here to see. O marvelous great cha

Rome, living, was the worlds sole ornan
And, dead, is now the worlds sole monin

XXX

Like as the seeded field greene grasse
showes,

Then from greene grasse into a stalke [sp
And from a stalke into an eare forth-grow
Which eare the frutefull graine doth sh
bring;

And as in season due the husband mowes

waving lockes of those faire yeallow
heares, [rowes,
ich, bound in sheaves, and layd in comely
n the naked fields in stackes he reares :
rew the Romane Empire by degree,
that Barbarian hands it quite did spill,
left of it but these olde markes to see,
which all passers by doo somewhat pill :
s they which gleane, the reliques use to
gather, [scater
hich th' husbandman behind him chanst to

XXXI

t same is now nought but a champion
wide,
ere all this worlds pride once was situate.
blame to thee, whosoever dost abide
Nyle, or Gange, or Tygre, or Euphrate ;
Afrike thereof guiltie is, nor Spaine,
the bolde people by the Thamis brincks,
the brave warlicke brood of Alemaine,
the borne Souldier which Rhine running
drinks :
n onely cause, O Civill furie ! art, [spight,
ich, sowing in th' Aemathian fields thy
st arme thy hand against thy proper hart ;
th' end that when thou wast in greatest
hight,
g greatnes growne, through long prosperitie,
ou then adowne might'st fall more hor-
riblie.

XXXII

e ye, my verses, that posteritie
ge ensuing shall you ever read ?

Hope ye, that ever immortalitie
So meane Harpes worke may chalenge for her
meed ?

If under heaven anie endurance were,
These monuments, which not in paper writ,
But in Porphyre and Marble doo appeare,
Might well have hop'd to have obtained it.
Nath'les my Lute, whom Phoebus deign'd to
give,
Cease not to sound these olde antiquities ;
For if that time deo let thy glorie live,
Well maist thou boast, how ever base thou
bee,

That thou art first, which of thy Nation song
Th' olde honour of the people gown'd long.

L' Envoy.

Bellay, first garland of free Poësie
That France brought forth, though fruitfull of
brave wits,
Well worthie thou of immortalitie,
That long hast traveld, by thy learned writs,
Olde Rome out of her ashes to revive,
And give a second life to dead decayes !
Neeedes must he all eternitie survive,
That can to other give eternall dayes :
Thy dayes therefore are endles, and thy
prayse

Excelling all that ever went before.
And, after thee, gins Bartas hie to rayse
His heavenly Muse, th' Almightye to adore.
Live, happie spirits, th' honour of your
name,
And fill the world with never dying fame !

MUIOPOTMOS,

OR THE

FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE.

BY ED. SP.

DEDICATED TO THE MOST FAIRE AND VERTUOUS LADIE,
THE LADIE CAREY.

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY AND VERTUOUS LADIE,
THE LA : CAREY.

er brave and bountifull La: for so excel-
lences as I have received at your sweet
desires, to offer these fewe leaves, as in re-
pence, should be as to offer flowers to the
s for their divine benefites. Therefore I
e determined to give my selfe wholly to
as quite abandoned from my selfe, and

absolutely vowed to your services: which in
all right is ever held for full recompence of
debt or damage, to have the person yeilded.
My person I wot wel how little worth it is.
But the faithfull minde and humble zeale
which I beare unto your La: may perhaps be
more of price, as may please you to account

and use the poore service thereof; which taketh glory to advance your excellent partes and noble vertues, and to spend it selfe in honouring you: not so much for your great bounty to my self, which yet may not be unminded; nor for name or kindreds sake by you vouchsafed, being also regardable; as for that honourable name, which yee have by your brave deserts purchast to your self, and spred in the mouths of al men: with

which I have also presumed to grace verses, and under your name to commend the world this small Poëme, the while seaching your La: to take in worth, and all things therein according to your graciousnes to make a milde construct humbly pray for your happines.

Your La: ever humble
E

MUIOPOTMOS: OR THE FATE OF THE BUTTERFLY

I SING of deadly dolorous debate,
Stir'd up through wrathfull Nemesis despiht,
Betwixt two mightie ones of great estate,
Drawne into armes, and prooffe of mortall fight,
Through proud ambition and hart-swelling hate,

Whilest neither could the others greater might
And sdeignfull scorne endure; that from small jarre

Their wraths at length broke into open warre.

The roote whereof and tragicall effect, [nyne]
Vouchsafe, O thou the mournfulst Muse of
That wontst the tragick stage for to direct,
In funerall complaints and wayfull tyne,
Reveale to me, and all the meanes defect,
Through which sad Clarion did at last decline
To lowest wretchednes: And is there then
Such rancour in the harts of mightie men?

Of all the race of silver-winged Flies
Which doo possesse the Empire of the aire,
Betwixt the centred earth and azure skies,
Was none more favourable, nor more faire,
Whilst heaven did favour his felicities,
Then Clarion, the eldest sonne and haire
Of Muscaroll; and in his fathers sight
Of all alive did seeme the fairest wight.

With fruitfull hope his aged breast he fed
Of future good, which his yong toward yeares,
Full of brave courage and bold hardyhed,
Above th' ensample of his equall peares,
Did largely promise, and to him fore-red,
(Whilst oft his heart did melt in tender teares)
That he in time would sure prove such an one,
As should be worthie of his fathers throne.

The fresh yong flie, in whom the kindly fire
Of lustfull yongth began to kindle fast,
Did much disdaine to subject his desire
To loathsome sloth, or houres in ease to wast,
But joy'd to range abroad in fresh attire,
Through the wide compas of the ayrie coast;
And, with unwearied wings, each part t' inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowned sire.

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
That from this lower tract he dared to stie
Up to the clowdes, and thence with pi
To mount aloft unto the Cristall skie,
To view the workmanship of heavens hig
Whence, down descending, he along wou
Upon the streaming rivers, sport to finde
And oft would dare to tempt the trou
winde.

So on a Summers day, when season mild
With gentle calme the world had quieted
And high in heaven Hyperions fierie chi
Ascending did his beames abroad dispre
Whiles all the heavens on lower crea
smilde,
Yong Clarion, with vauntfull lustie-head
After his guize did cast abroad to fare:
And theretoo gan his furnitures prepare.

His breastplate first, that was of substance
Before his noble heart he firmly bound,
That mought his life from yron death w
And ward his gentle corpes from cruell w
For it by arte was framed to endure
The bit of balefull steele and bitter stow
Nolesse than that which Vulcane made to
Achilles life from fate of Troyan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he t
An hairie hide of some wilde beast, whor
In salvage Forrest by adventure slew,
And reft the spoyle his ornament to bee
Which, spredding all his backe, with d
full view

Made all that him so horrible did see
Thinke him Alcides with the Lyons skin
When the Næmean Conquest he did win

Upon his head his glistening Burganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous d
And curiously engraven, he did set:
The metall was of rare and passing price
Not Bilbo steele, nor brasse from Corintl
Nor costly Oricache from strange Phoen

at such as could both Phœbus arrowes
ward,
nd th' hayling darts of heaven beating hard.
erein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
rongly outlaunced towards either side,
ke two sharpe speares his enemies to gore:
ke as a warlike Brigandine, applyde
t fight, layes forth her threatfull pikes afore
he engines which in them sad death doo
hyde:

did this flie outstretch his fearefull hornes,
et so as him their terroure more adorne.

astly his shinie wings as silver bright,
ainted with thousand colours, passing farre
all Painters skill, he did about him dight:
ot halfe so manie sundrie colours arre
his bowe; ne heaven doth shine so bright,
istinguished with manie a twinckling starre;
or Junoes Bird in her ey-spotted traine
many goodly colours doth containe.

he (may it be withouten perill spoken?)
he Archer God, the sonne of Cytheree,
hat joyes on wretched lovers to be wroken,
nd heaped spoyle of bleeding harts to see,
eares in his wings so manie a changefull
token.

h, my liege Lord! forgive it unto mee,
ought against thine honour I have tolde;
sure those wings were fairer manifolde.

all many a Ladie faire, in Court full oft
eholding them, him secretly envide,
nd wisht that two such fannes, so silken soft
nd golden faire, her Love would her provide;
r that, when them the gorgeous Flie had doft,
me one, that would with grace be gratifide,
m him would steale them privily away,
nd bring to her so precious a pray.

report is, that dame Venus, on a day
spring, when flowres doo clothe the fruitfull
ground,

walking abroad with all her Nymphes to play,
nd her faire damzels, flocking her arownd,
gather flowres her forehead to array:
mongst the rest a gentle Nymph was found,
ight Astery, excelling all the crewe
curteous usage and unstained hewe;

ho, beeing nimbler joynted than the rest,
nd more industrious, gathered more store
the fields honour than the others best;
hich they in secret harts envying sore,
olde Venus, when her as the worthiest
he praisd', that Cupide (as they heard before)
d lend her secret aide, in gathering
to her lap the children of the spring.

Whereof the Goddesses gathering jealous
feare,

Not yet unmindfull how not long agoe
Her sonne to Psyche secrete love did beare,
And long it close conceal'd, till mickle woe
Thereof arose, and manie a rufull teare,
Reason with sudden rage did overgoe;
And, giving hastie credit to th' accuser,
Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Eftsoones that Damzell, by her heavenly
might,

She turn'd into a winged Butterflie,
In the wide aire to make her wandring flight;
And all those flowres, with which so plenteous-
lie

Her lap she filled had, that bred her spight,
She placed in her wings, for memorie
Of her pretended crime, though crime none
were:

Since which that flie them in her wings doth
beare.

Thus the fresh Clarion, being readie dight,
Unto his journey did himselfe addresse,
And with good speed began to take his flight.
Over the fields, in his franke lustinesse,
And all the champain o're he soared light;
And all the countrey wide he did possesse,
Feeding upon their pleasures bounteouslie,
That none gainsaid, nor none did him envie.

The woods, the rivers, and the medowes
green,

With his aire-cutting wings he measured wide,
Ne did he leave the mountaines bare unseene,
Nor the ranke grassie fennes delights untride.
But none of these, how ever sweete they beene,
Mote please his fancie, nor him cause t' abide:
His choicefull sense with every change doth
flit:

No common things may please a wavering wit.

To the gay gardins his unstaide desire
Him wholly caried, to refresh his sprights:
There lavish Nature, in her best attire,
Powres forth sweete odors and alluring sights;
And Arte, with her contending, doth aspire
T' excell the naturall with made delights;
And all, that faire or pleasant may be found,
In riotous excesse doth there abound.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes survey, with curious busie eye,
Of every flowre and herbe there set in order:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feete their silken leaves deface,
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And evermore, with most varietie
And change of sweetnesse, (for all change is
sweete)

He casts his glutton sense to satisfie,
Now sucking of the sap of herbe most meete,
Or of the dew which yet on them does lie,
Now in the same bathing his tender feete;
And then he pearceth on some braunch
thereby,

To weather him, and his moyst wings to dry.

And then againe he turneth to his play,
To spoyle the pleasures of that Paradise;
The wholesome Saule, and Lavender still
gray, [eyes,
Ranke-smelling Rue, and Cummin good for
The Roses raining in the pride of May,
Sharpe Isope, good for greene wounds remedies,
Faire Marigoldes, and Bees-alluring Thime
Sweet Marjoram, and Daysies decking prime:

Coole Violets, and Orpine growing still,
Embathed Balme, and chearfull Galingale,
Fresh Costmarie, and breathfull Camomill,
Dull Poppie, and drink-quickning Setuale,
Veyne-healing Verven, and hed-purging Dill,
Sound Savorie, and Bazil hartie-hale,
Fat Colworts, and comforting Perseline,
Colde Lettuce, and refreshing Rosmarine.

And whatso else of vertue good or ill
Grewe in this Gardin, fetcht from farre away,
Of everie one he takes, and tastes at will,
And on their pleasures greedily doth pray.
Then, when he hath both plaid and fed his
fill,

In the warme Sunne he doth himselfe embay,
And there him rests in riotous suffisaunce
Of all his gladfulnes, and kingly joyaunce.

What more felicitie can fall to creature
Then to enjoy delight with libertie,
And to be Lord of all the workes of Nature,
To raine in th' aire from th' earth to highest
skie, [ture,
To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious fea-
To take what ever thing doth please the eie?
Who rests not pleased with such happines,
Well worthy he to taste of wretchednes.

But what on earth can long abide in state,
Or who can him assure of happie day,
Sith morning faire may bring fowle evening
late,

And least mishap the most blisse alter may?
For thousand perills lie in close awaite
About us daylie, to worke our decay;
That none, except a God, or God him guide,
May them avoyde, or remedie provide.

And whatso heavens in their secret doome
Ordained have, how can fraile fleshly wight
Forecast, but it must needs to issue come
The sea, the aire, the fire, the day, the nig
And th' armies of their creatures all and s
Do serve to them, and with importune mi
Warre against us, the vassals of their will
Who then can save what they dispose to

Not thou, O Clarion! though fairest thou
Of all thy kinde, unhappie happie Flie,
Whose cruell fate is woven even now
Of Joves owne hand, to worke thy miserie.
Ne may thee help the manie hartie vow,
Which thy old Sire with sacred pietie
Hath powred forth for thee, and th' ad
sprent:
Nought may thee save from heavens aven
ment.

It fortun'd (as heavens had behight)
That in this gardin, where yong Clarion
Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight,
The foe of faire things, th' author of confus
The shame of Nature, the bonds slave of spi
Had lately built his hatefull mansion;
And, lurking closely, in awayte now lay,
How he might anie in his trap betray.

But when he spide the joyous Butterflie
In this faire plot dispacing too and fro,
Feareles of foes and hidden jeopardie,
Lord! how he gan for to bestirre him tho,
And to his wicked worke each part applie.
His heart did earne against his hated foe,
And bowels so with rankling poyson swell
That scarce the skin the strong contag
helde.

The cause why he this Flie so maliced
Was (as in stories it is written found)
For that his mother, which him bore
bred,

The most fine-fingred workwoman on gr
Arachne, by his means was vanquished
Of Pallas, and in her owne skill confound.
When she with her for excellence contend
That wrought her shame, and sorrow n
ended.

For the Tritonian goddess, having hard
Her blazed fame which all the world had
Came downe to prove the truth, and
reward

For her prais-worthie workmanship to vei
But the presumptuous Damzell rashly dar
The Goddess selfe to chalenge to the field
And to compare with her in curious skill
Of workes with loome, with needle, and
quill.

nerva did the chalenge not refuse,
 t deign'd with her the paragon to make :
 to their worke they sit, and each doth
 chuse

hat storie she will for her tapet take.
 achne figur'd how Jove did abuse
 ropia like a Bull, and on his backe
 through the sea did beare; so lively
 seene, [weene.
 at it true Sea, and true Bull, ye would

e seem'd still backe unto the land to looke,
 and her play-fellowes aide to call, and feare
 e dashing of the waves, that up she tooke
 er daintiefeete, and garments gathered neare;
 at (Lord!) how she in everie member
 shooke,

hen as the land she saw no more appeare,
 at a wilde wildernes of waters deepe :
 en gan she greatly to lament and weepe.

efore the Bull she pictur'd winged Love,
 ith his yong brother Sport, light fluttering
 on the waves, as each had been a Dove;
 he one his bowe and shafts, the other
 Spring

burning Teade about his head did move,
 in their Syres new love both triumphing :
 and manie Nymphes about them flocking
 round, [sound.

and manie Tritons which their hornes did
 round about her worke she did empale
 ith a faire border wrought of sundrie
 flowres,

woven with an Yvie-winding trayle :
 goodly worke, full fit for kingly bowres;
 uch as Dame Pallas, such as Envie pale,
 at al good things with venomous tooth
 devowres, [bright
 ould not accuse. Then gan the Goddesse
 er selfe likewise unto her worke to dight.

e made the storie of the olde debate
 hich she with Neptune did for Athens trie :
 elve Gods doo sit around in royall state,
 and Jove in midst with awfull Majestie,
 judge the strife betweene them stirred
 late :

uch of the Gods, by his like visnomie
 the to be knowen; but Jove above them
 all,

his great lookes and power Imperiall.

efore them stands the God of Seas in place,
 ayning that sea-coast Citie as his right.
 and strikes the rockes with his three-forked
 mace;

henceforth issues a warlike steed in sight,

The signe by which he chalengeth the place ;
 That all the Gods, which saw his wondrous
 Did surely deeme the victorie his due : [might,
 But seldome seene, forejudgment proveth true.

Then to her selfe she gives her Aegide shield,
 And steelhed speare, and morion on her hedd,
 Such as she oft is seene in warlicke field :

Then sets she forth, how with her weapon
 dredd [did yield

Shesmote the ground, the which streight forth
 A fruitfull Olyve tree, with berries spredd,
 That all the Gods admir'd : then, all the storie
 She compast with a wreathe of Olyves hoarie.

Emongst these leaves she made a Butterflie,
 With excellent device and wondrous slight,
 Fluttring among the Olives wantonly,
 That seem'd to live, so like it was in sight :
 The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
 The silken downe with which his backe is
 dight,

His broad outstretched hornes, his hayrie thies,
 His glorious colours, and his glistering eies.

Which when Arachne saw, as overlaid
 And mastered with workmanship so rare,
 She stood astonied long, ne ought gainesaid ;
 And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare,
 And by her silence, signe of one dismaid,
 The victorie did yeeld her as her share :
 Yet did she inly fret and felly burne,
 And all her blood to poysonous rancor turne :

That shortly from the shape of womanhed,
 Such as she was when Pallas she attempted,
 She grew to hideous shape of dryrihed,
 Pined with grieve of folly late repented :
 Eftsoones her white streight legs were altered
 To crooked crawling shankes, of marrowe
 emptied;

And her faire face to fowle and loathsome hewe,
 And her fine corpes to a bag of venim grewe.

This cursed creature, mindfull of that olde
 Enfested grudge, the which his mother felt,
 So soone as Clarion he did beholde,
 His heart with vengefull malice inly swelt ;
 And weaving straight a net with manie a fold
 About the cave in which he lurking dwelt,
 With fine small cords about it stretched wide,
 So finely sponne that scarce they could be
 spide.

Not anie damzell, which her vaunteth most
 In skilfull knitting of soft silken twyne,
 Nor anie weaver, which his worke doth boast
 In dieper, in damaske, or in lyne,
 Nor anie skil'd in workmanship embost,
 Nor anie skil'd in loupes of fingring fine,

Might in their divers cunning ever dare
With this so curious networke to compare.

Ne doo I thinke, that that same subtil gin,
The which the Lemnian God framde craftily,
Mars sleeping with his wife to compasse in,
That all the Gods with common mockerie
Might laugh at them, and scorne their shame-
full sin,

Was like to this. This same he did applie
For to entrap the careles Clarion,
That rang'd each where without suspicion.

Suspicion of friend, nor feare of foe
That hazarded his health, had he at all,
But walkt at will, and wandred too and fro,
In the pride of his freedome principall:
Little wist he his fatall future woe,
But was secure; the liker he to fall.
He likest is to fall into mischaunce,
That is regardles of his governaunce.

Yet still Aragnoll (so his foe was hight)
Lay lurking covertly him to surprise;
And all his gins, that him entangle might,
Drest in good order as he could devise.
At length, the foolish Flie, without foresight,
As he that did all daunger quite despise,
Toward those parts came flying careleslie,
Where hidden was his hatefull enemye.

Who, seeing him, with secret joy therefore
Did tickle inwardly in everie vaine;
And his false hart, fraught with all treasons
store,

Was fil'd with hope his purpose to obtaine:
Himselfe he close upgathered more and more
Into his den, that his deceitfull traine
By his there being might not be bewraid,
Ne anie noyse, ne anie motion made.

Like as a wily Foxe, that having spide
Where on a sunnie banke the Lambes doo play,

Full closely creeping by the hinder side,
Lyes in ambushment of his hoped pray,
Ne stirreth limbe; till, seeing readie tide,
He rusheth forth, and snatcheth quite awaie
One of the litle yonglings unawares:
So to his worke Aragnoll him prepares.

Who now shall give unto my heavie eye
A well of teares, that all may overflow?
Or where shall I finde lamentable cries,
And mournfull tunes enough my griefe
show?

Helpe, O thou Tragick Muse! me to devise
Notes sad enough t' expresse this bitter thrise
For loe! the dreerie stownd is now arrived,
That of all happines hath us deprived.

The luckles Clarion, whether cruell Fate
Or wicked Fortune faultles him misled,
Or some ungracious blast, out of the gate
Of Aeoles raine, perforce him drove on heade
Was (O sad hap, and howfe unfortunate!)
With violent swift flight forth caried
Into the cursed cobweb, which his foe
Had framed for his finall overthroe.

There the fond Flie, entangled, struggled
Himselfe to free thereout; but all in vain
For striving more, the more in laces strong
Himselfe he tide, and wrapt his winges twine
In lymie snares the subtil loupes among;
That in the ende he breathlesse did remaine
And, all his yongthly forces idly spent,
Him to the mercy of th' avenger lent.

Which when the greisly tyrant did espie,
Like a grimme Lyon rushing with fierce mace
Out of his den, he seized greedelie
On the resistles pray; and, with fell spight
Under the left wing stroke his weapon shreive
Into his heart, that his deepe-groning spight
In bloodie streames forth fled into the air,
His bodie left the spectacle of care.

VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE.

L

ONE day, whiles that my daylie cares did sleepe,
My spirit shaking off her earthly prison,
Began to enter into meditation deepe
Of things exceeding reach of common reason;
Such as this age, in which all good is geason,
And all that humble is, and meane debaced,
Hath brought forth in her last declining sea-
son,

Griefe of good mindes, to see good
disgraced!

On which when as my thought was thro
Unto my eyes strange shoves presented v
Picturing that which I in minde embraced
That yet those sights empassion me full n
Such as they were (faire Ladie!) take in w
That when time serves may bring thi
better forth.

II

summers day, when Phœbus fairly shone,
 A Bull as white as driven snowe,
 With gilden hornes embowed like the Moone,
 In a fresh flowring meadow lying lowe:
 To his eares the verdant grasse did growe,
 And the gay floures did offer to be eaten;
 But he with fatnes so did overflowe, [beaten,
 That he all wallowed in the weedes downe
 And car'd with them his daintie lips to sweeten:
 That a Brize, a scorned little creature,
 Though his faire hide his angrie sting did
 threaten,
 His vex't so sore, that all his goodly feature
 And all his plenteous pasture nought him
 pleased:

III

On the fruitfull shore of muddie Nile,
 On a sunnie banke outstretched lay,
 A monstrous length, a mightie Crocodile,
 Cramp'd with guiltles blood and greedie pray
 That wratched people travailing that way, [pride,
 Thought all things lesse than his disdainful
 And a little Bird cal'd Tedula,
 A least of thousands which on earth abide,
 That forst this hideous beast to open wide
 His griesly gates of his devouring hell,
 To let him feede, as Nature did provide,
 And his jawes, that with blacke venime swell.
 Why then should greatest things the least
 disdaine,
 With that so small so mightie can constraine?

IV

A kingly Bird, that beares Joves thunder-
 clap,
 One day did scorne the simple Scarabee,
 And of his highest service, and good hap,
 That made all other Foules his thralls to bee:
 A silly Flie, that no redresse did see,
 Came where the Eagle built his towring nest,
 And kindling fire within the hollow tree,
 Went up his yong ones, and himselfe distrest;
 He suffred him in anie place to rest,
 And drove in Joves owne lap his eggs to lay;
 Where gathering also filth him to infest,
 He cast with the filth his eggs to fling away:
 For which when as the Foule was wroth,
 He said Jove,
 O! how the least the greatest may reprove."

V

And the sea turning my troubled eye,
 I saw the fish (if fish I may it cleepe)
 That makes the sea before his face to flye,
 And with his flaggie finnes doth seeme to
 sweepe

The fomie waves out of the dreadfull deep,
 The huge Leviathan, dame Natures wonder,
 Making his sport, that manie makes to weep:
 A sword-fish small him from the rest did sunder,
 That, in his throat him pricking softly under,
 His wide Abyesse him forced forth to spewe,
 That all the sea did roare like heavens thunder.
 And all the waves were stain'd with filthie hewe.
 Hereby I learned have not to despise
 Whatever thing seems small in common eyes.

VI

An hideous Dragon, dreadfull to behold,
 Whose backe was arm'd against the dint of
 speare [golde,
 With shields of brasse that shone like burnisht
 And forked sting that death in it did beare,
 Strove with a Spider his unequall peare;
 And bad defiance to hisemie.
 The subtile vermin, creeping closely neare,
 Did in his drinke shed poyson privilie;
 Which, through his entrailes spredding di-
 versly,
 Made him to swell, that nigh his bowells burst,
 And him enforst to yeeld the victorie,
 That did so much in his owne greatnesse trust.
 O! how great vainnesse is it then to scorne
 The weake, that hath the strong so oft
 forlorne!

VII

High on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe,
 Of wondrous length, and streight proportion,
 That farre abroad her daintie odours threw;e;
 Amongst all the daughters of proud Libanon,
 Her match in beaultie was not anie one.
 Shortly within her inmost pith there bred
 A litle wicked worme, perceiv'd of none,
 That on her sap and vitall moysture fed:
 Thenceforth her garland so much honoured
 Began to die, (O great ruth for the same!)
 And her faire lockes fell from her loftie head,
 That shortly balde and bared she became.
 I, which this sight beheld, was much dis-
 mayed
 To see so goodly thing so soone decayed.

VIII

Soone after this I saw an Elephant,
 Adorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeously
 That on his backe did beare (as batteillant)
 A gilden towre, which shone exceedingly;
 That he himselfe through foolish vanitie,
 Both for his rich attire and goodly forme,
 Was puffed up with passing surquedrie,
 And shortly gan all other beasts to scorne.
 Till that a little Ant, a silly worme,
 Into his nostrils creeping, so him pained,

That, casting downe his towres, he did deforme
Both borrowed pride, and native beautie
stained. [glorie,

Let therefore nought, that great is, therein
Sith so small thing his happines may varie.

IX

Looking far forth into the Ocean wide,
A goodly ship with banners bravely dight,
And flag in her top-gallant, I espide
Through the maine sea making her merry flight
Fairst blew the winde into her bosome right;
And th' heavens looked lovely all the while,
That she did seeme to daunce, as in delight,
And at her owne felicitie did smile.

All sodainely there clove unto her keele
A little fish, that men called Remora,
Which stopt her course, and held her by the
heele, [away.

That winde nor tide could move her thence
Straunge thing, me seemeth, that so small
a thing

Should able be so great an one to wring.

X

A mighty Lyon, Lord of all the wood,
Having his hunger throughly satisfide
With pray of beasts and spoyle of living blood,
Safe in his dreadles den him thought to hide:
His sternesse was his prayse, his strength his
And all his glory in his cruell claws. [pride,
I saw a wasp, that fiercely him defide,
And had him battaile even to his jawes:
Sore he him stong, that it the blood forth
drawes,

And his proude heart is fild with fretting ire:
In vaine he threats his teeth, his tayle, his
pawes,

And from his bloodie eyes doth sparkle fire:

That dead himselve he wisheth for despi
So weakest may any the most of migh

XI

What time the Romaine Empire bore the r
Of all the world and florisht most in migh
The nations gan their soveraigntie dis
And cast to quitt them from their bon
quight:

So, when all shrouded were in silent nigh
The Galles were, by corrupting of a may
Possest nigh of the Capitol through slight
Had not a Goose the treachery bewrayde
If then a Goose great Rome from ruine sta
And Jove himselve, the patron of the plac
Preserved from being to his foes betrayde

Why do vaine men mean things so much de
And in their might repose their most a
ance,

Sith nought on earth can challenge
endurance?

XII

When these sad sights were overpast and
My spright was greatly moved in her res
With inward ruth and deare affection,
To see so great things by so small distres
Thenceforth I gan in my engrieved brest
To scorne all difference of great and smal
Sith that the greatest often are oppress,
And unawares doe into daunger fall.

And ye, that read these ruines tragicall,
Learne by their losse to love the low deg
And, if that fortune chaunce you up to ca
To honours seat, forget not what you be

For he, that of himselve is most secure,
Shall finde his state most fickle and
sure.

THE VISIONS OF BELLAY.

I

It was the time, when rest, soft sliding downe
From heavens hight into mens heavy eyes,
In the forgetfulnes of sleepe doth drowne
The carefull thoughts of mortall miseries;
Then did a Ghost before mine eyes appeare,
On that great rivers banck, that runnes by
Rome;

Which, calling me by name, bad me to reare
My lookes to heaven whence all good gifts do
come, [hee)

And crying lowd, Loe! now beholde (quoth
What under this great temple placed is:
Lo, all is nought but flying vanitee!
So I, that know this worlds inconstancies,

Sith onely God surmounts all times de
In God alone my confidence do stay.

II

On high hills top I saw a stately frame,
An hundred cubits high by just assize, [f
With hundreth pillours fronting faire
All wrought with Diamond after Dorick
Nor brick nor marble was the wall in vie
But shining Christall, which from top to
Out of her womb a thousand rayons thre
On hundred steps of Afrike golds enchase
Golde was the parget; and the seeling b
Did shine all scaly with great plates of g
The floore of Jasp and Emeraude was dig
O worlds vainesse! Whiles thus I did be

An earthquake shooke the hill from lowest
seat,
And overthrew this frame with ruine great.

III

Then did a sharped spyre of Diamond bright,
In feete each way in square appeare to mee,
Justly proportion'd up unto his hight,
As far as Archer might his level see:
The top thereof a pot did seeme to beare,
Made of the mettall, which we most do honour;
And in this golden vessel couched weare
The ashes of a mightie Emperour:
Upon foure corners of the base were pight,
To beare the frame, foure great Lyons of gold;
A worthy tombe for such a worthy wight.
And this world doth nought but grievance
[hold]

I saw a tempest from the heaven descend,
Which this brave monument with flash did
rend.

IV

I saw raysde up on yvorie pillowes tall,
Whose bases were of richest mettalls warke,
The chapters Alablaster, the fryses christall,
The double front of a triumphall Arke:
On each side purtraid was a Victorie,
And like a Nymph, that wings of silver weares,
And in triumphant chayre was set on hie,
The auncient glory of the Romaine peares.
It worke it seem'd of earthly craftsmans wit,
But rather wrought by his owne industry,
That thunder-dartes for Jove his syre doth fit.
Let me no more see faire thing under sky,
Sith that mine eyes have seene so faire a sight
With sodain fall to dust consumed quight.

V

Then was the faire Dodonian tree far seene,
Upon seaven hills to spread his gladsome
gleame,
And conquerours bedecked with his greene,
Along the bancks of the Ausonian streame:
There many an auncient Trophee was addrest,
And many a spoyle, and many a goodly show,
Which thar brave races greatnes did attest,
That whilome from the Troyan blood did flow.
Orist I was so rare a thing to vew;
When lo! a barbarous troupe of clownish fone
To honour of these noble boughs down threw:
Under the wedge I heard the tronck to grone;
And, since, I saw the roote in great disdaine
A twinne of forked trees send forth againe.

VI

I saw a Wolfe under a rockie cave
Pursuing two whelpes; I saw her litle ones
Wanton dalliance the teate to crave, [nones]
While she her neck wreath'd from them for the

I saw her raunge abroad to seeke her food,
And roming through the field with greedie
rage [blood]
T'embrew her teeth and clawes with lukewarm
Of the small heards, her thirst for to asswage.
I saw a thousand huntsmen, which descended
Downe from the mountaines bordring Lom-
bardie, [rended].
That with an hundred speares her flank wide
I saw her on the plaine outstretched lie,
Throwing out thousand throbs in her owne
soyle;
Soone on a tree uphang'd I saw her spoyle.

VII

I saw the Bird that can the sun endure,
With feeble wings assay to mount on hight;
By more and more she gan her wings t'assure
Following th' ensample of her mothers sight.
I saw her rise, and with a larger flight
To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pinneons
To measure the most haughtie mountaines
hight,
Untill she raught the Gods owne mansions:
There was she lost; when suddaine I behelde,
Where, tumbling through the ayre in frie fold,
All flaming downe she on the plaine was felde,
And soone her bodie turn'd to ashes colde.
I saw the foule, that doth the light dispise,
Out of her dust like to a worm arise.

VIII

I saw a river swift, whose fomy billowes
Did wash the ground-work of an old great wall;
I saw it cover'd all with griesly shadowes,
That with black horror did the ayre appall:
Thereout a strange beast with seven heads
arose, [coure],
That townes and castles under her brest did
And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer foes
Alike with equall ravine to devoure.
Much was I mazde, to see this monsters kinde
In hundred formes to change his fearefull hew;
When as at length I saw the wrathfull winde,
Which blows cold storms, burst out of Scithian
mew, [as thought],
That spert these cloudes; and, in so short
This dreadful shape was vanished to nought.

IX

Then all astonied with this mighty ghoast,
An hideous bodie big and strong I sawe,
With side-long beard, and locks down hang-
ing loast,
Sterne face, and front full of Saturnlike awe
Who, leaning on the belly of a pot,
Pourd forth a water, whose out gushing flood
Ran bathing all the creakie shore afloot,
Whereon the Troyan prince spilt Turnus blood

And at his feete a bitch wolfe suck did yeeld
 To two young babes: His left the palme tree
 stout,
 His right hand did the peacefull olive wield;
 And head with Lawrell garnisht was about.
 Sudden both Palme and Olive fell away,
 And faire greene Lawrell branch did quite
 decay.

X

Hard by a rivers side a virgin faire, [throbs,
 Folding her armes to Heaven with thousand
 And outraging her cheekes and golden haire,
 To falling rivers sound thus tun'd her sobs.
 'Where is (quoth she) this whilom honoured
 face?

Where the great glorie and the auncient praise,
 In which all worlds felicitie had place,
 When Gods and men my honour up did raise?
 Suffisd it not that civill warres me made
 The whole worlds spoile, but that this hydra
 Of hundred Hercules to be assaide, [new,
 With seven heads, budding monstrous crimes
 So many Neroes and Caligulaes [anew,
 Out of these crooked shores must dayly
 rayse?'

XI

Upon an hill a bright flame I did see
 Waving aloft with triple point to skie,
 Which, like incense of precious Cedar tree,
 With balmie odours fil'd th' ayre farre and nie.
 A Bird all white, well feathered on each wing,
 Hereont up to the throne of Gods did flie,
 And all the way most pleasant notes did sing,
 Whilst in the smoake she unto heaven did stie.
 Of this faire fire the scattered rayes forth threw
 On everie side a thousand shining beames:
 When sudden dropping of a silver dew
 (O grievous chance!) gan quench those precious
 flames;

That it, which earst so pleasant sent did yeld,
 Of nothing now but noyous sulphure smeld.

XII

I saw a spring out of a rocke forth rayle,
 As cleare as Christall gainst the Sunnie beames,
 The bottome yeallow, like the golden grayle
 That bright Pactolus washeth with his streames;
 It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
 All pleasure there, for which mans hart could
 long;

And there a noyse alluring sleepe soft trembled,
 Of manie accords more sweete than Mermaids
 song:

The seates and benches shone as yvorie,
 And hundred Nymphes sate side by side about;

When from nigh hills, with hideous outcrie,
 A troupe of Satyres in the place did rout,
 Which with their villeine feete the streame
 did ray [Nymphes awa
 Threw down the seats, and drove t

XIII

Much richer then that vessell seem'd to be,
 Which did to that sad Florentine appeare,
 Casting mine eyes farre off, I chaunst to see
 Upon the Latine Coast herselfe to reare:
 But suddenly arose a tempest great,
 Bearing close envie to these riches rare,
 Which gan assaile this ship with dreadf
 threat,

This ship to which none other might compa
 And finally the storme impetuous
 Sunke up these riches, second unto none,
 Within the gulfe of greedie Nereus.
 I saw both ship and mariners each one,
 And all that treasure, drowned in the maine
 But I the ship saw after raisd' againe.

XIV

Long having deeply gron'd these Visions sa
 I saw a Citie like unto that same,
 Which saw the messenger of tidings glad;
 But that on sand was built the goodly fran
 It seem'd her top the firmament did rayse,
 And, no lesse rich than faire, right worthie s
 (If ought here worthie) of immortall dayes.
 Or if aught under heaven might firme endu
 Much wondred I to see so faire a wall:
 When from the Northerne coast a storme ar
 Which, breathing furie from his inward ga
 On all which did against his course oppose.
 Into a clowde of dust sperst in the aire
 The weake foundations of this citie faire.

XV

At length, even at the time, when Morphe
 Most trulie doth unto our eyes appeare,
 Wearie to see the heavens still wavering th
 I saw Typhoeus sister comming neare;
 Whose head, full bravely with a morion hi
 Did seeme to match the Gods in Majestie.
 She, by a rivers bancke that swift downe sl
 Over all the world did raise a Trophée hie
 An hundred vanquisht Kings under her lay
 With armes bound at their backs in shame
 wize.

Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray
 I saw the heavens in warre against her rize
 Then downe she stricken fell with cla
 thonder, [won
 That with great noyse I wakte in sud

THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH,

FORMERLY TRANSLATED.

I

KING one day at my window all alone,
 manie strange things happened me to see,
 much it grieveth me to thinke thereon.
 At my right hand a Hynde appear'd to mee,
 so faire as mote the greatest god delite;
 two eager dogs did her pursue in chace,
 of which the one was blacke, the other white:
 with deadly force so in their cruell race
 they pincht the haunches of that gentle beast,
 that at the last, and in short time, I spide,
 under a Rocke, where she, alas, opprest,
 fell all to the ground, and there untimely dide.
 Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie,
 Oft makes me wayle so hard a destenie.

II

After, at sea a tall ship did appeare,
 made all of Heben and white Yvorie;
 the sailes of golde, of silke the tackle were:
 Milde was the winde, calmes seem'd the sea to bee,
 the skie eachwhere did show full bright and
 faire:
 With rich treasures this gay ship freighted was:
 At sudden storme did so turmoyle the aire,
 and tumbled up the sea, that she (alas)
 brake on a rock, that under water lay,
 and perished past all recoverie.
 How great ruth, and sorrowfull assay,
 how vex my spirite with perplexitie,
 Thus in a moment to see lost and drown'd,
 So great riches as like cannot be found!

III

The heavenly branches did I see arise
 out of the fresh and lustie Lawrell trec,
 amidst the yong greene wood; of Paradise
 some noble plant I thought myselfe to see:
 Each store of birds therein yshrowded were,
 haunting in shade their sundrie melodie,
 that with their sweetnes I was ravish't nere.
 While on this Lawrell fixed was mine eie,
 the skie gan everie where to overcast,
 and darkned was the welkin all about,
 when sudden flash of heavens fire out brast,
 and rent this royall tree quite by the roote;
 Which makes me much and ever to com-
 plaine;
 For no such shadow shalbe had againe.

IV

Within this wood, out of a rocke did rise
 A spring of water, mildly rumbling downe,
 Wherto approched not in anie wise
 The homely shepheard, nor the ruder clowne;
 But manie Muses, and the Nymphes withall,
 That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce
 To the soft sounding of the waters fall:
 That my glad hart thereat did much rejoyce.
 But, while herein I tooke my chiefe delight,
 I saw (alas) the gaping earth devoure
 The spring, the place, and all cleane out of
 sight;
 Which yet aggreeves my hart even to this
 And wounds my soule with rufull memorie,
 To see such pleasures gon so suddenly.

V

I saw a Phoenix in the wood alone,
 With purple wings, and crest of golden hewe;
 Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone,
 That of some heavenly wight I had the vewe;
 Untill he came unto the broken tree,
 And to the spring, that late devoured was.
 What say I more? each thing at last we see
 Doth passe away: the Phoenix there alas,
 Spying the tree destroid, the water dride,
 Himselfe smote with his beake, as in disdaine,
 And so forthwith in great despight he dide,
 That yet my heart burnes in exceeding paine,
 For ruth and pitie of so haples plight:
 O let mine eyes no more see such a sight!

VI

At last so faire a Ladie did I spie,
 That thinking yet on her I burne and quake;
 On heards and flowres she walked pensively,
 Milde, but yet Love she proudly did forsake;
 White seem'd her robes, yet woven so they
 were,
 As snowe and golde together had been wrought:
 Above the wast a darke clowde shrouded her,
 A stinging serpent by the heele her caught;
 Wherewith she languisht as the gathered
 floure;
 And, well assur'd, she mounted up to joy.
 Alas, on earth so nothing doth endure,
 But bitter grieve and sorrowfull annoy:
 Which make this life wretched and miserable,
 Tossed with stormes of fortune variable!

VII

When I behold this tickle trustles state
Of vaine worlds glorie, sitting too and fro,
And mortall men tossed by troublous fate
In restles seas of wretchednes and woe;
I wish I might this wearie life forgoe,
And shortly turne unto my happie rest,
Where my free spirite might not anie moe
Be vext with sights, that doo her peace molest.

And ye, faire Ladie, in whose bounteous
All heavenly grace and vertue shrined is,
When ye, these rythmes doo read, and
the rest,
Loath this base world, and thir ke of hea
And though ye be the fairest of
creatures,
Yet thinke, that death shall spoyle
goodly features.

DAPHNAÏDA:

AN ELEGIE

UPON THE DEATH OF THE NOBLE AND VERTUOUS

DOUGLAS HOWARD,

DAUGHTER AND HEIRE OF HENRY LORD HOWARD, VISCOUNT BYNDOM,
AND WIFE OF ARTHURE GORGES, ESQUIER.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE LADY

HELENA, MARQUESSE OF NORTHAMPTON.

By ED. SP.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND VERTUOUS LADY
HELENA, MARQUESSE OF NORTH-HAMPTON.

I HAVE the rather presumed humbly to offer
unto your Honour the dedication of this little
Poëme, for that the noble and vertuous Gentle-
woman of whom it is written, was by match
neere alied, and in affection greatly devoted,
unto your Ladiship. The occasion why I wrote
the same, was as well the great good fame
which I heard of her deceased, as the par-
ticular goodwill which I bear unto her husband
Master Arthur Gorges, a lover of learning
and vertue, whose house, as your Ladiship by
marriage hath honoured, so doe I find the
name of them, by many notable records, to
be of great antiquitie in this Realme, and such
as have ever borne themselves with honour-
able reputation to the world, and unspotted
loyaltie to their Prince and Countrey: besides,

so lineally are they descended from
Howards, as that the Lady Anne Ho-
eldest daughter to John Duke of Nor-
was wife to Sir Edmund, mother to
Edward, and grandmother to Sir Wi-
and Sir Thomas Gorges, knightes: and t-
fore I doe assure my selfe that no due h-
done to the White Lyon, but will be
gratefull to your Ladiship, whose hus-
and children do so neerely participate
the bloud of that noble family. So
dutie I recommede this Pamphlet, an-
good acceptance thereof, to your hono-
favour and protection. London, this f-
Januarie, 1591.

Your Honours humbly ever.
ED. S.

DAPHNAÏDA.

WHAT-EVER man be he whose heavie minde,
With grieve of mournfull great mishap op-
prest,
Fit matter for his cares increase would finde,

Let reade the ruffall plaint herein expres-
Of one, (I weene), the wofulst man alive
Even sad Alcyon, whose emperiered bres
Sharpe sorrowe did in thousand peeces r

whoso else in pleasure findeth sense,
 In this wretched life dooth take delight,
 Him be banisht farre away from hence;
 Let the sacred Sisters here be hight,
 Though they of sorrowe heavilie can sing;
 Even their heavie song would breede de-
 light;

here no tunes, save sobs and grones, shall
 ring.

stead of them, and their sweet harmonie,
 Those three fatall Sisters, whose sad hands
 weave the direfull threds of destinie,
 And in their wrath breake off the vitall bands,
 Approach hereto; and let the dreadfull Queene
 Darkenes deepe come from the Stygian
 strands,
 And grisly Ghosts, to heare the dolefull teene.

gloomie evening, when the wearie Sun,
 For his dayes long labour drew to rest,
 His sweatie steeds, now having overrun
 The compass skie, gan water in the west,
 To alkt abroad to breath the freshing ayre
 In open fields, whose flowring pride, opprest
 By early frosts, had lost their beutie faire.

ere came unto my minde a troublous thought,
 Which dayly dooth my weaker wit possesse,
 Lets it rest untill it forth have brought
 That long borne Infant, fruit of heavinesse,
 Whom she conceived hath through meditation
 In this worlds vainesse and lifes wretched-
 nesse,
 At yet my soule it deeply doth empassion.

as I mized on the miserie
 Which men live, and I of many most
 Most miserable man; I did espie
 Ere towards me a sory wight did oost,
 And all in black, that mourning did bewray,
 And Jaakob staffe in hand devoutlie crost,
 Ere to some Pilgrim come from farre away.

carelesse locks uncombed and unshorne,
 And long adowne, and beard all overgrowne,
 At well he seemd to be sum wight forlorne;
 And to the earth his heavie eyes were
 throwne,

leathing light; and ever as he went
 Sighed soft, and inly deepe did grone,
 In his heart in peeces would have rent.

approching nigh, his face I vewed nere,
 And by the semblant of his countenance
 Seemd I had his person seene elsewhere,
 Most like Alcyon seeming at a glaunce;
 Alcyon he, the jollie Shepheard swaine
 That wont full merrilie to pipe and daunce,
 And fill with pleasance every wood and plaine.

Yet halfe in doubt, because of his disguise,
 I softlie sayd, Alcyon! There-with-all
 He lookt aside as in disdaine full wise,
 Yet stayed not, till I againe did call: [sound,
 Then, turning back, he saide, with hollow
 'Who is it that dooth name me, wofull thrall,
 The wretchedst man that treades this day on
 ground?'

'One, whome like wofulnesse, impressed deepe,
 Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to heare,
 And given like cause with thee to waille and
 weepe; [beare.

Griefe findes some ease by him that like does
 Then stay, Alcyon, gentle shepheard! stay,
 (Quoth I) till thou have to my trustie eare
 Committed what thee dooth so ill ayay.'

'Cease, foolish man!' (saide he, halfe wroth-
 fully)

'To seeke to heare that which cannot be tolde,
 For the huge anguish, which dooth multiplie
 My dying paines, no tongue can well unfold;
 Ne doo I care that any should bemone
 My hard mishap, or any weepe that would,
 But seeke alone to weepe, and dye alone.'

'Then be it so,' (quoth I) 'that thou are bent
 To die alone, unpitied, unplained;
 Yet, ere thou die, it were convenient
 To tell the cause which thee theretoo con-
 strained,

Least that the world thee dead accuse of guilt,
 And say, when thou of none shalt be main-
 tained,

That thou for secret crime thy blood hast spilt.'

'Who life does loath, and longs to bee unbound
 From the strong shackles of fraile flesh,'
 quoth he, [ground,

'Nought cares at all what they, that live on
 Deem the occasion of his death to bee;
 Rather desires to be forgotten quight,
 Than question made of his calamitie,
 For harts deep sorrow hates both life and light.

'Yet since so much thou seemst to rue my
 grieve, [nought,
 And carest for one that for himsele cares
 (Signe of thy love, though nought for my reliefe,
 For my reliefe exceedeth living thought;)
 I will to thee this heavie case relate:
 Then harken well till it to ende bee brought,
 For never didst thou heare more haplesse fate.

'Whilome I usde (as thou right well doest
 know)

My little flocke on westernne downes to keepe,
 Not far from whence Sabrinaes streame doth
 flow,

And flowrie bancks with silver liquor steepe;
Nought carde I then for worldly change or
chaunce,

For all my joy was on my gentle sheepe,
And to my pype to caroll and to daunce.

'It there befell, as I the fields did range
Fearelesse and free, a faire young Lionesse,
White as the native Rose before the chaunge
Which Venus blood did in her leaves presse,
I spied playing on the grassie playne
Her youthfull sports and kindlie wantonnesse,
That did all other Beasts in beawtie staine.

'Much was I moved at so goodly sight,
Whose like before mine eye had seldome
seene,

And gan to cast how I her compasse might,
And bring to hand that yet had never beene;
So well I wrought with mildnes and with
paine,

That I her caught disporting on the greene,
And brought away fast bound with silver
chaine.

'And afterwards I handled her so fayre,
That though by kind shee stout and salvage
were,

For being borne an auncient Lions haire,
And of the race that all wild beastes do feare,
Yet I her fram'd, and wan so to my bent,
That shee became so meeke and milde of
cheare,

As the least lamb in all my flock that went:

'For shee in field, where-ever I did wend,
Would wend with me, and waite by me all day-
And all the night that I in watch did spend,
If cause requir'd, or els in sleepe, if nay,
Shee would all night by mee or watch or sleepe
And evermore when I did sleepe or play,
She of my flock would take full warie keepe.

'Safe then, and safest were my sillie sheepe,
Ne fear'd the Wolfe, ne fear'd the wildest beast,
All were I drown'd in carelesse quiet deepe;
My lovelie Lionesse without beheast
So carefull was for them, and for my good,
That when I waked, neither most nor least
I found miscaried or in plaine or wood.

'Oft did the Shepheards, which my hap did
heare,

And oft their lasses, which my luck envide,
Daylie resort to me from farre and neare,
To see my Lyonesse, whose praises wide
Were spred abroad; and when her worthinesse
Much greater than the rude report they tride,
They her did praise, and my good fortune
blesse.

'Long thus I joyed in my happinesse,
And well did hope my joy would have no
But oh, fond man! that in worlds fickler
Reposedst hope, or weenedst her thy friend
That glories most in mortall miseries,
And daylie doth her changefull counsels
To make new matter fit for Tragedies;

'For whilst I was thus without dread or
A cruell Satyre with his murderous dart,
Greedie of mischief, ranging all about,
Gave her the fatall wound of deadlie smart
And reft fro me my sweete companion,
And reft fro me my love, my life, my har-
My Lyonesse (ah, woe is mee!) is gon!

'Out of the world thus was she reft awai-
Out of the world, unworthie such a spoyle
And borne to heaven, for heaven a fitter place
Much fitter than the Lyon, which with
Alcides slew, and fixt in firmament;
Her now I seek throughout this earthlie
And seeking misse, and missing doe lame

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and we-
That I for pittie of his heavie plight
Could not abstaine mine eyes with teares
steepe;

But, when I saw the anguish of his sprig
Some deale alaid, I him bespake againe:
'Certes, Alcyon, painfull is thy plight,
That it in me breeds almost equall paine.

'Yet doth not my dull wit well understan-
The riddle of thy loved Lionesse;
For rare it seemes in reason to be skand,
That man, who doth the whole worlds
posseste,
Should to a beast his noble hart embase,
And be the vassall of his vassalesse;
Therefore more plaine areade this doubt

Then sighing sore, 'Daphne thou knewest
quoth he,

'She now is dead;' ne more endured to
But fell to ground for great extremitie;
That I, beholding it, with deepe dismay
Was much appald, and, lightlie him uprea-
Revoked life, that would have fled away,
All were my self, through griefe, in de-
dreading.

Then gan I him to comfort all my best,
And with milde counsaile strove to mitigate
The stormie passion of his troubled brest,
But he thereby was more empassionate;
As stubborne steed, that is with curbs
strained,

Becomes more fierce and fervent in his g-
And, breaking forth at last, thus deare-
plained:

I

That man henceforth that breatheth vitall
ayre

ill honour heaven, or heavenlie powers adore,
which so unjustlie doe their judgments share
amongst earthlie wightes, as to afflict so sore
the innocent, as those which do transgresse,
did do not spare the best or fayrest, more
than worst or fowlest, but doe both oppresse?

If this be right, why did they then create
the world so fayre, sith fairenesse is neglected?
Why be they themselves immaculate,
purest things be not by them respected?
The faire, shee pure, most faire, most pure shee
was,

but was by them as thing impure rejected;
that shee in purenesse heaven it selfe did pas.

In purenesse and in all celestially grace,
that men admire in goodlie womankind,
shee did excell, and seem'd of Angels race,
living on earth like Angell new divinde,
comm'd with wisdom and with chastitie,
and all the dowries of a noble mind,
which did her beautie much more beautifie.

So age hath bred (since fayre Astræa left
the sinfull world) more vertue in a wight;
and, when she parted hence, with her shee
left

that hope, and robd her race of bountie
I may the shepheard lasses now lament;
for dubble losse by her hath on them light,
loose both her and bounties ornament.

Let Elisa, royall Shepheardesse,
the praises of my parted love envy,
for she hath praises in all plenteousnesse
world upon her, like showers of Castaly,
her own Shepheard, Colin, her owne Shep-
herd,

that her with heavenly hymnes doth deifie,
rustick muse full hardly to be betterd.

He is the Rose, the glorie of the day,
and mine the Primrose in the lowly shade:
He, ah! not mine; amisse I mine did say:
not mine, but His, which mine awhile her
made;

not to be His, with him to live for ay.
That so faire a flower so soone should fade,
and through untimely tempest fall away!

He fell away in her first ages spring,
but yet her leafe was greene, and fresh her
rinde, [did bring,
and whil st her braunch faire blossomes forth
he fell away against all course of kinde.

For age to dye is right, but youth is wrong;
She fel away like fruit blowne downe with
winde.

Weepe, Shepheard! weepe, to make my under-
song.

II

What hart so stony hard but that would
weep,

And poure forth fountaines of incessant teares?
What Timon but would let compassion creepe
Into his brest, and pierce his frozen eares?

In stead of teares, whose brackish bitter well,
I wasted have, my heart-blood dropping
weares, [fell.

To thinke to ground how that faire blossome

Yet fell she not as one enforst to dye,
Ne dyde with dread and grudging discontent,
But as one toyld with travaile downe doth lye,
So lay she downe, as if to sleepe she went,
And closde her eyes with carelesse quietnesse;
The whiles soft death away her spirit hent,
And soule assoyld from sinfull fleshlinesse.

Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake,
She, all resolv'd, and ready to remove,
Calling to me (ay me!) this wise bespake;
Alcyon! ah, my first and latest love!

Ah! why does my Alcyon weepe and mourne,
And grieve my ghost, that ill mote him be-
have,

As if to me had chanst some evill tourne!

"I, since the messenger is come for mee,
That summons soules unto the bridale feast
Of his great Lord, must needes depart from thee,
And straight obey his soveraine behest;
Why should Alcyon then so sore lament
That I from miserie shall be releast,
And freed from wretched long imprisonment!

"Our daies are full of dolor and disease,
Our life afflicted with incessant paine,
That nought on earth may lessen or appease;
Why then should I desire here to remaine!
Or why should he, that loves me, sorie bee
For my deliverance, or at all complaine
My good to heare, and toward joyes to see!

"I goe, and long desired have to goe;
I goe with gladnesse to my wished rest,
Whereas no worlds sad care nor wasting woe
May come their happie quiet to molest;
But Saints and Angels in celestially thrones
Eternally Him praise that hath them blest;
There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

"Yet, ere I goe, a pledge I leave with thee
Of the late love the which betwixt us past,
My yong Ambrosia; in lieu of mee,
Love her; so shall our love for ever last.

Thus, deare! adieu, whom I expect ere long."—
So having said, away she softly past:
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make mine
undersong.

III

So oft as I record those piercing words,
Which yet are deepe engraven in my brest,
And those last deadly accents, which like swords
Did wound my heart, and rend my bleeding
chest,

With those sweet sugred speaches doo compare,
The which my soule first conquerd and possest,
The first beginners of my endles care:

'And when those pallid cheekes and ashy hew,
In which sad Death his pourtraicture had writ,
And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,
On which the clowde of ghastly night did sit,
I match with that sweet smile and chearfull
brow,

Which all the world subdued unto it,
How happie was I then, and wretched now!

'How happie was I when I saw her leade
The Shepherds daughters dauncing in a rownd!
How trimly would she trace and softly tread
The tender grasse, with rosie garland crownd!
And when she list advance her heavenly voyce,
Both Nymphes and Muses nigh she made as-
townd,

And flocks and shepherds caused to rejoyce.

'But now, ye Shepherd lasses! who shall
lead

Your wandring troupes, or sing your virelayes?
Or who shall dight your bowres, sith she is
dead

That was the Lady of your holy-dayes?
Let now your blisse be turned into bale,
And into plaints convert your joyous playes,
And with the same fill every hill and dale.

'Let Bagpipe never more be heard to shrill,
That may allure the senses to delight,
Ne ever Shepherd sound his Oaten quill
Unto the many that provoke them might
To idle pleasance; but let ghastlinesse
And dreary horror dim the chearfull light,
To make the image of true heavinesse:

'Let birds be silent on the naked spray,
And shady woods resound with dreadfull yells;
Let streaming floods their hastie courses stay,
And parching droughth drie up the christall
wells;

Let th' earth be barren, and bring forth no
flowres,

And th' ayre be filled with noyse of dolefull
And wandring spirits walke untimely howres.

'And Nature, nurse of every living thing
Let rest her selfe from her long wearines
And cease henceforth things kindly forth
bring,

But hideous monsters full of uglinesse;
For she it is that hath me done this wrong
No nurse, but Stepdame, cruell, merciles
Weepe, Shepherd! weepe, to make my
song.

IV

'My little flocke, whom earst I lov'd so
And wont to feede with finest grasse that
Feede ye hencefoorth on bitter Astrofell,
And stinking Smallege, and unsaverie R
And, when your mawes are with those
corrupted,
Be ye the pray of Wolves; ne will I rewe
That with your carkasses wild beasts be
ted.

'Ne worse to you, my sillie sheepe! I pray
Ne sorer vengeance wish on you to fall
Than to my selfe, for whose confusde
To carelesse heavens I doo daylie call;
But heavens refuse to heare a wretches
And cruell Death doth scorne to come
Or graunt his boone that most desires to

'The good and righteous he away doth
To plague th' unrighteous which alive re
But the ungodly ones he doth forsake,
By living long to multiplie their paine;
Els surely death should be no punishment
As the Great Judge at first did it ordain
But rather riddance from long languish

'Therefore, my Daphne they have tane a
For worthie of a better place was she:
But me unworthie willed here to stay,
That with her lacke I might torment
Sith then they so have ordred, I will pa
Penance to her, according their decree,
And to her ghost doo service day by d

'For I will walke this wandring pilgrim
Throughout the world from one to othe
And in affliction wast my better age:
My bread shall be the anguish of my m
My drink the teares which from mine e
raine,

My bed the ground that hardest I may
So will I wilfully increase my paine.

'And she, my love that was, my Saint t
When she beholds from her celestiall th
(In which shee joyeth in eternall blis)
My bitter penance, will my case bemo
And pitie me that living thus doo die;
For heavenly spirits have compassion
On mortall men, and rue their miserie.

So when I have with sorowe satisfide
 th' importune fates, which vengeance on me
 seeke,
 and th' heavens with long languor pacifide,
 he, for pure pitie of my sufferance meeke,
 Will send for me; for which I daylie long;
 and will till then my painful penance eeke.
 Weep, Shepheard! weep, to make my under-
 song.

V

Hencefoorth I hate what ever Nature made,
 and in her workmanship no pleasure finde,
 for they be all but vaine, and quickly fade;
 soone as on them blowes the Northern winde,
 they tarrie not, but flit and fall away,
 leaving behind them nought but grieve of
 minde,
 and mocking such as thinke they long will
 stay.

I hate the heaven, because it doth withhold
 me from my love, and eke my love from me;
 I hate the earth, because it is the mold
 of fleshly slime and fraile mortalitie;
 I hate the fire, because to nought it flyes;
 I hate the Ayre, because sighes of it be;
 I hate the Sea, because it teares supplies.

I hate the day, because it lendeth light
 to see all things, and not my love to see;
 I hate the darknesse and the dreary night,
 because they breed sad balefulnesse in mee;
 I hate all times, because, all times doo flye
 so fast away, and may not stayd bee,
 as as a speedie post that passeth by.

I hate to speake, my voyce is spent with
 crying; [feares;
 I hate to heare, lowd plaints have duld mine
 I hate to tast, for food withholdes my dying;
 I hate to see, mine eyes are dimd with teares;
 I hate to smell, no sweet on earth is left;
 I hate to feele, my flesh is numbd with feares:
 all my senses from me are bereft.

I hate all men, and shun all womankind;
 I hate one, because as I they wretched are;
 I hate other, for because I doo not finde
 my love with them, that wont to be their
 Starre:

I hate life I hate, because it will not last;
 I hate death I hate, because it life doth marre;
 and all I hate that is to come or past.

I hate all the world, and all in it I hate,
 because it changeth ever too and fro,
 and never standeth in one certaine state,
 but still unstedfast, round about doth goe
 like a Mill-wheele in midst of miserie,
 given with streames of wretchednesse and woe,
 that dying lives, and living still does dye.

' So doo I live, so doo I daylie die,
 And pine away in selfe-consuming paine!
 Sith she that did my vitall powres supplie,
 And feeble spirits in their force maintaine,
 Is fetcht fro me, why seeke I to prolong
 My wearie daies in dolor and disdain!
 Weep, Shepheard! weep, to make my under-
 song,

VI

' Why doo I longer live in lifes despight,
 And doo not dye then in despight of death;
 Why doo I longer see this loathsome light
 And doo in darknesse not abridge my breath,
 Sith all my sorrow should have end thereby,
 And cares finde quiet! Is it so uneath
 To leave this life, or dolorous to dye?

' To live I finde it deadly dolorous,
 For life drawes care, and care continuall woe;
 Therefore to dye must needes be joyeous,
 And wishfull thing this sad life to forgoe:
 But I must stay; I may it not amend,
 My Daphne hence departing bad me so;
 She bad me stay, till she for me did send.

' Yet, whilst I in this wretched vale doo stay
 My wearie feete shall ever wandring be,
 That still I may be readie on my way
 When as her messenger doth come for me;
 Ne will I rest my feete for feeblenesse,
 Ne will I rest my limmes for frailltie,
 Ne will I rest mine eyes for heaviness.

' But, as the mother of the Gods, that sought
 For faire Eurydice, her daughter deere,
 Throughout the world, with wofull heavie
 thought;
 So will I travell whilst I tarrie heere,
 Ne will I lodge, ne will I ever lin,
 Ne, when as drouping Titan draweth neere
 To loose his teeme, will I take up my Inne.

' Ne sleepe (the harbenger of wearie wights)
 Shall ever lodge upon mine ey-lids more;
 Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting sprights,
 Nor failing force to former strength restore:
 But I will wake and sorrow all the night
 With Philumene, my fortune to deplore;
 With Philumene, the partner of my plight.

' And ever as I see the starres to fall,
 And under ground to goe to give them light
 Which dwell in darknes, I to minde will call
 How my fair Starre (that shinde on me so
 Fell sodainly and faded under ground; [bright)
 Since whose departure, day is turn'd to night,
 And night without a Venus starre is found.

' But soone as day doth shew his deawie face,
 And calls foorth men unto their toylsome trade,

I will withdraw me to some darksome place,
Or some deepe cave, or solitarie shade;
There will I sigh, and sorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares unlade.
Weep, Shepheard! weep, to make my under-
song.

VII

'Hencefoorth mine eyes shall never more be-
hold

Faire thing on earth, ne feed on false delight
Of ought that framed is of mortall mould,
Sith that my fairest flower is faded quight;
For all I see is vaine and transitorie,
Ne will be helde in anie stedfast plight,
But in a moment loose their grace and glorie.

'And ye fond men! on fortunes wheele that
ride,

Or in ought under heaven repose assurance,
Be it riches, beautie, or honors pride,
Be sure that they shall have no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will flit away; [unsance
For nought of them is yours, but th' onely
Of a small time, which none ascértaine may.

'And ye, true Lovers! whom desastrous
chaunce

Hath farre exiled from your Ladies grace,
To mourne in sorrow and sad sufferance,
When ye doo heare me in that desert place
Lamenting lowde my Daphnes Elegie,
Help me to wayle my miserable case,
And when life parts vouchsafe to close mine eye.

'And ye, more happie Lovers! which enjoy
The presence of your dearest loves delight,
When ye doo heare my sorrowfull annoy,
Yet pittie me in your empassioud spright,
And thinke that such mishap, as chaunst to
me,

May happen unto the most happiest wight;
For all mens states alike unstedfast be.

'And ye, my fellow Shepheards! which do
feed

Your carelesse flocks on hils and open plaines,
With better fortune than did me succeed,
Remember yet my undeserved paines;
And, when ye heare that I am dead or slaine,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow-swaines
That sad Alcyon dyde in lifes disdaine.

'And ye, faire Damsels! Shepheards
delights, [se

That with your loves do their rude hearts
When as my hearse shall happen to y
sights,

Vouchsafe to deck the same with Cypresses
And ever sprinckle brackish teares among

In pitie of my undeserv'd distresse,
The which, I, wretch, endured have thus lo

'And ye, poore Pilgrimes! that with restl
toyle

Wearie your selves in wandring desert wa
Till that you come where ye your vo
assoyle,

When passing by ye read these wofull lay
On my grave written, rue my Daphnes wr
And mourne for me that languish out
dayes. [sc

Cease, Shepheard! cease, and end thy un

Thus when he ended had his heavie pla
The heaviest plaint that ever I heard sou
His cheekes wext pale, and sprights bega
faint,

As if againe he would have fallen to grou
Which when I saw, I (stepping to him li
Amoooved him out of his stonie wound,
And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no waie recomforted would be,
Nor suffer solace to approach him nie,
But casting up a sdeinfull eie at me,
That in his traunce I would not let him l
Did rend his haire, and beat his blubbred
As one disposed wilfullie to die,
That I sore griev'd to see his wretched ca

Tho when the pang was somewhat overpa
And the outrageous passion nigh appeased
I him desirde sith daie was overcast,
And darke night fast approached, to be ple
To turne aside unto my Cabinet,
And staie with me, till he were better eas
Of that strong stownd which him so sore b

But by no meanes I could him win ther
Ne longer him intreate with me to staie,
But without taking leave he forth did g
With staggering pace and dismall lookes dis
As if that death he in the face had seene,
Or hellish hags had met upon the way;
Bat what of him became I cannot weene.

COLIN CLOUDS COME HOME AGAINE.

BY ED. SPENCER.

• TO THE RIGHT WORTHY AND NOBLE KNIGHT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

CAPTAIN OF HER MAJESTIES GUARD, LORD WARDEIN OF THE STANNERIES,
AND LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTIE OF CORNWALL.

Sir,
 THAT you may see that I am not alwaies
 le as yee thinke, though not greatly well
 occupied, nor altogether undutifull, though
 not precisely officious, I make you present of
 this simple pastorall, unworthie of your
 higher conceipt for the meanesse of the stile,
 at agreeing with the truth in circumstance
 and matter. The which I humbly beseech
 you to accept in part of payment of the infi-
 nite debt in which I acknowledge my selfe

bounden unto you, for your singular favours
 and sundrie good turnes, shewed to me at my
 late being in England, and with your good
 countenance protect against the malice of
 evill mouthes, which are alwaies wide open
 to carpe at and misconstrue my simple mean-
 ing. I pray continually for your happinesse.
 From my house of Kilcolman, the 27. of
 December, 1591.

Yours very humbly.
 ED. SP.

COLIN CLOUDS COME HOME AGAINE.

THE shepheards boy (best knownen by that
 name)
 that after Tityrus first sung his lay,
 of sweet love, without rebuke or blame,
 (as his custome was) upon a day,
 blowing his oaten pipe unto his peres,
 the shepheard swaines that did about him play:
 who all the while, with greedie listfull eares,
 did stand astonisht at his curious skill,
 like hartlesse deare, dismayd with thunders
 at last, when as he piped had his fill, [sound.
 he rested him: and, sitting then around,
 one of those groomes (a jolly groome was he,
 as ever piped on an oaten reed,
 and lov'd this shepheard dearest in degree,
 right Hobbinol;) gan thus to him areed.
 'Colin, my liefe, my life, how great a losse
 had all the shepheards nation by thy lacke:
 and I, poore swaine, of many, greatest crosse!
 that, sith thy Muse first since thy turning
 backe
 was heard to sound as she was wont on hye,
 hast made us all so blessed and so blythe.

Whilest thou wast hence, all dead in dole did
 lie: [sythe,
 The woods were heard to waile full many a
 And all their birds with silence to complaine:
 The fields with faded flowers did seem to
 mourne,
 And all their flocks from feeding to refraine:
 The running waters wept for thy returne,
 And all their fish with languor did lament:
 But now both woods and fields and floods
 revive,
 Sith thou art come, their cause of meriment,
 That us, late dead, has made againe alive:
 But were it not too painfull to repeat
 The passed fortunes, which to thee befell
 In thy late voyage, we thee would entreat,
 Now at thy leisure them to us to tell.'
 To whom the shepheard gently answered
 thus;
 'Hobbin, thou temptest me to that I covet:
 For of good passed newly to discuss,
 By dubble usurie doth twise renew it.
 And since I saw that Angels blessed eie,

Her worlds bright sun, her heavens fairest light,
My mind, full of my thoughts satietie,
Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight:
Since that same day in nought I take delight,
Ne feeling have in any earthly pleasure,
But in remembrance of that glorious bright,
My lifes sole blisse, my hearts eternall threa-
sure.

[awake;
Wake then, my pipe; my sleepe Muse,
Till I have told her praises lasting long:
Hobbin desires, thou maist it not forsake;—
Harke then, ye jolly shepheards, to my song.]

With that they all gan throng about him
neare,

With hungrie eares to heare his harmonie:
The whiles their flocks, devoyd of dangers feare,
Did round about them feed at libertie.

‘One day (quoth he) I sat (as was my trade)
Under the foote of Mole, that mountaine hore,
Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade
Of the greene alders by the Mullaes shore;
There a straunge shepheard chaunst to find
me out,

Whether allured with my pipes delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right:
Whom when I asked from what place he came,
And how he hight, himselfe he did ycleepe
The Shepheard of the Ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main-sea deepe,
He, sitting me beside in that same shade,
Provoked me to plaie some pleasant fit;
And, when he heard the musicke which I made,
He found himselfe full greatly pleasd at it:
Yet, æmuling my pipe, he tooke in hond
My pipe, before that æmuled of many,
And plaid thefeon; (for well that skill he cond;)
Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any.
He pip’d, I sung; and, when he sung, I piped;
By chaunge of turnes, each making other mery;
Neither envying other, nor envied,
So piped we, until we both were weary.’

There interrupting him, a bonie swaine,
That Cuddy hight, him thus atweene bespake:
‘And, should it not thy readie course restraine,
I would request thee, Colin, for my sake,
To tell what thou didst sing, when he did
plaie;

For well I weene it worth recounting was,
Whether it were some hymne, or morall laie,
Or carol made to praise thy loved lasse.’

‘Nor of my love, nor of my lasse (quoth he,)
I then did sing, as then occasion fell:
For love had me forlorne, forlorne of me,
That made me in that desert chose to dwell.
But of my river Bregogs love I soong,
Which to the shiny Mulla he did beare,
And yet doth beare, and ever will, so long

As water doth within his bancks appeare.

‘Of fellowship (said then that bony Bo
Record to us that lovely lay againe: [an
The staie whereof shall nought these e
Who all that Colin makes do covet faine.

‘Heare then (quoth he) the tenor of my
In sort as I it to that shepheard told:

No leasing new, nor Grandams fable staie
But auncient truth confirm’d with credence

‘Old father Mole, (Mole hight that mo
tain gray

That walls the Northside of Armulla dale
He had a daughter fresh as floure of May,
Which gave that name unto that pleasant v
Mulla, the daughter of old Mole, so hight
The Nymph, which of that water course
charge,

That, springing out of Mole, doth run do
To Buttevant, where, spreading forth at la
It giveth name unto that auncient Cittie,
Which Kilnemullah cleped is of old; [p
Whose ragged ruines breed great ruth
To travellers, which it from far behold.
Full faine she lov’d, and was belov’d full f
Of her owne brother river, Bregog-hight,
So hight because of this deceitfull traine,
Which he with Mulla wrought to win deli
But her old sire more carefull of her good
And meaning her much better to preferre,
Did thinke to match her with the neigh
flood,

Which Allo hight, Broad-water called far
And wrought so well with his continuall pa
That he that river for his daughter wonne
The dowre agreed, the day assigned plain
The place appointed where it should be do
Nath-lesse the Nymph her former liking h
For love will not be drawne, but mus
ledde;

And Bregog did so well her fancie weld,
That her good will he got her first to wed
But for her father, sitting still on hie,
Did warily still watch which way she we
And eke from far observ’d, with jealous e
Which way his course the wanton Br
bent;

Him to deceive, for all his watchfull ward
The wily lover did devise this slight:
First into many parts his streame he sha
That, whilst the one was watcht, the o
might

Passe unespide to meete her by the way
And then, besides, those little streame
broken

He under ground so closely did convay,
That of their passage doth appeare no tok
Till they into the Mullaes water slide.
So secretlv did he his love enjoy

not so secret, but it was descride,
 and told her father by a shepherds boy,
 he, wondrous wroth, for that so foule de-
 spight,
 great avenge did roll downe from his hill
 ge mightie stones, the which encomber
 might
 passage, and his water-courses spill.
 of a River, which he was of old,
 none was made, but scattred all to nought;
 d, lost among those rocks into him rold,
 I lose his name: so deare his love he bought.
 Which having said, him Thestylis bespake;
 ow by my life this was a mery lay,
 orthie of Colin selfe, that did it make.
 t read now eke, of friendship I thee pray,
 hat dittie did that other shepherd sing:
 r I do covet most the same to heare,
 men use most to covet forreine thing.
 That shall I eke (quoth he) to you declare:
 s song was all a lamentable lay
 great unkindnesse, and of usage hard,
 Cynthia the Ladie of the Sea,
 hich from her presence faultlesse him debar'd.
 d ever and anon, with singults rife,
 cryed out, to make his undersong;
 ! my loves queene, and goddesse of my life.
 o shall me pittie, when thou doest me
 wrong?
 Then gan a gentle bonylasse to speake,
 Marin hight; 'Right well he sure did
 plaine, [breake,
 at could great Cynthiaes sore displeasure
 d move to take him to her grace againe.
 t tell on further, Colin, as befell
 xit him and thee, that thee did hence dis-
 suade.' [well,
 When thus our pipes we both had wearied
 (oth he) and each an end of singing made
 gan to cast great lyking to my lore,
 d great dislyking to my lucklesse lot,
 at banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,
 to that waste, where I was quite forgot.
 e which to leave, thenceforth he counsell'd
 mee, [full
 meet for man, in whom was ought regard-
 d wend with him, his Cynthia to see;
 ose grace was great, and bounty most re-
 wardfull.
 sides her peerlesse skill in making well,
 d all the ornaments of wondrous wit,
 ch as all womankynd did far excell;
 ch as the world admyr'd, and praised it:
 what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
 me perswaded forth with him to fare.
 ight tooke I with me, but mine oaten quill:
 all needments else need shepherd to pre-
 pare.

So to the sea we came; the sea, that is
 A world of waters heaped up on hie,
 Rolling like mountaines in wide wildernesse,
 Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse crie.
 'And is the sea (quoth Coridon) so fearfull?'
 'Fearfull much more (quoth he) then hart
 can fear: [gaping direfull
 Thousand wyld beasts with deep mouthes
 Therin stil wait poore passengers to teare.
 Who life doth loeth, and longs death to behold,
 Before he die, alreadie dead with feare, [cold,
 And yet would live with heart halfe stonie
 Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.
 And yet as ghastly dreadfull, as it seemes,
 Bold men, presuming life for gaine to sell,
 Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandring
 streames [hell.
 Seek waies unknowne, waies leading down to
 For, as we stood there waiting on the strond,
 Behold! an huge great vessell to us came,
 Dauncing upon the waters back to lond,
 As if it scornd the daunger of the same;
 Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,
 Glewed together with some subtil matter.
 Yet had it armes and wings, and head and
 taile,
 And life to move it selfe upon the water.
 Strange thing! how bold and swift the mon-
 ster was, [raine,
 That neither car'd for wynd, nor kail^e, nor
 Nor swelling waves, but thorough them did
 passe
 So proudly, that she made them roare againe.
 The same aboard us gently did receave,
 And without harme us farre away did beare,
 So farre that land, our mother, us did leave,
 And nought but sea and heaven to us appeare.
 Then hartlesse quite, and full of inward feare,
 That shepherd I besought to me to tell,
 Under what skie, or in what world we were,
 In which I saw no living people dwell.
 Who, me recomforting all that he might,
 Told me that that same was the Regiment
 Of a great shepherdesse, that Cynthia hight,
 His liege, his Ladie, and his lifes Regent.—
 'If then (quoth I) a shepherdesse she bee,
 Where be the flockes and heards, which she
 doth keep?
 And where may I the hills and pastures see,
 On which she useth for to feed her sheepe?'
 'These be the hills (quoth he) the surges
 hie,
 On which faire Cynthia her heards doth feed:
 Her heards be thousand fishes with their frie,
 Which in the bosome of the billowes breed.
 Of them the shepherd which hath charge in
 chief,
 Is Triton, blowing loud his wreathed horne:

At sound whereof, they all for their relief
Wend too and fro at evening and at morne.
And Proteus eke with him does drive his
heard

Of stinking Seales and Porcpisces together,
With hoary head and deawy dropping beard,
Compelling them which way he list, and
whether.

And, I among the rest, of many least,
Have in the Ocean charge to me assignd;
Where I will live or die at her behest,
And serve and honour her with faithfull mind.
Besides an hundred Nymphs all heavenly borne,
And of immortall race, doo still attend
To wash faire Cynthiaes sheep, when they be
shorne,

And fold them up, when they have made an
Those be the shepheards which my Cynthia
At sea, beside a thousand moe at land: [serve
For land and sea my Cynthia doth deserve
To have in her commandement at hand.]

Thereat I wondred much, till, wondring
more

And more, at length we land far off descryde:
Which sight much gladed me; for much afore
I feard, least land we never should have eyde:
Thereto our ship her course directly bent,
As if the way she perfectly had knowne.

We Lunday passe; by that same name is ment
An island, which the first to west was showne.
From thence another world of land we kend,
Floting amid the sea in jeopardie, [hemd,
And round about with mightie white rocks
Against the seas encroching crueltie. [fields

Those same, the shepherd told me, were the
In which dame Cynthia her landheards fed;
Faire goodly fields, then which Armulla yields
None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red:

The first, to which we nigh approched, was
An high headland thrust far into the sea,
Like to an horne, whereof the name it has,
Yet seemed to be a goodly pleasant lea:
There did a loftie mount at first us greet,
Which did a stately heape of stones upreare,
That seemd amid the surges for to fleet,
Much greater then that frame, which us did
beare;

There did our ship her fruitfull wombe unlade,
And put us all ashore on Cynthias land.

'What land is that thou meant, (then Cuddy
said)

And is there other then whereon we stand?'

'Ah! Cuddy (then quoth Colin) thous a
fon, [worke:

That hast not seene least part of natures
Much more there is unkend theh thou doest
kon,

And much more that does from mens knowledge,

For that same land much larger is then
And other men and beasts and birds doth
There fruitfull corne, faire trees, fresh he
is,

And all things else that living creatures
Besides most goodly rivers there appeare
No whit inferiour to thy Fanchins prairie
Or unto Allo, or to Mulla cleare:

Nought hast thou, foolish boy, seene
daies.'

'But if that land be there (quoth
And is theyr heaven likewise there all o
And, if like heaven, be heavenly graces
Like as in this same world where we do w

'Both heaven and heavenly graces do
more

(Quoth he) abound in that same land then
For there all happie peace and plenteous
Conspire in one to make contented blisse
No wayling there nor wretchednesse is.

No bloodie issues nor no leprosies,
No griesly famine, nor no raging swearde
No nightly bordrags, nor no hue and cri
The shepheards there abroad may safely
On hills and downes, withouten dread or

ger:

No ravenous wolves the good mans hope
Nor outlawes fell affray the forest raung
There learned arts do florish in great ho
And Poets wits are had in peerlesse pri

Religion hath lay powre to rest upon he
Advancing vertue and suppressing vice
For end, all good, all grace there freely g
Had people grace it gratefully to use:

For God his gifts there plenteously best
But gracelesse men them greatly do ab

'But say on further (then said Coryl
The rest of thine adventures, that betye

'Foorth on our voyage we by la
passe,

(Quoth he) as that same shepherd s
guyded,

Untill that we to Cynthiaes presence ca
Whose glorie greater then my simple th
I found much greater then the former

Such greatnes I cannot compare to oug
But if I her like ought on earth might

I would her lyken to a crowne of lillies
Upon a virgin brydes adorned head,

With Roses dight and Goolds and Daffa
Or like the circlet of a Turtle true,

In which all colours of the rainbow bee
Or like faire Phebes garland shining ne

In which all pure perfection one may s
But vaine it is to thinke, by paragone

Of earthly things, to judge of things d
Her power, her mercy, and her wisdom

Can deeme, but who the Godhead can

y then do I, base shepheard, bold and
 blind,
 sume the things so sacred to prophane ?
 re fit it is t' adore, with humble mind,
 image of the heavens in shape humane.
 ith that Alexis broke his tale asunder,
 ing; 'By wondring at thy Cynthiaes
 praise,
 n, thy selfe thou mak'st us more to wonder,
 her upraising doest thy selfe upraise.
 let us heare what grace she shewed thee,
 how that shepheard strange thy cause
 advanced.'
 The Shepheard of the Ocean (quoth he)
 o that Goddesses grace me first enhanced,
 d to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her eare,
 t she thenceforth therein gan take de-
 light;
 i it desir'd at timely houres to heare,
 were my notes but rude and roughly
 dight;
 not by measure of her owne great mynd,
 d wondrous worth, she mott my simple
 song, [fynd
 joyd that country shepheard ought could
 rih harkening to, amongst the learned
 throng.' [shee
 Why? (said Alexis then) what needeth
 t is so great a shepheardesse her selfe,
 d hath so many shepheards in her fee,
 are thee sing, a simple silly Elf?
 be the shepheards which do serve her
 laesie,
 t they list not their mery pipes applie?
 be their pipes untunable and craesie,
 t they cannot her honour worthy lie?'
 Ah! nay (said Colin) neither so, nor so:
 better shepheards be not under skie,
 better hable, when they list to blow
 ur pipes aloud, her name to glorifie.
 re is good Harpalus, now woxen aged
 faithfull service of faire Cynthia:
 d there is Corydon though meanly waged,
 hablest wit of most I know this day.
 d there is sad Alcyon bent to mourne,
 ough fit to frame an everlasting dittie,
 ose gentle spright for Daphnes death
 doth tourn
 et layes of love to endlesse plaints of
 pittie.
 pensive boy, pursue that brave conceipt
 hy sweete Eglantine of Meriflure;
 up thy notes unto their wonted height,
 t may thy Muse and mates to mirth allure.
 re eke is Palin worthie of great praise,
 e he envie at my rustick quill:
 d there is pleasing Alcon, could he raise
 tunes from laies to matter of more skill.

And there is old Palemon free from spight
 Whose carefull pipe may make the hearer
 rew:
 Yet he himselfe may rewed be more right,
 That sung so long untill quite hoarse he grew.
 And there is Alabaster thoroughly taught
 In all this skill, though knowne yet to few;
 Yet, were he knowne to Cynthia as he ought,
 His Eliseis would be redde anew.
 Who lives that can match that heroick song,
 Which he hath of that mightie Princesse
 made?
 O dreaded Dread, do not thy selfe that wrong,
 To let thy fame lie so in hidden shade:
 But call it forth, O call him forth to thee,
 To end thy glorie which he hath begun:
 That, when he finisht hath as it should be,
 No braver Poeme can be under Sun.
 Nor Po nor Tyburs swans so much renowned,
 Nor all the brood of Greece so highly praised,
 Can match that Muse when it with bayes is
 crowned,
 And to the pitch of her perfection raised.
 And there is a new shepheard late up sprong,
 The which doth all afore him far surpasses;
 Appearing well in that well tuned song,
 Which late he sung unto a scornfull lasse.
 Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowly flie,
 As daring not too rashly mount on hight,
 And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie
 In loves soft laies and looser thoughts delight.
 Then rouze thy feathers quickly, Daniell,
 And to what course thou please thy selfe ad-
 vance:
 But most, me seemes, thy accent will excell
 In Tragick plaints and passionate mischance.
 And there that Shepheard of the Ocean is,
 That spends his wit in loves consuming
 smart:
 Full sweetly tempred is that Muse of his,
 That can empierce a Princes mightie hart.
 There also is (ah no, he is not now!)
 But since I said he is, he quite is gone,
 Amyntas quite is gone, and lies full low,
 Having his Amaryllis left to mone.
 Helpe, O ye shepheards, helpe ye all in this,
 Helpe Amaryllis this her losse to mourne:
 Her losse is yours, your losse Amyntas is,
 Amyntas, floure of shepheards pride forlorne:
 He whilst he lived was the noblest swaine,
 That ever piped in an oaten quill:
 Both did he other, which could pipe, main-
 taine, [skill.
 And eke could pipe himselfe with passing
 And there, though last not least, is Aetion,
 A gentler shepheard may no where be found:
 Whose Muse, full of high thoughts invention,
 Doth like himselfe Heroically sound.

All these, and many others mo remaine,
Now, after Astrofell is dead and gone :
But, while as Astrofell did live and raine,
Amongst all these was none his paragone.
All these do florish in their sundry kynd,
And do their Cynthia immortall make :
Yet found I lyking in her royall mynd,
Not for my skill, but for that shepherds sake.

Then spake a lovely lasse, hight Lucida :
'Shepherd, enough of shepherds thou hast
Which favour thee, and honour Cynthia : [told,
But of so many Nymphs, which she doth hold
In her retinew, thou hast nothing sayd ;
That seems, with none of them thou favor
foundest,

Or art ingratfull to each gentle mayd,
That none of all their due deserts resoundest.'

'Ah far be it (quoth Colin Clout) fro me,
That I of gentle Mayds should ill deserve !
For that my selfe I do professe to be
Vassall to one, whom all my dayes I serve ;
The beame of beautie sparkled from above,
The floure of vertue and pure chastitie,
The blossome of sweet joy and perfect love,
The pearle of peerlesse grace and modestie :
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my heart I nightly martyrise :
To her my love I lowly do prostrate,
To her my life I wholly sacrifice :
My thought, my heart, my love, my life is shee,
And I hers ever onely, ever one :
One ever I all vowed hers to bee,
One ever I, and others never none.'

[Mayd,
Then thus Melissa said ; 'Thrise happie
Whom thou doest so enforce to deifie : [made
That woods, and hills, and valleyes thou hast
Her name to eccho unto heaven hie.

But say, who else vouchsafed thee of grace ?'
'They all (quoth he) me graced goodly well,
That all I praise ; but in the highest place,
Urania, sister unto Astrofell,
In whose brave mynd, as in a golden cofer,
All heavenly gifts and riches locked are ;
More rich then pearles of Ynde, or gold of Opher,
And in her sex more wonderfull and rare.
Ne lesse praise-worthie I Theana read, [dight
Whose goodly beames though they be over-
With mourning stole of carefull wydowhead,
Yet through that darksome vale do glister
bright ;

She is the well of bountie and brave mynd,
Excelling most in glorie and great light :
She is the ornament of womankind,
And courts chief garlond with all vertues dight,
Therefore great Cynthia her in chiefest grace
Doth hold, and next unto her selfe advance,
Well worthie of so honourable place,
For her great worth and noble governance ;

Ne lesse praise-worthie is her sister deare
Faيرة Marian, the Muses onely darling :
Whose beautie shyneth as the morning dew
With silver dew upon the roses pearling.
Ne lesse praise-worthie is Mansilia, [t
Best knowne by bearing up great Cyn
That same is she to whom Daphnaida
Upon her neeces death I did complaine
She is the paterne of true womanhead,
And onely mirrhor of feminitie :

Worthie next after Cynthia to tread,
As she is next her in nobilitie.
Ne lesse praise-worthie Galathea seemes
Then best of all that honourable crew,
Faيرة Galathea with bright shining beames
Inflaming feeble eyes that her do view.
She there then waited upon Cynthia,
Yet there is not her won ; but here with
About the borders of our rich Coshma,
Now made of Maa, the Nymph delicious
Ne lesse praise-worthie faيرة Neera is,
Neera ours, not theirs, though there she
For of the famous Shure, the Nymph sh
For high desert, advaunst to that degree
She is the blossom of grace and curtesie
Adorned with all honourable parts :
She is the branch of true nobilitie,
Belov'd of high and low with faithfull
Ne lesse praise-worthie Stella do I read
Though nought my praises of her neede
Whom verse of noblest shepherd lately
Hath prais'd and rais'd above each other
Ne lesse praiseworthy are the sisters thr
The honor of the noble familie :
Of which I meanest boast my selfe to be
And most that unto them I am so nie ;
Phyllis, Charillis, and sweet Amaryllis.
Phyllis, the faيرة, is eldest of the three :
The next to her is bountifull Charillis :
But th' youngest is the highest in degre
Phyllis, the floure of rare perfection,
Faيرة spreading forth her leaves with
delight,

That, with their beauties amorous reflexe,
Bereave of sence each rash beholders sight
But sweet Charillis is the Paragone
Of peerlesse price, and ornament of prai
Admyr'd of all, yet envied of none,
Through the myld temperance of her
raies.

Thrise happie do I hold thee, noble swa
The which art of so rich a spoile posses
And, it embracing deare without disdain
Hast sole possession in so chaste a brest !
Of all the shepherds daughters which
And yet there be the fairest under skie,
Or that elsewhere I ever yet did see,
A fairer Nymph yet never saw mine eie

is the pride and primrose of the rest,
made by the Maker selfe to be admired;
and like a goodly beaçon high adrest,
that is with sparks of hevenlie beautie fired.
At Amaryllis, whether fortunate
or else unfortunate may I aread,
that freed is from Cupids yoke by fate,
hence which she doth new bands adventure
dread;—

Shepherd, what ever thou hast heard to be
of this or that prayd diversly apart,
where thou maist them all assembled see,
and seald up in the threasure of her hart.
I see thee lesse worthie, gentle Flavia,
for thy chaste life and vertue I esteeme:
I see thee lesse worthie, courteous Candida,
for thy true love and loyaltie I deeme.
Besides yet many mo that Cynthia serve,
right noble Nymphs, and high to be com-
mended:

But, if I all should praise as they deserve,
his sun would faile me ere I halfe had ended:
Therefore, in closure of a thankfull mynd,
I deeme it best to hold eternally [sbrynd,
their bounteous deeds and noble favours
men by discourse them to indignifie.]

So having said, Aglaura him bespake:
Colin, well worthie were those goodly favours
bestowd on thee, that so of them doest make,
and them requitest with thy thankfull labours,
of great Cynthiaes goodnesse, and high
grace,

and wish the storie which thou hast begunne.
[More eath (quoth he) it is in such a case
now to begin, then know how to have donne.
For everie gift, and everie goodly meed,
which she on me bestowd, demaunds a day;
and everie day, in which she did a deed,
demands a yeare it duly to display. [ing,
her words were like a streame of honny fleet-
ing which doth softly trickle from the hive,
able to melt the hearers heart unweeting,
and eke to make the dead againe alive.
Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe
grapes,

which load the braunches of the fruitfull vine;
fitting to fall into each mouth that gapes,
and fill the same with store of timely wine.
Her lookes were like beames of the morning
Sun, [East,
forth looking through the windowes of the
then first the fleecie cattell have begun
upon the perled grasse to make their feast.
Her thoughts are like the fume of Franckincence,
which from a golden Censer forth doth rise,
and throwing forth sweet odours mounts fro
thence

rolling globes up to the vaulted skies.

There she beholds, with high aspiring thought,
The cradle of her owne creation,
Amongst the seats of Angels heavenly wrought
Much like an Angell in all forme and fashion,
'Colin, (said Cuddy then) thou hast forgot
Thy selfe, me seemes, too much, to mount so
hie:

Such loftie flight base shepheard seemeth not,
From flocks and fields, to angels and to skie.'

'True (answered he) but her great excellence
Lifts me above the measure of my might:
That, being filld with furious insolence,
I feele my selfe like one yrap in spright.
For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,
Then want I words to spake it fitly forth:
And, when I speake of her what I have
thought,

I cannot thinke according to her worth:
Yet will I thinke of her, yet will I speake,
So long as life my limbs doth hold together;
And, when as death these vitall bands shall
breaque,

Her name recorded I will leave for ever.
Her name in every tree I will endosse, [grow:
That, as the trees do grow, her name may
And in the ground each where will it engrosse,
And fill with stones, that all men may it know.
The speaking woods, and murmuring waters
fall,

Her name Ile teach in knowen terms to frame:
And eke my lambs, when for their dams they
Ile teach to call for Cynthia by name. [call,
And, long while after I am dead and rotten,
Amongst the shepheards daughters dancing
rownd,

My layes made of her shall not be forgotten,
But sung by them with flowry gyrlonds crown'd.
And ye, who so ye be, that still survive,
When as ye heare her memory renewed,
Be witnesse of her bountie here alive, [shewed.]
Which she to Colin her poore shepheard

Much was the whole assembly of those heards
Moov'd at his speech, so feelingly he spake:
And stood awhile astonisht at his words,
Till Thestylis at last their silence brake,
Saying: 'Why Colin, since thou foundst such
With Cynthia and all her noble crew; [grace
Why didst thou ever leave that happie place,
In which such wealth might unto thee accrew;
And back returnedst to this barreina soyle,
Where cold and care and penury do dwell,
Here to keep sheepe, with hunger and with
toyle?

Most wretched he, that is and cannot tell.'
'Happie indeed (said Colin) I him hold,
That may that blessed presence still enjoy,
Of fortune and of envy uncomptrold,
Which still are wont most happie states t'annoy:

But I, by that which little while I prooved,
Some part of those enormities did see,
The which in Court continually hooved,
And followd those which happie seemd to bee.
Therefore I, silly man, whose former dayes
Had in rude fields bene altogether spent,
Durst not adventure such unknown wayes,
Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment;
But rather chose back to my sheep to tourne,
Whose utmost hardnesse I before had tryde,
Then, having leard repentance late, to mourne
Emongst those wretches which I there de-
scryde.' [spight]

'Shepherd, (said Thestylis) it seemes of
Thou speakest thus gainst their felicitie,
Which thou enviest, rather then of right
That ought in them blameworthie thou doest
spie.' [will]

'Cause have I none (quoth he) of cancred
To quite them ill, that me demeand so well:
But selfe-regard of private good or ill
Moves me of each, so as I found, to tell [wit],
And eke to warne yong shepherds wandring
Which, through report of that lives painted
Abandon quiet home to seeke for it, [blisse],
And leave their lambes to losse, misled amisse.
For, sooth to say, it is no sort of life,
For shepherd fit to lead in that same place,
Where each one seeks with malice, and with
strife,

To thrust downe other into foule disgrace,
Himselfe to raise: and he doth soonest rise
That best can handle his deceitfull wit
In subtil shifts, and finest sleights devise,
Either by slaundring his well-deemed name,
Through leasings lewd, and fained forgerie;
Or else by breeding him some blot of blame,
By creeping close into his secrecie;
To which him needs a guilefull hollow hart,
Masked with faire dissembling curtesie,
A filed toung, furnisht with tearmes of art,
No art of schoole, but Courtiers schoolery.
For arts of schoole have there small counten-
ance,

Counted but toyes to busie ydle braines;
And there professors find small maintenance,
But to be instruments of others gaires.
Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
Unlesse to please it selfe it can applie;
But shouldred is, or out of doore quite shit,
As base, or blunt, unneet for melodie.
For each mans worth is measured by his weed,
As harts by hornes, or asses by their eares:
Yet asses been not all whose eares exceed,
Nor yet all harts that hornes the highest beares;
For highest lookes have not the highest mynd,
Nor haughtie words most full of highest
thoughts:

But are like bladders blownen up with wynde,
That being prickt do vanish into noughts.
Even such is all their vaunted vanitie, [a]
Nought else but smoke, and fumeth
Such is their glorie that in simple eie
Seeme greatest, when their garments are
So they themselves for praise of fooles are
And all their wealth for painting on a wall
With price whereof they buy a golden be
And purchase highest rowmes in bowre
Whiles single Truth and simple Honestie
Do wander up and downe despys'd of all
Their plaine attire such glorious gallantry
Disdaines so much, that none them in
call.'

'Ah! Colin, (then said Hobbinol) the b
Which thou imputest, is too generall,
As if not any gentle wit of name
Nor honest mynd might there be found a
For well I wot, sith I my selfe was there,
To wait on Lobbin, (Lobbin well thou knew
Full many worthie ones then waiting we
As ever else in Princes Court thou vewes
Of which among you many yet remaine,
Whose names I cannot readily now ghesse
Those that poore Sutors papers do retaine
And those that skill of medicine professe,
And those that do to Cynthia expound
The ledden of straunge languages in char
For Cynthia doth in sciences abound,
And gives to their professors stipends lar
Therefore unjustly thou doest wyte them
For that which thou mislikedst in a few.'

'Blame is (quoth he) more blame
generall,
Then that which private errours doth pur
For well I wot, that there amongst them
Full many persons of right worthie parts,
Both for report of spotlesse honestie,
And for profession of all learned arts,
Whose praise hereby no whit impaired is
Though blame do light on those that fa
ber

For all the rest do most-what fare amis,
And yet their owne misfaring will not see
For either they be puffed up with pride,
Or fraught with envie that their galls do s
Or they their dayes to ydlenesse divide,
Or drowned lie in pleasures wastefull w
In which like Moldwarps nousling still
lurke,

Unmindfull of chiefe parts of manlinesse
And do themselves, for want of other wor
Vaine votaries of laesie Love professe,
Whose service high so basely they ensew,
That Cupid selfe of them ashamed is,
And, mustring all his men in Venus vew,
Denies them quite for servitors of his.'

And is Love then (said Corylas) once
knowne
Court, and his sweet lore professed there?
veened sure he was our God alone,
d only woond in fields and forests here!
Not so, (quoth he) Love most aboundeth
there.
r all the walls and windows there are writ,
full of love, and love, and love my deare,
ad all their talke and studie is of it.
e any there doth brave or valiant seeme,
lesse that some gay Mistresse badge he be
beares:
e any one himselfe doth ought esteeme,
lesse he swim in love up to the eares.
at they of love, and of his sacred lere,
s it should be) all otherwise devise,
en we poore shepheards are accusomd
here,
nd him do sue and serve all otherwise:
r with lewd speeches, and licentious deeds,
s mightie mysteries they do prophane,
nd use his ydle name to other needs,
ut as a complement for courting vaine.
o him they do not serve as they professe,
ut make him serve to them for sordid uses:
h! my dread Lord, that doest liege hearts
posseste,
venge thy selfe on them for their abuses.
ut we poore shepheards whether rightly so,
through our rudenesse into errour led,
o make religion how we rashly go
o serve that God, that is so greatly dred;
or him the greatest of the Gods we deeme,
ome without Syre or couples of one kynd;
or Venus selfe doth soly couples seeme,
oth male and female through commixture
joynd:
o pure and spotlesse Cupid forth she brought,
nd in the gardens of Adonis nurst:
here growing he his owne perfection
wrought,
nd shortly was of all the Gods the first.
hen got he bow and shafts of gold and lead,
e which so fell and puissant he grew,
hrt Jove himselfe his powre began to dread,
nd, taking up to heaven, him godded new.
om thence he shootes his arrowes every
where
to the world, at randon as he will,
n us fraile men, his wretched vassals here,
like as himselfe us pleaseth save or spill.
o we him worship, so we him adore
ith humble hearts to heaven uplifted hie,
hat to true loves he may us evermore
referre, and of their grace us dignifie:
e is there shepheard, ne yet shepheards
swaine,

What ever feeds in forest or in field,
That dare with evil deed or leasing vaine
Blaspheme his powre, or termes unworthie
yield.' [rage
' Shepheard, it seemes that some celestiall
Of Love (quoth Cuddy) is breath'd into thy
breast,
That powreth forth these oracles so sage
Of that high powre, wherewith thou art
possest.
But never wist I till this present day,
Albe of love I alwayes humbly deemed,
That he was such an one as thou doest say,
And so religiously to be esteemed.
Well may it seeme, by this thy deep insight,
That of that God the Priest thou shouldest
bee,
So well thou wot'st the mysterie of his might,
As if his godhead thou didst present see.'
' Of loves perfection perfectly to speake,
Or of his nature rightly to define,
Indeed (said Colin) passeth reasons reach,
And needs his priest t' expresse his powre
divine.
For long before the world he was ybore,
And bred above in Venus bosome deare:
For by his powre the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appeare.
For how should else things so far from attone,
And so great enemies as of them bee,
Be ever drawne together into one
And taught in such accordance to agree?
Through him the cold began to covet heat,
And water fire; the light to mount on hie,
And tli' heavie downe to peize; the hungry
And voydnesse to seeke full satietie. [t' eat,
So, being former foes, they waxed friends,
And gan by litle learne to love each other:
So, being knit, they brought forth other kynds
Out of the fruitfull wombe of their great mother.
Then first gan heaven out of darknesse dread
For to appeare, and brought forth chearfull
day:
Next gan the earth to shew her naked head,
Out of deep waters which her drownd alway:
And, shortly after, everie living wight
Crept forth like wormes out of her slimie
nature.
Soone as on them the Suns life-giving light
Had powred kindly heat and formall feature,
Thenceforth they gan each one his like to love,
And like himselfe desire for to beget:
The Lyon chose his mate, the Turtle Dove
Her deare, the Dolphin his owne Dolphinet;
But man, that had the sparke of reasons might
More then the rest to rule his passion,
Chose for his love the fairest in his sight.
Like as himselfe was fairest by creation:

For beautie is the bayt which with delight
Doth man allure for to enlarge his kynd;
Beautie, the burning lamp of heavens light,
Darting her beames into each feeble mynd:
Against whose powre, nor God nor man can
fynd

Defence, ne ward the daunger of the wound;
But, being hurt, seeke to be medicynd
Of her that first did stir that mortall stownd.
Then do they cry and call to love apace,
With praiers lowd importuning the skie,
Whence he them heares; and, when he list
shew grace, [die.

Does graunt them grace that otherwise would
So love is Lord of all the world by right,
And rules the creatures by his powrfull saw:
All being made the vassalls of his might,
Through secret sence which thereto doth them
draw.

Thus ought all lovers of their lord to deeme,
And with chaste heart to honor him alway:
But who so else doth otherwise esteeme,
Are outlawes, and his lore do disobay.
For their desire is base, and doth not merit
The name of love, but of disloyall lust:
Ne mongst true lovers they shall place inherit,
But as Exuls out of his court be thrust.'

So having said, Melissa spake at will;
'Colin, thou now full deeply hast divynd
Of Love and beautie; and, with wondrous skill,
Hast Cupid selfe depainted in his kynd,
To thee are all true lovers greatly bound.
That doest their cause so mightily defend:
But most, all women are thy debtors found,
That doest their bountie still so much com-
mend.

'That ill (said Hobbinol) they him requite,
For having loved ever one most deare:
He is repayed with scorne and foule despite,
That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth
heare.'

'Indeed (said Lucid) I have often heard
Faire Rosalind of divers fowly blamed
For being to that swaine too cruell hard,
That her bright glorie else hath much defamed.
But who can tell what cause had that faire
To use him so that used her so well; [Mayd
Or who with blame can justly her upbrayd

For loving not? for who can love compel
And, sooth to say, it is foolhardie thing,
Rashly to wyten creatures so divine;
For demigods they be and first did spring
From heaven, though graft in frailnesse
nine.

And well I wote, that oft I heard it spok
How one, that fairest Helene did revile,
Through judgement of the gods to
ywroken,

Lost both his eyes and so remaynd long w
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes;
And made amends to her with treble pra
Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read beti
How rashly blame of Rosalind ye raise.'

'Ah! shepheards, (then said Colin) y
weet

How great a guilt upon your heads ye dra
To make so bold a doome, with words unn
Of things celestiall which ye never saw.
For she is not like as the other crew
Of shepheards daughters which amongst
But of divine regard and heavenly hew,
Excelling all that ever ye did see.
Not then to her that scorned thing so bas
But to my selfe the blame that lookt so b
So hie her thoughts as she her selfe l
place,

And loath each lowly thing with loftie eie
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to gr
To simple swaine, sith her I may not love
Yet that I may her honour paravant,
And praise her worth, though far my wit ab
Such grace shall be some guerdon for the gr
And long affliction which I have endured
Such grace sometimes shall give me some
liefe,

And ease of paine which cannot be recure
And ye, my fellow shepheards, which do s
And heare the languors of my too long dy
Unto the world for ever witness bee,
That hers I die, nought to the world deny
This simple trophé of her great conquest

So, having ended, he from ground did r
And after him uprose eke all the rest:
All loth to part, but that the glooming sk
Warnd them to draw their bleating flock
rest.

ASTROPHEL.

A PASTORALL ELEGIE,

UPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE AND VALOROUS KNIGHT,

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

DEDICATED TO THE MOST BEAUTIFULL AND VERTUOUS LADIE,

THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

<p> SHEPHERDS, that wont, on pipes of oaten reed, [smart; times to plaine your loves concealed with your piteous layes have learnd to breed compassion in a countrey lasses hart arken, ye gentle shepherds, to my song, place my dolefull plaint your plaints among. on alone I sing this mournfull verse, e mournfulst verse that ever man heard tell: </p>	<p> To you whose softened hearts it may empierse With dolours dart for death of Astrophel. To you I sing and to none other wight, For well I wot my rymes bene rudely dight. Yet as they been, if any nyceer wit Shall hap to heare, or covet them to read: Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit, Made not to please the living but the dead. And if in him found pity ever place, Let him be moov'd to pity such a case. </p>
--	---

ASTROPHEL.

<p> GENTLE shepherd borne in Arcady, gentlest race that ever shepherd bore, out the grassie bancks of Hæmony keepe his sheep, his litle stock and store: carefully he kept them day and night, fairest fields; and Astrophel he hight. ang Astrophel, the pride of shepherds praise, ang Astrophel, the rusticke lasses love: passing all the pasters of his daies, all that seemly shepherd might behove. one thing onely fayling of the best, at he was not so happie as the rest. from the time that first the Nymph his mother [feed; n forth did bring, and taught her lambs to elender swaine, excelling far each other, omely shape, like her that did him breed, grew up fast in goodnesse and in grace, doubly faire wox both in mynd and face. </p>	<p> Which daily more and more he did augment, With gentle usage and demeanure myld: That all mens hearts with secret ravishment He stole away, and weetingly beguyld. Ne spight it selfe, that all good things doth spill, Found ought in him, that she could say was ill. His sports were faire, his joyance innocent, Sweet without sowre, and honny without gall: And he himselfe seemed made for meriment, Merily masking both in bowre and hall. There was no pleasure nor delightfull play, When Astrophel so ever was away. For he could pipe, and daunce, and caroll sweet, Emongst the shepherds in their shearing feast; As Somers larke that with her song doth greet The dawning day forth comming from the East. </p>
--	--

And layes of love he also could compose:
Thrise happie she, whom he to praise did
chose.

Full many Maydens often did him woo,
Them to vouchsafe amongst his rimes to name,
Or make for them as he was wont to doo
For her that did his heart with love inflame.
For which they promised to dight for him
Gay chapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

And many a Nymph both of the wood and
brooke,

Soone as his oaten pipe began to shrill,
Both christall wells and shadie groves forsooke,
To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill;
And brought him presents, flowers if it were
prime.

Or mellow fruit if it were harvest time.

But he for none of them did care a whit,
Yet woodgods for them often sighed sore:
Ne for their gifts unworthie of his wit,
Yet not unworthie of the countries store.
For one alone he cared, for one he sigh't,
His lifes desire, and his deare loves delight.

Stella the faire, the fairest star in skie,
As faire as Venus or the fairest faire,
(A fairer star saw never living eie,)
Shot her sharp pointed beames through purest
aire.

Her he did love, her he alone did honor,
His thoughts, his rimes, his songs were all
upon her.

To her he vowd the service of his daies,
On her he spent the riches of his wit:
For her he made hymnes of immortall praise,
Of onely her he sung, he thought, he writ.
Her, and but her, of love he worthie deemed;
For all the rest but litle he esteemed.

Ne her with ydle words alone he wowed,
And verses vaine, (yet verses are not vaine,)
But with brave deeds to her sole service vowed,
And bold atchievements her did entertaine.
For both in deeds and words he nourtred was,
Both wise and hardie, (too hardie, alas!)

In wrestling nimble, and in renning swift,
In shooting steddie, and in swimming strong:
Well made to strike, to throw, to leape, to lift,
And all the sports that shepherds are among.
In every one he vanquisht every one,
He vanquisht all, and vanquisht was of none.

Besides, in hunting such felicitie,
Or rather infelicitie, he found,
That every field and forest far away
He sought, where salvage beasts do most
abound.

No beast so salvage but he could it kill;
No chace so hard, but he therein had skill;
Such skill, matcht with such courage as he
Did prick him forth with proud desi
praise

To seek abroad, of daunger nought ydrad
His mistresse name, and his owne fa
raise.

What needeth perill to be sought abroad,
Since round about us it doth make abroad

It fortun'd as he that perilous game
In forreine soyle pursu'd far away,
Into a forest wide and waste he came,
Where store he heard to be of salvage prey:
So wide a forest and so waste as this,
Nor famous Ardeyn, nor fowle Arlo, is.

There his welwoven toyles, and subtil tra
He laid the brutish nation to enwrap:
So well he wrought with practise and
paines,

That he of them great troupes did soone en
Full happie man (misweening much) was
So rich a spoile within his power to see.

Eftsoones, all heedlesse of his dearest hal
Full greedily into the heard he thrust,
To slaughter them, and worke their finall
Least that his toyle should of their trou
brust.

Wide wounds amongst them many one he
Now with his sharp bore-spear, now wit
blade.

His care was all how he them all might
That none might scape, (so partiall unto n
Ill mynd so much to mynd anothers ill,
As to become unmyndfull of his owne.
But pardon that unto the cruell skies,
That from himselfe to them withdrew his

So as he rag'd amongst that beastly rout
A cruell beast of most accursed brood [s
Upon him turnd, (despeyrè makes cov
And, with fell tooth accustomed to blood,
Launched his thigh with so mischievous m
That it both bone and muscles ryved quip

So deadly was the dint and deep the wou
And so huge streames of blood thereon
That he endured not the direfull stound,
But on the cold deare earth himselfe did th
The whiles the captive heard his nets did
And, having none to let, to wood did we

Ah! where were ye this while his shep
peares,

To whom alive was nought so deare as h
And ye fayre Mayds, the matches of his y
Which in his grace did boast you most to

! where were ye, when he of you had need,
stop his wound that wondrously did bleed!

al wretched boy, the shape of dreryhead,
ad sad ensample of mans suddein end:
all litle faileth but thou shalt be dead,
pitied, unplaynd, of foe or frend:
hilest none is nigh, thine ey lids up to close,
ad kisse thy lips like faded leaves of rose.

sort of shepheards, sewing of the chace,
they the forest raunged on a day,
fate or fortune came unto the place,
here as the lucklesse boy yet bleeding lay;
t bleeding lay, and yet would still have bled.
ad not good hap those shepheards thether led.

ey stopt his wound, (too late to stop it was!)
ad in their armes then softly did him reare:
o (as he wild) unto his loved lasse,
s dearest love, him dolefully did beare.
e dolefulst beare that ever man did see,
as Astrophel, but dearest unto mee!

é, when she saw her love in such a plight,
ith crudled blood and filthie gore deformed,
at wont to be with flowers and gyrlonds
dight,

ad her deare favours dearly well adorned;
er face, the fairest face that eye mote see,
e likewise did deforme, like him to bee.

ry yellow locks that shone so bright and long,
Sunny beames in fairest somers day,
e fiersly tore, and with outrageous wrong
om her red cheeks the roses rent away;
ad her faire brest, the threasury of joy,
e spoyld thereof, and filled with annoy.

s palled face, impictured with death,
e bathed oft with teares, and dried oft:
ad with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath
t of his lips like lilies pale and soft:
ad oft she cald to him, who answerd nought,
t onely by his lookes did tell his thought.

e rest of her impatient regret,
d piteous mone the which she for him made,
tong can tell, nor any forth can set,
t he whose heart like sorrow did invade.
last, when paine his vitall powres had spent,
s wasted life her wearie lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she staid not a whit,
But after him did make untimely haste:
Forth-with her ghost out of her corps did flit,
And followed her make like turtle chaste,
To prove that death their hearts cannot divide,
Which living were in love so firmly tide.

The gods, which all things see, this same be-
held,

And, pitying this paire of lovers trew,
Transformed them, there lying on the field,
Into one flowre that is both red and blew;
It first growes red, and then to blew doth fade,
Like Astrophel, which thereinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a star appeares,
As fairly formd as any star in skyes;
Resembling Stella in her freshest yeares,
Forth darting beames of beautie from her eyes:
And all the day it standeth full of deow,
Which is the teares, that from her eyes did flow.

That hearbe of some Starlight is cald by name,
Of others Penthia, though not so well:
But thou, where ever thou doest finde the same,
From this day forth do call it Astrophel:
And, when so ever thou it up doest take,
Do pluck it softly for that shepheards sake.

Hereof when tydings far abroad did passe,
The shepheards all which loved him full deare,
And sure full deare of all he loved was,
Did thether flock to see what they did heare.
And when that pitteous spectacle they vewed,
The same with bitter teares they all bedewed.

And every one did make exceeding mone,
With inward anguish and great grieve opprest:
And every one did weep and waile, and mone,
And meanes deviz'd to shew his sorrow best.
That from that houre, since first on *grassie*
greene [seen.

Shepheards kept sheep, was not like mourning

But first his sister that Clorinda hight,
The gentlest shepheardesse that lives this day,
And most resembling both in shape and spright
Her brother deare, began this dolefull lay.
Which, least I marre the sweetnesse of the
vearse,

In sort as she it sung I will rehearse.

THE DOLEFULL LAY OF CLORINDA.

*(These verses are supposed to have been written by Mary Countess of Pembroke,
sister to Sir Philip Sidney.)*

AY me, to whom shall I my case complaine,
That may compassion my impatient grieve!
Or where shall I unfold my inward paine,
That my eniven heart may find reliefe!
Shall I unto the heavenly powres it show?
Or unto earthly men that dwell below?

To heavens? ah! they alas! the authors were,
And workers of my unremédied wo:
For they foresee what to us happens here,
And they foresaw, yet suffred this be so.

From them comes good, from them comes
also ill; [to spill?

That which they made, who can them warne

To men? ah! they alas! like wretched bee,
And subject to the heavens ordinance:
Bound to abide whatever they decree,
Their best redresse is their best sufferance.

How then can they, like wretched, comfort
mee,

The which no lesse need comforted to bee?

Then to my selfe will I my sorrow mourne,
Sith none alive like sorrowfull remains:
And to my selfe my plaints shall back retourne,
To pay their usury with doubled paines.

The woods, the hills, the rivers, shall resound
The mournfull accent of my sorrowes ground.

Woods, hills, and rivers, now are desolate,
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace:
And all the fields do waile their widow state,
Sith death their fairest flowre did late deface.

The fairest flowre in field that ever grew,
Was Astrophel; that was, we all may rewe.

What cruell hand of cursed foe unknowne,
Hath cropt the stalke which bore so faire a
flowre?

Untimely cropt, before it well were growne,
And cleane defaced in untimely howre.

Great losse to all that ever him did see,

Great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee!

Breake now your gyrlonds, O ye shepheards
lasses,

Sith the fayre flowre, which them adorn'd, is

The flowre, which them adorn'd, is gon
ashes,

Never againe let lasse put gyrlond on.

In stead of gyrlond, weare sad Cypres n

And bitter Elder, broken from the bowe

Ne ever sing the love-layes which he ma

Who ever made such layes of love as hee

Ne ever read the riddles, which he sayd

Unto your selves, to make you mery glee

Your mery glee is now laid all abed,

Your mery maker now alas! is dead.

Death, the devourer of all worlds delight,

Hath robbed you, and rest fro me my joy

Both you and me, and all the world he qu

Hath robd of joyance, and left sad annoy.

Joy of the world, and shepheards pride

hee!

Shepheards, hope never like againe to s

Oh Death! thou hast us of such riches re

Tell us at least, what hast thou with it de

What is become of him whose flowre here

Is but the shadow of his likenesse gone?

Scarse like the shadow of that which he

Nought like, but that he like a shade

pas.

But that immortall spirit, which was decl

With all the dowries of celestially grace,

By soveraine choyce from th' hevenly

select,

And lineally deriv'd from Angels race,

O! what is now of it become aread.

Ay me! can so divine a thing be dead?

Ah! no: it is not dead, ne can it die,

But lives for aie, in blisfull Paradise:

Where like a new-borne babe it soft doth

In bed of lillies wrapt in tender wise;

And compast all about with roses swee

And daintie violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds, all of celestially bro

To him do sweetly caroll day and night;

And with straunge notes, of him well un

stood,

Lull him asleep in Angelick delight;

Whilest in sweet dreame to him presented
 bee
 immortall beauties, which no eye may see.

he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure
 their divine aspects, appearing plaine,
 and kindling love in him above all measure;
 get love, still joyous, never feeling paine:
 For what so goodly forme he there doth see,
 he may enjoy from jealous rancor free

ere liveth he in everlasting blis,
 et spirit never fearing more to die:
 dreading harme from any foes of his,
 fearing salvage beasts more crueltie.
 Whilest we here, wretches, waile his private
 lack,
 And with vaine vowes do often call him back,

live thou there, still happie, happie spirit,
 d give us leave thee here thus to lament!

Not thee that doest thy heavens joy inherit,
 But our owne selves that here in dole are drent
 Thus do we weep and waile, and wear our
 eies,
 Mourning, in others, our own miseries.

WHICH when she ended had, another swaine
 Of gentle wit and daintie sweet device,
 Whom Astrophel full deare did entertaine,
 Whilest here he liv'd, and held in passing price,
 Hight Thestylis, began his mournfull tourne:
 And made the Muses in his song to mourne.

And after him full many other moe,
 As everie one in order lov'd him best,
 Gan dight themselves t' expresse their inward
 vroe,

With dolefull layes unto the time address:
 The which I here in order will rehearse,
 As fittest flowres to deck his mournfull hearse.

THE MOURNING MUSE OF THESTYLIS.

This and the succeeding Poem are supposed to have been written by Lodowick Bryskett.

ME forth, ye Nymphes, come forth, forsake
 your watry bowres, [ment:
 forsake your mossy caves, and help me to la-
 p me to tune my dolefull notes to gurgling
 sound [teares of ours
 Liffies tumbling streames: Come, let salt
 x with his waters fresh. O come, let one
 consent [deadly wound
 me us to mourne with wailfull plaints the
 high fatall clap hath made, decreed by higher
 powres; [yrent
 e dreery day in which they have from us
 e noblest plant that might from East to
 West be found.

urne, mourn, great Philips fall, mourn we
 his wofull end, [from the tree,
 hom spitefull Death hath pluct untimely
 bles yet his yeares in flowre did promise
 worthie frute. [knight defend?
 Ah dreadful Mars, why didst thou not thy
 hat wrathful mood, what fault of ours, hath
 moved thee
 such a shining light to leave us destitute?
 ou with benigne aspect sometime did-t us
 behold, [old,
 ou hast in Britons valour tane delight of
 d with thy presence oft vouchsaft to attri-
 bute

Fame and renowme to us for glorious martiall
 deeds.
 But now thy ireful bemes have chill'd our
 harts with cold; [our land:
 Thou hast estrang'd thy self, and deignest not
 Farre off to others now thy favour honour
 breeds, [clime, (I feare;)
 And high disdaine doth cause thee shun our
 For hadst thou not bene wroth, or that time
 neare at hand, [England made;
 Thou wouldst have heard the cry that woful
 Eke Zeland's piteous plaints, and Hollands
 toren heare, [mynd:
 Would haply have appeas'd thy divine angry
 Thou shouldst have seen the trees refuse to
 yeeld their shade,
 And wailing to let fall the honor of their head;
 And birds in mournfull tunes lamenting in
 their kinde.
 Up from his tombe the mightie Corineus rose.
 Who, cursing oft the fates that this mishap had
 bred, [unkinde.
 His hoary locks he tare, calling the heavens
 The Thames was heard to roare, the Seyne
 and eke the Mose, [chance did rue,
 The Schald, the Danow selfe, this great mis-
 With torment and with grief: their fountains
 pure and cleere

Were troubled, and with swelling floods declared their woes.

The Muses comfortles, the Nymphs with paled hue,

The Silvan Gods likewise, came running farre And all with teares bedewd, and eyes cast up on hie;

O help, O help, ye Gods, they ghastly gan O change the cruell fate of this so rare a wight,

And graunt that natures course may measure The beasts their foode forsooke, and, trembling fearfully,

Each sought his cave or den, this cry did them Out from amid the waves, by storme then stirr'd to rage,

This crie did cause to rise th' old father Who grave with eld, and full of majestie in sight,

Spake in this wise. 'Refrain (quoth he) your Cease these, your idle words, make vaine requests no more.

No humble speech, nor mone, may move the Of destinie or death: Such is His will that paints

The earth with colours fresh; the darkest skies Of starry lights: And though your teares a hart of flint

Might tender make, yet nought herein they Whiles thus he said, the noble knight, who gan to feele

His vitall force to faint, and death with cruell Of direfull dart his mortall bodie to assaile,

With eyes lift up to heav'n, and courage franke as steele,

With cheerfull face, where valour lively was But humble mynd, he said: 'O Lord, if ought this fraile

And earthly carcassee have thy service sought If my desire have bene still to relieve th' opprest;

If justice to maintaine that valour I have Which thou me gav'st; or if henceforth I might advaunce

Thy name, thy truth, then spare me (Lord) Forbare these unripe yeares. But if thy will be bent,

If that prefixed time be come which thou hast Through pure and fervent faith, I hope now to be plast

In th' everlasting blis, which with thy precious Thou purchase didst for us.' With that a sigh he fet,

And straight a cloudie mist his senses overcast; His lips waxt pale and wan, like damaske roses bud

Cast from the stalke, or like in field to purple flowre,

Which languisheth being shred by culter past.

A trembling chilly cold ran through With eies brimfull of teares to see his f howre,

Whose blustering sighes at first their sorrow Next, murmuring ensude; at last the forbear

Plaine outcries, all against the heav'n's Depriv'd us of a spright so perfect an rare.

The sun his lightsom beames did shrowd, For grieve, whereby the earth feared n eternally:

The mountaines eachwhere shooke, the ri And th' aire gan winterlike to rage and apace:

And grisly ghosts by night were seene, Amid the clouds with claps of thunder, did seeme

To rent the skies, and made both man The birds of ill presage this lucklesse ch foretold,

By dernfull noise; and dogs with how Some mischief was at hand: for such the esteeme

As tokens of mishap, and so have done of Ah! that thou hadst but heard his l Stella plaine

Her greivous losse, or seene her heavie mo While she, with woe opprest, her sorrowe unfold.

Her haire hung lose, neglect, about And from those two bright starres to him so time so deere,

Her heart sent drops of pearle, which fe Twixt lilly and the rose. She wroong her h with paine,

And piteously gan say: 'My true and faith Alas, and woe is me! why should my for frowne

On me thus frowardly to rob me of my jo What cruell envious hand hath taken away,

And with thee my content, my comfort, and Thou onelie wast the ease of trouble and an When they did me assaile; in thee my h did rest.

Alas, what now is left but grief, that night Afflicts this wofull life, and with contin rage

Torments ten thousand waies my miser O greedie envious heav'n, what needed th have

Enricht with such a jewell this unhappie To take it back againe so soone! Alas, w shall

Mine eies see ought that may content th [since thy gr

Only treasure hides, the joyes of my poore
 hart! [equall
 s here with thee on earth I liv'd, even so
 e thinkes it were with thee in heav'n I did
 abide: [part,
 and as our troubles all we here on earth did
 reason would that there of thy most happie
 state
 had my share. Alas, if thou my trustie guide
 Were wont to be, how canst thou leave me thus
 alone [late,
 knesse and astray; weake, wearie, desol-
 lung'd in a world of woe, refusing for to take
 e with thee to the place of rest where thou
 art gone! [her toong;
 his said, she held her peace, for sorrow tide
 and instead of more words, seemd that her
 eies a lake [therefro:
 f teares had bene, they flow'd so plenteously
 and, with her sobs and sighs, th' aire round
 about her roong. [slaine,
 If Venus, when she waild her deare Adonis
 ought moov'd in thy fiers hart compassion of
 her woe, [emong,
 is noble sisters plaints, her sighes and teares
 Would sure have made thee milde, and inly
 rue her paine:
 urora halfe so faire her selfe did never show,
 When, from old Tithons bed, shee weeping did
 arise. [of raine,
 he blinded Archer-boy, like larke in showre
 at bathing of his wings, and glad the time did
 spend [faire eies;
 nder those cristall drops, which fell from her
 and at their brightest beames him proynd in
 lovely wise. [amend,
 et, sorie for her grief, which he could not
 he gentle boy gan wipe her eies, and clear
 those lights,
 hose lights through which his glory and his
 conquests shine.
 he Graces tuckt her hair, which hung like
 threds of gold,
 along her yvorie brest, the treasure of delights.
 All things with her to weep, it seemed, did en-
 cline, [stones so cold.
 he trees, the hills, the dales, the caves, the
 he aire did help them mourne, with dark
 clouds, raine, and mist,
 orbearing many a day to cleare itselfe againe;
 Which made them eftsoones feare the daies of
 Pirrha shold [untwist.
 f creatures spoile the earth, their fatall threds
 or Phœbus gladsome raies were wished for in
 vaine,
 and with her quivering light Latonas daughter
 faire, [mans guide.
 and Charles-waine eke refus'd to be the ship-

On Neptune warre was made by Aeolus and
 his traine, [ed th' aire,
 Who, letting loose the winds, tost and torment-
 So that on ev'ry coast men shipwrack did
 abide, [waves,
 Or else were swallowed up in open sea with
 And such as came to shoare were beaten with
 despaire. [still to slide,
 The Medwaies silver streames, that wont so
 Were troubled now and wrothe; whose hidden
 hollow caves [mans eye,
 Along his banks with fog then shrowded from
 Ay Phillip did resownd, aie Phillip they did
 crie. [stil it craves)
 His nimpes were seen no more (thogh custom
 With haire spred to the wynd themselves to
 bath or sport,
 Or with the hooke or net, barefooted wantonly,
 The pleasant dantie fish to entangle or deceive.
 The shepheards left their wonted places of
 resort, [mery layes
 Their bagpipes now were still; their loving
 Were quite forgot; and now their flocks men
 might perceive
 To wander and to strae, all carelesly neglect,
 And in the stead of mirth and pleasure, nights
 and dayes [plaints, and mone.
 Nought els was to be heard, but woes, com-
 But thou (O blessed soule!) doest haply not
 respect [pure affect,
 These teares we shead, though full of loving
 Having affixt thine eyes on that most glorious
 throne, [reignes;
 Where full of majestie the High Creator
 In whose bright shining face thy joyes are all
 complete, [alwaies one,
 Whose love kindles thy spright; where happie
 Thou liv'st in blis that earthly passion never
 staines; [tar sweete
 Where from the purest spring the sacred Nec-
 Is thy continuall drinke; where thou doest
 gather now
 Of well employed life th' inestimable gaines,
 There Venus on thee smiles, Apollo gives thee
 place, [bow,
 And Mars in reverent wise doth to thy vertue
 And decks his fiery sphere, to do thee honour
 most.
 In highest part whereof, thy valour for to grace,
 A chaire of gold he sets to thee, and there doth
 tell [boast
 Thy noble acts arew, whereby even they that
 Themselves of auncient fame, as Pirrhus,
 Hanniball,
 Scipio, and Cæsar, with the rest that did excell
 In martiall prowesse, high thy glorie do ad-
 mire. [tall,
 All haile, therefore, O worthie Phillip immor-

The flowre of Sydneys race, the honour of thy
name! [aspire,
Whose worthie praise to sing, thy Muses not
But sorrowfull and sad these teares to thee let
fall;

Yet wish their verses might so farre and wide
thy fame
Extend, that envies rage, nor time, might e
the same.

A PASTORALL AEGLOGUE

UPON THE

DEATH OF SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT, ETC.

LYCON.

COLIN.

LYCON.

COLIN, well fits thy sad cheare this sad stownd,
This wofull stownd, wherein all things com-
plaine

This great mishap, this greevous losse of owres.
Hear'st thou the Orown? How with hollow
sownd

He slides away, and murmuring doth plaine,
And seemes to say unto the fading flowres,
Along his bankes, unto the bared trees,
Phillisides is dead. Up jolly swaine,
Thou that with skill canst tune a dolefull lay,
Help him to mourn. My hart with grief doth
freese,

Hoarse is my voice with crying, else a part
Sure would I beare, though rude: but, as I may,
With sobs and sighes I second will thy song,
And so expresse the sorrowes of my hart.

Colin. Ah Lycon, Lycon! what need skill,
to teach [long

A grieved mynd powre forth his plaints? how
Hath the pore turtle gon to school (weenest
thou) [each

To learne to mourne her lost make! No, no,
Creature by nature can tell how to waile.
Seest not these flocks, how sad they wander
now?

Seemeth their leaders bell their bleating tunes
In dolefull sound. Like him, not one doth faile
With hanging head to shew a heaue cheare.
What bird (I pray thee) hast thou seen, that
prunes

Himselfe of late? did any cheerfull note
Come to thine eares, or gladsome sight appeare
Unto thine eies, since that same fatall howre?
Hath not the aire put on his mourning coat,
And testified his grief with flowing teares?
Sith then, it seemeth each thing to his powre

Doth us invite to make a sad consort; [the
Come, let us joyne our mournfull song with
Griefe will endite, and sorrow will enforce,
Thy voice; and Eccho will our words repon

Lycon. Though my rude rymes ill with
verses frame,

That others farre excell, yet will I force
My selfe to answer thee the best I can, [na
And honor my base words with his
But if my plaints annoy thee where thou sit
In secret shade or cave; vouchsafe (O Pan
To pardon me, and hear this hard constrain
With patience while I sing, and pittie it.
And eke ye rurall Muses, that do dwell
In these wilde woods: if ever piteous plain
We did endite, or taught a wofull minde
With words of pure affect his griefe to tell,
Instruct me now. Now, Colin, then goe on
And I will follow thee, though farre behind

Colin. Phillisides is dead. O harmfull de
O deadly harme! Unhappie Albion,
When shalt thou see, among t'ay shepheard
Any so sage, so perfect? Whom unneath
Envie could touch for vertuous life and skil
Curteous, valiant, and liberall.
Behold the sacred Pales, where with haire
Untrust she sits, in shade of yonder hill.
And her faire face, bent sadly downe, doth s
A flood of teares to bathe the earth; and th
Doth call the heav'ns despihtfull, envious
Cruell his fate, that made so short an end
Of that same life, well worthie to have be
Prolonged with many yeares, happie
famous.

The Nymphs and Oreades her round about
Do sit lamenting on the grassie grene;
And with shrill cries, beating their wh
breasts,

cause the direfull dart that death sent out
to give the fatall stroke. The starres they
blame,

that deafe or carelesse seeme at their request,
the pleasant shade of stately groves they shun;
they leave their cristall springs, where they
wont frame

sweet bowres of Myrtel twigs and Lawrel faire,
to sport themselves free from the scorching Sun,
and now the hollow caves where horror darke
doth dwell, whence banisht is the glad some
aire, [their time

they seeke; and there in mourning spend
with wailfull tunes, whiles wolves do howle
and barke,

and seem to beare a bourdon to their plaint.

Lycon. Phillisides is dead. O dolefull ryme!
Why should my toong expresse thee? who is
left

how to uphold thy hopes, when they do faint,
yeon, unfortunate! What spitefull fate,
that lucklesse destinie, hath thee bereft
of thy chief comfort, of thy onely stay!

There is become thy wonted happie state,
Alas! wherein through many a hill and dale,
through pleasant woods, and many an un-
knowne way,

along the bankes of many silver streames,
thou with him yodest; and with him didst scale
the craggie rocks of th' Alpes and Appenine!
Still with the Muses sporting, while those
of vertue kindled in his noble brest, [beames
which after did so gloriously forth shine!

But (woe is me!) they now yquenched are
all suddainly, and death hath them opprest.
He, father Neptune, with sad countenance,
now he sits mourning on the strond now bare,
under, where th' Ocean with his rolling waves
the white feete washeth (wailing this mis-
chance)

of Dover cliffes. His sacred skirt about
the sea-gods all are set; from their moist caves
all for his comfort gathered there they be.
The Thamis rich, the Humber rough and stout,
the fruitfull Severne, with the rest are come
to helpe their lord to mourne, and eke to see
the dolefull sight, and sad pomp funerall,
of the dead corps passing through his king-
dome. [crown'd,

and all their heads, with Cypres gyrlonds
with wofull shrikes salute him great and
small.

ke wailfull Eccho, forgetting her deare
arcessus, their last accents doth resound.

Colin. Phillisides is dead. O lucklesse age!
widow world! O brookes and fountains
cleere!

hills, O dales, O woods! that oft have rong

With his sweet caroling, which could asswage
The fiercest wrath of Tygre or of Beare:

Ye Silvans, Fawnes, and Satyres, that among
These thickets oft have daunst after his pipe;
Ye Nymphs and Nayades with golden heare
That oft have left your purest cristall springs
To hearken to his layes, that coulden wipe
Away all grieve and sorrow from your harts!
Alas! who now is left that like him sings?
When shall you heare againe like harmonie?
So sweet a sownd who to you now imparts
Loe where engraved by his hand yet lives
The name of Stella in yonder bay tree.

Happie name! happie tree! faire may you
grow, [gives

And spred your sacred branch, which honor
To famous Emperors and Poets crowne,
Unhappie flock that wander scatted now,
What marvell if through grief ye woxen leane,
Forsake your food, and hang your heads
adowne!

For such a shepheard never shall you guide,
Whose parting hath of weale bereft you cleane.

Lycon. Phillisides is dead. O happie sprite,
That now in heav'n with blessed soules doest
bide. [above,

Looke down a while from where thou sitst
And see how busie shepherds be to endite
Sad songs of grief, their sorrowes to declare,
And gratefull memory of their kynd love.
Behold my selfe with Colin, gentle swaine,
(Whose lerned muse thou cherisht most why-
leare,)

Where we, thy name recording, seeke to ease
The inward torment and tormenting paine,
That thy departure to us both hath bred;
Ne can each others sorrow yet appease.
Behold the fountains now left desolate,
And withred grasse with cypres boughes be
spred; [strew;

Behold these floures which on thy grave we
Which faded, shew the givers faded state, [pure)
(Though eke they shew their fervent zeale and
Whose onely comfort on thy welfare grew.
Whose praiers importune shall the heav'ns for
That, to thy ashes, rest they may assure: [ay,
That learnedst shepherds honor may thy name
With yeerly praises, and the Nymphs alway
Thy tomb may deck with fresh and sweetest
flowres;

And that for ever may endure thy fame.
Colin. The sun (lo!) hastned hath his face
to steep [showres

In western waves; and th' aire with stormy
Warnes us to drive homewards our silly sheep:
Lycon, lett's rise, and take of them good keep.

Virtute summa: cetera fortuna

L. B.

AN ELEGIE,

OR

FRIENDS PASSION, FOR HIS ASTROPHEL.

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT,

LORD GOVERNOUR OF FLUSHING.

(This Poem was written by Matthew Roydon.)

As then, no winde at all there blew,
No swelling cloude accloid the aire;
The skie, like glasse of watchet hew,
Reflected Phoebus golden haire;

The garnisht tree no pendant stird,
No voice was heard of anie bird.

There might you see the burly Beare,
The Lion king, the Elephant;
The maiden Unicorne was there,
So was Acteons horned plant,

And what of wilde or tame are found,
Were coucht in order on the ground.

Alcides speckled poplar tree,
The palme that Monarchs do obtaine,
With love-juice stained the mulberie,
The fruit that dewes the poets braine;
And Phillis philbert there away,
Compared with mirtle and the bay.

The tree that coffins doth adorne,
With stately height threatning the skie;
And, for the bed of love forlorne,
The blacke and dolefull ebonie:
All in a circle compast were,
Like to an ampitheater.

Upon the branches of those trees,
The airie-winged people sat,
Distinguished in od degrees;
One sort is this, another that,
Here Philomell, that knowes full well,
What force and wit in love doth dwell.

The skie-bred Egle, roiall bird,
Percht there upon an oke above;
The Turtle by him never stird,
Example of immortall love.

The Swan that sings about to dy,
Leaving Meander stood thereby.

And, that which was of woonder most,
The Phoenix left sweet Arabie;
And, on a Cædar in this coast,
Built up her tombe of spicerie,
As I conjecture, by the same
Preparde to take her dying flame.

In midst and center of this plot,
I saw one groveling on the grasse;
A man or stone, I knew not that:
No stone; of man the figure was,
And yet I could not count him one,
More than the image made of stone.

At length I might perceive him reare
His bodie on his elbow end:
Earthly and pale with gastly cheare,
Upon his knees he upward tend,
Seeming like one in uncouth stound,
To be ascending out the ground.

A grievous sigh forthwith he throwes,
As might have torne the vitall strings:
Then down his cheeks the teares so flows
As doth the streame of many springs.
So thunder rends the cloud in twaine,
And makes a passage for the raine.

Incontinent, with trembling sound;
He wofully gan to complaine;
Such were the accents as might wound,
And teare a diamond rocke in twaine:
After his throbs did somewhat stay,
Thus heavily he gan to say:

O sunne! (said he) seeing the sunne,
On wretched me why dost thou shine?
My star is false, my comfort done,
Out is the apple of my eie:
Shine upon those possesse delight,
And let me live in endlesse night.

O griefe that liest upon my soule,
As heaue as a mount of lead,
The remnant of my life controll,
Consort me quickly with the dead;
Halfe of this hart, this sprite, and will,
Di'de in the brest of Astrophill.

And you, compassionate of my wo,
Gentle birds, beasts, and shadie trees,
I am assurde ye long to kno
What be the sorrowes me agreev's;
Listen ye then to that insu'th.
And heare a tale of teares and ruthe.

You knew, who knew not Astrophill?
(That I should live to say I knew,
And have not in possession still!)
Things knowne permit me to renew;
Of him you know his merit such,
I cannot say, you heare, too much.

Within these woods of Arcadie
He chiefe delight and pleasure tooke,
And on the mountaine Parthenie,
Upon the chrystall liquid brooke,
The Muses met him ev'ry day
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended downe to the mount,
His personage seemed most divine,
A thousand graces one might count
Upon his lovely cheerfull eie;
To heare him speake and sweetly smile,
You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet attractive kinde of grace,
A full assurance given by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospell bookes;
I trowe that countenance cannot lie
Whose thoughts are legible in the eie.

Was never eie did see that face,
Was never eare did heare that tong,
Was never minde did minde his grace,
That ever thought the travell long;
But eies, and eares, and ev'ry thought,
Were with his sweete perfections caught.

O God, that such a worthy man,
In whom so rare desarts did raigne,
Desired thus, must leave us than,
And we to wish for him in vaine!
O could the stars that bred that wit,
In force no longer fixed sit!

Then being fild with learned dew,
The Muses willed him to love;
That instrument can aptly shew,
How finely our conceits will move:
As Bacchus opes dissembled harts,
So Love sets out our better parts.

Stella, a Nymph within this wood,
Most rare and rich of heavenly blis,
The highest in his fancie stood,
And she could well demerite this:
Tis likely they acquainted soone;
He was a Sun, and she a Moone.

Our Astrophill did Stella love;
O Stella, vaunt of Astrophill,
Albeit thy graces gods may move,
Where wilt thou finde an Astrophill!
The rose and lillie have their prime,
And so hath beautie but a time.

Although thy beautie do exceed,
In common sight of ev'ry eie,
Yet in his Poesies when we reede,
It is apparant more thereby,
He that hath love and judgement too
Sees more than any other doo.

Then Astrophill hath honored thee;
For when thy bodie is extinct,
Thy graces shall eternall be
And live by vertue of his inke;
For by his verses he doth give
To short-livde beautie aye to live.

Above all others this is hee,
Which erst approved in his song,
That love and honor might agree,
And that pure love will do no wrong.
Sweet saints! it is no sinne nor blame,
To love a man of vertuous name.

Did never love so sweetly breath
In any mortall brest before,
Did never Muse inspire beneath
A Poets braine with finer store:
He wrote of love with high conceit,
And beautie reard above her height.

Then Pallas afterward attyrde
Our Astrophill with her device,
Whom in his armor heaven admyrde,
As of the nation of the skies;
He sparkled in his armes afarrs,
As he were dight with fierie starrs.

The blaze whereof when Mars beheld,
(An envious eie doth see afar,)
Such majestie (quoth he) is seeld,
Such majestie my mart may mar;
Perhaps this may a suter be,
To set Mars by his deitie.

In this surmize he made with speede
An iron cane, wherein he put
The thunder that in cloudes do breede;
The flame and bolt together shut
With privie force burst out againe,
And so our Astrophill was slaine.

This word (was slaine) straightway did move,
 And natures inward life strings twitch;
 The skie immediately above
 Was dimd with hideous clouds of pitch,
 The wrastling winds from out the ground
 Fild all the aire with ratling sound.

The bending trees exprest a grone,
 And sigh'd the sorrow of his fall;
 The Forrest beasts made ruthfull mone,
 The birds did tune their mourning call,
 And Philomell for Astrophill
 Unto her notes annext a phill.

The Turtle dove with tunes of ruthe
 Shewd feeling passion of his death;
 Me thought she said, a tell thee truthe,
 Was never he that drew in breath
 Unto his love more trustie found,
 Than he for whom our griefs abound.

The swan, that was in presence heere,
 Began his funerall dirge to sing:
 Good things (quoth he) may scarce appeere,
 But passe away with speedie wing.
 This mortall life as death is tride,
 And death gives life; and so he di'de.

The generall sorrow that was made,
 Among the creatures of each kinde,
 Fired the Phoenix where she laide,
 Her ashes flying with the winde,

So as I might with reason see,
 That such a Phoenix nere should bee.

Haply the cinders, driven about,
 May breede an offspring neere that kinde
 But hardly a peere to that, I doubt;
 It cannot sinke into my minde,
 That under branches ere can bee
 Of worth and value as the tree.

The Egle markt with pearcing sight
 The mournfull habite of the place,
 And parted thence with mounting flight
 To signifie to Jove the case,
 What sorrow nature doth sustaine
 For Astrophill by envie slaine.

And while I followed with mine eie
 The flight the Egle upward tooke,
 All things did vanish by and by,
 And disappeared from my looke:

The trees, beasts, birds, and grove
 gone;

So was the friend that made this mone

This spectacle had firmly wrought
 A deepe compassion in my spright;
 My molting hart issude, me thought,
 In streames forth at mine eyes ariht:
 And here my pen is first to shrinke,
 My teares discollar so mine inke.

AN EPITAPH

UPON THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT,

LORD GOVERNOR OF FLUSHING.

(The Authors of the two following poems are unknown.)

To praise thy life, or waile thy worthie death,
 And want thy wit, thy wit high, pure, divine,
 Is far beyond the powre of mortall line,
 Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learnings
 lore,

And friendly care obscurde in secret brest,
 And love that envie in thy life suppress,
 Thy deere life done, and death, hath doubled
 more.

And I, that in thy time, and living state,
 Did onely praise thy vertues in my thought,
 As one that seeld the rising sun hath sought,
 With words and teares now waile thy time-
 lesse fate.

Drawne was thy race ariht from prince
 line;

Nor lesse than such, (by gifts that nat
 The common mother that all creatures hav
 Doth vertue show, and princely linage shin

A king gave thee thy name; a kingly mind
 That God thee gave, who found it now
 deere

For this base world, and hath resumde it ne
 To sit in skies, and sort with powres divin

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held t
 youth;

The heavens made hast, and staid nor ye

the fruits of age grew ripe in thy first prime,
thy will, thy words; thy words the seales of
truth.

great gifts and wisdom rare imployd thee
thence, [kings;

to treat from kings with those more great than
such hope men had to lay the highest things
in thy wise youth, to be transported hence!

hence to sharpe wars sweet honor did thee
call,

thy countries love, religion, and thy friends:
worthy men the marks, the lives, and
ends,

and her defence, for whom we labor all.

where didst thou vanquish shame and tedious
age, [might:

griefe, sorrow, sicknes, and base fortunes
thy rising day saw never wofull night,
at past with praise from of this worldly
stage.

back to the campe, by thee that day was
brought, [fame;

not thine owne death, and after thy long
ares to the soldiers, the proud Castilians
shame,

virtue exprest, and honor truly taught.

What hath he lost, that such great grace hath
woon? [sure

Younge yeeres for endles yeeres, and hope un-
Of fortunes gifts for wealth that still shall
dure;

Oh! happie race with so great praises run.

England doth hold thy lims that bred the
same,

Flaunders thy valure where it last was tried,
The Campe thy sorrow where thy bodie died;
Thy friends, thy want; the world, thy vertues
fame.

Nations thy wit, our mindes lay up thy love;
Letters thy learning, thy losse, yeeres long to
come;

In worthy harts sorrow hath made thy tombe;
Thy soule and spright enrich the heavens
above.

Thy liberall hart imbalmed in gratefull teares,
Younge sighes, sweet sighes, sage sighes, be-
waile thy fall:

Envie her sting, and spite hath left her gall;
Malice her selfe a mourning garment weares.

That day their Hanniball died, our Scipio fell;
Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time! [rime,
Whose vertues, wounded by my worthlesse
Let Angels speake, and heaven thy praises tell.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

LENCE augmenteth grief, writing encreaseth
rage, [the wonder of our age;

and are my thoughts, which lov'd, and lost,
at quickned now with fire, though dead with
frost ere now, [quick, I know not how.
rag'de I write, I know not what: dead,

ard harted mindes relent, and rigors teares
abound, [no fault she found;

and envie strangely rues his end, in whom
nowledge her light hath lost, valor hath
slaine her knight; [worlds delight.

ney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the

ce pensive wailes his fall, whose presence
was her pride; [my spring tide:

ue crieth out, My ebbe is come; his life was
ne mournes in that she lost the ground of
her reports; [sundry sorts.

a living wight laments his lacke, and all in

was (wo worth that word!) to ech well
thinking minde [vertue ever shinde,

spotlesse friend, a matchles man, whose
clarer in his thoughts, his life, and that
he writ, [deepest works of wit.

chest conceits, longest foresights, and

He, onely like himselfe, was second unto none,
Whose deth (though life) we rue, and wrong,
and al in vain do mone:

Their losse, not him, waile they, that fill the
world with cries; [ladder to the skies.

Death slue not him, but he made death his

Now sinke of sorrow I, who live; the more the
wrong; [thred is al to long,

Who wishing death, whom deth denies, whose
Who tied to wretched life, who looks for no

reliefe, [ending griefe.

Must spend my ever dying daies in never

Harts ease and onely I, like parallels run on,
Whose equall length keep equall bredth, and
never meet in one; [sorrowes cell,

Yet for not wronging him, my thoughts, my
Shall not run out, though leake they wil, fo
liking him so well.

Farewell to you, my hopes, my wonted waking
dreames; [thy beames!

Farewell, sometimes enjoyed joy; eclipsed are
Farewell selfe pleasing thoughts which quiet-
nes brings forth; [minds of woorth.

And farewell friendships sacred league, uniting

And farewell mery hart, the gift of guiltlesse
 mindes, [assignes; to skill, [knowes not how to k
 And all sports, which, for lives restore, varietie
 Let all, that sweete is, voyd; in me no mirth
 may dwell: [content, farewell! to finde, [so good a min
 Phillip, the cause of all this woe, my lives
 Salute the stones, that keep the lims that h

AMORETTI AND EPITHALAMION.

WRITTEN NOT LONG SINCE BY

EDMUNDE SPENSER.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL

SIR ROBERT NEEDHAM, KNIGHT.

SIR, to gratulate your safe return from Ire-
 land, I had nothing so readie, nor thought any
 thing so meete, as these sweete conceited
 Sonets, the deede of that wel deserving gen-
 tleman, maister Edmond Spenser: whose name
 sufficiently warranting the worthinesse of the
 work, I do more confidently presume to
 publish it in his absence, under your name, to
 whom (in my poore opinion) the patronage
 therof doth in some respectes properly apper-
 taine. For, besides your judgement and deli-
 lighte in learned poesie, this gentle Muse, for
 her former perfection long wished for
 Englande, nowe at the length crossing
 Seas in your happy companie, (though
 your selfe unknowne) seemeth to make cho-
 of you, as meetest to give her descri-
 countenance, after her retourne: enterte-
 her, then, (Right worshipfull) in sorte best
 seeming your gentle minde, and her mer-
 and take in worth my good will herein, v-
 seeke no more but to shew my selfe yours
 all dutifull affection.

W. H.

TO THE AUTHOR.

DARKE is the day, when Phæbus face is
 shrowded,
 And weaker sights may wander soone astray:
 But, when they see his glorious raies unclouded,
 With steddý steps they keepe the perfect way:
 So, while this Muse in forraine landes doth stay,
 Invention weepes, and pens are cast aside;
 The time, like night, deprivd of chearefull day;
 And few do write, but (ah!) too soone may slide.
 Then, hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,
 And with thy wit illustrate England's fame,
 Dawnting thereby our neighbours auncient pride,
 That do, for poesie, challenge cheefest name:
 So we that live, and ages that succede,
 With great applause thy learned works shall
 reede.

*Ah! Colin, whether on the lowly plaine,
 Pyping to shepherds thy sweete roundelaies
 Or whether singing, in some lofty vaine,
 Heroick deedes of past or present daies;
 Or whether in thy lovely mistris praise,
 Thou list to exercise thy learned quill;
 Thy muse hath got such grace and power
 please,
 With rare invention, bewtified by skill,
 As who therein can ever joy their fill!
 O! therefore let that happy muse proceede
 To clime the height of Vertues sacred hill,
 Where endles honour shall be made thy meed
 Because no malice of succeeding daies
 Can rase those records of thy lasting prai*

G. W. SENIOR.

G. W. I.

I

HAPPY, ye leaves! when as those lilly hands,
Which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
Shall handle you, and hold in loves soft bands,
Lyke captives trembling at the victors sight.
And happy lines! on which, with starry light,
Those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to
look,
And reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,
Written with teares in harts close-bleeding
book,
And happy rymes! bath'd in the sacred brooke
Helicon, whence she derived is;
When ye behold that Angels blessed looke,
My soules long-lacked foode, my heavens blis;
Leaves, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please
alone,
Whom if ye please, I care for other none!

II

Quiet thought! whom at the first I bred
Of th' inward bale of my love-pined hart;
And sithens have with sighes and sorrowes fed,
Fill greater then my wombe thou woxen art:
Breake forth at length out of the inner part,
In which thou lurkest lyke to vipers brood;
And seeke some succour both to ease my smart,
And also to sustayne thy selfe with food.
But, if in presence of that fayrest proud
Thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet;
And, with meeke humblesse and afflicted mood,
Beseech for thee, and grace for me, intreat:
Which if she graunt, then live, and my love
cherish: [perish.
If not, die soone; and I with thee will

III

The soverayne beauty which I doo admyre,
Witnessse the world how worthy to be prayzed!
The light whereof hath kindled heavenly fyre
In my fraile spirit, by her from basenesse
raysed; [dazed,
That, being now with her huge brightnesse
base thing I can no more endure to view:
But, looking still on her, I stand amazed
At wondrous sight of so celestiall hew. [dew,
So when my tounge would speake her praises
It stopped is with thoughts astonishment;
And, when my pen would write her titles true,
It ravisht is with fancies wonderment:
Yet in my hart I then both speake and write
The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

IV

New yeare, forth looking out of Janus gate,
Doth seeme to promise hope of new delight:
And, bidding th' old Adieu, his passed date
Kisses all old thoughts to die in dumpish spright:
And, calling forth out of sad Winters night

Fresh Love, that long hath slept in cheerlesse
bower,
Wils him awake, and soone about him dight
His wanton wings and darts of deadly power.
For lusty Spring now in his timely bowre
Is ready to come forth, him to receive;
And warnes the Earth with divers-colord flowre
To decke hir selfe, and her faire mantle weave.
Then you, faire flowre! in whom fresh youth
doth raine,
Prepare your selfe new love to entertaine.

V

Rudely thou wrongest my deare harts desire,
In finding fault with her too portly pride:
The thing which I doo most in her admire,
Is of the world unworthy most envide:
For in those lofty lookes is close implide,
Scorn of base things, and sdeigne of soule dis-
honor:
Thretning rash eies which gaze on her so wide,
That loosely they ne dare to looke upon her.
Such pride is praise; such portlinesse is
honor;
That boldned innocence beares in hir eies;
And her faire countenancē, like a goodly ban-
Spreads in defiaunce of all enemies. [ner,
Was never in this world ought worthy tride,
Without some spark of such self-pleasing
pride.

VI

Be nought dismayd that her unmoved mind
Doth still persist in her rebellious pride:
Such love, not lyke to lusts of baser kynd,
The harder wonne, the firmer will abide.
The durefull Oake, whose sap is not yet dride,
Is long ere it conceive the kindling fyre;
But, when it once doth burne, it doth divide
Great heat, and makes his flames to heaven
So hard it is to kindle new desire [aspire.
In gentle brest, that shall endure for ever:
Deepe is the wound, that dints the parts entire
With chaste affects that naught but death can
sever;
Then thinke not long in taking litle paine
To knit the knot, that ever shall remaine.

VII

Fayre eyes! the myrroure of my mazed hart,
What wondrous vertue is contaynd in you,
The which both lyfe and death forth from you
Into the object of your mighty view? [dart,
For, when ye mildly looke with lovely hew,
Then is my soule with life and love inspired:
But when ye lowre, or looke on me askew,
Then doe I die, as one with lightning fyred.
But, since that lyfe is more then death desyred,

Looke ever lovely, as becomes you best;
 That your bright beams, of my weak eies
 admyred,
 May kindle living fire within my brest.
 Such life should be the honor of your light,
 Such death the sad ensample of your might.

VIII

More then most faire, full of the living fire,
 Kindled above unto the Maker neere;
 No eies but joyes, in which al powers conspire,
 That to the world naught else be counted
 deare; [guest
 Through your bright beams doth not the blinded
 Shoot out his darts to base affections wound;
 But Angels come to lead fraile mindes to rest
 In chast desires, on heavenly beauty bound.
 You frame my thoughts, and fashion me
 within; [speake;
 You stop my tounge, and teach my hart to
 You calme the storme that passion did begin,
 Strong thrugh your cause, but by your vertue
 weak. [never;
 Dark is the world, where your light shined
 Well is he borne, that may behold you ever.

IX

Long-while I sought to what I might com-
 pare [spright;
 Those powrefull eies, which lighten my dark
 Yet find I nought on earth, to which I dare
 Resemble th' ymage of their goodly light.
 Not to the Sun; for they doo shine by night;
 Nor to the Moone; for they are changed never;
 Nor to the Starres; for they have purer sight;
 Nor to the Fire; for they consume not ever;
 Nor to the Lightning; for they still persevere;
 Nor to the Diamond; for they are more tender;
 Nor unto Cristall; for nought may them sever;
 Nor unto Glasse; such basenesse mought
 offend her.
 Then to the Maker selfe they likest be,
 Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

X

Unrighteous Lord of Love, what law is this,
 That me thou makest thus tormented be,
 The whiles she lordeth in licentious blisse
 Of her freewill, scorning both thee and me?
 See! how the Tyrannesse doth joy to see
 The huge massacres which her eyes do make;
 And humbled harts brings captive unto thee,
 That thou of them mayst mightie vengeance
 take,
 But her proud hart doe thou a little shake,
 And that high look, with which she doth
 comptroll
 All this worlds pride, bow to a baser make,
 And al her faults in thy black booke enroll:

That I may laugh at her in equall sort,
 As she doth laugh at me, and makes
 pain her sport.

XI

Dayly when I do seeke and sew for peace
 And hostages doe offer for my truth;
 She, cruell warriour, doth herselfe addresse
 To battell, and the weary war reneweth
 Ne wilbe moov'd with reason, or with rewe
 To graunt small respite to my restlesse toyle
 But greedily her fell intent pourseweth,
 Of my poore life to make unpittied spoile.
 Yet my poore life, all sorrowes to assoyle,
 I would her yield, her wrath to pacify:
 But then she seeks, with torment and turmoyle
 To force me live, and will not let me dy.
 All paine hath end, and every war
 peace;
 But mine, no price nor prayer may sure

XII

One day I sought with her hart-thrilling
 To make a truce, and termes to entertaine
 All fearelesse then of so false enimies,
 Which sought me to entrap in treasons traile
 So, as I then disarmed did remaine,
 A wicked ambush which lay hidden long
 In the close covert of her guilefull eyen,
 Thence breaking forth, did thick about
 throng.
 Too feeble I t'abide the brunt so strong,
 Was forst to yeeld my selfe into their hand
 Who, me captiving streight with rigo-
 wrong,
 Have ever since me kept in cruell bands.
 So, Ladie, now to you I doo complaine,
 Against your eies, that justice I may gaine

XIII

In that proud port, which herso goodly grace
 Whiles her faire face she reares up to the
 And to the ground her eie-lids low embas
 Most goodly temperature ye may descry:
 Myld humblesse, mixt with awfull majesty
 For, looking on the earth whence she
 Her minde remembreth her mortalitic, [be
 Whatso is fayrest shall to earth returne.
 But that same lofty countenance seeme
 scorne [dis
 Base thing, and thinke how she to heaven
 Treading downe earth as lothsome and
 lorne, [sh
 That hinders heavenly thoughts with dre
 Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on m
 Such lowlinesse shall make you lofty b

XIV

Retourne agayne, my forces late dismayd
 Unto the siege by you abandon'd quite.

Great shame it is to leave, like one afraide,
 So fayre a peece, for one repulse so light.
 Gynst such strong castles needeth greater
 might [belay :
 Then those small forts which ye were wout
 Such haughty mynds, enur'd to hardy fight,
 Disdayne to yield unto the first assay.
 Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,
 And lay incessant battery to her heart ;
 Playnts, prayers, vowes, ruth, sorrow, and
 dismay ;
 Those engins can the proudest love convert :
 And, if those fayle, fall downe and dy before
 her ;
 So dying live, and living do adore her.

XV

Ye tradefull Merchants, that, with weary
 toyle, [gain ;
 Do seeke most pretious things to make your
 And both the Indias of their treasure spoile ;
 What needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine ?
 For loe, my love doth in her selfe containe
 All this worlds riches that may farre be found :
 If Saphyres, loe, her eies be Saphyres plaine ;
 If Rubies, loe, hir lips be Rubies sound ;
 If Pearles, hir teeth be Pearles, both pure and
 If Yvorie, her forehead Yvory weene ; [round ;
 If Gold, her locks are finest Gold on ground ;
 If Silver, her faire hands are Silver sheene :
 But that which fairest is, but few behold,
 Her mind adorn'd with vertues manifold.

XVI

One day as I unwarily did gaze [light ;
 On those fayre eyes, my loves immortall
 The whiles my stonisht hart stood in amaze,
 Through sweet illusion of her lookes delight ;
 I mote perceive how, in her glauncing sight,
 Legions of loves with little wings did fly ;
 Darting their deadly arrowes, fyry bright,
 At every rash beholder passing by.
 One of those archers closely I did spy,
 Ayming his arrow at my very hart :
 When suddenly, with twinkle of her eye,
 The Darnzell broke his misintended dart.
 Had she not so doon, sure I had bene slayne ;
 Yet as it was, I hardly scap't with paine.

XVII

The glorious pourtraict of that Angels face,
 Made to amaze weake mens confused skil,
 And this worlds worthlesse glory to embase,
 What pen, what pencill, can expresse her fill ?
 For though he colours could devize at will,
 And eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,
 Least, trembling, it his workmanship should
 spill ;

Yet many wondrous things there are beside :
 The sweet eye-glaunces, that like arrowes
 glide ; [hart ;
 The charming smiles, that rob sence from the
 The lovely pleasaunce ; and the lofty pride ;
 Cannot expressed be by any art. [neede,
 A greater craftsmans hand thereto doth
 That can expresse the life of things indeed.

XVIII

The rolling wheele that runneth often round,
 The hardest steele, in tract of time doth teare :
 And drizzling drops, that often doe rebound,
 The firmest flint doth in continuance weare :
 Yet cannot I, with many a dropping teare
 And long intreaty, soften her hard hart ;
 That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to
 heare,
 Or looke with pittie on my payneful smart ;
 But, when I pleade, she bids me play my part ;
 And, when I weep, she sayes, Teares are but
 water,
 And, when I sigh, she sayes, I know the art ;
 And, when I waile, she turnes hir selfe to
 laughter. [vaine,
 So do I weepe, and wayle, and pleade in
 Whiles she as steele and flint doth still re-
 mayne.

XIX

The merry Cuckow, messenger of Spring,
 His trompet shrill hath thrise already sounded,
 That warnes al lovers wayt upon their king,
 Who now is comming forth with girland
 crowned.
 With noyse whereof the quyre of Byrds re-
 sounded,
 Their anthemes sweet, devized of loves prayse,
 That all the woods they echoes back re-
 bounded,
 As if they knew the meaning of their layes.
 But mongst them all, which did Loves honor
 rayse,
 No word was heard of her that most it ought ;
 But she his precept proudly disobayes,
 And doth his ydle message set at nought.
 Therefore, O Love, unlesse she turne to thee
 Ere Cuckow end, let her a rebell be !

XX

In vaine I seeke and sew to her for grace,
 And doe myne humbled hart before her poure ;
 The whiles her foot she in my necke doth place,
 And tread my life downe in the lowly floure.
 And yet the Lyon that is Lord of power,
 And reigneth over every beast in field,
 In his most pride disdeigneth to devoure
 The silly lambe that to his might doth yield.
 But she, more cruell, and more salvage wylde,

Then either Lyon or the Lyonesse;
Shames not to be with guiltlesse bloud de-
fyld,

But taketh glory in her cruellnesse.

Fayrer then fayrest! let none ever say,
That ye were blooded in a yeelded pray.

XXI

Was it the worke of Nature or of Art,
Which tempred so the feature of her face,
That pride and meeknesse, mixt by equall part,
Doe both appeare t' adorne her beauties grace?
For with mild pleasance, which doth pride dis-
place,

She to her love doth lookers eyes allure;
And, with sterne countenance, back again doth
chace

Their looser looks that stir up lustes impure;
With such strange termes her eyes she doth
inure,

That, with one looke, she doth my life dismay;
And with another doth it streight recure;
Her smile me chokes; her frowne me drives
away.

[lookes;

Thus doth she traine and teach me with her
Such art of eyes I never read in bookes!

XXII

This holy season, fit to fast and pray,
Men to devotion ought to be inclynd:
Therefore, I lykewise, on so holy day,
For my sweet Saynt some service fit will find.
Her temple fayre is built within my mind,
In which her glorious ymage placed is;
On which my thoughts doo day and night
attend,

Lyke sacred priests that never thinke amisse!
There I to her, as th' author of my blisse,
Will builde an altar to appease her yre;
And on the same my hart will sacrifice,
Burning in flames of pure and chast desyre:

The which vouchsafe, O goddesse, to accept,
Amongst thy dearest relicks to be kept.

XXIII

Penelope, for her Uliesses sake,
Deviz'd a Web her wooers to deceave;
In which the worke that she all day did make,
The same at night she did againe unreave:
Such subtile craft my Damzell doth conceive,
Th' importune suit of my desire to shonne:
For all that I in many dayes doo weave,
In one short houre I find by her undonne.
So, when I thinke to end that I begonne,
I must begin and never bring to end:
For with one looke she spils that long I sponne;
And with one word my whole years work
doth rend.

Such labour like the Spyders web I fynd
Whose fruitlesse worke is broken with le-
wynd.

XXIV

When I behold that beauties wonderment,
And rare perfection of each goodly part;
Of natures skill the onely complement;
I honor and admire the Makers art.
But when I feele the bitter balefull smart,
Which her fayre eyes unwares doe worke
mee,

That death out of theyr shyny beames doe da-
I thinke that I a new Pandora see,
Whom all the Gods in councell did agree
Into this sinfull world from heaven to send
That she to wicked men a scourge shou-
bee,

For all their faults with which they did offer
But, since ye are my scourge, I will
treat,

That for my faults ye will me gently bea-

XXV

How long shall this lyke dying lyfe endure
And know no end of her owne misery,
But wast and weare away in termes unsure,
Twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully
Yet better were attonce to let me die,
And shew the last ensample of your pride
Then to torment me thus with cruelty,
To prove your powre, which I too well ha-
tride.

But yet if in your hardned brest ye hide
A close intent at last to shew me grace;
Then all the woes and wrecks which I abide
As meanes of blisse I gladly wil embrace;
And wish that more and greater they mig-
be,

That greater meede at last may turne to m-

XXVI

Sweet is the Rose, but growes upon a bren-
Sweet is the Junipere, but sharpe his bough
Sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere;
Sweet is the Firbloom, but his braunce
is rough;
Sweet is the Cypressse, but his rynd is tough;
Sweet is the Nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the Broome-flowre, but yet sow-
enough;

And sweet is Moly, but his root is ill
So every sweet with soure is tempred still,
That maketh it be coveted the more:
For easie things, that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men doe set but little store.

Why then should I account of little pain
That endlesse pleasure shall unto me gain

XXVII

Faire Proud! now tell me, why should faire
 be proud,
 Sith all worlds glorie is but drosse uncleane,
 And in the shade of death it selfe shall shroud,
 However now thereof ye little weene!
 That goodly Idoll, now so gay besene,
 Shall doffe her fleshs borrowd fayre attyre,
 And be forgot as it had never beene;
 That many now much worship and admire!
 Ne any then shall after it inquire,
 Ne any mention shall thereof remaine,
 But what this verse, that never shall expyre,
 Shall to you purchas with her thaples paine!
 Faire! beno lenger proud of that shall perish;
 But that, which shall you make immortall,
 cherish.

XXVIII

The laurel-leave, which you this day doe
 weare,
 Gives me great hope of your relenting mynde:
 For since it is the badge which I doe beare,
 Ye, bearing it, doe seeme to me inclind:
 The powre thereof, which ofte in me I find,
 Let it lykewise your gentle brest inspire
 With sweet infusion, and put you in mind
 Of that proud mayd, whom now those leaves
 attyre:
 Proud Daphne, scorning Phœbus lovely fyre,
 On the Thessalian shore from him did flie:
 For which the gods, in theyr revengefull yre,
 Did her transforme into a laurell-tree.
 Then fly no more, fayre Love, from Phebus
 chace,
 But in your brest his leave and love embrace.

XXIX

See! how the stubborne damzell doth de-
 prave
 My simple meaning with disdaynfull scorne;
 And by the bay, which I unto her gave,
 Accompts my self her captive quite forlorne.
 The bay (quoth she) is of the victours borne,
 Yielded them by the vanquisht as theyr meeds,
 And they therewith doe Poetes heads adorne,
 To sing the glory of their famous deedes.
 But sith she will the conquest challeng needs,
 Let her accept me as her faithfull thrall;
 That her great triumph, which my skill ex-
 ceeds,
 may in trump of fame blaze over-all.
 Then would I decke her head with glorious
 bayes, [praise,
 And fill the world with her victorious

XXX

My love is lyke to yse, and I to fyre;
 How comes it then that this her cold so great

Is not dissolv'd through my so hot desyre,
 But harder growes the more I her intreat!
 Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
 Is not delayd by her hart-frozen cold;
 But that I burne much more in boyling sweat,
 And feele my flames augmented manifold!
 What more miraculous thing may be told,
 That fire, which all things melts, should harden
 yse;
 And yse, which is congeald with sencelesse cold,
 Should kindle fyre by wonderfull devyse!
 Such is the powre of love in gentle mind,
 That it can alter all the course of kynd.

XXXI

Ah! why hath nature to so hard a hart
 Given so goodly giftes of beauties grace!
 Whose pryde depraves each other better part,
 And all those pretious ornaments deface.
 Sith to all other beastes of bloody race
 A dreadfull countenance she given hath;
 That with theyr terrour al the rest may
 chace,
 And warne to shun the daunger of theyr wrath.
 But my proud one doth worke the greater
 scath,
 Through sweet allurement of her lovely hew;
 That she the better may in bloody bath
 Of such poor thralls her cruell hands embrew.
 But, did she know how ill these two accord
 Such cruelty she would have soone abhord

XXXII

The paynefull smith, with force of fervent
 heat,
 The hardest yron soone doth mollify;
 That with his heavy sledge he can it beat,
 And fashion to what he it list apply.
 Yet cannot all these flames, in which I fry,
 Her hart more harde then yron soft a whit;
 Ne all the playnts and prayers, with which I
 Doe beat on th' anvile of her stubberne wit
 But still, the more she fervent sees my fit,
 The more she frieseth in her wilfull pryde;
 And harder growes, the harder she is smit
 With all the playnts which to her be applyde.
 What then remains but I to ashes burne,
 And shē to stones at length all frozen turne!

XXXIII

Great wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
 To that most sacred Empresse, my dear dreed,
 Not finishing her Queene of Faëry,
 That mote enlarge her living prayses, dead.
 But Lodwick, this of grace to me aread;
 Do ye not thinck th' accomplishment of it
 Sufficient worke for one mans simple head,
 All were it, as the rest, but rudely writ?

How then should I, without another wit,
 Thinck ever to endure so tedious toyle!
 Sins that this one is tost with troublous fit
 Of a proud love, that doth my spirite spoyle.
 Ceasse then, till she vouchsafe to grawnt
 me rest;
 Or lend you me another living brest.

XXXIV

Lyke as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde,
 By conduct of some star, doth make her way;
 Whenas a storme hath dimd her trusty guyde,
 Out of her course doth wander far astray!
 So I, whose star, that wont with her bright
 ray

Me to direct, with cloudes is over-cast,
 Doe wander now, in darknesse and dismay,
 Through hidden perils round about me plast;
 Yet hope I well that, when this storme is
 My Helice, the lodestar of my lyfe, [past,
 Will shine again, and looke on me at last,
 With lovely light to cleare my cloudy grief,
 Till then I wander carefull, comfortlesse,
 In secret sorow, and sad pensivenesse.

XXXV

My hungry eyes, through greedy coyettize
 Still to behold the object of their paine,
 With no contentment can themselves suffice;
 But, having, pine; and, having not, com-
 plaine.

For, lacking it, they cannot lyfe sustayne;
 And, having it, they gaze on it the more;
 In their amazement lyke Narcissus vaine,
 Whose eyes him starv'd: so plenty makes me
 poore.

Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
 Of that faire sight, that nothing else they
 brooke,

But lothe the things which they did like before,
 And can no more endure on them to looke.

All this worlds glory seemeth vayne to me,
 And all their showes but shadowes, saving
 she.

XXXVI

Tell me, when shall these wearie woes have
 end,

Or shall their ruthlesse torment never cease;
 But al my dayes in pining langour spend,
 Without hope of aswagement or release?

Is there no meanes for me to purchase peace,
 Or make agreement with her thrilling eyes;
 But that their cruelty doth still increace,
 And dayly more augment my miseryes?

But, when ye have shewd all extremities,
 Then thinke how litle glory ye have gayned
 By slaying him, whose life, though ye despyse,
 Mote have your life in honour long maintayned.

But by his death, which some perhaps
 mone,
 Ye shall condemned be of many a one.

XXXVII

What guyle is this, that those her gol
 She doth attyre under a net of gold; [tre
 And with sly skill so cunningly them dres
 That which is gold, or heare, may scarce
 told?

Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too b
 She may entangle in that golden snare;
 And, being caught, may craftily enfold
 Theyr weaker harts, which are not wel awa
 Take heed, therefore, myne eyes, how ye
 stare

Henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net
 In which, if ever ye entrapped are,
 Out of her bands ye by no meanes shall ge
 Fondnesse it were for any, being free,
 To covet fetters, though they golden bee

XXXVIII

Arion, when, through tempests cruel wrack
 He forth was thrown into the greedy seas;
 Through the sweet musick, which his h
 did make,

Allur'd a Dolphin him from death to ease.
 But my rude musick, which was wont to ple
 Some dainty eares, cannot, with any skill,
 The dreadfull tempest of her wrath appeas
 Nor move the Dolphin from her stubborn v
 But in her pride she dooth persevere still.

All carelesse how my life for her decayes:
 Yet with one word she can it save or spill.
 To spill were pittie, but to save were praye
 Chose rather to be prayd for dooing goo
 Then to be blam'd for spilling guiltle
 blood.

XXXIX

Sweet Smile! the daughter of the Queen
 Love,

Expressing all thy mothers powrefull art,
 With which she wants to temper angry Jo
 When all the gods he threats with thund
 dart:

Sweet is thy vertue, as thy selfe sweet art.
 For, when on me thou shinedst late in sadne
 A melting pleasance ran through every pa
 And me revivd with hart-robbing gladnes
 Whylest rapt with joy resembling heave
 madnes,

My soule was ravisht quite as in a trauince
 And feeling thence, no more her sorow
 sadnesse,

Fed on the fulnesse of that chearefull glaun
 More sweet than Nectar, or Ambrosiall me
 Seemd every bit which thenceforth I did

XL

ark when she smiles with amiable cheare,
 d tell me whereto can ye lyken it;
 hen on each eyelid sweetly doe appeare
 hundred Graces as in shade to sit.
 kest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
 o the fayre sunshine in somers day;
 at, when a dreadfull storme away is flit,
 rough the broad world doth spread his goodly
 ray;

sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,
 d every beast that to his den was fled,
 mes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
 d to the light lift up theyr drouping hed.
 o my storme-beaten hart likewise is cheared.
 With that sunshine, when cloudy looks are
 cleared.

XLI

it her nature, or is it her will,
 be so cruell to an humbled foe? *X*
 nature; then she may it mend with skill:
 will; then she at will may will forgoe.
 t if her nature and her will be so, [most,
 at she will plague the man that loves her
 d take delight t' encrease a wretches woe;
 en all her natures goodly gifts are lost:
 d that same glorious beauties ydle boast
 but a bayt such wretches to beguile,
 being long in her loves tempest tost,
 e meanes at last to make her pitious spoyle.
 e fayrest fayre! let never it be named,
 hat so fayre beauty was so fowly shamed.

XLII

e love which me so cruelly tormenteth,
 pleasing is in my extreamest paine,
 at, all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,
 e more I love and doe embrace my bane.
 doe I wish (for wishing were but vaine)
 be acquit fro my continual smart;
 t joy, her thrall for ever to remayne,
 d yield for pledge my poore captyv'd hart;
 e which, that it from her may never start,
 er, yf please her, bynd with adamant
 e chayne: [vart
 d from all wandring loves, which mote per-
 s safe assurance, strongly it restrayne.
 nely let her abstaine from cruelty.
 And doe me not before my time to dy.

XLIII

all I then silent be, or shall I speake?
 t, if I speake, her wrath renew I shall;
 d, if I silent be, my hart will breake,
 choked be with overflowing gall.
 hat tyranny is this, both my hart to thrall,
 eke my tounge with proud restraint to tie;
 at nether I may speake nor thinke at all,
 t like a stupid stock in silence die!

Yet I my hart with silence secretly
 Will teach to speak, and my just cause to plead;
 And eke mine eies, with meek humility,
 Love-learned letters to her eyes to read;

Which her deep wit, that true harts thought
 can spel,

Wil soon conceive, and learne to construe
 well.

XLIV

When those renowned noble Peres of Greece,
 Thugh stubborn pride, amongst themselves did
 Forgetfull of the famous golden fleece; [jar,
 Then Orpheus with his harp theyr strife did bar.
 But this continuall, cruell, civill warre,
 The which my selfe against my selfe doe make:
 Whilest my weak powres of passions warreid
 No skill can stint, nor reason can aslake. [arre;
 But, when in hand my tunelesse harp I take,
 Then doe I more augment my foes despight;
 And grieve renew, and passions doe awake
 To battaile, fresh against my selfe to fight.

Mongst whome the more I seeke to settle
 peace,

The more I fynd their malice to increase.

XLV

Leave, lady! in your glasse of cristall clene,
 Your goodly selfe for evermore to vew:

And in my selfe, my inward selfe, I meane,
 Most lively lyke behold your semblant trew.
 Within my hart, though hardly it can shew
 Thing so divine to vew of earthly eye,
 The fayre Idea of your celestiaall hew
 And every part remains immortally:

And were it not that, through your cruelty,
 With sorrow dimmed and deform'd it were,
 The goodly ymage of your visnomy,
 Clearer then cristall, would therein appere.

But, if your selfe in me ye playne will see,
 Remove the cause by which your fayre
 beames darkned be.

XLVI

When my abodes prefixed time is spent,
 My cruell fayre streight bids me wend my way:
 But then from heaven most hideous stormes
 are sent,

As willing me against her will to stay.
 Whom then shall I, or heaven or her, obey?
 The heavens know best what is the best for me
 But as she will, whose will my life doth sway
 My lower heaven, so it perforce must bee.
 But ye high hevens, that all this sorowe see,
 Sith all your tempests cannot hold me backe,
 Aswage your storms; or else both you, and she,
 Will both together me too sorely wracke.

Enough it is for one man to sustaine
 The stormes, which she alone on me doth
 raine.

XLVII

Trust not the treason of those smyling lookes,
Untill ye have theyr guylefull traynes well
tryde:

For they are lyke but unto golden hookes,
That from the foolish fish theyr bayts doe hyde:
So she with flattrng smyles weake harts doth
guyde

Unto her love, and tempte to theyr decay;
Whome, being caught, she kills with cruell
pryde,

And feeds at pleasure on the wretched pray:
Yet, even whylst her bloody hands them slay,
Her eyes looke lovely, and upon them smyle;
That they take pleasure in her cruell play,

And, dying, doe themselves of payne beguyle.

O mighty charm! which makes men love
theyr bane, [payne.

And thinck they dy with pleasure, live with

XLVIII

Innocent paper; whom too cruell hand
Did make the matter to avenge her yre:
And, ere she could thy cause wel understand,
Did sacrifice unto the greedy fyre.

Well worthy thou to have found better hyre,
Then so bad end for hereticks ordayned;

Yet heresy nor treason didst conspire,
But plead thy maisters cause, unjustly payned.

Whom she, all carelesse of his grieve con-
strayned

To utter forth the anguish of his hart:

And would not heare, when he to her complayned
The piteous passion of his dying smart.

Yet live for ever, though against her will,
And speake her good, though she requite it ill.

XLIX

Fayre cruell! why are ye so fierce and cruell?
Is it because your eyes have powre to kill?

Then know that mercy is the Mighties jewell:
And greater glory thinke, to save then spill.

But if it be your pleasure, and proud will,
To shew the powre of your imperious eyes;

Then not on him that never thought you ill,
But bend your force against your enemyes:

Let them feele the utmost of your cruelties;
And kill with looks as Cockatrices doo:

But him, that at your footstoole humbled lies,
With mercifull regard give mercy too.

Such mercy shall you make admyr'd to be;
So shall you live, by giving life to me.

L

Long languishing in double malady
Of my harts wound, and of my bodies grieve;
There came to me a leach, that would apply
Fit medicines for my bodies best reliefe.

Wayne man, quod I, that hast but little
In deep discovery of the mynds disease:
Is not the hart of all the body chiefe,
And rules the members as it selfe doth please?
Then, with some cordials, seeke first to ease
The inward languor of my wounded hart
And then my body shall have shortly ease
But such sweet cordials passe Physitions
Then, my lyfes Leach! doe your skill re-
And, with one salve, both hart and
heale.

LI

Doe I not see that fayrest ymages
Of hardest marble are of purpose made,
For that they should endure through many ages
Ne let theyr famous monuments to fade
Why then doe I, untraine in lovers tra-
Her hardnes blame, which I should more
Sith never ought was excellent assayde [I
Which was not hard t' atchieve and bring
end.

Ne ought so hard, but he, that would at-
Mote soften it and to his will allure:

So doe I hope her stubborne hart to bend
And that it then more stedfast will endure

Onely my paines will be the more to ge-
But, having her, my joy wil be the greater

LII

So oft as homeward I from her depart,
I goe lyke one that, having lost the field

Is prisoner led away with heavy hart,
Despoild of warlike armes and knowen

So doe I now my selfe a prisoner yeeld
To sorrow and to solitary paine;

From presence of my dearest deare exy
Long-while alone in languor to remaine

There let no thought of joy, or pleasure
Dare to approach, that may my solace bring

But sudden dumps, and drery sad disdaine
Of all worlds gladnesse, more my torment

So I her absens will my penance make
That of her presens I my meed may take

LIII

The Panther, knowing that his spotted
Doth please all beasts, but that his looks
fray;

Within a bush his dreadfull head doth hide
To let them gaze, whylest he on them may

Right so my cruell fayre with me doth hide
For, with the goodly semblant of her he

She doth allure me to mine owne decay,
And then no mercy will unto me shew.

Great shame it is, thing so divine in view
Made for to be the worlds most ornament

To make the bayte her gazers to embreyne
Good shames to be to ill an instrument

But mercy doth with beautie best agree,
As in theyr Maker ye them best may see.

LIV

This worlds Theatre in which we stay,
My love, lyke the Spectator, ydly sits;
Holding me, that all the pageants play,
Saying diversly my troubled wits.
Sometimes I joy when glad occasion fits,
And mask in myrth lyke to a Comedy:
None after, when my joy to sorrow flits,
Waile, and make my woes a Tragedy.
Yet she, beholding me with constant eye,
Finds delights not in my merrth, nor rues my smart:
But when I laugh, she mocks; and, when I cry,
She laughs, and hardens evermore her hart.
What then can move her? if nor merrth nor
paine,
She is no woman, but a sencelesse stone.

LV

To oft as I her beauty doe behold,
And therewith doe her cruelty compare,
I marvaile of what substance was the mould,
By which her made attonce so cruell faire.
Not earth, for her high thoughts more heavenly
are:
Not water, for her love doth burne like fyre:
Not ayre; for she is not so light or rare:
Not fyre: for she doth friese with faint desire.
When needs another Element inquire
Whereof she mote be made, that is, the skye.
Or to the heaven her haughty lookes aspire:
And eke her mind is pure immortall hye.
Then, sith so heaven ye lykened are the best,
Be lyke in mercy as in all the rest.

LVI

Myre ye be sure, but cruell and unkind,
As is a Tygre, that with greedinesse [find
 Hunts after blood; when he by chance doth
 feeble beast, doth felly him oppresse.
 Myre ye be ye sure, but proud and pittillesse,
 As is a storme, that all things doth prostrate;
 Finding a tree alone all comfortlesse,
 Eats on it strongly, it to ruinate.
 Myre ye be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,
 As is a rocke amidst the raging floods:
 Against which, a ship, of succour desolate,
 Doth suffer wreck both of her selfe and goods.
 That ship, that tree, and that same beast,
 am I,
 Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine, and destroy.

LVII

Sweet warrior! when shall I have peace
with you?
High time it is this warre now ended were

Which I no lenger can endure to sue,
Ne your incessant battry more to beare:
So weake my powres, so sore my wounds,
appeare,
That wonder is how I should live a jot,
Seeing my hart through-launced every where
With thousand arrowes, which your eies have
shot:
Yet shoot ye sharpely still, and spare me not,
But glory thinke to make these cruel stoures.
Ye cruell one! what glory can be got,
In slaying him that would live gladly yours!
Make peace therefore; and graunt me timely
grace,
That al my wounds wil heale in little space.

LVIII

By her that is most assured to her selfe.

Weake is th' assurance that weake flesh re-
poseth
In her owne powre, and scorneth others ayde;
That soonest fals, when as she most supposeth
Her selfe assur'd, and is of nought affrayd.
All flesh is frayle, and all her strength unstayd,
Like a vaine bubble blown up with ayre:
Devouring tyme and changeful chance have
prayd,
Her glories pride that none may it repayre.
Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or fayre,
But fayleth, trusting on his owne assurance;
And he, that standeth on the hyghest stayre,
Fals lowest; for on earth nought hath endur-
ance. [so farre,
Why then doe ye, proud fayre, misdeeme
That to your selfe ye most assured are!

LIX

Thrise happie she! that is so well assured
Unto her selfe, and settled so in hart,
That nether will for better be allured,
Ne feard with worse to any chaunce to start;
But, like a steddy ship, doth strongly part
The raging waves, and keepes her course
aright;
Ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
Ne ought for fayrer weathers false delight.
Such selfe-assurance need not feare the spight
Of grudging foes, ne favour seek of friends:
But, in the stay of her owne stedfast might,
Nether to one her selfe nor other bends.
Most happy she, that most assur'd doth rest;
But he most happy, who such one loves best.

LX

They, that in course of heavenly spheares are
skild,
To every planet point his sundry yeare:

In which her circles voyage is fullfid,
As Mars in three-score yeares doth run his
 spheare.

So, since the winged god his planet cleare
Began in me to move, one yeare is spent:
The which doth longer unto me appeare,
Then al those fourty which my life out-went.
Then by that count, which lovers books invent,
The spheare of Cupid fourty yeares contains:
Which I have wasted in long languishment,
That seemd the longer for my greater paines.
But let my loves fayre Planet short her
 wayes,

This yeare ensuing, or else short my dayes.

LXI

The glorious image of the Makers beantie,
My soverayne saynt, the Idoll of my thought,
Dare not henceforth, above the bounds of
 dewtie,

T' accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought.
For being, as she is, divinely wrought,
And of the brood of Angels heavenly borne;
And with the crew of blessed Saynts upbrought,
Each of which did her with theyr guifts adorne;
The bud of joy, the blossome of the morne,
The beame of light, whom mortal eyes admyre;
What reason is it then but she should scorne
Base things, that to her love too bold aspire!

Such heavenly formes ought rather worshipt
 be,

Then dare be lov'd by men of meane degree.

LXII

The weary yeare his race now having run,
The new begins his compast course anew:
With shew of morning mylde he hath begun,
Betokening peace and plenty to ensue.
So let us, which this chaunge of weather vew,
Chaunge eke our mynds, and former lives
 amend;

The old yeares sinnes forepast let us eschew,
And fly the faults with which we did offend.
Then shall the new yeares joy forth freshly
 send,

Into the glooming world, his gladsome ray:
And all these stormes, which now his beauty
 blend,

Shall turne to caulmes, and tymely cleare away.

So, likewise, Love! cheare you your heavy
 spright,

And chaunge old yeares annoy to new de-
 light.

LXIII

After long stormes and tempests sad assay,
Which hardly I endured heretofore,
In dread of death, and daungerous dismay,
With which my silly barke was tossed sore:

I doe at length descry the happy shore,
In which I hope ere long for to arryve:
Fayre soyle it seemes from far, and fit
 with store

Of all that deare and daynty is alyve.
Most happy he! that can at last atchivy
The joyous safety of so sweet a rest;
Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
Remembrance of all paines which him op
All paines are nothing in respect of th
All sorrowes short that gaine eternall

LXIV

Commig to kisse her lyps, (such grace I f
Me seemd, I smelt a gardin of sweet flov
That dainty odours from them threw are
For damzels fit to decke their lovers bo
Her lips did smell lyke unto Gillyflower
Her ruddy cheekes, lyke unto Roses red
Her snowy browes, like budded Bellamo
Her lovely eyes, lyke Pincks but newly s
Her goodly bosome, lyke a Strawberry l
Her neck, lyke to a bounch of Cullamiby
Her brest, lyke Lillyes, ere theyr leav
 shed;

Her nipples, lyke yong blossomed Jessem
Such fragrant flowers doe give most o
 smell;

But her sweet odour did them all exco

LXV

The doubt which ye misdeeme, fayre lo
That fondly feare to loose your liberty; [
When, loosing one, two liberties ye gayn
And make him bond that bondage earst d
Sweet be the bands, the which true love
Without constraynt, or dread of any ill:
The gentle birde feesles no captivity
Within her cage; but sings, and feeds h
There pride dare not approach, nor discor
The league twixt them, that loyal love
 bound:

But simple truth, and mutuall good-will
Seekes with sweet peace, to salve each
 wound:

There Fayth doth fearlesse dwell in l
And spotlesse Pleasure builds her
 bowre.

LXVI

To all those happy blessings, which ye l
With plenteous hand by heaven upo
 thrown;

This one disparagement they to you gav
That ye your love lent to so meane a one
Yee, whose high worths surpassing para
Could not on earth have found one fit for
Ne but in heaven matchable to none,
Why did ye stoup unto so lowly state?

at ye thereby much greater glory gate,
 When had ye sorted with a princes pere:
 Or, now your light doth more itselfe dilate,
 And, in my darknesse, greater doth appeare,
 Yet, since your light hath once enlumind me,
 With my reflex yours shall encreased be.

LXVII

Like as a huntsman after weary chace,
 Being the game from him escapt away,
 Lays downe to rest him in some shady place,
 With panting hounds beguiled of their pray:
 After long pursuit and vaine assay,
 When I all weary had the chace forsooke,
 He gentle deare returnd the selfe-same way,
 Thinking to quench her thirst at the next
 brooke:

Here she, beholding me with mylder looke,
 Thought not to fly, but fearelesse still did bide;
 Till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
 And with her owne goodwill hir fyrmely tyde.
 Strange thing, me seemd, to see a beast so
 wyld,
 So goodly wonne, with her owne will be-
 guylde.

LXVIII

Most glorious Lord of lyfe! that, on this day,
 Didst make thy triumph over death and sin;
 And, having harrowd hell, didst bring away
 Activity thence captive, us to win:
 His joyous day, deare Lord, with joy begin;
 And grant that we, for whom thou diddest dye,
 Living with thy deare blood clene washt from
 Day live for ever in felicity! [sin,
 And that thy love we weighing worthily,
 May likewise love thee for the same againe;
 And for thy sake, that all lyke deare didst
 buy,
 With love may one another entertayne!
 So let us love, deare love, lyke as we ought:
 Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

LXIX

These famous warriors of anticke world
 Used Trophees to erect in stately wize;
 In which they would the records have enrold
 Of their great deeds and valarous emprise.
 That trophée then shall I most fit devise,
 To which I may record the memory
 Of my loves conquest, peerlesse beauties prise,
 Adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity!
 Even this verse, vowd to eternity,
 Shall be thereof immortall moniment;
 And tell her prayse to all posterity,
 That may admire such worlds rare wonderment;
 The happy purchase of my glorious spoile,
 Gotten at last with labour and long toyle.

LXX

Fresh Spring, the herald of loves mighty king,
 In whose cote-armour richly are displayd
 All sorts of flowers, the which on earth do
 In goodly colours gloriously arrayd; [spring,
 Goe to my love, where she is carelesse layd,
 Yet in her winters bowre not well awake;
 Tell her the joyous time wil not be staid,
 Unless she doe him by the forelock take;
 Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,
 To wayt on Love amongst his lovely crew;
 Where every one, that misseth then her make,
 Shall be by him amearst with penance dew.

Make hast, therefore, sweet love, whilst it
 is prime;

For none can call againe the passed time.

LXXI

I joy to see how, in your drawn work,
 Your selfe unto the Bee ye doe compare;
 And me unto the Spyder, that doth lurke
 In close awayt, to catch her unaware:
 Right so your selfe were caught in cunning
 snare

Of a deare foe, and thralld to his love;
 In whose streight bands ye now captived are
 So firmly, that ye never may remove.
 But as your worke is woven all above
 With woodbynd flowers and fragrant Eglan-
 tine;

So sweet your prison you in time shall prove,
 With many deare delights bedecked fyne.

And all thensforth eternall peace shall see
 Betweene the Spyder and the gentle Bee.

LXXII

Ofte, when my spirit doth spred her bolder
 winges,

In mind to mount up to the purest sky;
 It down is weighd with thought of earthly
 And clogd with burden of mortality; [things,
 Where, when that soverayne beauty it doth
 Resembling heavens glory in her light, [spy,
 Drawne with sweet pleasures bayt, it back
 doth fly,

And unto heaven forgets her former flight.
 There my fraile fancy, fed with full delight,
 Doth bath in blisse, and mantleth most at
 ease;

Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it might
 Her harts desire with most contentment please.
 Hart need not wish none other happinesse,
 But here on earth to have such hevens
 blisse.

LXXIII

Being my self captvyed here in care,
 My hart, (whom none with servile bands can
 ty,

But the fayre tresses of your golden hayre,)
 Breaking his prison, forth to you doth fly.
 Lyke as a byrd, that in ones hand doth spy
 Desired food, to it doth make his flight :
 Even so my hart, that wont on your fayre
 eye

To feed his fill, flies backe unto your sight.
 Doe you him take, and in your bosome bright
 Gently encage, that he may be your thrall :
 Perhaps he there may learne, with rare de-
 light,

To sing your name and prayses over-all :
 That it hereafter may you not repent,
 Him lodging in your bosome to have lent.

LXXIV

Most happy letters ! fram'd by skilfull trade,
 With which that happy name was first desynd,
 The which three times thrise happy hath me
 made,

With guifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
 The first my being to me gave by kind,
 From mothers womb deriv'd by dew descent :
 The second is my soveraigne Queene most
 kind,

That honour and large riches to me lent :
 The third, my love, my lifes last ornament,
 By whom my spirit out of dust was rayssed :
 To speake her prayse and glory excellent,
 Of all alive most worthy to be prayed.

Ye three Elizabeths ! for ever live,
 That three such graces did unto me give.

LXXV

One day I wrote her name upon the strand ;
 But came the waves, and washed it away :
 Agayne, I wrote it with a second hand ;
 But came the tyde, and made my paynes his
 pray.

[assay
 Vayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine
 A mortall thing so to immortalize ;
 For I my selve shall lyke to this decay,
 And eek my name bee wyped out lykewize,
 Not so, quod I : let baser things devize
 To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame :
 My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
 And in the heavens wryte your glorious name.

Where, whenas death shall all the world
 subdew,

Our love shall live, and later life renew.

LXXVI

Fayre bosome ! fraught with vertues richest
 trespure,

The nest of love, the lodging of delight,
 The bowre of blisse, the paradise of pleasure,
 The sacred harbour of that heavenly spright ;

How was I ravisht with your lovely sight
 And my frayle thoughts too rashly led as
 Whiles diving deepe through amorou
 sight,

On the sweet spoyle of beautie they did
 And twixt her paps, (like early fruit in
 Whose harvest seemd to hasten now apac
 They loosely did theyr wanton winges d
 And there to rest themselves did boldly p
 Sweet thoughts ! I envy you so happy
 Which oft I wisht, yet never was so bl

LXXVII

Was it a dreame, or did I see it playne ;
 A goodly table of pure yvory,
 All spred with juncats, fit to entertayne
 The greatest Prince with pompous roialty
 Mongst which, there in a silver dish did
 Twoo golden apples of unvaledw price ;
 Far passing those which Hercules came b
 Or those which Atalanta did entice ;
 Exceeding sweet, yet voyd of sinfull vice
 That many sought, yet none could ever t
 Sweet fruit of pleasure, brought from l
 dice

By Love himselfe ; and in his garden plas
 Her brest that table was, so richly spre
 My thoughts the guests, which w
 thereon have fedd.

LXXVIII

Lackyn my love, I go from place to plac
 Lyke a young fawne, that late hath los
 hynd ;
 And seeke each where, where last I sawe
 Whose ymage vet I carry fresh in mynd
 I seeke the fields with her late footing sy
 I seeke her bowre with her late pre
 deekt,

Yet nor in field nor bowre I her can fynd
 Yet field and bowre are full of her aspect
 But, when myne eyes I thereunto direct,
 They ydly back returne to me agayne :
 And, when I hope to see theyr trew obje
 I fynd my selfe but fed with fancies vayr
 Ceasse then, myne eyes, to seeke her se
 see ;

And let my thoughts behold her selfe in

LXXIX

Men call you fayre, and you doe credit it,
 For that your selfe ye dayly such doe see
 But the trew fayre, that is the gentle wit
 And vertuous mind, is much more pray
 For all the rest, how ever fayre it be,
 Shall turne to nought and loose that glo
 But onely that is permanent and free
 From frayle corruption, that doth flesh e

that is true beautie : that doth argue you
 to be divine, and borne of heavenly seed ;
 Deriv'd from that fayre Spirit, from whom all
 true
 and perfect beauty did at first proceed :
 He onely fayre, and what he fayre hath
 made ;
 All other fayre, lyke flowres, untymely fade.

LXXX

After so long a race as I have run
 through Faery land, which those six books
 compile,
 give leave to rest me being halfe fordonne,
 and gather to myselfe new breath awhile.
 When, as a steed refreshed after toyle,
 out of my prison I will breake anew ;
 and stoutly will that second worke assoyle,
 with strong endeavour and attention dew.
 Will then give leave to me, in pleasant mew
 to sport my muse, and sing my loves sweet
 praise ;
 the contemplation of whose heavenly hew,
 my spirit to an higher pitch will rayse,
 But let her prayes yet be low and meane,
 Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

LXXXI

Fayre is my love, when her fayre golden
 heares [marke ;
 the loose wynd ye waving chance to
 fayre, when the rose in her red cheekes
 appeares ;
 in her eyes the fyre of love does sparke.
 Fayre, when her brest, lyke a rich laden barke,
 with pretious merchandize she forth doth lay ;
 fayre, when that cloud of pryde, which oft doth
 dark
 her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.
 At fayrest she, when so she doth display
 the gate with pearles and rubyes richly dight ;
 through which her words so wise do make
 their way
 to beare the message of her gentle spright.
 The rest be works of natures wonderment :
 But this the worke of harts astonishment.

LXXXII

O my life ! full oft for loving you
 I besse my lot, that was so lucky placed :
 At then the more your owne mishap I rew,
 That are so much by so meane love embased.
 For, had the equall hevens so much you
 graced
 this as in the rest, ye mote invent
 some heavenly wit, whose verse could have
 enchased
 your glorious name in golden monument.

But since ye deignd so goodly to relent
 To me your thrall, in whom is little worth ;
 That little, that I am, shall all be spent
 In setting your immortall prayes forth :
 Whose lofty argument, uplifting me,
 Shall lift you up unto an high degree.

LXXXIII

Let not one sparke of filthy lustfull fyre
 Breake out, that may her sacred peace mo-
 lest ;
 Ne one light glance of sensuall desyre
 Attempt to work her gentle mindes unrest :
 But pure affections bred in spotlesse brest,
 And modest thoughts breathd from wel-
 temperd sprites,
 Goe visit her in her chaste bowre of rest
 Accompanyde with angelick delights.
 There fill your selfe with those most joyous
 sights,
 The which my selfe could never yet attayne.
 But speake no word to her of these sad
 plights,
 Which her too constant stiffenesse doth con-
 strayn.
 Onely behold her rare perfection,
 And blesse your fortunes fayre election.

LXXXIV

The world that cannot deeme of worthy
 things,
 When I doe praise her, say I doe but flatter :
 So does the Cuckow, when the Mavis sings,
 Begin his witlesse note apace to clatter.
 But they that skill not of so heavenly matter,
 All that they know not envy or admyre ;
 Rather then envy, let them wonder at her,
 But not to deeme of her desert aspyre.
 Deepe, in the closet of my parts entyre,
 Her worth is written with a golden quill,
 That me with heavenly fury doth inspire,
 And my glad mouth with her sweet prayes
 fill. [shal thunder,
 Which when as Fame in her shrill trump
 Let the world chose to envy or to wonder.

LXXXV

Venemous tounge, tipt with vile adders sting,
 Of that selfe kynd with which the Furies fell
 Theyr snaky heads doe combe, from which a
 spring
 Of poysoned words and spitefull speeches well ;
 Let all the plagues, and horrid paines, of hell
 Upon thee fall for thine accursed hyre
 That with false forged lyes, which thou didst
 tel,
 In my true love did stirre up coles of yre ;

The sparkes whereof let kindle thine own fyre,
And, catching hold on thine owne wicked hed,
Consume thee quite, that didst with guile conspire

In my sweet peace such breaches to have bred!
Shame be thy meed, and mischief thy reward,
Dew to thy selfe, that it for me prepard!

LXXXVI

Since I did leave the presence of my love,
Many long weary dayes I have outworne;
And many nights, that slowly seemd to move
Theyr sad protract from evening untill morne.
For, when as day the heaven doth adorne,
I wish that night the noyous day would end;
And, when as night hath us of light forlorne,
I wish that day would shortly reascend.
Thus I the time with expectation spend,
And faine my griefe with chaunges to beguile,
That further seemes his terme still to extend,
And maketh every minute seeme a myle.
So sorrow still doth seeme too long to last;
But joyous houres doe fly away too fast.

LXXXVII

Since I have lackt the comfort of that light,
The which was wont to lead my thoughts astray;
I wander as in darkenesse of the night,
Affrayd of every dangers least dismay.

Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,
When others gaze upon theyr shadowes vaine,
But th' onely image of that heavenly ray
Whereof some glance doth in mine eyes remaine.

Of which beholding the Idæa playne,
Through contemplation of my purest part,
With light thereof I doe my selfe sustayn.
And thereon feed my love-affamisht hart.
But, with such brightnesse whylest thou
my mind,

I starve my body, and mine eyes doe burne

LXXXVIII

Lyke as the Culver, on the bared bough,
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
And, in hersongs, sends many a wishfull
For his returne that seemes to linger late.
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourne to my selfe the absence of my love,
And, wandring here and there all desolate,
Seek with my playnts to match that mooroves dove.

Ne joy of ought that under heaven doth
Can comfort me, but her owne joyous sight
Whose sweet aspect both God and man
move,

In her unspotted pleasauns to delight.

Dark is my day, whyles her fayre
mis,

And dead my life that wants such lively

EPIGRAMS.

I

In youth, before I waxed old,
The blynd boy, Venus baby,
For want of cunning made me bold,
In bitter hyve to grope for honny:
But, when he saw me stung and cry,
He tooke his wings and away did fly.

II

As Diane hunted on a day,
She chaunst to come where Cupid lay,
His quiver by his head:
One of his shafts she stole away.
And one of hers did close convey
Into the others stead:
With that Love wounded my Loves hart,
But Diane beasts with Cupids dart.

III

I saw, in secret to my Dame
How little Cupid humbly came,

And sayd to her; 'All hayle, my mother!
But, when he saw me laugh, for shame
His face with bashfull blood did flame,
Not knowing Venus from the other.
'Then, never blush, Cupid, quoth I,
For many have err'd in this beauty.'

IV

Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbring
All in his mothers lap;
A gentle Bee, with his loud trumpet merrily
About him flew by hap.
Whereof when he was wakened with
And saw the beast so small;
'Whats this (quoth he) that gives so good
That wakens men withall?'
In angry wize he flies about,
And threatens all with corage stout.
To whom his mother closely smiling sayd
'Twixt earnest and twixt game:

See! thou thyself likewise art litle made,
thou regard the same.

And yet thou suffrest neyther gods in sky,
nor men in earth, to rest:

But when thou art disposed cruelly,
they sleepe thou doost molest.

Then eyther change thy cruelty.
Or give like leave unto the fly.

Woelesse, the cruell boy, not so content,
Could needs the fly pursue;
And in his hand, with heedlesse hardiment,
him caught for to subdue.

But, when on it he hasty hand did lay,
he Bee him stung therefore:

Now out alas, he cryde, and wel-away!
wounded am full sore:

the Fly, that I so much did scorne,
hath hurt me with his little horne.

unto his mother straight he weeping came,
and of his grieve complaind:

Who could not chose but laugh at his fond
though sad to see him pained. [game,

Think now (quod she) my sonne, how great
of those whom thou dost wound: [the smart

Full many thou hast pricked to the hart,
That pitty never found:
Therefore, henceforth some pitty take,
When thou doest spoyle of lovers make.

She tooke him streight full pitiously lamenting,
And wrapt him in her smock:

She wrapt him softly, all the while repenting
That he the fly did mock.

She drest his wound, and it embaulmed wel
With salve of soveraigne might:

And then she bath'd him in a dainty well,
The well of deare delight.

Who would not oft be stung as this,
To be so bath'd in Venus blis?

The wanton boy was shortly wel recured
Of that his malady:

But he, soone after, fresh againe enured
His former cruelty.

And since that time he wounded bath my
With his sharpe dart of love: [selfe

And now forgets the cruell carelesse elfe
His mothers heast to prove.

So now I languish, till he please
My pining anguish to appease.

EPITHALAMION.

Learned sisters, which have oftentimes
eene to me ayding, others to adorne, [rymes,

Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull
that even the greatest did not greatly scorne

to heare their names sung in your simple
but joyed in their praise; [layes,

and when ye list your owne mishaps to mourne;
Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did

rayse,
your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,

and teach the woods and waters to lament
your dolefull dreriment:

Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside;
and, having all your heads with girlands

crownd,
helpe me mine owne loves prayes to resound;

Let the same of any be envie:
so Orpheus did for his owne bride!

so I unto my selfe alone will sing; [ring.

the woods shall to me answer, and my Eccho
Early, before the worlds light-giving lampe

his golden beame upon the hills doth spred,
laving disperst the nights unchearefull dampe,

Do ye awake; and, with fresh lusty-hed,
to the bowre of my beloved love,

My truest turtle dove;

Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his maske to move,

With his bright Tead that flames with man-
a flake,

And many a bachelor to waite on him,
In their fresh garments trim.

Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight,
For lo! the wished day is come at last,

That shall, for all the paynes and sorrowes past,
Pay to her usury of long delight:

And, whylest she doth her dight,
Doe ye to her of joy and solace sing,

That all the woods may answer, and your
eccho ring.

Bring with you all the Nymphes that you can
heare

Both of the rivers and the Forrests greene,
And of the sea that neighbours to her neare:

Al with gay girlands goodly wel besene.
And let them also with them bring in hand

Another gay girland,
For my fayre love, of lillyes and of roses,

Bound truelove wize, with a blew silke riband.
And let them make great store of bridale poses.

And let them eeke bring store of other flowers,
To deck the bridale bowers. [tread,
And let the ground whereas her foot shall
For feare the stones her tender foot should
wrong,

Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diaped lyke the discolored mead.
Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
For she will waken strayt;
The whiles doe ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your Eccho
ring.

Ye Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull
heed

The silver scaly trouts doe tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed;
(Those trouts and pikes all others doo ex-
cell;)

And ye likewise, which keepe the rushy lake,
Where none doo fishes take; [light,
Lynd up the locks the which hang scatterd
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the christall bright,
That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
No blemish she may spie.

And eke, ye lightfoot mayds, which keepe the
dore,

That on the hoary mountayne use to towre;
And the wylde wolves, which seeke them to
devoure, [neer;

With your steele darts doo chace from comming
Be also present heere,
To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your
eccho ring.

Wake now, my love, awake! for it is time;
The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones bed,
All ready to her silver coche to clyme;
And Phoebus gins to shew his glorious hed.
Haik! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt
theyr laies

And carroll of Loves praise.

The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft;
The Thrush replies; the Mavis descant playes;
The Ouzell shrills; the Ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this dayes merriment.

Ah! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus
long,

When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T' awayt the comming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds love-learned song,
The dewy leaves among!

For they of joy and pleasure to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and theyr
eccho ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreame
And her fayre eyes, like stars that din
were [b

With darksome cloud, now shew theyr go
More bright then Hesperus his head doth
Come now, ye damzels, daughters of deli
Helpe quickly her to dight:

But first come ye fayre houres, which
In Joves sweet paradice of Day and Nigh
Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot,
And al, that ever in this world is fayre,
Doe make and still repayre: [Qu

And ye three handmayds of the Cy
The which doe still adorne her beauties p
Helpe to adorne my beautifullest bride:
And, as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seene;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shal answer, and
eccho ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come:
Let all the virgins therefore well awayt:
And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her gro
Prepare your selves, for he is comming st
Set all your things in seemely good aray,
Fit for so joyfull day

The joyfult day that ever sunne did see.
Faure Sun! shew forth thy favourable ray
And let thy lifull heat not fervet be,
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.

O fayrest Phoebus! father of the Muse!
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind de
Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse
But let this day, let this one day, be my
Let all the rest be thine.

Then I thy soverayne prayes loud wil si
That all the woods shal answer, and t
eccho ring.

Harke! how the Minstrils gin to shrill al
Their merry Musick that resounds from f
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling Cr
That well agree withouten breach or jar.
But, most of all, the Damzels doe delite
When they their tymbrals smyte,
And thereunto doe daunce and carrol swee
That all the sences they doe ravish quite;
The whyles the boyes run up and downe
street,

Crying aloud with strong confused noyce,
As if it were one voyce,
Hymen, iö Hymen, Hymen, they do shout
That even to the heavens theyr shouting sh
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fil
To which the people standing all about,

in approvanee, doe thereto applaud,
 And loud advance her laud;
 And evermore they Hymen, Hymen sing,
 That al the woods them answer, and theyr
 . . . echo ring.

oe! where she comes along with portly pace,
 lyke Phoebe, from her chamber of the East,
 rying forth to run her mighty race,
 ad all in white, that seemes a virgin best.
 well it her beemes, that ye would weene
 one angell she had beene.

er long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
 prinkled with perle, and perling flowres
 . . . atweene,

oe lyke a golden mantle her attyre;
 and, being crowned with a girland greene,
 seeme lyke some mayden Queene.
 Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
 so many gazers as on her do stare,
 Upon the lowly ground affixed are;
 He dare lift up her countenance too bold,
 But blush to heare her prayes sung so loud,
 So farre from being proud.
 Cathlesse doe ye still loud her prayes sing,
 That al the woods may answer, and your echo
 . . . ring.

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see
 So fayre a creature in your towne before;
 So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
 Adorn'd with beautyes grace and vertues store?
 Her goodly eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright,
 Her forehead yvory white, [rudded,
 Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath
 Her lips lyke cherries charming men to byte,
 Her brest like to a bowle of creame uncruded,
 Her paps lyke lyllies budded,
 Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre;
 And all her body like a pallace fayre,
 Ascending up, with many a stately stayre,
 To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre.
 Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
 Upon her so to gaze,
 Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
 To which the woods did answer, and your
 . . . echo ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
 The inward beauty of her lively spright,
 Garnisht with heavenly gifts of high degree,
 Much more then would ye wonder at that
 . . . sight,

And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
 Medusacs mafeul hed.

There dwels sweet love, and constant chastity,
 Unspotted fayth, and comely womanhood,
 Regard of honour, and mild modesty;

There vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,
 And giveth lawes alone,
 The which the base affections doe obay,
 And yeeld theyr services unto her will;
 Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may
 Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
 Had ye once seene these her celestial threa-
 And unrevealed pleasures, [sures,
 Then would ye wonder, and her prayes sing,
 That al the woods should answer, and your
 . . . echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
 Open them wide that she may enter in,
 And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
 And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
 For to receyve this Saynt with honour dew,
 That commeth in to you.
 With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
 She commeth in, before th' Almightyes view;
 Of her ye virgins learne obedience,
 When so ye come into those holy places,
 To humble your proud faces:
 Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
 The sacred ceremonies there partake,
 The which do endlesse matrimony make,
 And let the roring Organs loudly play
 The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
 The whiles, with hollow throates,
 The Choristers the joyous Anthem sing,
 That al the woods may answer, and their
 . . . echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
 Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
 And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
 How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
 And the pure snow, with goodly vermill stayne
 Like crimsin dyde in grayne:
 That even th' Angels, which continually
 About the sacred Altare doe remaine,
 Forget their service and about her fly,
 Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more fayre,
 The more they on it stare.
 But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
 Are governed with goodly modesty,
 That suffers not one looke to glaunce awry,
 Which may let in a little thought unsound.
 Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
 The pledge of all our band!
 Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your
 . . . echo ring.

Now al is done: bring home the bride againe;
 Bring home the triumph of our victory:
 Bring home with you the glory of her gaine
 With joyance bring her and with jollity.

Never had man more joyfull day then this,
Whom heaven would heape with blis,
Make feast therefore now all this live-long
day;

This day-for ever to me holy is.
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.
Crowne ye God Bacchus with a coronall,
And Hymen also crowne with wreathes of vine;
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
For they can doo it best:
The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and theyr
eccho ring.

Ring ye the bels, ye yong men of the towne,
And leave your wonted labors for this day:
This day is holy; doe ye write it downe,
That ye for ever it remember may.
This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To chose the longest day in all the yeare,
And shortest night, when longest fitter weare:
Yet never day so long, but late would passe.
Ring ye the bels, to make it weare away,
And benefiers make all day;
And daunce about them, and about them sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your
eccho ring.

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
And lende me leave to come unto my love?
How slowly do the houres theyr numbers
spend?

How slowly does sad Time his feathers move?
Hast thee, O fayrest Planet, to thy home,
Within the Westerne fome:
Thy tyred steedes long since have need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,
And the bright evening-star with golden creast
Appeare out of the East. [love!]

Fayre childe of beauty! glorious lampe of
That all the host of heaven in rankes doost
lead, [dread,

And guydest lovers through the nights sad
How chearefully thou lookest from above,
And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling
light,

As joying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy doe sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their
eccho ring!

Now cease, ye damsels, your delights fore
Enough it is that all the day was youre
Now day is doen, and night is nighing f
Now bring the Bryde into the brydall b
The night is come, now soon her disaray
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And silken courtains over her display,
And odoured sheetes, and Arras coverlets
Behold how goodly my faire love does ly
In proud humility!

Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary v
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gon,
And leave my love alone,
And leave likewise your former lay to sin
The woods no more shall answeare, nor
eccho ring.

Now welcome, night! thou night so long
pected,

That long daies labour doest at last defra
And all my cares, which cruell Love colle
Hast sumd in one, and cancelled for aye:
Spread thy broad wing over my love and
That no man may us see;
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From feare of perrill and foule horror free.
Let no false treason seeke us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy;
But let the night be calme, and quiet som
Without tempestuous storms or sad afra
Lyke as when Jove with fayre Alomena l
When he begot the great Tiryntian groo
Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lie
And begot Majesty.
And let the mayds and yongmen cease to s
Ne let the woods them answer nor th
eccho ring.

Let no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teare
Be heard all night within, nor yet withou
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden fea
Breake gentle sleepe with misconceived d
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadfull sig
Make sudden sad affrights; [harr
Ne let house-fyres, nor lightnings helpel
Ne let the Pouke, nor other evill sprights,
Ne let mischivous witches with theyr char
Ne let hob Goblins, names whose sence we
not,

Fray us with things that be not: [he
Let not the shriech Oule no. the Storke
Nor the night Raven, that still deadlly yel
Nor damned ghosts, cald up with mighty sp
Nor griesly vultures, make us once affeard

let th' unpleasant Quayre of Frogs still
 take us to wish theyr choking. [croking
 none of these theyr drery accents sing;
 let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho
 ring.

let stil Silence trew night-watches keepe,
 that sacred Peace may in assurance rayne,
 and tymely Sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe,
 may poure his limbs forth on your pleasant
 playne;

the whiles an hundred little winged loves,
 like divers-fethered doves,
 shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
 and in the secret darke, that none reproves,
 their prety stealthes shal worke, and snares
 shal spread

to fish away sweet snatches of delight,
 concealed through covert night.

the sonnes of Venus, play your sports at will!
 for greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toyes,
 thinks more upon her paradise of joyes,
 then what ye do, albe it good or ill.

at night therefore attend your merry play,
 for it will soone be day:

now none doth hinder you, that say or sing;
 we will the woods now answer, nor your Eccho
 ring.

who is the same, which at my window peepes?
 whose is that faire face that shines so
 bright?

is it not Cinthia, she that never sleeps,
 that walkes about high heaven al the night?
 O fayrest goddess, do thou not envy
 my love with me to spy: [thought,

for thou likewise didst love, though now un-
 der for a fleece of wooll, which privily
 the Latmian shepherd once unto thee brought,
 as pleasures with thee wrought.

therefore to us be favorable now;
 and with of womens labours thou hast charge,

and generation goodly dost enlarge,
 because thy will t'effect our wishfull vow,
 and the chaste wombe informe with timely
 seed,

that may our comfort breed:

all which we cease our hopefull hap to sing;
 let the woods us answer, nor our Eccho
 ring.

And thou, great Juno! which with awful
 might

The lawes of wedlock still dost patronize;
 And the religion of the faith first plight
 With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize;
 And eeke for comfort often called art

Of women in their smart;
 Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
 And all thy blessings unto us impart.
 And thou, glad Genius! in whose gentle hand
 The brideale bowre and genial bed remaine,
 Without blemish or staine:

And the sweet pleasures of theyr loves delight
 With secret ayde doest succour and supply,
 Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny;
 Send us the timely fruit of this same night.
 And thou, fayre Hebe! and thou, Hymen free!
 Grant that it may so be.

Till which we cease your further prayse to
 sing;

Ne any woods shall answer, nor your Eccho
 ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
 In which a thousand torches flaming bright
 Doe burne, that to us wretched earthly clods
 In dreadful darknesse lend desired light;
 And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
 More then we men can fayne!

Poure out your blessing on us plentifully,
 And happy influence upon us raine,
 That we may raise a large posterity,
 Which from the earth, which they may long
 With lasting happinesse, [possesse

Up to your haughty pallaces may mount;
 And, for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit,
 May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
 Of blessed Saints for to increase the count.
 So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,
 And cease till then our tymely joyes to sing:
 The woods no more us answer, nor our eccho
 ring!

*Song! made in lieu of many ornaments,
 With which my love should duly have been deckt,
 Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
 Ye would not stay your dew time to expect,
 But promist both to recompens;
 Be unto her a goodly ornament,
 And for short time an endlesse monument.*

FOWRE HYMNES,

MADE BY

EDM. SPENSER.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND MOST VERTUOUS LADIES,

THE LADIE MARGARET,

COUNTESSE OF CUMBERLAND, AND

THE LADIE MARIE,

COUNTESSE OF WARWICKE.

HAVING in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two Hymnes in the praise of Love and Beautie, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which being too vehemently caried with that kind of affection, do rather sucke out poyson to their strong passion, then hony to their honest delight, I was moved by the one of you two most excellent Ladies, to call in the same. But, being unable so to doe, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and, by way of retractation, to reforme them, making, in stead of those two Hymnes of earthly or naturall love and beautie, two others of heavenly and celestiall. The which

I doe dedicate joyntly unto you two honorable sisters, as to the most excellent and ornaments of all true love and beautie, in the one and the other kinde; humbly seecching you to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble service in lieu of the great graces and honorable favours which ye dayly shew unto me, at such time as I may, by better meanes, to you some more notable testimonie of my thankfull mind and dutifull devotion. even so I pray for your happinesse. Given at this first of September, 1596.
Honors most bounden ever,
in all humble service
ED. S.

AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF LOVE.

LOVE, that long since hast to thy mighty
powre
Perforce subdued my poore captiv'd hart,
And, raging now therein with restless
stowre,
Dost tyrannize in everie weaker part;
Faine would I seeke to ease my bitter smart
By any service I might do to thee,
Or ought that else might to thee pleasing bee.
And now t' assuage the force of this new
flame,
And make thee more propitious in my need,
I meane to sing the praises of thy name,
And thy victorious conquests to areed,
By which thou madest many harts to bleed

Of mighty Victors, with wyde wounds
brewed,
And by thy cruell darts to thee subdew'd
Onely I feare my wits enfeebled late,
Through the sharpe sorrowes which thou
me bred,
Should faint, and words should faile in
The wondrous triumphs of my great god;
But, if thou wouldst vouchsafe to overspread
Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing,
I should enabled be thy actes to sing.
Come, then, O' come, thou mightie God,
Love,
Out of thy silver bowres and secret bliss

Where thou doest sit in Venus lap above,
 athing thy wings in her ambrosiall kisse,
 hat sweeter farre then any Nectar is;
 me softly, and my feeble breast inspire
 ith gentle furie, kindled of thy fire.

nd ye, sweet Muses! which have often
 proved

he piercing points of his avengefull darts;
 nd ye, faire Nymphs! which oftentimes have
 loved

he cruell worker of your kindly smarts,
 repare your selves, and open wide your harts
 or to receive the triumph of your glorie,
 hat made you merie oft when ye were
 sorie.

nd ye, faire blossomes of youths wanton
 breed,

hich in the conquests of your beautie bost,
 herewith your lovers feeble eyes you feed,
 ut sterve their harts that needeth nourture
 most,

repare your selves to march amongst his
 nd all the way this sacred hymne do sing,
 ade in the honor of your Sovereigne king.

GREAT GOD OF MIGHT, that reignest in the
 mynd,

nd all the bodie to thy hest doest frame,
 ictor of gods, subduer of mankynd,
 at doest the Lions and fell Tigers tame,
 aking their cruell rage thy scornfull game,
 nd in their roring taking great delight;
 ho can expresse the glorie of thy might?

r who alive can perfectly declare
 he wondrous cradle of thine infancie,
 hen thy great mother Venus first thee bare,
 egot of Plentie and of Penurie,
 ough elder then thine owne nativitie,
 nd yet a chyld, renewing still thy yeares,
 nd yet the eldest of the heavenly Peares?

or ere this worlds still moving mightie masse
 ut of great Chaos ugly prisen crept,
 which his goodly face long hidden was
 rom heavens view, and in deepe darknesse
 kept,

ove, that had new long time securely slept
 n Venus lap, unarmed then and naked,
 an reare his head, by Clotho being waked:

nd, taking to him wings of his owne heate,
 indled at first from heavens life-giving fyre,
 e gan to move out of his idle seate;

eakely at first, but after with desyre
 ighted aloft, he gan to mount up hyre,
 nd, like fresh Eagle, make his hardie flight
 hrough all that great wide wast, yet wanting
 light.

Yet wanting light to guide his wandring way,
 His owne faire mother, for all creatures sake,
 Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray;
 Then through the world his way he gan to
 take,

The world, that was not till he did it make,
 Whose sundrie parts he from themselves did
 sever

The which before had lyen confused ever.

The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fyre,
 Then gan to raunge them selves in huge array,
 And with contrary forces to conspyre
 Each against other by all meanes they may,
 Threatning their owne confusion and decay:
 Ayre hated earth, and water hated fyre,
 Till Love relented their rebellious yre.

He then them tooke, and, tempering goodly
 well

Their contrary dislikes with loved meanes,
 Did place them all in order, and compell
 To keepe them selves within their sundrie
 raines,

Together linkt with Adamantine chaines;
 Yet so, as that in every living wight
 They mixe themselves, and shew their kindly
 mixt.

So ever since they firmly have remained,
 And duly well observed his beheast;
 Through which now all these things that are
 contained

Within this goodly cope, both most and least,
 Their being have, and dayly are increast
 Through secret sparks of his infused fyre,
 Which in the barraine cold he doth inspyre.

Thereby they all do live, and moved are
 To multiply the likenesse of their kynd,
 Whilest they seeke onely, without further
 care,

To quench the flame which they in burning
 But man that breathes a more immortall mynd,
 Not for lusts sake, but for eternitie,
 Seekes to enlarge his lasting progenie;

For, having yet in his deducted spright
 Some sparks remaining of that heavenly fyre,
 He is enlumind with that goodly light,
 Unto like goodly semblant to aspyre;
 Therefore in choice of love he doth desyre
 That seems on earth most heavenly to em-
 brace,

That same is Beautie, borne of heavenly race.

For sure of all that in this mortall frame
 Contained is, nought more divine doth seeme,
 Or that resemblth more th' immortall flame
 Of heavenly light, then Beauties glorious
 beama.

What wonder then, if with such rage extreme
Fraile men, whose eyes seek heavenly things to

see,

At sight thereof so much enavisht bee?

Which well perceiving, that imperious boy
Doth therewith tip his sharp empoised darts,
Which glancing through the eyes with coun-
tenance coy [harts,

Rest not till they have pierst the trembling
And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
Which suckes the blood, and drinketh up the
lyfe,

Of carefull wretches with consuming griefe.

Thenceforth they playne, and make ful piteous
mone

Unto the author of their balefull bane :

The daies they waste, the nights they grieve
and grone, [daine;

Their lives they loath, and heavens light dis-
No light but that, whose lampe doth yet remaine
Fresh burning in the image of their eye,
They deigne to see, and seeing it still dye.

That whilst thou tyrant Love doest laugh and
scorne [play,

At their complaints, making their paine thy
Whylest they lye languishing like thrals for-
lorne,

The whyles thou doest triumph in their decay ;
And otherwhyles, their dying to delay,
Thou doest emmarble the proud hart of her
Whose love before their life they doe prefer.

So hast thou often done (ay me, the more !)
To me thy vassall, whose yet bleeding hart
With thousand wounds thou mangled hast so
sore,

That whole remains scarce any little part ;
Yet, to augment the anguish of my smart,
Thou hast enfrosen her disdainfull brest,
That no one drop of pitie there doth rest.

Why then do I this honor unto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
Since thou doest shew no favour unto mee,
Ne once move ruth in that rebellious Dame,
Somewhat to slacke the rigour of my flame?
Certes small glory doest thou winne hereby,
To let her live thus free, and me to dy.

But if thou be indeede, as men thee call,
The worlds great Parent, the most kind pre-
server

Of living wights, the soveraine Lord of all,
How falles it then that with thy furious fer-
vour

Thou doest afflict as well the not-deserver,
As him that doeth thy lovely heasts despize,
And on thy subjects most doest tyrannize?

Yet herein eke thy glory seemeth more,
By so hard handling those which best
serve,

That, ere thou doest them unto grace rest
Thou mayest well trie if they will ever swe
And mayest them make it better to deser
And, having got it, may it more esteeme
For things hard gotten men more dearly de

So hard those heavenly beauties be enfyre
As things divine, least passions doe impre
The more of stedfast mynds to be admyre
The more they stayed be on stedfastnesse
But baseborne mynds such lamps regard
lesse,

Which at first blowing take not hastie fyr
Such fancies feele no love, but loose desyre

For love is Lord of truth and loialtie,
Lifting himselfe out of the lowly dust
On golden plumes up to the purest skie,
Above the reach of loathly sinfull lust,
Whose base affect through cowardly distr
Of his weake wings dare not to heaven fly
But like a moldwarpe in the earth doth ly

His dunghill thoughts, which do themse
enure

To dirtie drosse, no higher dare aspyre,
Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure
The flaming light of that celestiall fyre
Which kindleth love in generous desyre,
And makes him mount above the native m
Of heavie earth, up to the heavens hight.

Such is the powre of that sweet passion,
That it all sordid basenesse doth expell,
And the refyned mynd doth newly fashion
Unto a fairer forme, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would it selfe ex
Which he beholding still with constant si
Admires the mirrour of so heavenly light.

Whose image printing in his deepest wit,
He thereon feeds his hungrie fantasy,
Still full, yet never satisfyde with it ;
Like Tantale, that in store doth sterved ly
So doth he pine in most satiety ;
For nought may quench his infinite desyre
Once kindled through that first conceived f

Thereon his mynd affixed wholly is,
Ne thinks on ought but how it to attaine ;
His care, his joy, his hope, is all on this,
That seemes in it all blisses to containe,
In sight whereof all other blisse seemes va
Thrise happie man ! might he the same
sesse,

He faines himselfe, and doth his fortune ble

And though he do not win his wish to end
Yet thus farre happie he himselfe doth wee

hat heavens such happie grace did to him
lend,
s thing on earth so heavenly to have seene
is harts enshrined saint, his heavens queene,
airer then fairest, in his fayning eye,
Whose sole aspect he counts felicitye.

hen forth he casts in his unquiet thought,
What he may do, her favour to obtaine;
That brave exploit, what perill hardly
wrought [paine,
That puissant conquest, what adventurous
ay please her best, and grace unto him
gaine;

He dreads no danger, nor misfortune feares,
His faith, his fortune, in his breast he beares.

thou art his god, thou art his mightie guyde,
thou, being blind, lest him not see his feares,
at cariest him to that which he bath eyde,
through seas, through flames, through thou-
sand swords and speares; [stand,
e ought so strong that may his force with-
ith which thou arimest his resistlesse hand.

Witnesse Leander in the Euxine waves,
and stout Aneas in the Trojane fyre,
chilles preassing through the Phrygian
glaives,

and Orpheus, daring to provoke the yre
of damned fiends, to get his love retyre; [way
both through heaven and hell thou makest
win them worship which to thee obey.

And if, by all these perils and these paynes,
e may but purchase lyking in her eye,
hat heavens of joy then to himselfe he
faynes!

Soones he wyper quite out of memory
Whatever ill before he did aby:
And it bene death, yet would he die againe,
to live thus happie as her grace to gaine.

at, when he hath found favour to his will,
e nathemore can so contented rest,
at forceth further on, and striveth still
approch more neare, till in her inmost
brest

e may embosomd bee and loved best;
and yet not best, but to be lov'd alone;
or love can not endure a Paragone.

He feare whereof, O how doth it torment
is troubled mynd with more then hellish
paine!

And to his fayning fansie represent [vaine,
ights never seene, and thousand shadowes
breake his sleepe, and waste his ydle braine:
thou that hast never lov'd canst not beleewe
ast part of th' evils which poore lovers
greeve.

The gnawing envie, the hart-fretting feare,
The vaine surmizes, the distrustfull showes,
The false reports that flying tales doe beare,
The doubts, the daungers, the delays, the
woes,

The fayned friends, the unassured foies, [tell,
With thousands more then any tongue can
Doe make a lovers life a wretches hell.

Yet is there one more cursed then they all,
That cancker-worme, that monster, Gelosie,
Which eats the hart and feedes upon the gall,
Turning all loves delight to miserie,
Through feare of loosing his felicitie.

Ah, Gods! that ever ye that monster placed
In gentle love, that all his joyes defaced!

By these, O Love! thou doest thy entrance
make

Unto thy heaven, and doest the more endeere
Thy pleasures unto those which them partake,
As after stormes, when clouds begin to cleare,
The Sunne more bright and glorious doth ap-
peare;

So thou thy folke, through paines of Purgatorie
Dost beare unto thy blisse, and heavens glorie.

There thou them placest in a Paradize
Of all delight and joyous happie rest,
Where they doe feede on Nectar heavenly-wize,
With Hercules and Hebe, and the rest
Of Venus dearlings, through her bountie blest;
And lie like Gods in yvorie beds arayd,
With rose and lillies over them displayd.

There with thy daughter Pleasure they doe
play [blame,

Their hurtlesse sports, without rebuke or
And in her snowy bosome boldly lay
Their quiet heads, devoyd of guilty shame,
After full joyance of their gentle game;
Then her they crowne their Goddesse and their
Queene,

And decke with floures thy altars well beseene.

Ay me! deare Lord! that ever I might hope,
For all the paines and woes that I endure,
To come at length unto the wished scope
Of my desire, or might myselfe assure
That happie port for ever to recure! [all,
Then would I thinke these paines no paines at
And all my woes to be but penance small.

Then would I sing of thine immortall praise
An heavenly Hymne, such as the Angels sing,
And thy triumphant name then would I raise
Bove all the gods, thee onely honoring
My guide, my God, my victor, and my king:
Till then, dread Lord! vouchsafe to take of me
This simple song, thus fram'd in praise of
thee.

AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF BEAUTIE.

AN! whither, Love! wilt thou now carrie mee?
 What wontlesse fury dost thou now inspire
 Into my feeble breast, too full of thee?
 Whylest seeking to aslake thy raging fyre,
 Thou in me kindest much more great desyre,
 And up aloft above my strength doest rayse
 The wondrous matter of my fyre to prayse.

That as I earst, in praise of thine owne name,
 So now in honour of thy Mother deare,
 An honourable Hymne I eke should frame,
 And, with the brightnesse of her beautie cleare,
 The ravisht harts of gazefull men might reare
 To admiration of that heavenly light,
 From whence proceeds such soule-enchauling
 might.

Therto do thou, great Goddess! Queene of
 Beauty,

Mother of love, and of all worlds delight,
 Without whose soverayne grace and kindly
 dewty

Nothing on earth seemes fayre to fleshly sight,
 Doe thou vouchsafe with thy love-kindling
 light

T' illuminate my dim and dulled eyne,
 And beautifie this sacred hymne of thyne :

That both to thee, to whom I meane it most,
 And eke to her, whose faire immortall beame
 Hath darted fyre into my feeble ghost,
 That now it wasted is with woes extreame,
 It may so please, that she at length will streame
 Some deaw of grace into my withered hart,
 After long sorrow and consuming smart.

WHAT TIME THIS WORLDS GREAT WORK-
 MAISTER DID CAST

To make al things such as we now behold,
 It seemes that he before his eyes had plast
 A goodly Paterne, to whose perfect mould
 He fashiond them as comely as he could,
 That now so faire and seemely they appeare,
 As nought may be amended any where.

That wondrous Paterne, wheresoere it bee,
 Whether in earth layd up in secret store,
 Or else in heaven, that no man may it see
 With sinfull eyes, for feare it to deflore,
 Is perfect Beautie, which all men adore;
 Whose face and feature doth so much excell
 All mortall sence, that none the same may tell.

Thereof as every earthly thing partakes
 Or more or lesse, by influence divine,

So it more faire accordingly it makes,
 And the grosse matter of this earthly myne
 Which clotheth it thereafter doth reayne.
 Doing away the drosse which dims the light
 Of that faire beame which therein is empyne

For, through infusion of celestiall powre,
 The duller earth it quickneth with delight
 And life-full spirits privily doth powre
 Through all the parts, that to the lookers sight
 They seeme to please; That is thy sover-
 might, [be]
 O Cyprian Queene! which flowing from
 Of thy bright starre, thou into them d-
 streame.

That is the thing which giveth pleasant g-
 To all things faire, that kindleth lively fy-
 Light of thy lampe; which, shyning in
 face,

Thence to the soule darts amorous desyre,
 And robs the harts of those which it admyre
 Therewith thou pointest thy Sons payre
 arrow, [mar]

That wounds the life, and wastes the inn-

How vainely then doe ydle wits invent,
 That beautie is nought else but mixture m-
 Of colours faire, and goodly temp'rament
 Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fa-
 And passe away, like to a sommers shade;
 Or that it is but comely composition
 Of parts well measurd, with meet dispositi-

Hath white and red in it such wondrous pow-
 That it can pierce through th' eyes unto
 hart, [stov]

And therein stirre such rage and restle-
 As nought but death can stint his dele-
 smart?

Or can proportion of the outward part
 Move such affection in the inward mynd,
 That it can rob both sense, and reason blynd

Why doe not then the blossomes of the field
 Which are arayd with much more orient h-
 And to the sense most daintie odours yield
 Worke like impression in the lookers view?
 Or why doe not faire pictures like powre sh-
 In which oft-times we nature see of art
 Excelld, in perfect limming every part?

But ah! beleve me there is more then so,
 That workes such wonders in the minds
 men;

that have often prov'd, too well it know,
And who so list the like assayes to ken,
shall find by tryall, and confesse it then,
That Beautie is not, as fond men misdeeme,
An outward shew of things that onely seeme.

For that same goodly hew of white and red,
With which the cheekes are sprinkled, shall
decay,

And those sweete rosy leaves, so fairely spread
Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away
To that they were, even to corrupted clay:
That golden wyre, those sparckling stars so
bright,

shall turne to dust, and loose their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whose celestiall ray
That light proceedes, which kindleth lovers
Shall never be extinguisht nor decay; [fire,
But, when the vitall spirits doe expyre,
Into her native planet shall retyre;
For it is heavenly borne and can not die,
Being a parcell of the purest skie.

For when the soule, the which derived was,
At first, out of that great immortall Spright,
By whom all live to love, whilome did pas
Downe from the top of purest heavens hight
To be embodied here, it then tooke light
And lively spirits from that fayrest starre
Which lights the world forth from his fire
carre.

Which powre retayning still or more or lesse,
When she in fleshly seede is eft enrac'd,
Through every part she doth the same im-
presse,

According as the heavens have her graced,
And frames her house, in which she will be
placed,
Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spoyle
Of th' heavenly riches which she robd ere-
whyle.

Therof it comes that these faire soules, which
have

The most resemblance of that heavenly light,
Frame to themselves most beautifull and
brave

Their fleshly bowre, most fit for their delight,
And the grosse matter by a soveraine might
Tempers so trim, that it may well be seene
A pallace fit for such a virgin Queene.

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer bodie doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairely dight
With chearefull grace and amiable sight;
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take;
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

Therefore where-ever that thou doest behold
A comely corpse, with beautie faire endewed,
Know this for certaine, that the same doth
hold

A beauteous soule, with faire conditions thewed,
Fit to receive the seede of vertue strewed;
For all that faire is, is by nature good;
That is a signe to know the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falles that many a gentle mynd
Dwells in deformed tabernacle drownd,
Either by chaunce, against the course of kynd,
Or through unaptnesse in the substance
fownd,

Which it assumed of somes tubborne grownd,
That will not yield unto her formes direction,
But is deform'd with some foule imperfection.

And oft it falles, (aye me, the more to rewe!)
That goodly beautie, albe heavenly borne,
Is foule abus'd, and that celestiall hew,
Which doth the world with her delight adorne,
Made but the bait of sinne, and sinners scorne,
Whilst every one doth seeke and sew to have
it,

But every one doth seeke but to deprave it.

Yet nathemore is that faire beauties blame,
But theirs that do abuse it unto ill:
Nothing so good, but that through guilty
shame

May be corrupt, and wrested unto will:
Nathelesse the soule is faire and beanteous
still,

How ever fleshes fault it filthy make;
For things immortall no corruption take.

But ye, faire Dames! the worlds deare orna-
ments

And lively images of heavens light,
Let not your beames with such disparage-
ments

Be dimd, and your bright glorie darkned quight;
But, mindfull still of your first countries sight,
Doe still preserve your first informed grace,
Whose shadow yet shynes in your beauteous
face.

Loath that foule blot, that hellish fierbrand,
Disloiall lust faire beauties foulest blame,
That base affections, which your eares would
bland

Commend to you by loves abused name,
But is indeede the bondslave of defame;
Which will the garland of your glorie marre,
And quench the light of your bright shyning
starre.

But gentle Love, that loiall is and trew,
Will more illumine your resplendent ray,

And adde more brightnesse to your goodly hew,
From light of his pure fire; which, by like
way

Kindled of yours, your likenesse doth display;
Like as two mirrours, by opposd reflexion,
Doe both expresse the faces first impression.

Therefore, to make your beautie more appeare,
It you behoves to love, and forth to lay
That heavenly riches which in you ye beare,
That men the more admyre their fountaine
may;

For else what booteth that celestiall ray,
If it in darknesse be enshrined ever,
That it of loving eyes be vewed never?

But, in your choice of Loves, this well advize,
That likest to your selves ye them select,
The which your forms first scourse may sym-
pathize,

And with like beauties parts be inly deckt;
For, if you loosely love without respect,
It is no love, but a discordant warre,
Whose unlike parts amongst themselves do
jarre.

For Love is a celestiall harmonie
Of likely harts composd of starres concent,
Which joyne together in sweete sympathie,
To worke ech others joy and true content,
Which they have harbourd since their first
descent

Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did
And know ech other here belov'd to bee.

Then wrong it were that any other twaine
Should in loves gentle band combynd bee
But those whom heaven did at first ordaine,
And made out of one mould the more t' agree;
For all, that like the beautie which they see,
Streight do not love; for Love is not so light
As streight to burne at first beholders sight.

But they, which love indeede, looke otherwise,
With pure regard and spotlesse true intent,
Drawing out of the object of their eyes
A more refyned forme, which they present
Unto their mind, voide of all blemishment;
Which it reducing to her first perfection,
Beholdeth free from fleshes frayle infection.

And then conforming it unto the light,
Which in it selfe it hath remaining still,
Of that first Sunne, yet sparckling in his sight,
Thereof he fashions in his higher skill
An heavenly beautie to his fancies will;
And, it embracing in his mind entyre,
The mirrour of his owne thought doth admyre.

Which seeing now so inly faire to be,
As outward it appeareth to the eye,

And with his spirits proportion to agree,
He thereon fixeth all his fantasie,
And fully setteth his felicitie;
Counting it fairer then it is indeede,
And yet indeede her fairenesse doth excee

For lovers eyes more sharply sighted bee
Then other mens, and in deare loves delight
See more then any other eyes can see,
Through mutuall receipt of beames bright,
Which carrie privie message to the spright
And to their eyes that inmost faire display,
As plaine as light discovers dawning day.

Therein they see, through amorous e
glances,
Armies of Loves still flying too and fro,
Which dart at them their little fierie launce
Whom having wounded, backe againe they
Carrying compassion to their lovely foe;
Who, seeing her faire eyes so sharpe effect,
Cures all their sorrowes with one swe
aspect.

In which how many wonders doe they reed
To their concept, that others never see!
Now of her smiles, with which their sou
they feede,
Like Gods with Nectar in their bankets free
Now of her lookes, which like to Cordials be
But when her words embassade forth she sen
Lord, how sweete musicke that unto th
lends!

Sometimes upon her forehead they behold
A thousand Graces masking in delight;
Sometimes within her eye-lids they unfold
Ten thousand sweet belgards, which to th
sight [nigh
Doe seeme like twinckling starres in fros
But on her lips, like rosy buds in May,
So many millions of chaste pleasures play.

All those, O Cytherea! and thousands more
Thy handmaides be, which do on thee atter
To decke thy beautie with their dainties sto
That may it more to mortall eyes commend
And make it more admyr'd of foe and frend
That in mens harts thou mayst thy thro
enstall,

And spred thy lovely kingdome over-all.

Then Iō, tryumph! O great Beauties Quee
Advance the banner of thy conquest hie,
That all this world, the which thy vass
beene,

May draw to thee, and with dew fealtie
Adore the powre of thy great Majestie,
Singing this Hymne in honour of thy name
Compyld by me, which thy poore liegeman a

In lieu whereof graunt, O great Sovereaine!
 That she, whose conquering beautie doth
 captive
 My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,
 One drop of grace at length will to me give,
 That I her bounden thrall by her may live,
 And this same life, which first fro me she
 reaved,
 May owe to her, of whom I it received.

And you, faire Venus dearling, my deare dread!
 Fresh flowre of grace, great Goddesse of my
 life, [read,
 When your faire eyes these fearefull lines shal
 Deigne to let fall one drop of dew reliefe,
 That may recure my harts long pynning grieve,
 And shew what wondrous powre your beauty
 hath,
 That can restore a damned wight from death.

AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

LOVE, lift me up upon thy golden wings,
 From this base world unto thy heavens hight,
 Where I may see those admirable things
 Which there thou workest by thy sovereigne
 might,
 Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight,
 That I thereof an heavenly Hymne may sing
 Unto the God of Love, high heavens king.
 Many lewd layes (ah! woe is me the more!)
 In praise of that mad fit which fooles call
 love,
 Have in th' heat of youth made heretofore,
 That in light wits did loose affection move;
 But all those follies now I do reprove,
 And turned have the tenor of my string,
 To the heavenly prayes of true love to sing.
 And ye that wont with greedy vaine desire
 To reade my fault, and, wondring at my flame,
 To warme your selves at my wide sparkling
 fire, [blame,
 Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my
 And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame;
 For who my passed follies now pursues,
 Begennes his owne, and my old fault renewes.
 BEFORE THIS WORLDS GREAT FRAME, in
 which all things
 Are now containd, found any being-place,
 Ere fitting Time could wag his eyas wings
 About that mightie bound which doth em-
 brace [by space,
 The rolling Spheres, and parts their houres
 That High Eternall Powre, which now doth
 move
 In all these things, mov'd in it selfe by love.
 I lov'd it selfe, because it selfe was faire;
 For faire is lov'd;) and of it selfe begot,
 Like to it selfe his eldest sonne and heire,
 Eternall, pure, and voide of sinfull blot,
 The firstling of his joy, in whom no jot
 Of loves dislike or pride was to be found,
 Whom he therefore with equall honour
 crownd.

With him he raignd, before all time prescribed,
 In endlesse glorie and immortall might,
 Together with that third from them derived,
 Most wise, most holy, most almightie Spright!
 Whose kingdomes throne no thought of
 earthly wight [verse
 Can comprehend, much lesse my trembling
 With equall words can hope it to rehearse.
 Yet, O most blessed Spirit! pure lampe of
 light,
 Eternall spring of grace and wisdomes trew,
 Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright
 Some little drop of thy celestiall dew,
 That may my rymes with sweet infuse em-
 brew,
 And give me words equall unto my thought,
 To tell the marveiles by thy mercie wrought.
 Yet being pregnant still with powrefull grace,
 And full of fruitfull love, that loves to get
 Things like himselfe, and to enlarge his race,
 His second brood, though not in powre so
 great,
 Yet full of beautie, next he did beget
 An infinite increase of Angels bright,
 All glistring glorious in their Makers light.
 To them the heavens illimitable hight
 (Not this round heaven, which we from hence
 behold,
 Adorn'd with thousand lamps of burning light,
 And with ten thousand gemmes of shyning
 gold,)
 He gave as their inheritance to hold,
 That they might serve him in eternall blis,
 And be partakers of those joyes of his.
 There they in their trinall triplicities
 About him wait, and on his will depend,
 Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
 When he them on his messages doth send,
 Or on his owne dread presence to attend,
 Where they behold the glorie of his light,
 And caroll Hymnes of love both day and
 night.

Both day, and night, is unto them all one;
 For he his beames doth still to them extend,
 That darknesse there appeareth never none;
 Ne hath their day, ne hath their blisse, an end,
 But there their termelesse time in pleasure
 spend;

Ne ever should their happinesse decay,
 Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobay.

But pride, impatient of long resting peace,
 Did puffe them up with greedy bold ambition,
 That they gan cast their state how to increase
 Above the fortune of their first condition,
 And sit in Gods owne seat without commission;
 The brightest Angell, even the Child of Light,
 Drew millions more against their God to fight

Th' Almighty, seeing their so bold assay,
 Kindled the flame of His consuming yre,
 And with His onely breath them blew away
 From heavens hight, to which they did aspyre,
 To deepest hell, and lake of damned fyre,
 Where they in darknesse and dread horror
 dwell,

Hating the happie light from which they fell.

So that next off-spring of the Makers love,
 Next to Himselfe in glorious degree,
 Degendering to hate, fell from above
 Through pride, (for pride and love may ill
 agree)

And now of sinne to all ensample bee:
 How then can sinfull flesh itselfe assure,
 Sith purest Angels fell to be impure?

But that Eternall Fount of love and grace,
 Still flowing forth His goodnesse unto all,
 Now seeing left a waste and emptie place
 In His wyde Pallace, through those Angels fall,
 Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
 A new unknown Colony therein,
 Whose root from earths base groundworke
 shold begin.

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to
 nought, [might,
 Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by His
 According to an heavenly patterne wrought,
 Which He had fashiond in his wise foresight,
 He man did make, and breathd a living spright
 Into his face most beautifull and fayre,
 Endewd with wisdomes riches, heavenly, rare.

Such He him made, that he resemble might
 Himselfe, as mortall thing immortall could;
 Him to be Lord of every living wight
 He made by love out of His owne like mould,
 In whom He might His mightie selfe behould;
 For Love doth love the thing belov'd to see,
 That like itselfe in lovely shape may bee.

But man, forgetfull of his Makers grace
 No lesse then Angels whom he did ensew,
 Fell from the hope of promist heavenly place
 Into the mouth of death, to sinners dew,
 And all his off-spring into thraldome threw
 Where they for ever should in bonds remain
 Of never-dead yet ever-dying paine;
 Till that great Lord of Love, which him
 first

Made of meere love, and after liked well,
 Seeing him lie like creature long accurst
 In that deepe horror of despayred hell,
 Him, wretch, in doole would let no leng
 dwell,

But cast out of that bondage to redeeme,
 And pay the price, all were his debt extream
 Out of the bosome of eternall blisse,
 In which he reigned with his glorious syre,
 He downe descended, like a most demisse
 And abject thrall, in fleshes fraile attyre,
 That He for him might pay sinnes deadly hye
 And him restore unto that happie state
 In which he stood before his haplesse fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
 Therefore in flesh it must be satisfyde;
 Ner spirit, nor Angell, though they man s
 pas, [guy
 Could make amends to God for mans m
 But onely man himselfe, who selfe did slyde
 So, taking flesh of sacred virgins wombe,
 For mans deare sake he did a man become.

And that most blessed bodie, which was bor
 Without all blemish or reprochfull blame,
 He freely gave to be both rent and torne
 Of cruell hands, who with despyghtfull shar
 Revyling him, that them most vile became,
 At length him nayled on a gallow-tree,
 And slew the Just by most unjust decree.

O huge and most unspeakable impression
 Of loves deepe wound, that pierst the pite
 hart

Of that deare Lord with so entyre affection
 And, sharply launching every inner part,
 Dolours of death into his soule did dart,
 Doing him die that never it deserved,
 To free his foes, that from his heast h
 swerved!

What hart can feele least touch of so s
 launch, [woun
 Or thought can think the depth of so de
 Whose bleeding sourse their streames yet ne
 staunch

But stil do flow, and freshly still redound,
 To heale the sores of sinfull soules unsound
 And clense the guilt of that infected cryme
 Which was enrooted in all fleshly slyme.

O blessed Well of Love! O Floure of Grace!
O glorious Morning-Starre! O Lampe of
Light!

Most lively image of thy Fathers face,
Eternall King of Glorie, Lord of Might,
Meeke Lambe of God, before all worlds be-
-hight,

How can we thee requite for all this good?
Or what can prize that thy most precious
blood?

Let nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this love,
But love of us, for guerdon of thy paine:

Ay me! what can us lesse then that behove?
Had he required life of us againe, [gaine?
Had it beene wrong to aske his owne with
He gave us life, he it restored lost;
Then life were least, that us so litle cost.

But he our life hath left unto us free, [band;
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was
We ought demands but that we loving bee,
As he himselfe hath lov'd us afore-hand,
And bound therto with an eternall band,
Him first to love that us so dearly bought,
And next our brethren, to his image wrought.

Him first to love great right and reason is,
Who first to us our life and being gave,
And after, when we fared had amisse,
He wretches from the second death did save;
And last, the food of life, which now we have,
Even he himselfe, in his deare sacrament,
To feede our hungry soules, unto us lent.

Then next, to love our brethren, that were
made

Of that selfe mould, and that selfe Makers hand,
That we, and to the same againe shall fade,
Where they shall have like heritage of land,
How ever here on higher steps we stand,
Which also were with selfe-same price re-
deemed

That we, how ever of us light esteemed.

And were they not, yet since that loving Lord
Commaunded us to love them for his sake,
Even for his sake, and for his sacred word,
Which in his last bequest he to us spake,
We should them love, and with their needs
partake;

Knowing that, whatsoere to them we give,
We give to him by whom we all doe live.

Much mercy he by his most holy reede
Unto us taught, and to approve it trew,
Unsampled it by his most righteous deede,
Shewing us mercie (miserable crew!)
That we the like should to the wretches shew,

And love our brethren; thereby to approve
How much, himselfe that loved us, we love.

Then rouze thy selfe, O Earth! out of thy
soyle,

In which thou wallowest like to filthy swyne,
And doest thy mynd in durty pleasures moyle,
Unmindfull of that dearest Lord of thyne;
Lift up to him thy heavie clouded eyne,
That thou his soveraine bountie mayst behold,
And read, through love, his mercies manifold.

Beginne from first, where he encradled was
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Betweene the toylefull Oxe and humble Asse,
And in what rags, and in how base aray,
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When him the silly Shepheards came to see,
Whom greatest Princes sought on lowest
knee.

From thence reade on the storie of his life,
His humble carriage, his unfaulty wayes,
His cancred foes, his fights, his toyle, his
strife,

His paines, his povertie, his sharpe assayes,
Through which he past his miserable dayes,
Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yet being malist both of great and small.

And looke at last, how of most wretched wights
He taken was, betrayd, and false accused;
How with most scornfull taunts, and fell des-
pights,

He was revyld, disgrast, and foule abused;
How scourgd, how crownd, how buffeted, how
brused;

And lastly, how twixt robbers crucifyde,
With bitter wounds through hands, through
feet, and syde!

Then let thy flinty hart, that feelles no paine,
Empierced be with pittifull remorse,
And let thy bowels bleede in every vaine,
At sight of his most sacred heavenly corse,
So torne and mangled with malicious forse;
And let thy soule, whose sins his sorrows
wrought,

Melt into teares, and grone in grieved thought.
With sence whereof, whilest so thy softened
spirit

Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale
Through meditation of his endlesse merit,
Lift up thy mind to th' Author of thy weale,
And to his soveraine mercie doe appeale;
Learne him to love that loved thee so deare,
And in thy brest his blessed image beare.

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and
mind, [brace;
Thou must him love, and his beheasts em-

All other loves, with which the world doth
blind

Weake fancies, and stirre up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thy selfe unto him full and free,
That full and freely gave himselfe to thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possesse,
And ravisht with devouring great desire
Of his deare selfe, that shall thy feeble brest
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeale, through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in his sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all worlds desire will in thee dye,
And all earthes glorie, on which men do gaze,

Seeme durt and drosse in thy pure-sighted
Compar'd to that celestiall beauties blaze,
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense do
daze

With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes, and lumining the spright

Then shall thy ravisht soule inspired bee
With heavenly thoughts farre above hum
skil,

And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly
Th' Idee of his pure glorie present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fi
With sweete enragement of celestiall love,
Kindled through sight of those faire thi
above.

AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY BEAUTIE.

RAPT with the rage of mine own ravisht
thought,

Through contemplation of those goodly sights,
And glorious images in heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet de-
lights

Do kindle love in high conceived sprights;
I faine to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, O thou most Almightye
Spright!

From whom all guifts of wit and knowledge
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thine eternall Truth, that I may show
Some little beames to mortall eyes below
Of that immortall beautie, there with thee,
Which in my weake distraughted mynd I see;

That with the glorie of so goodly sight
The hearts of men, which fondly here admyre
Faire seeming shewes, and feed on vaine
Transported with celestiall desyre [delight,
Of those faire formes, may lift themselves up
hyer,

And learne to love, with zealous humble dewty,
Th' eternall fountaine of that heavenly beauty.

Beginning then below, with th' easie vew
Of this base world, subject to fleshly eye,
From thence to mount aloft, by order dew,
To contemplation of th' immortall sky;
Of the soare faulcon so I learne to fly,
That flags awhile her fluttering wings beneath,
Till she her selfe for stronger flight can breath.

Then looke, who list thy gazefull eyes to feed
With sight of that is faire, looke on the frame

Of this wyde universe, and therein reed
The endlesse kinds of creatures which by na
Thou canst not count, much lesse their natu
aime;

All which are made with wondrous wise respo
And all with admirable beautie deckt.

First, th' Earth, on adamantine pillars found
Amid the Sea, engirt with brasen bands;
Then th' Aire still fitting, but yet firm
bounded

On everie side, with pyles of flaming brand
Never consum'd, nor quencht with mort
hands;

And, last, that mightie shining christall wa
Wherewith he hath encompassed this All.

By view whereof it plainly may appeare,
That still as every thing doth upward tend
And further is from earth, so still more cle
And faire it growes, till to his perfect end
Of purest beautie it at last ascend; [ay
Ayre more then water, fire much more th
And heaven then fire, appeares more pure a
fayre.

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine eye
On that bright shynie round still movi
Masse,

The house of bles-ed God, which men c
All sowed with glistring stars more thicke th
grasse,

Whereof each other doth in brightness pas
But those two most, which, ruling night a
day,

As King and Queene, the heavens Empire swa

And tell me then, what hast thou ever seene
That to their beautie may compared bee,
Or can the sight that is most sharpe and keene
Endure their Captains flaming head to see?
How much lesse those, much higher in degree,
And so much fairer, and much more then these,
As these are fairer then the land and seas?

For farre above these heavens, which here we
See others farre exceeding these in light, [see,
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same bee,
But infinite in largenesse and in height,
Unmoving, uncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,
That need no Sunne t' illuminate their spheres,
But their owne native light farre passing theirs.

And as these heavens still by degrees arize,
Till they come to their first Movers bound,
That in his mightie compasse doth comprize,
And carrie all the rest with him around;
So those likewise doe by degrees redound,
And rise more faire. till they at last arive
To the most faire, whereto they all do strive.

Faire is the heaven where happy soules have
A full enjoyment of felicitie, [place,
Thence they doe still behold the glorious face
Of the Divine Eternall Majestie;
More faire is that, where those Ideas on his
Imprau'd be, which Plato so admyred,
And pure Intelligences from God inspyred.

More faire is that heaven, in which doe raine
The soveraine Powres and mightie Potentates,
Which in their high protections doe containe
All mortall Princes and imperiall States;
And fayrer yet, whereas the royall Seates
And heavenly Dominations are set,
From whom all earthly governance is fet.

Yet farre more faire be those bright Cherubins,
Which all with golden wings are overlight,
And those eternall burning Seraphins,
Which from their faces dart out fierie light;
Yet fairer then they both, and much more
Bright,

Th' Angels and Archangels, which attend
On Gods owne person, without rest or end.

These thus in faire each other farre excelling,
To the Highest they approach more neare,
Till that is Highest farre beyond all telling,
Firer then all the rest which there appeare,
Though all their beauties joynd together
Were;

How then can mortall tongue hope to expresse
The image of such endlesse perfectnesse?

Use then, my tongue! and lend unto my
Mynd

Have to bethinke how great that beautie is,
Whose utmost parts so beautifull I fynd;

How much more those essentiall parts of his,
His truth, his love, his wisdom, and his blis,
His grace, his doome, his mercy, and his
might,

By which he lends us of himselfe a sight!

Those unto all he daily doth display,
And shew himselfe in th' image of his grace,
As in a looking-glasse, through which he may
Be seene of all his creatures vile and base,
That are unable else to see his face, [bright,
His glorious face! which glistereth else so
That th' Angels selves can not endure his
sight.

But we, fraile wights! whose sight cannot
sustaine [shyne,

The Suns bright beames when he on us doth
But that their points rebutted backe againe
Are duld, how can we see with feeble eyne
The glory of that Majestie Divine, [darke,
In sight of whom both Sun and Moone are
Compared to his least resplendent sparke?

The meanes, therefore, which unto us is lent
Him to behold, is on his workes to looke,
Which he hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the same, as in a brasen booke,
To reade enregistred in every nooke
His goodness, which his beautie doth declare;
For all thats good is beautifull and faire.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To impe the wings of thy high flying mynd,
Mount up aloft through heavenly contem-
plation, [soule do blynd,
From this darke world, whose damps the
And, like the native brood of Eagles kynd,
On that bright Sunne of Glorie fixe thine eyes,
Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmities.

Humbled with feare and awfull reverence,
Before the footestool of his Majestie
Throw thy selfe downe, with trembling inno-
Ne dare looke up with corruptible eye [cence,
On the dred face of that great Deity,
For feare, lest if he chauce to looke on thee,
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded
be.

But lowly fall before his mercie seate,
Close covered with the Lambes integrity
From the just wrath of his avengefull threate
That sits upon the righteous throne on hy;
His throne is built upon Eternity,
More firme and durable then steale or brasse,
Or the hard diamond, which them both doth
passe.

His scepter is the rod of Righteousnesse,
With which he bruseth all his foes to dust,
And the great Dragon strongly doth represse,

Under the rigour of his judgement just;
His seate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust,
From whence proceed her beames so pure and
bright

That all about him sheddeth glorious light :

Light, farre exceeding that bright blazing
sparke

Which darted is from Titans flaming head,
That with his beames enlumineth the darke
And dampish aire, whereby al things are red ;
Whose nature yet so much is marvelled
Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze
The greatest wisards which thereon do gaze.

But that immortall light, which there doth
shine, [cleare,

Is many thousand times more bright, more
More excellent, more glorious, more divine,
Through which to God all mortall actions here,
And even the thoughts of men, do plaine ap-
peare;

For from th' Eternal Truth it doth proceed,
Through heavenly vertue which her beames
doe breed.

With the great glorie of that wondrous light
His throne is all encompassed around,
And hid in his owne brightnesse from the
sight

Of all that looke thereon with eyes unsound ;
And underneath his feet are to be found
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fyre,
The instruments of his avenging yre.

There in his bosome Sapience doth sit,
The soveraine dearing of the Deity,
Clad like a Queene in royall robes, most fit
For so great powre and peerelesse majesty,
And all with gemmes and jewels gorgeously
Adorn'd, that brighter then the starres appeare,
And make her native brightnes seem more
cleare.

And on her head a crowne of purest gold
Is set, in signe of highest sovereignty ;
And in her hand a scepter she doth hold,
With which she rules the house of God on hy,
And menageth the ever-moving sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all
Subjected to her powre imperiall.

Both heaven and earth obey unto her will,
And all the creatures which they both containe ;
For of her fulnesse which the world doth fill
They all partake, and do in state remaine
As their great Maker did at first ordaine,
Through observation of her high beheast,
By which they first were made, and still in-
crease.

The fairenesse of her face no tongue can t
For she the daughters of all wemens race,
And Angels eke, in beautie doth excell,
Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious fa
And more increast by her owne goodly gra
That it doth farre exceed all humane thou
Ne can on earth compared be to ought.

Ne could that Painter (had he lived yet)
Which pictured Venus with so curious qui
That all posteritie admyred it,
Have purtrayd this, for all his maistring sl
Ne she her selfe, had she remained still,
And were as faire as fabling wits do fayne,
Could once come neare this beauty sovera

But had those wits, the wonders of their da
Or that sweete Teian Poet, which did spe
His pleteous vaine in setting forth
praise,

Seene but a glims of this which I pretend,
How wondrously would he her face comm
Above that Idole of his sayning thought,
That all the world shold with his rimes
fraught !

How then dare I, the novice of his Art, ,
Presume to picture so divine a wight,
Or hope t' expresse her least perfections pe
Whose beautie filles the heavens with her li
And darkes the earth with shadow of
sight ?

Ah, gentle Muse ! thou art too weake and f
The pourtraict of so heavenly hew to pain

Let Angels, which her goodly face behold
And see at will, her soveraigne praises sin
And those most sacred mysteries unfold
Of that faire love of mightie heavens King,
Enough is me t' admyre so heavenly thing
And, being thus with her huge love posses
In th' only wonder of her selfe to rest,

But who so may, thrise happie man him
Of all on earth whom God so much doth gr
And lets his owne Beloved to behold ;
For in the view of her celestial face
All joy, all blisse, all happinesse, have pla
Ne ought on earth can want unto the wigh
Who of her selfe can win the wishfull sight

For she, out of her secret treasury
Plentie of riches forth on him will powre,
Even heavenly riches, which there hidden
Within the closet of her chastest bowre,
Th' eternall portion of her precious dowre,
Which mighty God hath given to her free
And to all those which thereof worthy be

None thereof worthy be, but those whom
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receive,

And letteth them her lovely face to see,
Whereof such wondrous pleasures they con-
ceive,

And sweete contentment, that it doth bereave
Her soule of sense, through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the spright.

Which they see such admirable things,
Which carries them into an extasy,
And heare such heavenly notes and carolings,
Gods high praise, that files the brasen sky;
And feeles such joy and pleasure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And onely thinke on that before them set.

From thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,
Idle thought of earthly things, remaine;
And all that eare seemd sweet seemes now
offense,

And all that pleased eare now seemes to paine;
Their joy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,
Is fixt all on that which now they see;
And other sights but fayned shadowes bee.

And that faire lampe, which useth to inflame
The hearts of men with selfe-consuming fyre
Henceforth seemes fowle, and full of sinfull
blame;

[aspire
And all that pompe to which proud minds
Name of honor, and so much desyre,

Seemes to them basenesse, and all riches drosse,
And all mirth sadnesse, and all lucre losse.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
And senses fraught with such satietie,
That in nought else on earth they can delight,
But in th' aspect of that felicitie,
Which they have written in their inward ey;
On which they feed, and in their fastened mynd
All happie joy and full contentment fynd.

Ah, then, my hungry soule! which long hast
On idle fancies of thy foolish thought, [sed
And, with false beauties flattring bait misled,
Hast after vaine deceiptfull shadowes sought,
Which all are fled, and now have left thee
nought

But late repentance through thy follies prief;
Ah! ceasse to gaze on matter of thy grief:

And looke at last up to that Sovereaine Light,
From whose pure beams al perfect beauty
springs,

That kindleth love in every godly spright
Even the love of God; which loathing brings
Of this vile world and these gay-seeming
things;

With whose sweete pleasures being so possest,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for ever rest

PROTHALAMION.

OR,

A SPOUSALL VERSE,

MADE BY

EDM. SPENSER,

HONOUR OF THE DOUBLE MARIAGE OF THE TWO HONORABLE AND VERTUOUS LADIES,
THE LADIE ELIZABETH, AND THE LADIE KATHERINE SOMERSET, DAUGHTERS TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARLE OF WORCESTER, AND ESPOUSED TO THE TWO WORTHIE
GENTLEMEN M. HENRY GILFORD, AND M. WILLIAM PETER, ESQUYERS.

It was the day, and through the trem-
bling ayre
The gentle-breathing Zephyrus did softly play
The gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
The Titans beames, which then did glyster
In I, (whom sullein care, [fayre;
Though discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In Princes Court, and expectation vayne
Idle hopes, which still doe fly away,
And empty shaddowes, did afflict my brayne,)
I went forth to ease my payne

Along the shoare of silver streaming Themmes;
Whose rutty Bancke, the which his River
hemmes
Was paynted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adorne with daintie
gemmes
Fit to decke maydens bowres,
And crowne their Paramours
Against the Brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end
my Song

There, in a Meadow, by the Rivers side,
A Flocke of Nymphes I chaunced to espy,
All lovely Daughters of the Flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks, all loose untyde,
As each had bene a Bryde;
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entrayled curiously,
In which they gathered flowers to fill their
flasket,

And with fine Fingers cropt full feateously
The tender stalkes on hye.
Of every sort, which in that Meadow grew,
They gathered some; the Violet, pallid blew,
The little Dazie, that at evening closes,
The virgin Lillie, and the Primrose trew,
With store of vermeil Roses,
To decke their Bridgromes posies
Against the Brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end
my Song.

With that I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe
Come softly swimming downe along the Lee;
Two fairer Birds I yet did never see;
The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew,
Did never whiter shew,
Nor Jove himselfe, when he a Swan would be,
For love of Leda, whiter did appeare;
Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare;
So purely white they were, [bare,
That even the gentle streame, the which them
Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes
spare

To wet their silken feathers, least they might
Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so
And marre their beauties bright, [fayre;
That shone as heavens light, [long;
Against their Brydale day, which was not
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end
my Song.

Eftsoones the Nymphes, which now had
Flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
As they came floating on the Christal Flood;
Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed
Their wondring eyes to fill; [still,
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fayre,
Of Fowles, so lovely, that they sure did deeme
Them heavenly borne, or to be that same payre
Which through the Skie draw Venus silver
For sure they did not seeme [Teeme;
To be begot of any earthly Seede,
But rather Angels, or of Angels breede;
Yet were they bred of Somers-heat, they say,
In sweetest Season, when each Flower and
The earth did fresh aray; [weede
So fresh they seem'd as day,

Even as their Brydale day, which was
long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I
my Song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets d
Great store of Flowers, the honour of the
That to the sense did fragrant odours ye
All which upon those goodly Birds they t
And all the Waves did strew,
That like old Peneus Waters they did see
When downe along by pleasant Tempes al
Scattered with Flowres, through Thessaly
streeme,

That they appeare, through Lillies plant
Like a Brydes Chamber flore. [s
Two of those Nymphes, meane while, [fo
Garlands bound

Of freshest Flowres which in that Mead
The which presenting all in trim Array,
Their snowie Foreheads therewithall
Whil'st one did sing this Lay, [crow
Prepar'd against that Day, [le
Against their Brydale day, which was
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I
my Song.

'Ye gentle Birdes! the worlds faire o
ment,
And heavens glorie, whom this happie m
Doth leade unto your lovers blisfull bowe
Joy may you have, and gentle hearts cont
Of your loves complement;
And let faire Venus, that is Queene of lov
With her heart-quelling Sonne upon
smile,
Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to ren
All Loves dislike, and friendships faultie g
For ever to assoile.

Let endlesse Peace your steadfast hearts acc
And blessed Plentie wait upon your bord;
And let your bed with pleasures chaste abo
That fruitfull issue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound,
And make your joyes redound
Upon your Brydale day, which is not long
Sweete Themmes! runne softlie, till I
my Song.'

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong, [lo
Which said their brydale daye should no
And gentle Eccho from the neighbour gro
Their accents did resound.
So forth those joyous Birdes did passe alo
Adowne the Lee, that to them murmurde
As he would speake, but that he lackt a t
Yet did by signes his glad affection show,
Making his streame run slow.

and all the foule which in his flood did dwell
 an flock about these twaine, that did excell
 the rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend
 the lesser starres. So they, enranged well,
 did on those two attend,
 and their best service lend [long :
 against their wedding day, which was not
 Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end
 my Song.

length they all to mery London came,
 mery London, my most kyndly Nurse,
 that to me gave this Lifes first native sourse,
 though from another place I take my name,
 a house of auncient fame : [towres
 here when they came, whereas those bricky
 ne which on Themmes brode aged backe doe
 ryde, [bowers,
 here now the studious Lawyers have their
 here whylome wont the Templer Knights to
 all they decayd through pride : [byde,
 next whereunto there standes a statly place,
 here oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
 that great Lord, which therein wont to
 dwell, [case ;
 those want too well now feeles my freendles
 at ah! here fits not well
 de woes, but joyes, to tell
 Against the bridale daye, which is not long :
 Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end
 my Song.

et therein now doth lodge a noble Peer,
 great Englands glory, and the Worlds wide
 wender. [did thunder,
 those dreadfull name late through all Spaine
 and Hercules two pillors standing neere
 did make to quake and feare :
 pure branch of Honor, flower of Chevalrie !

That fillest England with thy triumphes fame,
 Joy have thou of thy noble victorie,
 And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name
 That promiseth the same; [armes,
 That through thy prowesse, and victorious
 Thy country may be freed from forraine
 harmes;
 And great Elisaes glorious name may ring
 Through al the world, fil'd with thy wide
 Alarmes,
 Which some brave muse may sing
 To ages following.
 Upon the Brydale day, which is not long :
 Sweete Themmes! runne softly till I end
 my Song.

From those high Towers this noble Lord is-
 suing,
 Like Radiant Hesper, when his golden hayre
 In th' Ocean billowes he hath bathed fayre,
 Descended to the Rivers open vewing,
 With a great traine ensuing.
 Above the rest were goodly to bee seene
 Two gentle Knights of lovely face and feature.
 Beseeming well the bower of anie Queene,
 With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
 Fit for so goodly stature,
 That like the twins of Jove they seem'd in
 sight, [bright ;
 Which decke the Bauldricke of the Heavens
 They two, forth pacing to the Rivers side,
 Received those two faire Brides, their Loves
 delight;
 Which, at th' appointed tyde,
 Each one did make his Bryde
 Against their Brydale day, which is not long :
 Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end
 my Song.

SONNETS

WRITTEN BY SPENSER,

COLLECTED FROM THE ORIGINAL PUBLICATIONS IN WHICH THEY APPEARED.

I

to the right worshipfull my singular good frend,
M. Gabriell Harvey, Doctor of the Lawes.

ARVEY, the happy above happiest men
 read; that, sitting like a Looker-on
 this worldes Stage, doest note with critique
 pen
 the sharpe dislikes of each condition:
 and, as one carelesse of suspition,
 the fawnest for the favour of the great;
 the fearest foolish reprehension

Of faulty men, which daunger to thee threat :
 But freely doest, of what thee list, entreat,
 Like a great Lord of peerelesse liberty;
 Lifting the Good up to high Honours seat,
 And the Evill damning evermore to dy :
 For Life, and Death, is in thy doomefull
 writing!

So thy renowme lives ever by endighting.

Dublin, this xvij. of July, 1586.

Your devoted frend, during life,
 EDMUND SPENCER

II

(Prefixed to 'Nennio, or A Treatise of Nobility,'
&c.)

Who so wil seeke, by right deserts, t' attaine,
Unto the type of true Nobility;
And not by painted shewes, and titles vaine,
Derived farre from famous Auncestrie:
Behold them both in their right visnemy
Here truly pourtray'd, as they ought to be,
And striving both for termes of dignitie,
To be advanced highest in degree.
And, when thou doost with equall insight see
The eds twixt both, of both them deem aright,
And chuse the better of them both to thee:
But thanks to him, that it deserves, behight;
To Neuna first, that first this worke created,
And next to Jones, that truely it translated.

ED. SPENSER.

III

Upon the Historie of George Castriot, alias
Scanderbeg, king of the Epirots, translated
into English.

Wherefore doth vaine antiquitie so vaunt
Her ancient monuments of mightie peeres,
And old Heröes, which their world did daunt
With their great deedes, and fild their chil-
drens eares?

Who, rapt with wonder of their famous praise,
Admire their statues, their Colossoes great
Their rich triumphall Arcks which they did
raise,
Their huge Pyramids, which do heaven threat,

Lo! one, whom later age hath brought
light,
Matchable to the greatest of those great;
Great both by name, and great in power
might,
And meriting a meere triumphant seate.

The scourge of Turkes, and plague of
dels,

Thy acts, O Scanderbeg, this volume tel
ED. SPENSER.

IV

(Prefixed to 'The Commonwealth and Govern-
ment of Venice.')

The antique Babel, Empresse of the East,
Upream her buildinges to the threatned sk
And second Babell, tyrant of the West.
Her ayry Towers upraised much more high
But, with the weight of their own surqued
They both are fallen, that all the earth
feare,

And buried now in their own ashes ly;
Yet shewing, by their heapes, how great th
were.

But in their place doth now a third appear
Fayre Venice, flower of the last worlds
light;

And next to them in beauty draweth neare
But farre exceeds in policie of right.

Yet not so fayre her buildinges to behol
As Lewkenors stile that hath her beau
told.

EDM. SPENCER.

A VIEW OF THE PRESENT STATE OF IRELAND.

DISCOURSED BY WAY OF A DIALOGUE BETWEENE

EUDOXUS AND IRENÆUS.

Eudox.

Yf that countrey of Ireland, whence I lately came, be soe goodly and comendous a soyle, as ye report, I wonder that a course is taken for the turning therof to good uses, and reducing of that savadge nation to better government and civilitye.

Iren. Marry, soe there have beene divers good plottes devised, and wise counsellis cast already about reformation of that realme; and they say, it is the fatall destiny of that land, that noe purposes, whatsoever are meant for her good, will prosper or take good effect, which, whether it proceede from the very nature of the soyle, or influence of the stars, or that Almighty God hath not yet appointed the time of her reformation, or that he reserveth her in this unquiett state for some secrett scourdge, which shall by and by come unto England, it is hard to be known, but yet much to be feared.

Eudox. Surely I suppose this but a wayne of simple men, which judge thinges by theyre effectes, and not by theyre causes; I will rather thinke the cause of this evill, which hangeth upon that countrey, to proceede rather of the unsoundness of the counsellis, and plottes, which you say have beene sometimes layed for the reformation, or of unfitness in following and effecting the same, then of any such fatall course or appointment of God, as you misdeeme: but if it be the manner of men, that when they are drawn into any absurditye, or theyr actions proceede not as they would, they are ready wayes to impute the blame therof unto the heavens, soe to excuse their owne follyes and imperfectiones. Soe have I also heard often wished, (even of some whose great goodnes, in my opinion, should seeme to be more soundly of soe weighty a consideration) that all that land were a sea-poole: which kind of speech, is the manner rather of desperat men farr driven, to wishe the

utter ruine of that they cannot redress, then of grave counsellors, which ought to thinke nothing soe hard but that, through wysedome, it may be mastred and subdued; since the Poet sayeth, that 'the wyse man shall rule even over the starres,' much more over the earth; for were it not the part of a desperat phisition to wish his diseased patient dead, rather then to applye the best endeavours of his skill for his recovery. But since we are so farre entred, let us, I pray you, a litle devise, of those evils, by which that countrey is held in this wretched case, that it cannot (as you say) be recured. And yf it be not paynfull to you, tell us what thinges, during your late continuance there, you observed to be most offensive, and an empeachment unto the good rule and government therof.

Iren. Surely, Eudox., the evils which you desire to be recounted are very many, and almost countable with those that were hidden in the baskett of Pandora. But since ye soe please, I will out of that infinit number, reckon but some that are most capital, and commonly current both in the life and conditions of privat men, as also in the managing of publick affayres and pollicye, the which you shall understand to be of diverse natures, as I observed them: for some of them are of very great antiquitye and longe continuance; others more late and of lesse endurance; others dayly growing and encreasing continually as the evill occasions are every day offered.

Eudox. Tell them then, I pray you, in the same order that you have now rehearsed them; for there can be noe better methode then this which the very matter it self offereth. And when ye have reckned all the evils, lett us heare your opinion for redressing of them: after which there will perhaps of it self appeare some reasonable way to settle a sound and perfect rule of government, by shunning the former evils, and

following the offered good. The which methode we may learne of the wise Phisitions, which first require that the malady be knowne thoroughly, and discovered; afterwarde doe teach how to cure and redress it; and lastly doe prescribe a diett with straight rule and orders to be dayly observed, for feare of a relapse into the former disease, or falling into some other more daungerous then it.

Iren. I will then, according to your advisement, beginne to declare the evils, which seeme to me most hurtfull to the common-weale of that land; and first, those which I sayd were most auncient and long growen. And they also are of three kindes; the first in the Lawes, the second in Customes, and the third in Religion.

Eudox. Why, Irenæus, can there be any evill in the Lawes? can thinges, which are ordayned for the good and safetye of all, turne to the evill and hurt of them? This well I wote, both in that state and in all others, that were they not containyd in duty with feare of law, which restrayneth offences, and inflicteth sharpe punishment to misdoeres, no man should enjoy any thing; every mans hand would be agaynst another. Therefore, in finding fault with the lawes, I doubt me, you shall much over-shoote your self, and make me the more dislike your other dislikes of that government.

Iren. The lawes, Eudox, I doe not blame for themselves, knowing right well that all lawes are ordayned for the good of the common-weale, and for repressing of licentiousness and vice; but it falleth out in lawes, no otherwise then it doth in phisick, which was at first devised, and is yet dayly ment, and ministred for the health of the patient. But neverthesse we often see, that either through ignorance of the dysease, or through unseasonableness of the time, or other accidentes coming between, in steede of good, it worketh hurt, and, out of one evill, throweth the patient into many miseries. Soe the lawes were at first intended for the reformation of abuses, and peaceable continuance of the subjectes; but are sithence either disannulled, or quite prevaricated through change and alterations of times, yet are they good still in themselves; but to that common-wealth, which is ruled by them, they worke not that good which they should, and sometimes also, perhaps, that evill which they would not.

Eudox. Whether do you meane this by the common-law of the realme, or by the Statute Lawes, and Actes of Parliaments?

Iren. Surely by them both; for even common-law, being that which William Normandy brought in with his conquest layed upon the neck of England, tho it perhaps fitted well with the state of England then being, and was readily obayd through the power of the commander, who had before subdued the people unto him, made easy way to the setting of his will; with the state of Ireland peradventure it could not so well agree, being a people altogether stubborne, and untamed, or yf it were tamed, yet now lately having quite shaken theyr yoke, and broken the bandes of the obedience. For England (before the entrance of the Conquerour) was a peaceable kingdome, and but lately entred to the mild and good government of K. Edward, surnamed Confessour; besides now lately grown unloving and detestation of the unjust tyrannous rule of Harold, an usurper, who made them the more willing to accept of reasonable conditions and order of the victor, thinking surely that it could be worse then the later, and hoping we would be as good as the former: yet what proof of the first bringing in and establishing of those lawes hath beene, was after to be full bitterly made knowne. But with land it is farr otherwise, for it is a nation acquaynted with warres, though but among themselves, and in theyre owne kind of military discipline, trayned up ever from youthes; which they have never yet been taught to lay aside, nor made to learne obedience unto lawe, scarcely to know the name of lawe, but insteede therof have always served and kept theyr owne lawe, which the Brehoone lawe.

Eudox. What is that which ye call Brehoone Lawe? it is a word to us altogether unknowne.

Iren. It is a certayne rule of right written, but delivered by tradition from one to another, in which oftentimes there appeare greateshewe of equitye, in determining right betweene party and partye, but many thinges repugning quite both to mans lawe: as for example, in the case of murder, the Brehoon, that is theyr judge will compound betweene the murderer and frendes of the party murthered, which secute the action, that the malefactor give unto them, or to the child or wife of him that is slayne, a recompence, which they call a Breaghe; by which be lawe of the many murders are amongst them made and smothered. And this judge being (

alled) the Lordes Brehoon, adjudgeth for most part a better share unto his lord, than the lord of the soyle, or the head of that tith, and also unto himself, for his judgement, a greater portion then unto the playn- or parties grieved.

Eudox. This is a most wicked lawe indeed; I trust it is not now used in Ireland. The kinges of England have had the absolute dominion therof, and established their owne lawes there.

Iren. Yes, truly, for there be many wide countreyes in Ireland in which the lawes of England were never established, nor any acknowledgement of subjection made; and also in those that are subdued, and seeme to knowlege subjection, yet the same Brene lawe is practised amongst themselves, without reason, that dwelling as they doe, whole nations and septs of the Irish together, without any Englishman amongst them, they doe what they list, and compound or together conceal amongst themselves their crimes, of which noe notice can be had of them which would and might amend the same, by the rule of the lawes of England.

Eudox. What is this which you say? Is there any part of that realme or any countie therein, which have not yet bene subdued to the crowne of England? Did not the whole realme universally accept and acknowledge our late prince of famous memory, King the Eighth, for their only king and lord?

Iren. Yes, verely: in a Parliament holden in the time of Sir Antony Senter, then Lord Deputye, all the Irish lordes and principall men came in, and being there means wrought therunto, acknowledged King Henry for their soverayne lord, serving yet (as some say) unto themselves their owne former priviledges and segrements inviolate.

Eudox. Then by that acceptaunce of his lordshipp they also accepted of his lawes. Why then should any other lawes be now used amongst them?

Iren. True it is that thereby they bound themselves to his lawes and obedience, and in that it had bene followed upon them, as it should have bene, and a government there presently settled amongst them agreeable therunto, they should have bene reduced to perpetuall civilitye, and containyd in continuall dutye. But what bootes it to breake that, and to lett him straight runn loose at his owne will. Soe were this people at first well governed, and wisely brought to acknowledge

allegeaunce to the Kinges of England; but being straight left unto themselves and their owne inordinate life and manners, they esteemesoones forgott what before they were taught, and soe soone as they were out of sight by themselves, shooke of theyr bridels, and began to colt anew, more licentious then before.

Eudox. It is a great pitty, that soe good an opportunitye was omitted, and soe happy an occasion fore-stald, that might have bred the eternall good of that land. But doe they not still acknowledge that submission?

Iren. Now they doe not; for now the heyres and posteritye of them which yielded the same are (as they say) either ignorant therof, or doe willfully denye or stedfastly disavowe it.

Eudox. How can they doe soe justly? Doth not the act of the parent, in any lawfull graunt or conveyance, bind the heyres for ever thereunto? Since then the auncestours of those that now live yielded themselves then subjectes and liedgemen, shall it not tye their children to the same subjection?

Iren. They say no; for their auncestours had noe estate in any theyre landes, signories, or hereditamentes, longer then during their owne lives, as they alledge, for all the Irish doe hold their landes by Tanistrye; which is (as say they) noe more then a personall estate for his life time, that is, Tanistih, by reason that he is admitted therunto by election of the countrey.

Eudox. What is this that you call Tanistih and Tanistrye? They be names and termes never hard of nor knowne to us.

Iren. It is a custome among all the Irish, that presently after the death of any their cheif Lordes or Captaynes, they doe presently assemble themselves to a place, generally appoynted and knowne unto them, to choose another in his steede; where they doe nominate and elect, for the most part, not the eldest sonn, nor any of the children of theyre Lord deceased, but the next to him of blood, that is the eldest and woorthiest; as commonly the next brother to him yf he have any, or the next cossin germaine, or soe fourth, as any is elder in that kinred or sept, and then next to him they choose the next of blood to be Tanistih, whose shall next succede him in the sayd Captaynrye, yf he live thereunto.

Eudox. Doe they not use any ceremonies in this election? for all barbarous nations are commonly great observers of ceremonies and superstitious rites.

Iren. They use to place him that shalbe theyr Captayne, upon a stone allwayes reserved for that purpose, and placed commonly upon a hill: in many of the which I have seene the foote of a man formed and engraven, which they say was the measure of theyr first Captayns foote, wheron he standing receaveth an oth to preserve all the former auncient customes of the countrey inviolable, and to deliver up the succession peaceably to his Tanistih, and then hath a wand delivered unto him by some whose proper office that is; after which, descending from the stone, he turneth himself round aboute, thrise forward, and thrise backward.

Eudox. But how is the Tanistih chosen?

Iren. They say he setteth but one foote upon the stone, and receaveth the like othe that the Captayne did.

Eudox. Have you ever hard what was the occasion and first beginning of this custome? for it is good to knowe the same, and may perhaps discover some secrett meaning and entent therin, very materiall to the state of that government.

Iren. I have heard that the beginning and cause of this ordinance amongst the Irish, was specially for the defence and mayntenance of theyr landes in theyr posteritye, and for excluding of all innovation or alienation therof unto straungers, and specially to the English. For when theyr Captayn dyed, yf the signiory should discend to his child, and he perhaps an Infant, another might peradventure stepp in betwene, or thrust him out by strong hand, being then unable to defend his right, or to withstand the force of a forreiner; and therefore they doe appoynt the eldest of the kinn to have the signiorye, for that he commonly is a man of stronger yeares, and better experience to mayntayne the inheritance, and to defend the countrey, either agaynst the next bordering Lordes, which use commonly to encroch one upon another as ech one is stronger, or agaynst the English, which they thinke lye still in wayte to wipe them out of theyr landes and territories. And to this end the Tanistih is allway readye knowen, yf it should happen the Captayne suddaynly to dye, or to be slayne in battell, or to be out of the countrey, to defend and keepe it from all such doubtles and daungers. For which cause the Tanistih hath also a share of the countrey allotted unto him, and certayne cuttings and spendinges upon all the Inhabitantes under the Lord.

Eudox. When I heare this woord Tanistih,

it bringeth to my mynd and remembrance what I have reade of Tania, that it sh signifie a province or signiorye, as Aquitania, Lusitania, and Britania, the which I thinke to be derived of Dania, that is, the Danes; but, I thinke, amiss. For it seemeth, that it came aunciently those barbarous nations that over-ran the world, which possessed those dominions wherof they are now soe called. And I may well be that from the first originall this woord Tanistih and Tanistrih came, the custome therof hath sithence, as many others els, bene continued. But to the generall subjection of the land, wherof formerly spake, me seemes that this custome or tenure can be no barr nor empeachment seing that in open Parliament by theyr acknowledgment they wayved the benefit therof, and submitted themselves notwithstanding to the ordinance of theyr Sovereigne.

Iren. Yea, but they say, as I earst sayd you, that they reserved theyr titles, tenures, and signiories whole and sound to themselves, and for prooffe alleadge, that they ever sithence remayned to them untouchable soe as nowe to alter them, should (sayd) be a greate wronge.

Eudox. What remedye is there, the meanes to avoyde this inconvenience? without first cutting of this daungerous custome, it seemeth hard to plante sounde ordinance, or reduce them to a good government, since all theyr ill customes were permitted unto them.

Iren. Surely nothing hard; for by Act of Parliament wherof we speake, none was given to King Henry which he had before from his auncestours, but onely bare name of a King; for all other absolute power of principalltye he had in himself before derived from many former Kings famous progenitors and woorthy conquerours of that land. The which, sithence they conquered and subdued unto them by what needeth afterward to enter into any idle termes with them to be called Kings, wheras it was in the power of a conquerour to take upon himself what he will over the dominions conquered, all is the conquerours, as Tully to Brutus sayth. Therefore (me seemes) instead of great and meritorious a service as they say they performed to the King; in bringing the Irish to acknowledge him for theyr Lord, they did great hurt unto his title, and left a perpetuall gail in the myndes of

people whose, before being absolutely bound to his obedience, are now tyed but with names; whereas els both theyr lives, theyr estates, and theyr libertyes were in his free power to appoynt what tenures, what lawes, and what conditions he would over them which are all his: against which there could be no rightfull resistance, or yf there were, he might, when he would, establish them with a strong hand.

Eudox. Yea, but perhaps it seemed better to that noble King to bring them by theyr own accord unto his obedience, and to plant a peaceable government amongst them, rather than by such violent meanes to keepe them under. Neither yet hath he thereby lost anything that he formerly had; for having all power absolutely in his owne power, it reyneth so still unto him, he having neither given nor forgone anything thereby unto them, but having received something from them; that is, a more voluntary and loyall affection. See that her Majesty may yet, when it shall please her, alter any thing of these former ordinaunces, or appoynt other lawes, that may be more both for her owne profit, and for the good of that people.

Iren. Not soe; for it is not soe easie, now that thinges are grown into an habitude, to have theyre certayne course, to chaunge the channell, and turne the streame another way, for they may have nowe a colourable pretence to withstand such Innovations, which were accepted of other lawes and rules readye.

Eudox. But you say they doe not accept of the new lawes, but delight rather to leane to theyr old customs and Brehoon lawes, though they be much more unjust and also more inconvenient to the common people, as by your late relation to me I have gathered. As for the lawes of England, they are surely most just and most agreeable both with the government and with the nature of the people. How fallies it to you, that you seeme to dislike of them as if they were soe meete for that realme of Ireland, and not only the Common Lawe, but also the Statutes and Acts of Parliamente, which were specially provided and intended for the only benefit therof?

Iren. I was about to have told you my opinion therein, but that yourself drew me into controversy with other questions, for I was shewing you by what meanes, and by what sort, the Statute Lawes were first brought in and established by the Norman Conquerour: which was not by him devised or applied to the people of the realme then being, nor as yet might

best be, (as should by lawgivers principally be regarded) but were indeede the very lawes of his owne cuntry of Normandy. The condition wherof how farr it differeth from this of England is apparaunt to every least judgement. But to transferr the same lawes for the government of the realme of Ireland was much more inconvenient and unmeete; for he found a better advantage of the time, then was in the planting of them in Ireland, and followed the execution of them with more severity, and was also present in person to overlooke the Magistrates, and to overawe the subjectes with the terrour of his sword and countenance of his Majesty. But not soe in Ireland, for they were otherwise affected, and yet doe soe remayne, soe as the same lawes (me seemes) can ill sitt with theyr disposition, or worke that reformation that is wished. For lawes ought to be fashioned unto the manners and conditions of the people, to whom they are ment, and not to be imposed unto them according to the simple rule of right; for els (as I sayd) in steede of good they may worke ill, and pervert Justice to extreme Injustice. For he that would transferr the lawes of the Lacedæmonians to the people of Athens should find a greate absurditye and inconvenience. For those Lawes of Lacedæmon were devised by Lycurgus, as most proper and best agreeing with that people, whom he knewe to be enclyned alltogether to warres, and therefore wholly trayned them up even from theyr craddels in armes and military exercises, cleane contrarye to the institution of Solon, who, in his lawes to the Atheniens, laboured by all meanes to temper theyr warlike courage with sweete delight of learning and sciences, soe that as much as the one excelled in armes, the other exceeded in knowledge. The like regard and moderation ought to be had in tempering, and managing of this stubborn nation of the Irish, to bring them from that delight of licentious barbarisme unto the love of goodness and civilitye.

Eudox. I can not see how that may better be then by the discipline of the lawes of England: for the English were, at the first, as stout and warlike a people as ever were the Irish, and yet ye see are now brought unto that civilitye, that no nation in the world excelleth them in all goodly conversation, and all the studies of knowledge and humanitye.

Iren. What they now be both you and I see very well, but by how many thorny and hard wayes they are come thereunto, by how

many civil broyles, by how many tumultuous rebellions, that even hazarded oftentimes the whole safetie of the kingdome, may easely be considered: all which they nevertheless fayrely overcame, by reason of the continuall presence of the King; whose onely parson is oftentimes in steede of an army, to contayne the unruly people from a thousand evill occasions, which this wretched kingdome is, for want therof, dayly carryed into. The which, whensoever they make head, noe lawes, noe penalties, can restrayne them, but that they doe, in the violence of theyr furies, treade downe and trample under footeall both divine and humane thinges, and the lawes themselves they doe specially rage upon, and rend in peeces, as most repugnant to theyr libertie and naturall freedome, which in theyr madnes they affect.

Eudox. It is then a very unseasonable time to pleade lawe, when a sword is drawn in the hand of the vulgar, or to thinke to retayne them with the feare of punnishmentes, when they looke after libertie, and shake of all government.

Iren. Then soe it is with Ireland continually, Eudoxus; for the sword was never yet out of theyr hand; but when they are weary of warres, and brought downe to extreeme wretchedness, then they creepe a litle perhaps, and sue for grace, till they have gotten new breath and recovered their strength agayne. Soe as it is in vayne to speake of planting of lawes, and plotting of pollicies, till they are altogether subdued.

Eudox. Were they not soe at the first conquering of them by Strangbowe, in the time of King Henry the second? was there not a through way then made by the sword for the imposing of lawes upon them? and were they not then executed with such a mighty hand as you say was used by the Norman Conquerour? What oddes is there then in this case? why should not the same lawes take as good effecte in that people as they did heere, being in like sort prepared by the sword, and brought under by extremitie? and why should they not continue in as good force and vigour for the containning of the people?

Iren. The case is yet not like, but there appeareth a greate oddes betwene them; for by the conquest of Henry the Second, true it is the Irish were utterly vanquished and subdued, soe as noe enemye was able to hold up his head agaynst his power; in which theyre weakness he brought in his lawes, and settled them as now they there remayne, like as

William the Conquerour did; soe as in much they agree, but in the rest, that is chiefeest, they varye; for to whom did Henry the second impose those lawes? to the Irish for the most part of them fledd his power into the desertes and mountaynes leaving the wide cuntry to the conquerour who in theyr steede eftsoones placed Englishmen, who possessed all theyr landes and quite shutt out the Irish, or the most of them. And to those new Inhabitants and Colonies he gave his lawes, to weete the same lawes under which they were born bred, the which it was noe difficultie to amongst them, being formerly well therunto; unto whom afterwarde they payred divers of the poore distressed people the Irish for succour and relief; of which such as they thought fitt for labour and dustriously disposed, as the most part the baser sort are, they receaved unto themselves as theyr vassals, but scarcely vouchsafed to impart unto them the benefit of those lawes under which themselves lived, but every one made his will and comaunderment a law to his owne vassall: thus was not the law of England ever properly applyed unto the nation, as by a purposed plott of government but as they could insinuat and steale themselves under the same by theyr humble riadge and submission.

Eudox. How comes it then to pass, having once bene soe lowe brought, thoroughly subjected, they afterwarde themselves soe strongly agayne, and sith doe stand soe stifly agaynst all rule and government?

Iren. They say that they continued in lowlyness, untill the time that the division betwene the two howses of Lancaster and Yorke arose for the crowne of England which time all the great English Lordes and Gentlemen, which had great possessions in Ireland, repayred over hither into England some to succour theyr freendes heere, to strengthen theyr party to obtayne the crowne; others to defend theyr landes and possessions heere agaynst such as hoped after the same upon hope of alteration of the kingdome, and succession of that side who they favoured and affected. Then the English whom they before had banished into mountaynes, where they lived onely upon white meates, as it is recorded, seing theyr landes soe dispeopled, and weak came downe into all the playnes adjoyning and thence expelling those fewe English which remayned, repossessed them agayne;

ch they have remayned in them, and, wing greater, have brought under them ny of the English, which were before yr Lodes. This was one of the occasions which all those countreyes which, lying unto any mountaynes or Irish desertes, bene planted with English, were shortly planted and lost. As namely in Mounster the landes adjoyning to Slewloghir, Arlo, the bogge of Allone. In Connaught all Countreyes bordering uppon the Culuers, interolis and Oroirke countrey. In Leinster the landes neighbouring unto the moun-nes of Glaunmaleerih, unto Shillelah, the Briskelah, and Polmonte. In Ister, all the countreyes neere unto Tyr-nel, Tyrone, and the Scotts.

Eudox. Surely this was a greate violence; yet by your speach it seemeth that only countreyes and vallyes neere adjoyning to those mountaynes and desertes, were recovered by the Irish; but how comes nowe that we see almost all that realme possessed of them? Was there any more th evill occasions growen by the troubles England? Or did the Irish, out of those es soe by them gotten, breake further stretch themselves through out the ple land? for now, for ought that I can understand, there is noe part but the bare Irish pale in which the Irish have not est footing.

ren. But out of these small beginniges them gotten neere the mountaynes, did rpredd themselves into the Inland; and e, to their further advauntage, there did er like unhappy accidentes happen out of gland, which gave hart and good opportu-e to them to regayne theyr old posses-e. For, in the raigne of King Edward fwrth, thinges remayned yet in the same e that they were after the late breaking of the Irish, which I spoke of; and that le prince begann to cast an eye unto Ire-l, and to mynd the reformation of thinges e runn amiss: for he sent over his brother woorthy Duke of Clarence, whose having ryed the heyre of the Earle of Ulster, by her having all the Earledome of Ulster, much in Meath and Mounster, very care-y went about the redressing of those late is; and though he could not beate out the a gayne, by reason of his short continu-e, yet he did shutt them up within these owe corners and glinnes under the moun-nes foote, in which they lurked; and soe them from breaking any further, by iding of strong holdes upon every border,

and fortifying all passages. Amongest which he builded the castle of Clare in Tomond, of which countrey he had the inheritance, and of Mortimers landes adjoyning, which is now (by the Irish) called Killalowe. But the times of that good King growing also trouble-some did lett the thorough reformation of all thinges. And therunto soone after was added another fatall mischeif, which wrought a greater calamitye then all the former. For the said Duke of Clarence, then Lord Lieu-tenant of Ireland, was by practise of evill persons about the King, his brother, called thence away; and soone after by sinister meanes was cleane made away. Presently after whose death all the north revolting did sett up O'neale for theyr Captayne, being before that of small power and regard: and there arose in that part of Tomond, one of the O-Briens, called Murroh en-Ranah, that is, Morrice of the Fearne, or wast wilde places, whose gathering unto him all the reliicks of the discontented Irish, eftsones surprised the said castle of Clare, burnt all, and spoyled all the English dwelling there, and in short space possessed all that countrey of beyond the River of Shannon and neere adjoyning: whence shortly breaking forth, like a sud-dayne tempest, he over-rann all Mounster and Connaght; breaking downe all the holdes and fortresses of the English, defacing and utterly subverting all the corporat townes that were not strongly walled: for those he had noe meanes nor Engines to overthrowe, nei-ther indeede would he stay at all about them, but speedely rann forward, accounting his suddaynness his most advauntage, that he might overtake the English before they could fortifye or gather themselves together. Soe in short space he cleane wiped out many great townes, as first Insbequinn, then Killaloh, before called Clarifort, afterwarde, Thurles, Mourne, Buttevant, and many others, whose names I cannot remember, and of some of which there is now noe memory nor signe remayning. Uppon report wherof then flocked unto him all the scumm of the Irish out of all places, that ere long he had a mighty army, and thence marched forth into Leinster, where he wrought great outradges, wasting all the countreyes where he went, for it was his pollicye to leave noe holdes behind him, but to make all playne and wast. In the which he soone after created himself King, and was called King of all Ireland; which before him I doe not remember that any did soe generally, but onely Edward le Bruce.

Eudox. What I was there ever any generall

King of all Ireland? I never heard it before, but that it was allwayes (whilst it was under the Irish) divided into fowre, and sometimes into five kingdomes or dominions. But this Edward le Bruce, what was he, that he could make himself King of all Ireland?

Iren. I would tell you, in case you would not challenge me anone for forgetting the matter which I had in hand, that is, the inconvenience and unfitnes which I suppose he to be in the lawes of the land.

Eudox. No surely, I have no occasion, for neither is this impertinent therunto; for sithence you did sett your course (as I remember) in your first part to treat of the evils which hindereth the peace and good ordering of that land, amongst which that of the inconvenience of the lawes was the first which you had in hand, this discourse of the over-running and wasting of the realme is very materiall therunto, for that it was the beginning of all the other evils, which sithence have afflicted that land, and opened a way unto the Irish to recover their possession, and to beate out the English which had formerly wonne the same. And besides, it will give a great light both unto your second and third part, which is the redressing of those evils, and planting of some good forme and pollicye therin, by renewing the remembrance of those occasions and accidentes by which those ruines happened, and laying before us the ensamples of those times, to be compared with ours, and to be warned by those which shall have to do in the like. Therefore, I pray you, tell them unto us, and as for the poynt where you left, I will not forget afterwarde to call you back agayne thereunto.

Iren. This Edward le Bruce was brother to Robert le Bruce, who was King of Scotland at such time as King Edward the Second reigned here in England, and bare a most malicious and spitefull mynd agaynst King Edward, doing him all the hurt he could, and annoying his territories of England, whilst he was troubled with civill warres of his Barrons at home. He also, to worke him the more mischeif, sent over his sayd brother Edward with a power of Scottes and Redd-shankes into Ireland, where, by the means of the Lacyes and of the Irish with whom he combined, they gott footing, and gathering to him all the scatterlinges and out-lawes out of all the woodes and mountaynes, in which they long had lurked, marched forth into the English Pale, which then was cheifly in the north, from the

poynt of Donluce, and beyond unto Dundalke, having in the midst of her Knockfa-Belfast, Armagh, and Carlingfoord, which are now the most out-boumdes and undon places in the English Pale, indeede not counted of the English Pale; for it stretches now no further than Dundalke towards the north. There sayd Edward le Bruce spoyled and burnt the olde English inhabitauntes, and seized and razed all cittyes and corporat townes, noe lesse then Murroghe en Ranagh, whom I earst told you: for he waded to Belfast, Green-Castle, Kelles, Bellisland, Castletowne, Newton, and many other good townes and strong holdes: he drove out the noble families of the Audelins, the Talbots, the Touchets, the Chamberlains, the Mandevils, and the Savages out of the Ardes, though of the Lord Savage's remayne yet an heyre, that is now a poore gentellman of very meane condition yet dwelling in the Ardes. And comelastly to Dundalke, he there made himself King, and reigned by the space of one wynter and thre yeare, by the name of Edward King of Ireland, untill that King Edward of England having sett some quiett in his affayres at home, sent over the Lord John Bremme to be generall of the warres agaynst the Irish, whoe, encountering him neere to Dundalke, over-threwe his armye, and slew him, and presently followed the victorie hottly upon the Scottes, that he suffred them not to breathe, or to gather themselves together agayne, till they came to the cost. Notwithstanding, all the way they fledd, for very rancour and dispite, they returned they utterly consumed and wasted whatsoever they had before left spoyle; soe that of all townes, castles, fortes, bridges, and habitations, they left any stick standing, nor any people remaining; for those fewe which yet survived, fled from their furie further into the English Pale. Thus was all that goodly countrey utterly wasted, and left desolat as yet remayneth to this day, which before had bene the cheif ornament and beautye of the land, for that of the north sometimes was populous and plentifull as any part of England, and yeelded unto the K. of England as it peareth by good recordes, thirty thousand markes of old mony by the yeare, besides many thousandes of able men to serve in their warres. And sure it is yet a more beautifull and sweet countrey as any is in heaven, seamed thoroughout with rivers

ldly rivers, replenished with all sortes of
most abundantly sprinkled with many
et llandes and goodly lakes, like litle
and Seas, that will carry even ships upon
r waters, adorned with goodly woodes
for building of howses and shippes, soe
odiously, as that yf some princes in the
ld had them, they would soone hope
be lordes of all the seas, and ere long of
the world; also full of good portes and
ens opening upon England and Scotland,
inviting us to come to them, to see what
cellent comodities that country can af-
rd, besides the soyle it self most fertile,
to yeeld all kind of fruite that shal be
mitted therunto. And lastly, the heavens
st milde and temperat, though somewhat
re moyst then the part toward the West.

Eudox. Truly Irenæus, what with your
rises of the country, and what with your
course of the lamentable desolation therof
de by those ragtaylor Irish Scottes, you
ve filled me with great compassion of
yr calamities, that I doe much pittye that
ete land, to be subject to soe many evils
every day I see more and more throwen
pon her, and doe half beginn to thinke,
at it is (as you sayd in the beginning) her
all misfortune, above all countreys that
owe, to be thus miserably tossed and
moyled with these variable stormes of
dictions. But since we are thus farr entred
to the considerations of her mishaps, tell
me, have there bene any more such tempests,
ye terme them, wherein she hath thus
etchedly beene wracked?

Iren. Many more, God wote, have there
ne, in which her principall partes have
be rent and torne asunder, but none that I
remember soe universall as these. And
t the rebellion of Thomas Fitz Gerrald did
all-nygh stretch itself into all partes of
eland. But that, which was in the time of
e government of the Lord Gray, was surely
e less generall then all those; for there
as no part free from the contagion, but all
aspired in one to cast of theyr subjection
the crowne of England. Nevertheless,
rough the most wise and valiaunt hand-
g of that right noble Lord, it gott not that
ad which the former evils found; for in
m the realme was left, like a shipp in a
orme amiddest all the raging surges, un-
led, and undirected of any: for they to
nom she was comitted either faynted in
eyr labour, or forsooke theyre charge. But
(like a most wise pilote) kept her course
refully, and held her moste strongly even

agaynst those roring billowes, that he
brought her safely out of all; soe as long
after, even by the space of twelve or thirtene
yeares, she rode in peace, through his only
paynes and excellent enduraunce, how ever
envye list to bluster agaynst him. But of
this we shall have more occasion to speake in
another place: now (if you please) lett us
returne agayne unto our first course.

Eudox. Truly I am very gladd to heare
your judgement of the government of that
honorable man soe soundly; for I have
indeede oftentimes hard it maligned, and his
doings depraved of some, whoe (I perceave)
did rather of malicious mynd, or private
greevaunce, seeke to detract from the honour
of his deedes and counsells, then of any just
cause: but he was nevertheless, in the
judgement of all good and wise men,
defended and mayntayned. And now that
he is dead, his immortall fame surviveth,
and flourisheth in the mouthes of all people,
that even those that did backbite him, are
choaked with theyr owne venome, and
breake theyre galles to heare his soe honor-
able report. But lett him rest in peace; and
turne we to our more troubleous matters of
discourse, of which I am right sorye that ye
make soe short an end, and covett to pass
over to your former purposes; for there be
many other partes of Ireland, which I have
heard have bene noe less vexed with the like
stormes, then these which you have treated
of, as the countrey of the Birnes and
Tooles neere Dublin, with the insolent out-
rages and spoyles of Feugh mac Hughe, the
countreys of Katerlagh, Wexford, and Water-
ford, of the Kevanaghs. The countreys of
Leis, Kilkenny, and Kildare of the Moores.
The countreys of Ofalye and Longfoord of
the Connors. The countreys of Westmeath,
Cavan, and Louth of the O Reyleys, the
Kellyes, and many others, soe as the discour-
sing of them, besides the pleasure which would
redounde out of theyr history, be also very
profitable for matter of pollicye.

Iren. All this which ye have named,
and many moe besides, often times have I
right well known, (and yet often times doe)
kindle great fires of tumultuous broyles in the
countreys bordering upon them. All which to
rehearse should rather be to chronicle times,
then to search into reformation of abuses in
that realme: and yet very needfull it wil be
to consider them, and the evils which they
have often stirred up, that some redress
therof, and prevention of the evils to come,
may thereby the rather be devised. But I

suppose we shall have a fitter opportunity for the same, when we shall speake of the particular abuses and enormities of that government, which will be next after those generall defectes and inconveniences which I sayd were in the lawes, customes, and religion.

Eudox. Goe to then, a Godes name! and followe the course which you have promised to your self, for it fitteth best, I must confess, with the purpose of your discourse. Declare your opinion, as you began, about the lawes of that realme, what incomodity you have conceaved to be in them, chiefly in the Common Lawe, which I would have thought to be most free from all such dislike.

Iren. The Common Law is (as before I sayd) of itself most rightfull and very convenient (I suppose) for the kingdome for the which it was first devised; for this (I thinke) as it seemes reasonable, that out of the manners of the people, and abuses of the countrey, for which they were invented, they take theyr first beginning, or els they should be most unjust; for noe lawes of man (according to the straight rule of right) are just, but as in regard of the evils which they prevent, and the safety of the common-weale which they provide for. As for example, in the true ballauncing of justice, it is a flatt wrong to punish the thought or purpose of any before it be enacted; for true Justice punnisheth nothing but the evill act or wicked word; yet by the lawes of all kingdomes it is a capital crime to devise or purpose the death of the King: the reason is, for that when such a purpose is effected, it should then be to late to devise therof, and should turne that common-weale to more hurt by such loss of theyr Prince, then such punnishment of the malefactours. And therefore the lawe in that case punnisheth the thought; for better is a mischeif, then an inconvenience. Soe that *jus politicum*, though it be not of it self just, yet by application, or rather necessitye, it is made just; and this only respect maketh all lawes just. Now then, yf these lawes of Ireland be not likewise applyed and fitted for that realme, they are sure very inconvenient.

Eudox. You reason strongly: but what unfitnesse doe you finde in them for that realme? shewe us some particulars.

Iren. The Common Lawe appoynteth that all tryalls, as well of crimes as titles and rights, shal be made by verdit of a Jurye, choosen out of the honestest and most sub-

stantiall free-holders. Now, most all the holders of that realme are Irish, which y the cause shall fall betwixt an English and an Irish, or betweene the Queene and any fre-holder of that countrey, they have noe more scruple to pass agaynst an English man, and the Queene, though it be to shew theyr othes, then to drinke milke unstray. Soe that, before the Jurye goe together, they well knowen what the verdict will be. I tryall herof have I soe often seene, that I dare confidently avouch the abuse thereof. Yet is the lawe of itself, I say, good; and the first institution therof, being given to naturall Englishmen, very rightfull, but that the Irish have stept into the roomes of the English, (whoe are now become soe heere) and provident to keepe them out from hence, that they make noe scruple of consciences to passe against them) yt is good reason that either that course of the lawe for tryall be altered or other provision for juryes made.

Eudox. In sooth, Irenæus, you have covered a poynt woorthy the consideration for heerby not only the English suffer, but findeth noe indifferency in deciding of any cause, be it never soe just; but alsoe the Queene, as well in all pleas of the crown, also in inquiries for Escheates, landes taynted, wardships, concealmentes, and all like, is abused and exceedingly dammagd.

Iren. You say very true; for I dare undertake, that at this day there are more taynted landes, concealed from her Majesty, then she hath now possessions in all Ireland; and it is noe small inconvenience; for, be it that she looseth soe much land as should turne to her to great profitt, she besides looseth many good subjectes, which might be assayed unto her, as those landes would yield inhabitants and living unto.

Eudox. But doe that people (say you) have noe more conscience to perjure themselves in theyr verdictes, and damne theyr soules?

Iren. Not only soe in theyr verdictes, also in all other theyr dealinges; especially toward the English, they are most wilful bent: for though they will not seeme manifestly to doe it, yet will some one or other of those suttile-headed fellowe amongst them perjure some quirk, or devise some evasion, where the rest will lightly take hold, and suffer themselves easely to be ledd by him to that themselves desired. For in the most apparent matter that may be, the least question or doubt that can be moved will make them stopp unto them, and putt them quite out of the way. Besides that, of themselves they

(for the most part) soe cautelous and slye-headed, specially being men of soe small experience and practize in lawe matters, that I would wonder whence they borrowe such stilties and slye shifts.

Eudox. But, me thinkes, this inconvenience might be much helped by the Judges and chief Magistrates which have the choosing and nominating of those juryes, yf they would take care to appoynt either most Englishmen or such Irishmen as were of the soundest judgement and disposition; for noe doubt some there be incorruptible.

Iren. Some there be indeede as you say; but then would the Irish party crye out of partiality, and complayne he hath noe justice, that he is not used as a subject, that he is not suffred to have the free benefitt of the lawe; and these outcryes the Magistrates there receive much shunn, as they have cause, since they are soe readily hearkened unto heere: then can it be indeede, although the Irish party would be soe contented to be soe commended, that such English freeholders, which are but fewe, and such faythful Irishmen, which are indeede as fewe, shall allwayes be chosen for tryalls; for being soe fewe, they could be made weary of theyr free-holdes. And therefore a good care is to be had by all good occasions to encrease theyr numbers, and to plant more by them. But were it soe, that the juryes could be piked out of such wise men as you desire, there would nevertheless be as badd corruption in the tryall; the evidence being brought in by the base slye people, will be as deceitfull as the lawes dictates; for they care much lesse then the officers what they sweare, and sure their desires may compell them to saie any thinge; I myself have heard, when one of that sort (which they call churles) being challenged, and reproved for his false oath, he answered confidently, That his Lordship haunded him, and it was the least thing he could doe for his Lord to sweare for him; unconscionable are these common people, and so little feeling have they of God, or theyr owne sowles good.

Eudox. It is a most miserable case, but what helpe can there be in this? for though the manners of the tryalls should be altered, the proof of every thing must needes be by testimonies of such persons as the lawes shall produce; which yf they shall be corrupt, how can there ever any light of the truth appeare? what remedye is there for this evil, but to make heavy lawes and penalties agaynst jurours?

Iren. I thinke sure that will doe small good; for when a people are inclined to any vice, or have noe touch of conscience, nor sense of theyr evil doings, it is bootelless to thinke to restrayne them by any penaltyes or feare of punishment; but either the occasion is to be taken away, or a more understanding of the right, and shame of the fault to be imprinted. For yf that Licurgus should have made it death for the Lacedemonians to steale, they being a people which naturally delighted in stealth; or yf it should be made a capitall crime for the Flemmings to be taken in droukenness, there should have bene few Lacedemonians then left, and fewer Flemmings. See impossible it is to remove any fault, see generall in a people, with terrour of lawes or most sharpe restrayntes.

Eudox. What meanes may there then be to avoide this inconvenience? for the case sure seemes very hard.

Iren. We are not yet come to that poynt to devise remedies for the evils, but only are now to recount them; of the which, this that I have told you is one defect in the Common Lawes.

Eudox. Tell us then (I pray you) further, have you any more of this sort in the Common Lawes.

Iren. By rehearsall of this, I remember also of an other like, which I have often observed in tryalls to have wrought great hurt and hindrance, and that is, the exceptions which the Common Law alloweth a fellow in his tryall; for he may have (as you knowe) thirty-six exceptions peremptorye agaynst the jurours, of which he shall shewe noe cause. By which shift there being (as I have shewed you) small store of honest jurye men, he will either putt of his tryall, or leave it to such men as (perhaps) are not of the soundest sort, by whose meanes, yf he can acquitt himself of the crime, as he is likely, then will he plague such as were brought first to be of his jurye, and all such as made any party against him. And when he comes forth, he will make theyr cowes and garrans to walke, yf he doe noe other mischeif to theyr persons.

Eudox. This is a slye devise, but I thinke it might soone be remedied; but we must leave it awhile with the rest. In the meane-while goe ye forward with others.

Iren. There is an other noe less inconvenient then this, which is the tryall of accessories to felony; for, by the Common Lawe, the accessories cannot be proceeded

agaynst, till the principall receave his tryall. Now the case often falleth out in Ireland that a stealth being made by a rebell, or an outlawe, the stolen goodes are conveyed to some husbandman or gentellman, which hath well to take to, and yet liveth most by the receipt of such goodes stoln, where they are found by the owner, and handled: wherupon the party is perhaps apprehended and committed to goale, or putt upon suretyes, till the sessions, at which time the owner, preferring a bill of indictment, proves sufficiently the stealth to have bene made upon him by such an outlaw, and to have bene found in the possession of the prisoner, agaynst whom, nevertheless, noe course of lawe can proceede, or tryall can be had, for that the principall theif is not to be gotten, notwithstanding that he likewise standeth perhaps indited at once with the receaver, being in rebellion, or in the woodes, whereunto peradventure he is flowne before he can be gotten, and soe the receaver clean acquitted and discharged of the crime. By which meanes the thieves are greatly encouraged to steale, and theyr mayntayners emboldened to receave theyr stealths, knowing howe hardly they can be brought to any tryall of lawe.

Eudox. Truly this is a great inconvenience, and a great cause (as you say) of the mayntenance of thieves, knowing theyr receavers allwayes readye; for, were there noe receavers, there would be noe thieves: but this (me seemes) might easely be provided for by some Act of Parliament, that the receaver, being convicted by good prooffe, might receive his tryall without his principall.

Iren. You say very true, Eudoxus, but it is almost impossible to be compassed. And herin also you discover another imperfection in the course of the Common Lawe, and first ordinaunce of the realme; for ye knowe that the sayd Parliament must consist of the peeres, gentellmen, feeholders, and burgesses of that realme it self. Nowe perhaps these being themselves, or the most part of them (as may seeme by their stiff with-standing of this Act) culpable of this crime, or favourers of theyr frendes, which are such by whom theyr kitchins are sometime amended, will not suffer any such Statut to pass. Yet hath it oftentimes bene attempted, and in the time of Sir John Perrot very earnestly (I remember) laboured, but by noe meanes could be effected. And not only this, but many other like, which are as needfull for the reformation of that realme.

Eudox. This also is surely a great defect,

but we must not talke, you saie, of the dressing of this, untill our second part which purposely therfore is appoynted. Therefore proceede to the recounting of more evils, yf you have any more.

Iren. There is also a great inconvenience which hath wrought great dammage to her Majesty, and to the common we through close and colourable conveyance the landes and goodes of traytors, fellows fugitives. As, when one of them mynde goe into rebellion, he will convey away all landes and lordships to feoffees of trust, whereby he reserveth unto himself but an e for terme of life, which being determined either by the sword or by the halter, the landes cometh straight unto theyr heirs, and the Quene is defrauded of the interest the lawe, which layd that grevous punishment upon traytours to forfeit all theyr landes to the Prince, to the end that men might the rather terrified from committing treasons for manye which would litle esteeme of their owne lives, yet for remorse of theyr wives children should be withheld from those heinous crimes. This appeareth playnly in the late Earle of Desmond; for, before his being forth into his open rebellion, he conveyed secretly all his landes to feoffees of trust, in hope to have cutt of her Majesty from the escheat of his landes.

Eudox. Yes, but this was well endeavored; for that Act of Parliament which gave all his landes to the Quene did (as I have heard) cut of and frustrat all such conveyances, as had any time by the space of twelve yeares before his rebellion, been made; within the compass wherof, that cruel feoffement, and many other the like, his accomplices and fellowe traytors, who were attaynted, hath bene made voyd.

Iren. Very true, but how hardly that Act of Parliament was wronge out of them, I am witness; and were it to be passed agayne, dare undertake it would never be compassed. But were it soe that such Acts might easily be brought to pass agaynst traytors and fellows, yet were it not an endless trouble that noe traytour nor fellow should be attainted, but a Parliament must be called for bringing his landes to the Quene, which Common-Lawe giveth her.

Eudox. Then this is noe fault of the Common-Lawe, but of the parsons who worke this fraud unto her Majesty.

Iren. Yes, mary! for the Common-Lawe hath left them this benefitt, wherof they make advantage, and wrest it to theyr badd purpose.

ses. Soe as they are therby the bolder to ter into evill actions, knowing that, yf the worst befall them, they shall loose nothing t themselves, wherof they seeme surely to be very careless, like as all barbarous people e, as Cæsar in his Comentaryes sayth, very careless of daunger.

Eudox. But what meane you of fugitives rin? Or how doth this concerne them?

Iren. Yes, very greatly; for ye shall understand that there be many ill disposed and dutifull parsons of that realme, like as in is poynt there are also in this realme of England to many, which being men of good heritaunce, are for dislike of religion, or unger of the lawe into which they are runn, discontented with the present government, dd beyond the seas, where they live under inces, that are her Majesties professed emyes, and converse and are confederat th other traytors and fugitives which are ere abiding. The which nevertheless have benefit of theyr landes heere, by pretence such colourable conveyances therof, formally made by them to theyr privy frendes ere of trust, whose secretly doe send over to them the sayd revennues, wherwith they e there mayntayned and enabled agaynst r Majestie.

Eudox. I do not thinke that there be such fugitives which are releved by the offit of theyr landes in England, for there a straighter order taken. And yf there any such in Ireland, it were good it were ewise looked unto, for this evill may easely remedied. But proceede.

Iren. It is also inconvenient in that realme Ireland, that the wardes and mariadges of ntellmens children should be in the disposition of any of those Irish Lordes, as nowe y are, by reason that theyr landes are held knights service of those Lordes. By ich meanes it cometh to pass that those yd gentellmens children, being thus in the rd of those Lordes, are not only therby ught up lewdly, and Irish-like, but also ever after soe bound to theyr services, as ey will runn with them into any disloyall ion.

Eudox. This greevaunce, *Irenæus*, is also mplayned of in England, but howe can it remedied? since the service must follow tenure of the landes, and the landes were en away by the Kinges of England to se Lordes, when they first conquered that lme; and, to say trouth, this also would be ne prejudice to the Prince in her wardships.

Iren. I doe not meane this by the Princes

wardes, but by such as fall into the handes of Irish Lordes; for I could wish, and this I would enforce, that all those wardships were in the Princes disposition; for then it might be hoped, that she, for the universall reformation of that realme, would take better order for the bringing up of those wardes in good nurture, and not suffer them to come into soe badd handes. And though these thinges be allready passed away, by her progenitours former grauntes, unto those sayd Lordes; yet I could find a way to remedye a great part therof, as hereafter, when fitt time serveth, shall appeare. And since we are entred into speach of such grauntes of former Princes, to sundry parsons of this realme of Ireland, I will mention unto you some other, of like nature to this, and of like inconvenience, by which the former Kinges of England passed unto them a great part of theyr prerogative; which though then it was well intended, and perhaps well deserved of them which received the same, yet now such a gapp of mischeif lyeth open therby, that I could wish it were well stopped. Of this sort are the grauntes of Countyes Palentines in Ireland, which though at first were graunted upon good consideration when they were first conquered, for that these landes lay then as a very border to the wild Irish, subject to continuall invasion, soe as it was needefull to give them great privileges for the defence of the inhabitauntes therof; yet now for that it is noe more a border, nor frontyerd with enemyes, why should such privileges be any more continued?

Eudoxus. I would gladly knowe what ye call a County Palentine, and whence it is soe called.

Iren. It was (as I suppose) first named Palentine of a pale, as it were a pale and defence to theyr inner landes, soe as it is called the English Pale, and therefore also is a Palsgrave named, that is, an Earle Palentine. Others thinke of the Latine, *palar*, that is, to forrage or out-run, because the marchers and borderers use comonly soe to doe. Soe as to have a County Palentine is, in effect, but to have a privilege to spoyle the enemyes borders adjoyning. And surely soe it is used at this day, as a privileged place of spoyles and stealthes; for the County of Tipperarye, which is nowe the onely Countye Palentine in Ireland, is, by abuse of some badd ones, made a receptacle to robb the rest of the Countyes about it, by meanes of whose privileges none will followe theyr stealthes, soe as it, being situat in the very lapp of all the

land, is made nowe a border, which how inconvenient it is lett every man judge. And though that right noble man, that is the Lord of the libertye doe endeavour himself all that he may to yeeld equall justice unto all, yet can there not but great abuses lurke in soe inward and absolute a privilege, the consideration wherof is to be respected carefully, for the next succession. And much like unto this graunte there are alsoe other privileges graunted unto most of the corporations there; that they shall not be bound to any other government then theyr owne, that they shall not be charged with garrisons, that they shall not be traveled forth of theyre owne fraunchises, that they may buye and sell with theeves and rebells, that all amerceementes and fines that shal be imposed upon them shall come unto themselves. All which, though at the time of theyr first graunt they were tollerable, and perhaps reasonable, yet nowe are most unreasonable and incoovenient; but all these will easely be cutt of with the superiour power of her Majesties prerogative, agaynst which her owne grauntes are not to be pleaded or enforced.

Eudox. Nowe truly, Irenæus, ye have (me seemes) very well handled this poynt, touching the inconveniences in the Common Lawe there, by you observed; and it seemeth that you have a myndfull regard unto the things that may concerne the good of that realme. And yf you can as well goe through with the Statute Lawes of that land, I will thinke you have not lost all your time there. Therefore, I pray you, now take them in hand, and tell us what you thinke to be amiss in them.

Iren. The Statutes of that realme are not many, and therefore we shall the sooner runn through them. And yet of these fewe there are sundrye impertinent and unnecessarie: the which perhaps, though at the time of the making of them were very needefull, yet nowe through chaunge of time are cleane antiquated, and altogither idle: as that which forbiddeth any to weare theyr beardes on the upper lipp, and none under the chin: that which putteth away saffron shirtes and smockes; that which restrayneth the use of gilt bridles and petronells; that which is appoynted to the recorders and clarkes of Dublin and Drogheda, to take but two pence for the cotype of a playnt; that which commaundeth bowes and arrowes; that which maketh that all Irishmen that shall converse amongst the English shal be taken for spyas, and soe punnished; that

which forbiddeth persons ameanable to to enter and distrayne in the lande which they have title; and many other like I could rehearse.

Eudox. These, which you have repeated, seeme very frivolous and fruiteless; for the breach of them litle damage or inconvenience can come to the Common-wealth. Neither, indeede, yf any transgress them, he seeme woorthy of punnishment, scarce blame, saving for that they beare the name of lawes. But lawes ought to be such, as the keeping of them should be greatly to the behoofe of the Common-wealth, and vyolating of them should be very hayn and sharply punnished. But tell us of some more waighty dislikes in the Statutes these, and that may more behoofully in the reformation of them.

Iren. There is one or two Statutes which make the wrongfull distrayning of any man goodes agaynst the forme of the Common Lawe to be felony. The which Statutes seeme surely to have bene at first ment for the great good of the realme, and restrayning of a fowle abuse, which reigned commonly among that people, yet is not altogither layed aside; that when any one was indebted to another, he would first demand his dett, and, yf he were payed, he would straight goe and take the distress of his goodes and chattels, where he could find them, to the vawlewe: the which he would keepe till he were satisfied, and the simple churle (as they call him) doth commonly use to doe yet through ignorance his misdoing, or evill use that hath long ruled amongst them. But this, though it is sure most unlawfull, yet surely (me seeme) too hard to make it death, since there is no purpose in the other party to steale the other's goodes, or to conceale the distress, but to paye it openly, for the most part before witness. And agayne, the same Statutes are soe strangely penned (besides the later of them is unsensibly contrived that it scarce carry any reason in it) that they are often and easily wrested to the fraud of the subject: yf one going to distrayne upon his owne land or tenement, where lawfully he may, yet in doing therof he transgress the least part of the Common Lawe, he straight committeth felonye. Or yf one by any other occasion take any thing from another, as he use sometymes to cappe on another, the same is straight felonye. This is a very hard lawe.

Eudox. Nevertheless the evill use in

payning another mans goodes, you will not saye but it is to be abolished and taken away.

Iren. It is soe, but not by taking away the subject withall; for that is to violent a remedie, especially this use being permitted, and made lawfull unto some, and to other some death. As to most of the corporat townes, there it is graunted by theyr charter, that they may, every man by himself, without any officer (for that were more tolerable) for any dett, to distrayne the goodes of any Irish, being found within theyr libertie, or but passing through theyr townes. And the first permission of this was for that in those times when that graunte was made, the Irish were not amenable to lawe, soe as it was not safetie for the townesmen to goe to them forth to demaund theyr dett, nor possible to drawe him into lawes, so that he had leave to be his owne bayliff, to arrest his dettors goodes within his owne franchise. The which the Irish seeing thought it was lawfull for them to distrayne the townesmens goodes in the cuntry where they found it. And soe, by the example of that graunte of the townesmen, they thought lawfull, and made it a use to distrayne the anothers goodes for small detts. And I say trueth, me thinkes it is hard for every tryfling dett, of two or three shillings to be driven to lawe, which is soe farr from them sometimes to be sought; for which me thinkes it an heavey ordinance to give death, especially to a rude man that is ignorant of lawe, and thinketh a common use of graunte to other men is a lawe for himself.

Eudox. Yea, but the judge, when it cometh before him to tryall, may easelye decide this doubt, and lay open the intent of the lawe by his better discretion.

Iren. Yes, but it is dangerous to leave the sence of the lawe unto the reason or will of the judges, whoe are men and may be miscarried by affections, and many other reasons. But the lawes ought to be like unto stonye tables, playne, stedfast, and unmoveable. There is also such another statute or two, which make Coygnye and Liverye to be treason, noe less inconvenient then the former, being, as it is penned, howe the first purpose therof were expedient; and thereby now noe man can goe into another mans howse for lodgings, nor to his owne tenants howse to take victuall by the way, notwithstanding that there is noe other reason for him to have lodging, nor horse

meate, nor mans meate, there being noe Innes, nor none otherwise to be bought for mony, but that he is endammaged to the Statute of treason, whensoever he shall happen to fall out with his tenaunt, or that his sayd host list to complayne of grevaunce, as oftentimes I have seene them very maliciously doe through the least provocation.

Eudox. I doe not well knowe, but by gess, what you doe meane by these termes of Coygnye and Liverye: therefore I pray you exp lane them.

Iren. I knowe not whether the woordes be English or Irish, but I suppose them rather to be auncient English, for the Irishmen can make noe derivation nor analogie of them. What Liverye is, we by common use in England knowe well enough, namelye, that it is allowaunce of horse-meate, as they commonly use the word in stabling, as to keepe horses at liverye; the which word, as I gess, is derived of livering or delivering forth theyr nightlye foode. See in great howses, the liverye is sayd to be served up for all night, that is theyr nyghtes allowaunce for drinke. And Liverye is also called the upper garment which serving men weareth, soe called (as I suppose) for that it is delivered and taken from him at pleasure: soe it is apparant, that by the word Liverye is meant horse-meate, like as by the word Coygnye is understood mans-meate; but how the word is derived is very hard to tell: some say of coyne, because they used commonly in theyr Coygnyes, not only to take meate, but coyne also; and that taking of mony was specially ment to be prohibited by that Statute: but I think rather that this word Coignye is derived of the Irish. The which is a common use amongst the Irish landlordes, to have a common spending upon theyr tenautes; for all theyr tenautes, being commonly but tenautes at will, they use to take of them what victualls they list, for of victualls they were wont to make small reckning: neither in this were the tenautes wronged, for it was an ordinarye and knowen custome, and his Lord commonlye used soe to covenant with him, which yf at any time the tenaunt misliked, he might freelye depart at his pleasure. But now by this Statute the sayd Irish Lord is wronged, for that he is cuit of from his customarye services, of the which this was one, besides many more of the like, as Cuddeehih, Cosshirh, Bonaught, Shragh, Sorehim, and such like; the which (I think) at first were customes brought in by the English

upon the Irish, for they were never woont, and yet are very loth to yeld any certayne rent, but onely such spendinges, saying commonly, 'Spend me and defend me.'

Eudox. Surely I take it as you say, that therin the Irish Lordes hath greate wronge, since it was an auncient custome, and nothing contrarie to lawe, for to the willing there is noe wrong done. And this right well I wote, that even heere in England, there are in many places as large customes as that of Coignye and Liverye. But I suppose by your speech, that it was the first meaning of the Statute to forbidde the violent taking of victualls upon other mens tenauntes agaynst theyr willes, which surely is a great outrage, and yet not soe great (me seemes) as that it should be made treason: for considering that the nature of treason is concerning the realme, estate or person of the King, or practising with his enemyes, to the derogation and daunger of his crowne and dignitie; it is hardly wrested to make this treason. But (as you earst sayd) 'better a mischeif then an inconvenience.'

Iren. Another Statute I remember, which having beene an auncient English custome is now upon advisement made an Irish lawe, and that is called the Custome of Kin-cogish, which is, that every head of every sept, and every cheif of every kinred or familie, should be answerable and bound to bring forth every one of that kinred or sept under hym at all times to be justified, when he should be required or charged with any treason, felonye, or other haynous crime.

Eudox. Why, surely this seemes a very necessary lawe. For considering that many of them be such losells and scatterlings, as that they cannot easely by any sheriff, constable, bayliff, or other ordinary officer be gotten, when they are challenged for any such fact; this is a very good meane to gett them to be brought in by him, that is the head of that sept, or cheif of that howse: wherefore I wonder what just exception you can make agaynst the same.

Iren. Trewe, Eudoxus, in the pretence of the good of that Statute you have nothing erred, for it seemeth very expedient and necessarye; but the hurt which cometh thereby is greater then the good. For, whilst every cheif of a sept standeth soe bound to the lawe for every one of his bloud or sept that is under him, inclusive everie one of his sept is put under him, and he made greate by the commaunding of them all. For yf he may not comaunde them, then that lawe doth wrong

which bindeth him to bring them foort to be justified: and yf he may comaunde them then he may comaunde them aswell to as to good, whereby the lordes and captives of countreyes, and the principall and heads of septs, are made stronger, when it should be a most speciall care in policye to weaken them, and to set up and strengthen one of his underlinges agaynst him, which whensoever he shall offer to swarve from his dutye may be able to beard him; for in a very daungerous to leave the comaund of many as some septs are, being five or thousand persons, to the will of one man whose may leade them to what he will, as himself shal be inclyned.

Eudox. In very deede, Irenæus, it is very daungerous, especially seing the disposition of those people is not allwayes inclinable to the best. And therefore I hold it noe wonder to leave unto them to much comaund over theyr kinred, but rather to withdraw theyr followers from them asmuch as may be, and to gather them under the comaundment of lawe by some better meane then this custome of Kin-cogish. The which woord I would be gladd to knowe what it namely signifyeth for the meaning therof I seeme to understand reasonable well.

Iren. It is a woord mingled of the English and Irish together, soe as I am partly loth to thinke, that the custome therof was first English, and afterwarde made Irish; for as I remember, made by King Alured, that every gentellman should continually bring forth his kinred and followers to the lawe. Soe I thinke is English, and Cogish signifyeth affinity Irish.

Eudox. Siththen we have thus reasonably handled the inconvenience in the lawes, let us now pass unto the second part, which is as I remember, of the abuses of custome in which, me seemes, you have a fayre chapian layd open unto you, in which you touch at large stretch out your discourse into many sweete remembraunces of antiquities, from whence it seemeth that the customs of this countrey proceeded.

Iren. Indeede, Eudoxus, you say very truly for alle the customes of the Irish, which have often noted and compared with those that I have reade, would minister occasion of many ample discourse of the first originall of the custome and the antiquitye of that people, which truth I doe thinke to be more auncient then most that I knowe in this end of the world, soe as yf it were in the handling of some

sound judgement and plentiful reading it could be most pleasaunt and profitable. But may be we may, at some other time of meeting, take occasion to treat thereof more at large. Heere onely it shall suffice to touche such customes of the Irish as seeme offensive, and repugnaunt to the good government of that realme.

Eudox. Followe then your owne course, for I shall the better content my self to forbear your desire nowe, in hope that you will, as you say, some other time more abundantly satisfy it.

Iren. Before we enter into the treatise of their customes, it is first needfull to consider from whence they first sprong; for from the sundry manners of the nations, from whence that people which now are called Irish were derived, some of the customes that now remayne amongst them have bene first fetcht, and since they have bene continued amongst them; for not of one nation was that people, but of many and of different conditions and manners. But the cheifest which have first possessed, and inhabited it, we suppose to be Scythians, which at such time as the Northerne Nations overflowed all Christendome, came downe to the sea-coast, where enquiring for other countreyes abrode, and getting intelligence of this countrey of Ireland, finding shipping convenient, passed over thither, and arrived in the North-part thereof, which is now called Ulster, which first inhabiting, and afterwarde stretching themselves further into the land as they numbers encreased, named it all of themselves cuttenland, which more breifly is called cutland, or Scotland.

Eudox. I wonder (*Irenæus*) whither you suppose soe farre astrae; for whylest wee like of Ireland, we thinke you rip upp the originall of Scotlande, but what is that to us?

Iren. Surelye verye much, for Scotlande and Ireland are all one and the same.

Eudox. That seemeth more straunge; for we all knowe right well they are distinguished, with a great sea running betwene them; or is there are two Scotlands.

Iren. Never the more are there two Scotlands, but two kindes of Scotts there were decreed (as ye may gather out of Buckhanan) the one Irin, or Irish Scotts, the other Albin-scotts; for those Scotts or Scythians arrived (as I sayd) in the North partes of Ireland, where some of them afterwarde passed into the next coast of Albin, now called cutland, which (after much trouble) they

possessed, and of themselves named it Scotland; but in process of time (as is commonly seene) the denomination of the part prevayled in the whole, for the Irish Scottes putting away the name of Scottes, were called onely Irish, and the Albin Scottes, leaving the name of Albin, were called onely Scottes. Therefore it cometh that of some writers Ireland is called Scotia-major, and that which nowe is called Scotland, is named Scotia-minor.

Eudox. I doe now well understand your distinguishing of the two sortes of Scottes, and two Scotlandes, how that this which is now called Ireland was aunciently called Irin, and afterwarde of some writers Scotland, and that which now is called Scotland was formerly called Albin, before the coming of the Scottes thither: but what other nation inhabited the other partes of Ireland?

Iren. After this people thus planted in the North, or before, (for the certayntye of times in thinges soe farr from all knowledge cannot be justly avouched) another nation coming out of Spayne arrived in the West part of Ireland, and finding it wast, or weakely inhabited, possessed it: who whether they were native Spaynyards, or Gaules, or Affricans, or Gothes, or some other of those Northerne Nations which did overspredd all Christendome, it is impossible to affirme, onely some naked conjectures may be gathered, but that out of Spayne certaynly they came, that doe all the Irish Chronicles agree.

Eudox. You doe very boldly, *Irenæus*, adventure upon the historye of soe auncient times, and leane to confidently unto those Irish Chronicles which are most fabulous and forged, in that out of them you dare take in hand to lay open the originall of such a nation soe antique, as that noe monument remayneth of her beginning and first inhabiting there; specially having bene in those times allwayes without letters, but onely bare traditions of times and remembrances of BARDES, which use to forge and falsifye every thing as they list, to please or displease any man.

Iren. Truly I must confess I doe soe, but yet not soe absolutely as you suppose. I doe herin relye upon those Bards or Irish Chroniclers, though the Irish themselves, through their ignorance in matters of learning and deepe judgement, doe most constantly beleve and avouch them, but unto them besides I add my owne reading; and out of them both

together, with comparison of times, likewise of manners and customes, affinitye of woordes and names, propertyes of natures and uses, resemblances of rytes and ceremonies, monumentes of churches and tombes, and many other like circumstaunces, I doe gather a likelihood of trueth; not certainly affirming any thing, but by conferring of times, languages, monumentes, and such like, I doe hunte out a probabilitye of thinges, which I leave to your judgement to beleve or refuse. Nevertheless there be some very auncient authors which make mention of these thinges, and some moderne, which by comparing them with present times, experience, and theyr owne reason, doe open a windowe of great light unto the rest that is yet unseene; as namely, of the older Cæsar, Strabo, Tacitus, Ptolomie, Plinie, Pompeius Mela, and Berosus: of the later, Vincentius, Aeneas Silvius, Luddus, Buckhanan; of all which I doe give most credit unto Buckhanan, for that he himself, being an Irish Scott or Pict by nation, and being very excellently learned, and industrious to seeke out the trueth of these thinges concerning the originall of his owne people, hath both sett downe the testimonies of the auncientes truely, and his owne opinion, withall very reasonably, though in some thinges he doth somewhat flatter. Besides, the Bards and Irish Chroniclers themselves, though through desire of pleasing perhaps to much, and through ignorance of arte and purer learning, they have clouded the trueth of those times; yet there appeareth amongst them some reliques of the true antiquitye, though disguised, which a well-eyed man may happily discover and find out.

Eudox. Howe can there be any trueth in them at all, since the auncient nations which first inhabited Ireland were altogether destitute of letters, much more of learning, by which they might leave the veritye of thinges written. And those Bards, coming alsoe soe many hundred yeares after, could not knowe what was done in former ages, nor deliver certaynty of any thing, but what they fayned out of theyr unlearned heades.

Iren. Those Bards indeede, Cæsar writeth, deliver noe certayne trueth of any thing, neither is there any certayne hold to be taken of any antiquitye which is received by tradition, since all men be lyars, and may lye when they will; but yet for the antiquitye of the written Chronicles of Ireland give me leave to say something, not to justifie them, but to shewe that some of them might say trueth. For where ye say that the Irish have

allwayes bene without letters, ye are the much deceived, for it is certayne, that Ireland hath had the use of letters very auncient and long before England.

Eudox. Is it possible? Howe comes then that they are soe barbarous still, soe unlearned, being soe old schollers? learning (as the Poet sayth) 'Emolliit mo nec sinit esse feros:' whence then (I pray you) could they have those letters?

Iren. It is hard to say: for whether that they first coming into the land, or afterwards by trading with other nations who had letters, learned them of them, or deviled them amongst themselves, it is very doubtful; but that they had letters aunciently is nothing doubtfull, for the Saxons of England are sayd to have theyr letters, and learned men, from the Irish, and that appears by the likeness of the characters, the Saxons character is the same with the Irish. Now the Scithyans never, as I can reade, had letters amongst them: therefore seemeth that they had them from that nation which came out of Spayne, for in Spayne it was (as Strabo writeth) letters aunciently used, whether brought unto them by the Phœnicians, or Persians, which (as it appears by him) had some footing there, or in Marseilles, which is sayd to have bene inhabited first by the Greekes, and from thence to have had the Greeke character; of which Marsilians it is sayd, that the Gaules learned them first, and used them only for the furtherance of theyr trades and private business: for the Gaules (as is strongly proved by many auncient and authenty writers) did first inhabite all the sea-coast of Spayne, even unto Cales and the mouth of the Streits, and peopled also a great part of Italye, which appeareth by sundrye cities and havens in Spayne called of them, Portingallia, Gallicia, Galdunum; and also by sundrye nations therein dwelling, which yet have receaved theyr owne names of the Gaules, as the Rhegni, Presamarci, Tamari, Nerii, and divers others. All which Pompeius Mela, being himself a Spaniard, yet sayeth to have descended from the Celties of Fraunce, wherby it is to be gathered, that that nation which came out of Spayne into Ireland were aunciently Gaules, and that they brought with them those letters which they had learned in Spayne, first into Ireland, the which sort also say doe much resemble the old Phœnician character, being likewise distinguished with pricke and accent, as theyrs aunciently; but the further enquirey therof needeth

ace of longer discourse then this our short inference.

Eudox. Surely you have shewed a great probabilitye of that which I had thought impossible to have bene proved; but that which you now say, that Ireland should have been peopled with the Gaules, seemeth much more straunge, for all theyr Chronicles doe say, that the west and south was possessed and inhabited of Spanyards: and Cornelius Tacitus also doth strongly affirme the same, which you must overthrowe and falsifye, and renounce your opinion.

Iren. Neither soe, nor soe; for the Irish Chronicles (as I sayd unto you) being made by unlearned men, and writing thinges according to the appearance of the trueth which they conceived, doe err in the circumstances, not in the matter. For all that came out of Spayne (they being noe diligent searchers into the differences of nations) supposed them to be Spanyards, and soe called them; but the groundwoorde thereof is nevertheless as I sayd true and certayne, however they through ignorance disguise the same, or through their owne vanitye (while they would not seeme to be ignoraunt), doetherupon build and enlarge many forged historyes of theyr owne antiquitye, which they deliver to fooles, to make them believe them for trewe: as for example, that first of one Gathelus the sonn of Cecrops or Argos, who having married the King of Ægipts daughter, thence sayled with her into Spayne, and there inhabited: then that of Nemed and his fowre sonnes, who coming out of Scythia peopled Ireland, and inhabited it with his sonnes two hundred and fiftye yeares untill he was overcome of the vauntes dwelling then in Ireland, and at last quite banished and rooted out, after whom two hundred yeares, the sonnes of one Mela, being Scythians, arriv'd there agayne, and possessed the whole land, of which the youngest, called Slevius, in the end made himself monarch. Lastly, of the fowre sonnes of Mylesius King of Spayne, which conquered that land from the Scythians, and inhabited it with Spanyardes, and called of the name of the youngest, Hiberus, Hybernians: all which are in very trueth falses, and very Mylesian lyes (as the Latine word overbe is), for never was there such a King of Spayne called Mylesius, nor any such person seated with his sonnes, as they say, that can ever be proved; but yet under these tales ye may in a manner see the trueth lurke. For Scythians, heere inhabiting, they name and doe put Spanyards,

wherby appeareth that both those nations heere inhabited, but whether very Spanyards, as the Irish greatlye affect, is noe wayes to be proved.

Eudox. Whence cometh it then that the Irish doe soe greatly covett to fetch themselves from the Spayniards, since the old Gaules are a more aunient and much more honorable a nation?

Iren. Even soe of a very desire of new fangleness and vanitye, for being as they are nowe accounted the most barbarous nation in Christendome they to avoyde that reproche would derive themselves from the Spanyards, whom they nowe see to be a very honorable people, and next bordering unto them: but all that is most vayne; for from the Spanyard that nowe is, or that people that nowe inhabites Spayne, they noe wayes can approve themselves to descend; neither should it be greatly glorious unto them; for the Spanyard, that nowe is, is come from as rude and savage nations as they, there being, as it may be gathered by course of ages and viewe of theyr owne historyes, (though they therein labour much to ennoble themselves) scarce any dropp of the old Spanish blood left in them; for all Spayne was first conquered by the Romans, and filled with colonies from them, which were still increased, and the native Spanyard still cutt off. Afterwardes the Carthagenians in all the long Punicke Warres (having spoyled all Spayne, and in the end subdued it wholly to themselves) did, as it is likelye, roote out all that were affected to the Romaines. And lastly the Romaines, having agayne recovered that countrey and bett out Hanniball, did doubtless cutt off all that favoured the Carthagenians, soe that betwixt them both, to and froo, there was scarce a native Spanyard left, but all inhabited of Romaines. All which tempestes of troubles being overblown, there long after arose a newe storme, more dreadfull then all the former, which over-rann all Spayne, and made an infinite confusion of all thinges; that was, the coming downe of the Gothes, the Hunnes, and the Vandals: And lastly all the nations of Scythia, which, like a mountayne flude, did over-flowe all Spayne, and quite drowne and wash away whatsoever reliques there were left of the land-bredd people, yea, and of all the Romaines to. The which Northerne nations finding the complexion of that soyle, and the vehement heate there farr differing from theyr natures, tooke noe felicitye in that countrey, but from thence passed over,

and did spredd themselves into all countreys in Christendome, of all which there is none but hath some mixture and sprinckling, yf not through peopling of them. And yet after all these the Moores and Barbarians, breaking over out of Africa, did finally possess all Spayne, or the most part therof, and did tredd downe under theyr heathenish feete whatever litle they found there yet standing. The which, though afterward they were beaten out by Ferdinando of Aragon and Isabell his wife, yet they were not soe clensed, but that through the mariadges which they had made, and mixture with the people of the land, during theyr long continuance there, they had left noe pure dropp of Spanish bloud, noe more of Romayne, nor of Scythian. See that of all nations under heaven (I suppose) the Spaniard is the most mingled, most uncertayne, and most bastardly; wherefore most foolishlye doe the Irish thinke to ennoble themselves by wresting theyr auncientrye from the Spaynyarde, who is unable to derive himself from any certayne.

Eudox. You speake very sharpely, Iræneus, in dishonour of the Spaniard, whom some other boast to be the only brave nation under the skye.

Iren. See surely he is a very brave man; neither is that which I speake anything to his derogation, for in that I sayed he is a mingled nation, it is noe dispraise, for I thinke there is noe nation now in Christendome, nor muche further, but is mingled, and compounded with others: for it was a singular providence of God, and a most admirable purpose of his wisdom, to drawe those northerne heathen nations downe into these Christian partes, where they might receive Christianity, and to mingle nations soe remote myraculously, to make, as it were, one kinred and bloud of all people, and ech to have knowlege of him.

Eudox. Neither have you sure any more dishonoured the Irish, for you have brought them from very great and auncient nations, as any were in the world, how ever fondly they affect the Spanish. For both Scythians and Gaules were two as mightye nations as ever the world brought forth. But is there any token, denomination, or monument of the Gaules yet remaynyng in Ireland, as there is of the Scythians?

Iren. Yea surely very many woordes of the Gaules remayning, and yet daylye used in common speache.

Eudox. Why what was the Gaulish

speech? is there any part of it still amongst any nation?

Iren. The Gaulish speech is the Brittish, the which was very generally heere in all Brittain before the coming of the Saxons; and yet is retayned of the Welshmen, the Cornishmen, and the Brit of Fraunce, though time, woorking the teration of all thinges, and the trading interdeale with other nations rounde about have chaunged and greatly altered the dialect therof: but yet the originall woordes appeare to be the same, as whoe that list to read Camden and Buckhanan, may see at large. Besides, ther be many places, as havens, hills, townes, and castles, which yet be named from the Gaules, of the which Buckhanan reherseth above 300 in Scotland, and can (I thinke) recount neere as manie in Ireland which retaine the old denomination of the Gaules, as the Menapii, the Cauci, Venti, and others; by all which and many other very reasonable probabilityes (which in short course will not suffer to be layed forth) it appeareth that the cheif inhabitants of Ireland were Gaules, coming thither first of Spayne, and afterwards from beside Tanais, where the Gothes, the Hunnes, the Getes sate downe, they also being (as is sayd of some) auncient Gaules; and lastly passing out of Gallia it self, from all the southerne coastes of Ireland, which they possessed and inhabited, wherupon it is this day, amongst the Irish a common custome to call any straunge inhabitaunt thereof amongst them, Gaul, that is, disced from the Gaules.

Eudox. This is very likely, for even did those Gaules aunciently possess the people all the southerne coastes of Brittain, which yet retayne theyr names, as the Belgæ in Sommersettshire, Wiltshire, and part of Hampshire, the Aebatii in Barkshire, Regni in Sussex and Surrey, and many others. Nowe thus farr then I understand your opinion, that the Scythians planted in the North partes of Ireland; Spaniards (for soe we will call them, where ever they were that came from Spayne) the West; the Gaules in the South: soe that there now remayneth the East partes towards England, which I would be gladd to understand from whence you thinke they were peopled.

Iren. Mary, I thinke from the Britts themselves, of which though there be litle footing now remayning, by reason that

Saxons afterwarde, and lastly the English, driving out all the inhabitauntes therof, did possess and people it themselves. Yet amongst the Tooles, the Brinnes, the Kavanaghs, and other nations in Leinster, there is some memorye of the Brittons remaining; as the Tooles are called of the Brittish woord Tol, that is, an hill countrye, the Brinnes of the Brittish woord Brin, that is, woodes, and the Kavanaghs of the woord Kaun, that is, stronge; soe that in these three people the very denomination of the old Brittons doth still remayne. Besides, when any flyeth under the succour or protection of any agaynst an enemye, he cryeth unto him, Cummurreeih, that is in Brittish speeche, for they call theyr owne language, Cummurraig. Furthermore to proove the same, Ireland is by Diodorus Siculus, and by Strabo, called Britannia, and a part of great Brittain. Finally it appeareth by good record yet extant, that King Arthur, before him Gurgunt, had all that Iland under his alleageaunce and subjection: herunto I will add manye probabilities of the names of places, persons, and speeches, as I did in the former, but they should be to longe for this time, and I reserve them for another. And thus you have had my opinion, howe all that realme of Ireland was first peopled, and what nations. After all which the Saxons proceeding, subdued it wholly unto themselves. The first Egfrid, Kinge of Northumberland, utterly wast and subdue it, as it appeareth of Bede his complaynt agaynst him; and afterwards King Edgar brought it under obedience, as it appeareth by an auncient record, in which it is found written that he subdued all the Ilands of the North, even unto Norway, and them the king did bring to his subjection.

Eudox. This ripping up of auncient histories, is very pleasing unto me, and indeede a fourth of good conceits, and some reading shall. I see heerby howe profitable travel, and experience of forreine nations, is to them that will applye them to good purpose. Ireland indeede would I have thought, at any such antiquities could have bene touched for the Irish, that maketh me the more to long to see some more of your observations, which ye have gathered out of that countrye, and have erst half promised to putt forth: and sure in this mingling of nations appeareth (as you erst have well noted) a wonderful providence and purpose of Almighty God, that stirred up that people of the farthest partes of the woorld to seeke out

those regions so remote from them, and by that means both to restore theyr decayed habitations, and to make himself knowne to the Heathen. But was there, I pray you, noe more generall winning of that Iland, then first by the Scythians, which you say were the Scotts, and afterwarde by Spaniards, besides the Gaules, Brittons, and Saxons?

Iren. Yes, there was an other, and that the last and the greatest, which was by the English, when the Earle Strangbowe, having conquered that land, delivered up the same unto the handes of Henry the second, then King, whoe sent over thither great store of gentellmen, and other warlick people, amongst whom he distributed the land, and settled such a strong colonye therin, as never since could, with all the subtil practises of the Irish, be rooted out, but abide still a mighty people, of soe many as remayne English of them.

Eudox. What is this that you say, of soe many as remayne English of them? Why, are not they that were once English abiding English still?

Iren. Noe, for the most part of them are degenerated and growen almost meere Irish, yea and more malicious to the English then the very Irish themselves.

Eudox. What heare I? And is it possible that an Englishman, brought up naturally in such sweet civilitye as England affoordes, can find such liking in that barbarous rudeness, that he should forgett his owne nature, and forgoe his owne nation? how may this be, or what (I pray you) may be the cause hereof?

Iren. Surely, nothing but the first evill ordinance and institution of that Commonwealth. But therof now is here noe fitt place to speake, least, by the occasion therof offering matter of a long discourse, we might be drawn from this that we have in hand, namely, the handling of abuses in the customes of Ireland.

Eudox. In trueth, Irenæus, you do well remember the plott of your first purpose; but yet from that (me seemes) ye have much swarved in all this long discourse, of the first inhabiting of Ireland; for what is that to your purpose?

Iren. Trulye very materiall; for yf ye marked the course of all that speach well, it was to shewe by what means the customes, that nowe are in Ireland, being some of them indeede very straunge and almost heathenish, were first brought in: and that was, as I sayd,

by those nations from whom that countrey was first peopled; for the difference of manners and customes doeth followe the difference of nations and people: the which I have declared unto you to have bene thre speciall, which seated themselves there; to witt, first the Scythians, then the Gaules, and lastly the English. Notwithstanding that I am not ignoraunt, that there were sundrye other nations which gott footing in that land, of the which there yet remayne diverse great families and septs, of whom I will also in theyr proper places make mention.

Eudox. You bring your self, Irenæus, very well into the way agayne, notwithstanding that it seemeth that ye were never out of the way, but nowe that ye have passed through those antiquities, which I could have wished not soe soone ended, beginn, when you please, to declare what customes and manners have bene derived from those nations to the Irish, and which of them you find fault withall.

Iren. I will then begin to count theyr customes in the same order that I counted theyr nations, and first with the Scythian or Scottish manners. Of the which there is one use amongst them, to keepe theyr cattell, and to live themselves the most part of the yeare in bolyes, pasturing upon the mountayn, and wast wild places; and removing still to fresh land, as they have depastured the former. The which appeareth playne to be the manner of the Scythians, as you may reade in Olaus Magnus, and Jo. Bohemus, and yet is used amongst all the Tartarians and the people about the Caspian Sea, which are naturally Scythians, to live in heardees as they call them, being the very same that the Irish bolyes are, driving theyr cattell continually with them, and feeding onely upon theyr milke and white meates.

Eudox. What fault can ye find with this custome? for though it be an old Scythian use, yet it is very behoofull in that countrey of Ireland, where there are greate mountaynes, and wast desartes full of grasse, that the same should be eaten downe, and nourish many thousand of cattell for the good of the whole realme, which cannot (me thinkes) be well any other way, then by keeping those Bolyes there, as ye have shewed.

Iren. But by this custome of bolyes there growe in the meane time many great enormities unto that Common-wealth. For first, yf there be any out-lawes, or loose people, (as they are never without some) which live upon stealthes and spoyles, they are evermore suc-

coured and find relief onely in those Bolyes being upon the wast places, whereas els they should be driven shortly to starve, or to come downe to the townes to steale relief, where, one meane or other, they would soone become. Besides, such stealthes of cattell as they make, they bring commonly to those Bolyes where they are received readilye, and their harboured from daunger of lawe, or of officers as might light upon him. Moreover the people that thus live in those Bolyes grow thereby the more barbarous, and live more licentious then they could in townes, using what meanes they list, and practising various mischeives and villanyes they will, either agaynst the government there, by theyr combinations, or agaynst privat men, whom they maligne, by stealing theyr goodes, or murdering themselves. For there they thinke themselves halfe exempted from lawe and obediency, and having once tasted freedome, doe likewise steere that hath bene long out of his yoke, grudge and repyne ever after to come under rule agayne.

Eudox. By your speache, Irenæus, I perceive more evils come by this use of bolyes then good by theyr grazing; and therfore may well be reformed: but that must be in his due course: do you proceed to next.

Iren. They have another custome from the Scythians, that is the wearing of Mantells and long glibbes, which is a thick cur bush of heare, hanging downe over theyr eyes and monstrously disguising them, which is both very badd and hurtfull.

Eudox. Doe you thinke that the mantle came from the Scythians? I would surly thinke otherwise, for by that which I have read, it appeareth that most nations in the world aunciently used the mantell. For the Jewes used it, as you may reade of Moses; the Mantell. The Chaldeans also used it, as you may reade in Diodorus. The Egyptians likewise used it, as ye may reade in Herodotus, and may be gathered by the description of Berenice, in the Greeke Comentaries upon Calimachus. The Greekes also used it aunciently, as appeareth by Venus mantell in the picture with starres, though afterwards they changed the forme therof into the cloakes, called Pallia, as some of the Romans doe. And the auncient Latines also used it, as ye may reade in Virgil, who was a very auncient antiquarye,—the Evander, when Æneas came unto him at the feast, did entertayne and feast him, sitting on the grounde, and lying on mantells. In s-

such as he useth this very woord MANTILE
or a mantell.

‘Mantilia humi sternunt.’

As it seemeth that the mantell was a general habite to most nations, and not proper to the Scythians onely, as you suppose.

Iren. I cannot denye but that aunciently was common to most, and yet since disused and layed away. But in this latter age of the world, since the decay of the Roman Empire, it was renewed and brought agayne by those Northern nations when, taking out of their cold caves and frozen habitations into the sweete soyle of Europe, they brought with them theyr usuall weedes, to sheld the cold, and that continuall frost, to which they had at home bene enured: the which yet they left not off, by reason that they were in perpetuall warres with the nations whom they had invaded, but, still moving from place to place, carryed allwayes with them that weede, as theyr howse, theyr bedd, and theyr garment; and, coming lastly to Ireland, they found there more speciall use therof, by reason of the rawe cold climate, from whence it is nowe grown into that generall use in which that people nowe have it. After whom the Gaules succeeding, yet continued the like necessitie for that garment, and continued the like use therof.

Eudox. Sith then the necessitie therof is soe comodious, as ye alleage, that it is neede of howsing, bedding, and clothing, what reason have ye then to wish soe necessary a thing cast off?

Iren. Because the comoditie doth not intervayle the discomoditie, for the inconveniences that thereby doe arise are much more many; for it is a fitt howse for an out-lawe, a meete bedd for a rebell, and an apt coverlet for a thief. First the out-lawe being banished from his many crimes and villanies bannished from the townes and howses of honest men, wandring in wast places, furr from danger of lawe, maketh his mantell his howse, and under it covereth himself from the wrath of heaven, from the offence of earth, and from the sight of men. When rayneth it is his pent-howse; when it freezeth it is his tent; when it freezeth it is his tabernacle. In Sommer he can weare it close, in winter he can weare it close; at all times he can use it; never heavy, never cumbersome. Likewise for a rebell it is as necessary; for in his warre that he maketh at least it besemeth the name of warr) when he still flyeth from his foe, and lurketh

in the thick woodes and strait passages, wayting for advantages, it is his bedd, yea, and almost his howsehold stuff. For the wood is his howse agaynst all weathers, and his mantell is his cave to sleepe in. Therin he wrappeth himself rounde, and encloseth himself strongly agaynst the gnates, which in that countrey doe more annoyne the naked rebelles, whilest they keepe the woodes, and doe more sharply wound them then all theyr enemies swoordes or speares, which can come seldome nigh them: yea, and oftentimes theyr mantell serveth them when they are neere driven, being wrapt about theyr left arme in steede of a Targett, for it is as hard to cutt through it with a sword; besides it is light to beare, light to throwe away, and, being (as they then commonly are) naked, it is to them all in all. Lastly, for a thief it is soe handsome, as it may seeme it was first invented for him; for under it he can cleanly convey any fitt pillage that cometh handsomely in his way, and when he goeth abroad in the night on free-booting, it is his best and surest friend; for lying, as they often doe, two or three nightes together abroad to watch for theyr bootie, with that they can pretely shrowde themselves under a bush or bankes side, till they may conveniently doe theyr errand: and when all is done, he can in his mantell pass through any towne or company, being close hooded over his head, as he useth, from knowledge of any to whom he is endangered. Besides all this, yf he be disposed to doe mischeif or villanye to any man, he may under his mantell goe privily armed without suspicion of any, carrying his head-peece, his skeane, or pistoll yf he please, to be allwaye in readiness. Thus necessarye and fitting is a mantell for a badd man, and surely for a badd howsewife it is noe less convenient, for some of those that be wandring women, there called of them Beantoolhe, it is half a wardrobe, for in Sommer you shall have her arrayed commonlye but in her smocke and mantle, to be more readye for her light services: in Winter, and in her travell, it is her best cloke and safegard, and also a coverlett for her lewde exercise. And when she hath filled her vessell, under it she can hide both her burden and her blame; yea, and when her bastard is borne it serves insteede of a cradle and all her swadling cloutes. And as for all other good women which love to doe but little worke, howe handsome it is to lye and sleepe, or to lowze themselves in the sunn-shine, they that have bene but a while in

Ireland can well witness. Sure I am that ye will thinke it very unfitt for good howsewives to stirre in, or to busy them selves about theyr howse-wiverye in such sort as they should. These be some of the abuses for which I would thinke it meete to forbid all mantells.

Eudox. O evill mynded man, that having reckned up soe many uses of a mantell, will yet wish it to be abandoned! Sure I thinke Diogenes dish did never serve his master more turnes, notwithstanding that he made it his dish, his cupp, his measure, his water-pott, then a mantell doth an Irish man. But I see they be all to badd intentes, and therefore I will joyne with you in abolishing it. But what blame lay you to the glibb? Take heede (I pray you) that you be not to busye therewith for feare of your owne blame, seing our Englishmen take it up in such a generall fashion to weare theyr heare so unmeasurably long, that some of them excede the longest Irish glibbes.

Iren. I feare not the blame of any undeserved dislikes; but for the Irish glibbes, I say that, besides theyr savage brutishness and lothsome filthiness which is not to be named, they are as fitt maskes as a mantell for a thief. For whensoever he hath runn himself into that perill of lawe that he will not be knownen, he either cutteth of his glibbe quite, by which he becometh nothing like himself, or pulleth it soe lowe downe over his eyes, that it is very hard to discern his theivish countenance; and therefore fitt to be trussed up with the mantell.

Eudox. Truly these thre Scythian abuses, I hold most fitt to be taken away with sharpe penalties; and surely I wonder how they have bene kept thus long, notwithstanding soe many good provisions and orders as have bene devised for the reformation of that people.

Iren. The cause therof shall appeare to you hereafter; but lett us now goe forward with our Scythian customes, of which the next that I have to treat of is the manner of theyr raying the crye in theyr conflictes, and at other troublesome times of uproare: the which is very naturall Scythian, as you may reade in Diodorus Siculus, and in Herodotus, describing the manner of the Scythians and Persians coming to give the charge at theyr battells: at the which it is said, they come running with a terrible yell and hubbabwe, as yf heaven and earth would have gone together, which is the very image of the Irish hubbabwe, which theyr

kerne use at theyr first encounter. Beside the same Herodotus writeth, that they use in theyr battells to call upon the names of theyr captaynes or generalls, and sometin upon theyr greatest king deceased, as in the battell of Tomyris agaynst Cyrus: which custome to this day manifestly appeares amongst the Irish. For at theyr joyning battell, they likewise call upon theyr captaynes name, or the name of his auncestour. As they under Oneale crye Landargabow that is, the bloudye hand, which is Oneales badge: they under O'Brien call Lawlader, that is, the strong hand. And theyr ensample, the old English also which there remayneth have gotten up theyr crye Scythian-like, as the Geraldins Croum-abow and the Butlers Butleaur-abowe. And heerein also lyeth open an other manifest proofe that the Irish be Scythes or Scotts, for in theyr encounters they use one very common word, crying Farrih, Farrih, which is a Scythian word, to weete, the name of one of the first Kinges of Scotland, called Fergus, or Ferragus, which fought against the Pictes, as ye may reade in Buckhanan's *rebus Scoticis*; but as others write, it was long before that, the name of theyr chiefe Captayne, under whom they fought agaynst the Africans, the which was then soe fortunate unto them, that ever sithence they have used to call upon his name in the battells.

Eudox. Beleve me, this observation yours, Irenæus, is very good and delightful; farr beyond the blunt conceit of some who (I remember) have upon the same word Farrih, made a very gross conjecture; namely Mr. Stanihurst, who though he be the same country man borne, that should searche more neerely into the secrett of the thinges, yet hath strayed from the truth of the heavens wide (as they say,) for he hath upon groundeth a very gross imagination that the Irish should descend from the Egyptians which came into that iland, first under the leading of one Scota the daughter of Pharaon, wherupon they use (sayth he) all theyr battells to call upon the name of Pharaon, crying Farrih, Farrih. Surely he shootes wyde on the bowe hand, and verie farr from the marke. For I would faine knowe of him what auncient ground of authoritye he hath for such a senceless fable, as yf he found it in any of the rude Irish books as it may be he had, yet (me seemes) that man of his learning should not soe lightly have bene carryed away with old wives tale.

an approvaunce of his owne reason; for whether *Scota* be an *Ægyptian* woord or name of any learning or judgement lett the learned judge. But this *Scota* rather cometh of the Greeke *scotos*, that is, darkeness, which letteth not lett him see the light of the trueth.

Iren. You knowe not, *Eudoxus*, how well Mr. Stanihurst could see in the darke; perhaps he hath owles or cats eyes, but well wote he seeth not well the light of the trueth in matters of more waight. But as *Farrih* I have told you my conjecture truly, and yet thus much more I have to prove a likelyehood, that there are this yet in Ireland, many Irish men (cheifly of the North partes) called by the name of *Arrehs*. But lett that now be: this onely of this place suffiseth, that it is a common woord used in theyr *Hubbobowes*, the which (with all the rest) is to be abolished, for at it discovereth an affectation of Irish playnrye, which in this platfforme I endeavour specially to beate downe. There be other sortes of cryes also used amongst the Irish, which savoure greatly of the *Scythian* barbarisme, as theyr lamentations at theyr trialls, with dispayrefull out-cryes, and immoderate waylinges, the which Mr. Stanihurst also might have used for an argument to prove them *Ægyptians*, which lamented the death of *Joseph*. Others thinke this custome to come from the *Spaniardes*, for that they doe soe unmeasurably likewise bewyle theyr dead; but the same is not proper to any, but altogether heathenish, brought thither first either by the *Scythians*, or the *Moore*s, which were *Africans*, that long possessed that countrey. For it is the manner of all *Pagans* and *Infidells* to be intemperate in theyr waylinges of the dead, for that they had noe fayth nor hope of salvation. And this ill custome also is specially noted by *Diodorus Siculus*, to have bene in the *Scythians*, and is yett amongst the Northern *Scotts*.

Eudox. This is sure an ill custome also, that it doth not soe much concerne civill reformation, as an abuse of religion.

Iren. I did not rehearse it as one of the abuses which I thought most woorthy of reformation; but having made mention of such cryes I thought this manner of lewd crying and howling not impertinent to be noted as uncivill and *Scythian*-like: for by these old customes, and other like conjecturall circumstances, the discent of nations can easily be proved, where other monumentes or writings be not remayning.

Eudox. Then (I pray you) whensoever in your discourse you meete with them by the way, doe not shunne, but boldly touche them; for besides theyr greate pleasure and delight for theyr antiquitye, they bring also great profit and helpe unto civilitye.

Iren. Then sith you will have it soe, I will heere take occasion, since I lately spake of theyr manner of cryes in joyning battell, to speake also somewhat of the manner of theyr armes, and array in battell, with other customes perhaps woorthy the noting. And first of theyr armes and weapons, amongst which theyr brode swordes are proper *Scythian*, for such the *Scythes* used comonly, as ye may reade in *Olaus Magnus*. And the same also used the old *Scottes*, as ye may reade in *Buchanan*, and in *Solinus*, where the pictures of them are in the same forme expressed. Also theyr short bowes, and litle quivers with short bearded arrowes, are also very *Scythian*, as ye may reade in the same *Olaus*. And the same sort, both of bowes, quivers, and arrowes, are at this day to be sene commonly amongst the Northern Irish-*Scotts*, whose *Scottish* bowes are not past thre quarters of a yard longe, with a string of wreathed hemp slackly bent, and whose arrowes are not much above half an ell longe, tipped with steale heades, made like common brode arrowe heades, but much more sharpe and slender, that they enter into an armed man or horse most cruelly, notwithstanding that they are shott forth weakelye. Moreover, theyr long brode shieldes, made but of wicker rodde, which are commonly used amongst the sayd Northern Irish, but specially of the *Scottes*, are brought from the *Scythians*, as ye may reade in *Olaus Magnus*, *Solinus*, and others: likewise theyr going to battell without armour on theyr bodies or heades, but trusting onely to the thickness of theyr glibbes, the which (they say) will sometimes beare of a good stroke, is mere savage and *Scythian*, as ye may see in the sayd Images of the old *Scythes* or *Scottes*, sett forth by *Herodianus* and others. Besides, theyr confused kind of marche in heapes, without any order or array, theyr clashing of swordes together, theyr fierce running upon theyr enemyes, and theyr manner of fight, resembleth altogether that which is reade in historyes to have bene used of the *Scythians*. By which it may almost infallibly be gathered, together with other circumstances, that the Irish are very *Scotts* or *Scythes* originally, though sithence intermingled with many other nations repaying

and joining unto them. And to these I may add also another very stronge conjecture which cometh to my mynd, that I have often there observed amongst them; that is, certayne religious ceremonies, which are very superstitiously yet used amongst them, the which are also written by sundrye authours, to have bene observed amongst the Scythians, by the which it may very vehemently be presumed that both the nations were aunciently all one. For Plutark (as I remember) in his Treatise of Homer, endeavouring to searche out the truthe, what countryman Homer was, proveth it most strongly (as he thinketh) that he was an Æolian borne; for that in describing a sacrifice of the Greekes, he omitted the chinbone, the which all the other Grecians (saving the Æolians) doe use to burne in theyre sacrifices: aliso for that he maketh the intralls to be rosted on five spittes, the which was the proper manner of the Æolians whose onely, of all nations and countreys of Grecia, used to sacrifice in that sort, whereas all the rest of the Greekes used to rost them on thre spittes. By which he inferreth, necessarilye, that Homer was an Æolian. And by the same reason may I (as reasonable) conclude, that the Irish are descended from the Scythians; for that they use to this day some of the same ceremonies which the Scythians aunciently used. As for example, ye may reade in Lucian, in that sweete dialogue which is intituled Toxaris or of frendship, that the common oath of the Scythians was by the sword, and by the fire, for that they accounted these two speciall divine powers, which should worke vengeance on perjurours. So doe the Irish at this day, when they goe to any battell, say certayne prayers or charmes to theyr swordes, making a cross therewith upon the earth, and thrusting the pointes of theyr blades into the ground; thinking thereby to have the better success in fight. Also they use commonly to sweare by theyr swordes. Likewise at the kindling of the fire, and lighting of candells, they say certayne prayers or use some other superstitious rites, which sheweth that they honour the fire and the light; for all those Northern nations, having bene used to be annoyed with much cold and darkenes, are wonte therefore to have the fire and the sunn in great veneration: like as contrariwise the Moores and Ægyptians, which are much offended and greived with much extreme heate of the sunn, doe every morning, when the sunn riseth, fall to cursing and banning of him as theyr plague

and cheif scourge. Also the Scythians when they would binde any solempne vow or combination amongst them, to drinke bowle of bloud together, vowing thereby spend theyr last bloud in that quarrell: even soe doe the wild Scotts, as ye may reade in Buckhanan; and some of the Northern Irish likewise. As ye may also reade the same booke, in the Tale of Arsacon that it was the manner of the Scythians when any one of them was heavily wronged and would assemble unto him any forces of people to joyne with him in his revenge, to sitt in some publick place for certayne dayes upon an oxe hide, to which there would resort all such persons as being disposed to take armes, would enter into his pay, and joyne with him in his quarrell; and some ye may likewise reade to have bene auncient manner of the wild Scotts, which are indeede the very naturall Irish. Moreover, the Scythians used to sweare by the Kinges hand, as Olaus sheweth. And soe the Irish nowe use to sweare by theyr Lordes hand, and, to forswear it, hold it more minall then to sweare by God. Also the Scythians sayd, that they were once every yeare turned into wolves, and soe is it writ of the Irish: though Mr. Camden in a besence doth suppose it was a disease, called Lycanthropia, soe named of the wolfe. yet some of the Irish doe use to make wolfe theyr gossip. The Scythians also used to seeth theyr flesh in the hide; and soe the Northern Irish yet. The Scythians likewise used to boyle the bloud of the beast living, and to make meate thereof: and soe the Irish still in the North. Many such other things I could recount unto you, as of the old manner of marrying, of burying, of dauncing, of singing, of feasting, of cursing, though Christians have wiped out the greater part of them, by resemblance whereof might playnly appeare unto you that the nations are the same, but that by the reformation of these fewe which I have told unto you, I find my speach drawn out to a greater length then I purposed. Thus much for this time, I hope, shall suffice you. I thinke that the Irish are aunciently descended from the Scythians.

Eudax. Surely, Ireneus, I have, in these fewe woordes, herd that from you which would have thought had bene impossible to have bene spoken of times soe remote, and customes so auncient: with delight whereof was all that while as it were entranced, I carried soe farr from my self, as that I

we right sorye that you ended soe soone. But I marvell much howe it cometh to pass, that in soe long continuance of time, and many ages come betwene, yet any jote of those old rites and superstitious customes should remayne amongst them.

Iren. It is noe cause of wonder at all; for is the manner of all barbarous nations to be very superstitious, and diligent observers of old customes and antiquities; which they receive continuall tradition from theiyr parentes, recording of theiyr Bards and Chronicles, theiyr songes, and by dayly use and example of theiyr elders.

Eudox. But have you I pray you observed any such customes amongst them, ought likewise from the Spanyardes or Gaules, as these from the Scythians? that may sure be very materiall to your first purpose.

Iren. Some perhaps I have; and who that will by this occasion more diligently marked compare theiyr customes shall find many more. But there are fewer I thinke repaying of the Gaules or Spanyardes then the Scythians, by reason that the partes, which they then possessed, lying upon the east of the Westernne and Southerne Sea, were sithence continually visited with straungers and forrein people, repaying thither traffick, and for fishing, which is very profitable upon these coastes: for the trade of enterdeale of sea-cost nations one with another worketh more civilitye and good manners in them, all sea men being naturally desirous of new fashions, then amongst the land dwellers, which are seldome seene of strangers; yet some of such as I have noted, I will recourte unto you. And first I will, for a better credit of the rest, shewe you one of theiyr Statutes, amongst which it is enacted that noe man shall weare his bearded onely on the upper lipp like muschachoes, savinge all the rest of his chinne. And this is the auncient manner of Spaynyardes, as it is of all the Mahometans to cutt off all theiyr bearded close, save only theiyr muschachoes, which they weare long. And the use of this use was for that they, being added in a hote country, founde much haire on theiyr faces and other partes to be noysome to them: for which cause they did cutt it away, like as contrarily all other nations, brought up in cold countreyes, doe to nourish theiyr haire, to kepe them warme, which was the cause that the Scythians and Scottes weare Glibbes (as I shewed you) to kepe theiyr heades warme, and long

bearded to defend theiyr faces from cold. From them also (I thinke) came saffron shirtes and smockes, which was devised by them in those hote countreyes, where saffron is very common and rife, for avoyding that evill which commeth by much sweating, and longe wearing of linnen: also the women amongst the old Spanyardes had the charge of all household affayres, both at home and abroad, (as Bohemus writeth) though nowe the Spanyardes use it quite otherwise. And soe have the Irish women the trust and care of all thinges, both at home, and in the fieldes. Likewise rounde leather targetts is the Spanish fashion, whome used it (for the most part) paynted, which in Ireland they use also, in many places, coloured after theiyr rude fashion. Moreover the manner of theiyr womens riding on the wrong side of theiyr horse, I meane with theiyr faces towards the right side, as the Irish use, is (as they say) old Spanish, and, as some say, Affricane, for amongst them the women (they say) use so to ride across: Also the deepe smock sleeve hanging to the grounde, which the Irish women use, they say, it was old Spanish, and is used yet in Barbarye: and yet that should seeme rather to be an old English fashion; for in armory the fashion of the Manche, which is given in armes by many, being indeede nothing els then a sleeve, is fashioned much like to that sleeve. And that Knights in auncient times used to weare theiyr mistress or loves sleeve, upon theiyr armes, as appeareth by that which is written of Sir Launcelott, that he wore the sleeve of the Fayre Mayde of Asteloth in a turney, whereat Queene Guenever was much displeased.

Eudox. Your conceite is good, and well fitting for thinges soe farr grown from certaintye of knowledge and learning, onely upon likelyhoodes and conjectures. But have you any customes remayning from the Gaules or Brittons?

Iren. I have observed a fewe of either; and whome will better searche into them may finde more. And first the profession of theiyr Bards who (as Cæsar writeth) were usuall amongst the Gaules; and the same was also common amongst the Brittons, and is not yet altogether left off by the Welsh which are theiyr posteritye. For all the fashions of the Gaules and Brittons, as he testifieth, were much like. The long darts came also from the Gaules, as ye may reade in the same Cæsar, and in Jo. Bohemus. Likewise the said Bohemus writeth, that the Gaules used

swoordes a hand full broad, and soe doe the Irish nowe. Also that they used long wicker sheildes in battayll that should cover theyr whole bodyes, and so doe the Northern Irish; but because I have not seene such fashioned targets used in the Southerne parts, but onely amongst the Northern people, and Irish-Scotts, I doe thinke that they were rather brought in by the Scythians, then by the Gaules. Also the Gaules used to drinke theyr enemyes blood, and paynte themselves with it: soe also they write, that the old Irish were wonte, and soe I have seene some of the Irish doe, not theyr enemyes but theyr frendes blood. As namely at the execution of a notable traytour at Limericke, called Murrough O-Brein, I sawe an old woman, which was his foster mother, take up his head, whilst he was quartered, and sucked up all the blood running thereout, saying, that the earth was not woorthye to drinke it, and therewith also steeped her face and breast, and tore her hayre, crying out and shreeking out most terribly.

Eudox. You have very well runne through such customes as the Irish have derived from the first old nations which inhabited that land: namely, the Scythians, the Spanyardes, the Gaules, and the Brittons. It nowe remaineth that you take in hand the customes of the old English which are amongst the Irish: of which I doe not thinke that you shall have much to finde fault with, considering that by the English most of the old badd Irish customes were abolished, and more civill fashions brought in theyr steede.

Iren. You thinke otherwise, Eudoxus, then I doe; for the cheifest abuses which are nowe in that realme, are grown from the English that were, but are nowe much more lawless and licentious then the very wild Irish: soe that as much care as was then by them had to reforme the Irish, soe much and more must nowe be used to reform them; soe much time doth alter the manners of men.

Eudox. That seemeth very straunge which you say, that men should soe much degenerate from theyr first natures as to growe wilde.

Iren. Soe much can libertye and ill example doe.

Eudox. What libertye had the English there, more then they had heere at home? Werenot the lawes plaunted amongst them at the first, and had not they governours to courbe and keepe them still in awe and obedience?

Iren. They had, but it was, for the most

part, such as did more hurte then good; they had governours for the most part themselves, and commonly out of the howses of the Geraldins and the Butlers both adversaryes and corryvails one agayn the other. Whoe though, for the most part they were but as deputyes under some of the King of Englandes sonnes, brethren, or of neere kinnesmen, whoe were the Kinges lieutenantes, yet they swayed soe much, as they had all the rule, and the others but the title. Of which Butlers and Geraldins, albeit I must confess) they were very brave and woorthye men, as also of other the Peeres that realme, made Lord Deputyes and Justices at sundry times, yet thorough greatnes of their late conquests and seignories they grewe insolent, and bent both to regall authoritye, and also theyr private powers, one agaynst another, to the utter subversion of themselves, and strengthening of the Irish agayne. This ye may plainly discovered by a letter written from the cittizens of Corke out of Ireland, to the Earle of Shrewsbury then in England, remaining yet upon record, both in the Towne of London, and also amongst the Chronicles of Ireland. Wherein it is by them complained, that the English Lords and Gentlemen, who then had great possessions in Ireland, beganne, through pride and insolencye, to make private warres one agayn another, and when either parte was weakened they would wage and drawe in the Irish to take theyr parte, by which meanes they both greatlie encouraged and enabled the Irish, which till that time had bene shutt within the Mountayne of Slewloghir, and weakened and disabled themselves, insomuch that theyr revenues were wonderfull impayred, and some of them, which are then reckoned to have bene able to have spent or 13 hundred poundes per annum, of rent, (that I may say noe more) besides the commodities of creekes and havens, were nowe scarce able to dispend the third part. From which disorder, an other huge calamitye came upon them, as that, they were nowe grown to be almost as lewde as the Irish: I meane of such English as were planted above toward the West; for the English Planters hath preserved it self, through neerenesse to their state, in reasonable civilitye, but the English which dwell above Conaught and in Munster, which is the sweetest soyle of Ireland, and some in Leinster and Ulster, are degenerate, and grown to be as very patchcockes as the wild Irish, yea and some of them ha-

be shaken of theyr English names, and put Irish that they might be alltogether Irish. *Eudox.* Is it possible that any should soe re growe out of frame that they should in a short space, quite forgett theyr countrey and theyr owne names? That is a most dangerous lethargie, much woorse then that of Asala Corvinus, who, being a most learned man, through sickness forgate his owne name. But can you counte us any of this kinde?

Fren. I cannot but by reporte of the Irish themselves, who report, that the Mack-mahons, the Northe, were aunciently English; to which, descended from the Fitz Ursulas, which is a noble familie in England, and that the same appeareth by the signification of theyr Irish names. Likewise that the Mack-mahons, nowe in Ulster, were aunciently of the Northe in England, but that they themselves, by hatred of English, soe disguised theyr names.

Eudox. Could they ever conceave any such develish dislike of theyr owne naturall countrey, as that they would be ashamed of the name, and byte of her dugg from which they sucked life?

Fren. I wote well there should be none; for proude hartes doe oftentimes (like the coltes) kicke at theyr mothers, as we see Alcibiades and Themistocles did, whoe, being bannished out of Athens, fledd unto the King of Asia, and there stirred them up to warr agaynst theyr owne countrey, in which warres they themselves were cheif taynes. So they did these Mack-swines and Mack-mahons, rather Veres and Fitz Ursulas, for private spite, turne themselves agaynst England. At such time as Ro. Vere, Earle of Oxford, was in the Barons warres agaynst King Richard the Second, through the malice of the Peeres, banished the realme and probed, he with his kinsman Fitz Ursula fledd into Ireland, where being prosecuted, he afterwarde putt to death in England, his kinsman, there remayning behind in Ireland, rebelled, and, conspiring with the Irish, did quite cast of the English name and lineage, since which time they have soe remayned, and have ever sithence been counted meere Irish. The very like is reported of the Mack-swines, Mack-mahons, and Mack-sheeheis of Mounster, whoe likewise were aunciently English, and old vassals of the Earle of Desmonde, untill the time of King Edward the Fourth: at which time the Earle of Desmonde that then was, called Thomas, being through false subor-

nation (as they say) of the Queene for some offence by her agaynst him conceaved, brought to his death at Drogheda most unjustly, notwithstanding that he was a very good and sound subject to the King. Thereupon all his kinsmen of the Geraldins, which then was a mightye familie in Mounster, in revenge of that huge wronge, rose into armes agaynst the King, and utterly renounced and forsooke all obedience to the crowne of England; to whom the sayd Mack-swines, Mack-sheeheis, and Mack-mahons, being then servauntes and followers, did the like, and have ever sithence soe continued. And with them (they say) all the people of Mounster went out, and many others of them, which were meere English, thenceforth joyned with the Irish agaynst the King, and termed themselves meere Irish, taking on them Irish habits and customes, which could never since be cleane wiped away, but the contagion therof hath remayned still amongst theyr posterities. Of which sorte (they say) be most of the surnames which end in an, as Hernan, Shenan, Mangan, &c. the which now accounte themselves meere Irish. Other greate howses there be of the old English in Ireland, which through licentious conversing with the Irish, or marrying, or fostering them, or lacke of good nurture, or other such unhappye occasions, have degenerated from theyr auncient dignitie, and are nowe grown as Irish as O-hanlans breeche, as the proverbe there is; of which sorte there are two most pityfull examples above the rest, to witt the Lord Breamechame, whoe being the most auncient barron, I thinke, in England, nowe waxen the most savage Irish amongst them, naming himself Irishlike, Noccorish; and the other is the greate Mortimer, whoe forgetting howe greate he was once in England, or English at all, is nowe become the most barbarous of them all, and is called Mack-nihmarrih, and not much better then he is the old Lo. Courcye, who, having lewdly wasted all the landes and signories that he had, allyed himself unto the Irish and is himself also nowe grown quite Irish.

Eudox. In trueth this which you tell is a most shamefull hearing, and to be reformed with most sharpe censures in soe greate personages, to the terror of the meaner: for where the lordes and cheif men wax soe barbarous and bastardlike, what shal be hoped of the pesantes, and base people? And hereby sure you have made a fayre way unto your self to lay open the abuses

of theyr evill customes, which you are nowe nexte to declare, the which, noe doubt, are very badd and barbarous, being borrowed from the Irish, as theyr apparrell, theyr language, theyr riding, and many other the like.

Iren. You cannot but thinke them sure to be very brute and uncivill; for were they at the best that they were of old, when they were brought in, they should in soe long an alteration of time seeme very straunge and wonderfull. For it is to be thought, that the use of all England was in the raigne of Henry the Second, when Ireland was first planted with English, very rude and barbarous, soe as yf the same should be nowe used in England by any, it would seeme woorthy of sharpe correction, and of newe lawes for reformation, for it is but even the other day since England grewe to be civill: therefore in counting the evill customes of the English there, I will not have regard whether the beginning therof were English or Irish, but will have respect onely to the inconvenience therof. And first I have to finde fault with the abuse of language, that is, for the speaking of Irish amongst the English, which as it is unnaturall that any people should love anothers language more then theyr owne, soe it is very inconvenient, and the cause of many other evils.

Eudox. It seemeth straunge to me that the English should take more delight to speake that language then theyr owne, wheras they should (me thinkes) rather take scorne to acquaynte theyr tonges therewith: for it hath bene ever the use of the conquerours to dispuise the language of the conquered, and to force him by all meanes to learne his. Soe did the Romainys alwayes use, in soe much as there is almost noe nation in the worlde, but it is sprinkled with theyr language. It were good therfore (me thinkes) to searche out the originall cause of this evill; for, the same being discovered, a redress therof wil be the more easely provided. For I thinke it were straunge, that the English being soe many, and the Irish soe fewe as they then were left, they being the fewer should drawe the more unto theyr use.

Iren. I suppose that the cheifest cause of the bringing in of the Irish language, amongst them, was specially theyr fostring, and marrying with the Irish, the which are two most daungerous infections: for first the child that sucketh the milke of the nurse, must of necessitye learne his first speache of

her, the which being the first that is enu to his tongue, is ever after most pleas unto him, in soe much as though he afterward be taught English, yet the smacke the first will allwayes abide with him; not onely of the speache, but also of manners and conditions. For besides yong children be like apes, which will and imitate what they see done afore them, specially of theyr nurses whom they love soe well, they moreover drawe unto themselves, together with theyr sucke, even the nature and disposition of theyr nurses: the mynd followeth much the temperature of the bodye; and also the wordes are the Image of the mynd, soe as, they proceed from the mynd, the mynd must needs be affected with the wordes. Soe that speache being Irish, the harte must needs be Irish; for out of the aboundance of the harte, the tonge speaketh. The next is marriage with the Irish, which how dangerous a thing it is in all common-wealth appeareth to every simplest sence; although some greate ones have perhaps such matches with theyr vassals, and how of them nevertheless raysed woorthy issues, as Telamon did with Termessa, Alexander the Great with Roxane, and Julius Caesar with Cleopatra, yet the example is very perilous, as it is not to be adventured: for instead of these fewe good, I could count unto them infinite many evil. And I deede how can such matching but breed forth an evill race, seing that commonly the child taketh most of his nature of his mother, besides speache, manners, and inclination, which are (for the most part) agreeable to the conditions of theyr mothers? For them they are first framed and fashioned soe as what they receive once from their mother they will hardly ever after forgoe. These are these evill customes of fostring, and marrying with the Irish most carefully to be restrayned; for of them two, the first evill, that is the custome of language (which I speake of) cheify proceedeth.

Eudox. But are there not Lawes already appoynted, for avoyding of this evill?

Iren. Yes, I thinke there be, but as yet never a whitt as never the better. For what doe statutes avayle without penaltys, lawes without charge of execution? For there is another like lawe enacted against wearing of Irish apparrell, but nevertheless it is observed by any, or executed by them that have the charge: for they in their private discretions thinke it not fitt to be fo

on the poore wretches of that country, which are not woorth the price of English apparrell, nor expedient to be practised agaynst the abler sorte, by reason that the bare country (say they) doth yeelde noe better: and were there better to be had, yet these are fitter to be used, as namely, the mantell traveling, because there be noe Innes where meete bedding might be had, soe that the mantell serves him then for a bedd and leather quilted jacke in journeying and camping, for that it is fittest to be under a shirte of mayle, for any occasion of len service, as there happen many, and to ver his thinn breeche on horsebacke: the greate linnen rowle, which the women weare, to keepe theyr heades warme after cutting theyr haire, which they use in any sickness; besides theyr thicke folded linnen shirtes, theyr longe-sleeved smockes, theyr half-sleeved coates, theyr silken filletts, and all the rest they will devise some colourable reason for them, either of necessitie, or of antiquitie, or of comeliness.

Eudox. But what coloure soe ever they please, me thinke it is not expedient, that the execution of a lawe once ordayned should be left to the discretion of the judge or officer, but that, without partialitie or variance, it should be fulfilled as well on English, as Irish.

Iren. But they thinke this precisenes in the execution of apparrell not to be soe materiall, as is greatly pertinent.

Eudox. Yes surely but it is; for mens apparrell is commonly made according to theyr conditions, and theyre conditions are at times governed by theyr garments: for a person that is gowned is by his gowne kept in mynd of gravitye, and also reyned from lightnes by the very unaptness of his weede. Therefore it is written by Aristotle, that when Cyrus had overcome the Medians that were a warlicke nation, and desired to bring them to a more peaceable life, he changed theyr apparrell and musick, and instead of theyr shorte warlicke coates, clothed them in long garments like women, and instead of theyr warlick musick, appointed to them certayne lascivious layes, and loose gigges, by which in shorte space theyr myndes were so mollyfyed and abated, that they forgate theyr former fierceness, and became most tender and effeminate: wherby appeareth, that there is not a little in the government to the fashioning of the mynde and conditions. But be all these, which you have described, the fashions of the Irish weede?

Iren. Noe; all these that I have rehearsed unto you, be not Irish garments, but English; for the quilted leather Jacke is old English; for it was the proper weede of the horseman, as ye may reade in Chaucer, where he describeth Sir Thopas his apparrell and armoure, when he went to fight agaynst the Gyant, in his robe of sheeklaton, which schecklaton is that kind of guilded leather with which they use to embroder theyr Irish jacks. And there likewise by all that description ye may see the very fashion and manner of the Irish horseman most lively set forth, his long hose, his shooes of costly cordewayne, his hacqueton, and his habberjon, with all the rest therto belonging.

Eudox. I surely thought that that manner had bene kindly Irish, for it is farr differing from that we have nowe; as also all the furniture of his horse, his stronge brasse bitt, his slyding raynes, his shaunckpillion without stirrops, his manner of mounting, his fashion of riding, his charging of his speare aloft above head, and the forme of his speare.

Iren. Noe sure; they be native English, and brought in by the Englishmen first into Ireland: neither is the same counted an uncomelye manner of riding; for I have heard some greate warriors say, that, in all the services which they had seene abroad in forrayne countreys, they never sawe a more comely horseman then the Irish man, nor that cometh on more bravely in his charge: neither is his manner of mounting unseemely, though he wante stirrops, but more ready then with stirrops; for in his getting up his horse is still going, wherby he gayneth way. And therefore the stirrops were called soe in scorne, as it were a stayre to gett up, being derived of the old English woord sty, which is, to gett up, or mounte.

Eudox. It seemeth then that ye finde noe fault with this manner of riding; why then would you have the quilted Jacke layed away?

Iren. I would not have that layed away, but the abuse therof to be putt away; for being used to the end that it was framed, that is, to be worne in warre under a shirte of mayle, it is allowable, as also the shirte of mayle, and all his other furniture: but to be worne daylye at home, and in townes and civill places, it is a rude habite and most uncomely, seeming like a players paynted coate.

Eudox. But it is worne (they say) likewise of Irish footemen; how doe you allowe

of that? for I should thinke it were un-seemely.

Iren. Noe, not as it is used in warre, for it is then worne likewise of a footeman under a shirte of mayle, the which footeman thay call a Galloglass, the which name doth discover him to be also auncient English, for *Gallogla* signifyes an English servitour or yeoman. And he being soe armed, in a long shirt of mayle downe to the calfe of his legg, with a long brode axe in his hand, was then *pedes gravis armaturæ*, and was insteede of the armed footeman that now weareth a corselett, before the corseletts were used, or almost invented.

Eudox. Then him belike ye likewise allow in your straight reformation of old customes.

Iren. Both him and the kearne also (whom onely I tooke to be the proper Irish souldiour) can I allowe, soe that they use that habite and custome of theyrs in the warres onely, when they are ledd forth to the service of theyr Prince, and not usually at home, and in civill places, and besides doe lay aside the evill and wild uses which the galloglass and kearne doe use in their common trade of lyfe.

Eudox. What be those?

Iren. Marye, those be the most lothsome and barbarous conditions of any people (I thinke) under heaven; for, from the time they enter into that course, they doe use all the beastly behaviour that may be to oppress all men; they spoyle as well the subject as the enemy; they steale, they are cruell and bloudye, full of revenge and delighting in deadly execution, licentious, swearers, and blasphemers, common ravishers of women, and murtherers of children.

Eudox. These be most villenous conditions; I marvayle then that ever they be used or employed, or almost suffred to live: what good can there then be in them?

Iren. Yet sure they are very valiaunte and hardye, for the most part great endurours of cold, labour, hunger, and all hardiness, very active and stronge of hand, very swift of foote, very vigilaunte and circumspect in theyr enterprises, very present in perrills, very great scornors of death.

Eudox. Truly, by this that ye saie, it seemes the Irishman is a very brave souldiour.

Iren. Yea surely, even in that rude kind of service he beareth himself very courageously. But when he cometh to experience of service abroade, and is putt to a peece, or a pike, he maketh as woorthy a souldiour as any

nation he meeteth with. But lett us (I pray you) turne agayne to our discourse of customes amongst the Irish.

Eudox. Me thinkes, all this which I speake of, concerneth the customes of the Irish very materiallie; for their uses in warre of no small importance to be considered well to reforme those which are evill, and confirme and continue those which are good. But followe you your owne course, and shew what other their customes ye have to discov-
of.

Iren. There is amongst the Irish a very tayne kind of people called Bards, which to them insteede of poetts, whose profession sett forth the prayses and dispraises of men in their poems and rimes; the which are in soe high request and estimation amongst them, that none dare to displease them for feare of running into reproche through theyr offence, and to be made infamous in the mouthes of all men. For theyr verses taken up with a generall applause, usually songe at all feasts and meetinges, certayne other persons, whose proper function that is, which also receive for the same great rewardes and reputation besides.

Eudox. Doe you blame this in them, which I would otherwise have thought have bene woorthy of good accounte, rather to have bene mayntayned and augmented amongst them, then to have beene disliked? For I have reade that in all ages Poettes have bene had in speciall reputation, and that (me seemes) not without good cause; for besides theyr sweete inventions and most wittye layes, they have always used to sett forth the prayses of the good and vertuous, and to beate downe and disgrace the badd and vicious. Soe that many brave yong myndes have oftentimes, through the hearing of the prayses and famous Eulogies woorthy men song and reported unto them, bene stirred up to affect like commendations, and soe to strive to like desertes. they say the Lacedemonians were more inclined to desire of honour with the excellent verses of the Poet Tirtæus, then with all exhortations of their Captaines, or authorities of theyr Rulers and Magistrates.

Iren. It is most true that such Poettes, and theyr writings doe laboure to better the manners of men, and through the sweete bayting of theyr numbers, to steale into yonge spirits a desire of honour and vertue, are worthy to be had in great respect. But these Irish Bards are for the most part of another mynde, and soe farr from instructing yong men

moral discipline, that they themselves doe more deserve to be sharply disciplined; for they seldome use to choose unto themselves the doings of good men for the ornaments of their poems, but whomsoever they find to be most licentious of life, most bold and lawless in his doings, most dangerous and desperate in all partes of disobedience and rebellious disposition, him they sett up and glorify in their rimes, him they prayse to the people, and to yong men make an example followe.

Eudox. I marvayle whate kind of speeches they can find, or what face they can putt on, to prayse such lewde persons as live soe lawlesse and licentiouslie upon stealthes and spoiles, as most of them doe; or how can they thinke that any good mynde will applaud or approve the same?

Iren. There is none soe badd, Eudoxus, that shall finde some to faviour his doings; but such lycentious partes as these, tending to the most parte to the hurte of the English, or mayntenance of theyre owne lewde libertie, they themselves, being most desirous thereof, doe most allowe. Besides this, evill things being decked and suborned with the gay attyre of goodly wordes, may easely deceive and carrie away the affection of a yong mynd, that is not well stayed, but seduced by some bold adventure to make prooffe of himself; for being (as they all be) brought up idelly without awe of parentes, without respects of masters, without feare of offence, not being directed, or employed in any course of life, which may carrie them to vertue, will easely be drawn to followe such as any shall sett before them: for a yong mynd cannot resist; and yf he be not still busied in some wickedness, he will find himself such busines shall soone busye all about him. In which he shall finde any to prayse him, and to give him encouragement, as those Bards and Poets doe for a litle reward, or a share of a rotten cowe, then waxeth he most insolent and half madd with the love of himself, and his owne lewde deedes. And as for wordes sett forth such lewdness, it is not hard to see them to give a goodly glose and paynted colour thereunto, borrowed even from the sayes which are proper to vertue itself. Of a most notorious thief and wicked outlawe, which had lived all his lifetime of spoiles and robberyes, one of these Bards in his prayse sayd, That he was none of those idell milk-sops that was brought up by the fire side, but that most of his dayes spent in armes and valyaunt enterprises;

that he did never eate his meate before he had wonne it with his swoorde; that he was not slugging all night in a cabin under his mantell, but used comonly to keepe others waking to defend theyr lives, and did light his candell at the flames of theyr howses to leade him in the darkness; that the day was his night, and the night his day; that he loved not to lye long wooing of wenches to yeeld unto him, but where he came he tooke by force the spoyle of other mens love, and left but lamentations to theyr lovers; that his musicke was not the harpe, nor layes of love, but the cryes of people, and clashing of armour; and that finally, he died not bewayled of many, but made many wayle when he died that dearely bought his death. Doe not you thinke (Eudoxus) that many of these prayses might be applied to men of best desarte? yet are they all yeilded to a most notable traytoure, and amongst some of the Irish not smally accounted of. For the songe, when it was first made and songe unto a person of high degree, they were bought (as their manner is) for forty crownes.

Eudox. And well worthye sure! But tell me (I pray you) have they any arte in theyr compositions? or be they any thing witty or well savoured, as Poems should be?

Iren. Yea truly; I have caused diverse of them to be translated unto me that I might understand them; and surely they savoured of sweete witt and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornamentes of Poetrye: yet were they sprinkled with some pretty flowers of theyr owne naturall devise, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is greate pittie to see soe abused, to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which would with good usage serve to beautifie and adorne vertue. This evill custome therfore needeth reformation. And nowe next after the Irish Kearne, me seemes the Irish Horse-boyes or Cuilles (as they call them) would come well in order, the use of which, though necessitie (as times nowe be) doe enforce, yet in the thorough reformation of that realme they should be cutt of. For the cause why they must nowe be permitted is the wante of convenient Innes for lodging of travellers on horsebacke, and of Ostelers to tende theyr horses by the waye. But when things shalbe reduced to a better pass, this needeth specially to be reformed; for out of the frye of these rakehelle horse-boyes, growing up in knaverye and villanye, are theyr kearne continually supplied and mayntayned. For having bene once brought up an idle

horse-boy, he will never after fall to labour, but is onely made fitt for the halter. And these also (which is one fowle over-sight) are for the most parte bredd up amongst Englishmen and souldiours, of whom learning to shoote in a peece, and being made acquaynted with all the trailes of the English, they are afterwarde, when they become kerne, made more fitt to cutt theyr throtes. Next to this there is another much like, but much more leude and dishonest; and that is, of theyre Kearrooghs, which are a kind of people that wander up and downe to gentell-mens howses, living onely upon cardes and dice, the which, though they have litle or nothing of theyr owne, yet will they playe for much mony, which yf they winne, they waste most lightlie, and if they loose, they paie as slenderlie, but make recompence with one stealth or another, whose onely hurte is not, that they themselves are idle lossels, but that through gaming they drawe others to like lewdness and idleness. And to these may be added another sorte of like loose fellows, which doe pass up and downe amongst gentellmen by the name of Jesters, but are (indeede) notable rogues, and partakers not onely of many stealthes by setting forth other mens goodes to be stolen, but also privy to many trayterous practises, and common carryers of newes, with desire wherof you would woonder howe much the Irish are fedd: for they use commonlye to send up and downe to knowe newes, and yf any meete with another his second worde is, What newes? Insoemuch that herof is told a pretie jest of a Frenche-man, whoe having bene sometimes in Ireland, where he marked theyr greate enquirye for newes, and meeting afterwarde in Fraunce an Irishman, whom he knewe in Ireland, first saluted him, and afterwarde thus merely: Sir, I pray you, goth he, tell me of curtesy, have ye hearde yet any thing of the newes that ye see much enquired for in your cuntry?

Eudox. This argueth in them sure a greate desire of Innovation, and therefore these occasions that nurrish the same are to be taken away, as namely, these Jesters, Kearrooghs, Beantoolhs, and all such stragglers, for whom (me seemes) the shorte rid-daunce of a marshall were meeter then any ordinance or prohibition to restrayne them. Therefore (I pray you) leave all these rabblementes of such loose runnagates, and pass to some other customes.

Iren. There is a great use amongst the Irish to make greate assemblies together

upon a rath or hill, there to parley (they say) about matters of wronge betwene townes and towneship, or one private person and another. But well I wote, and true it oftentimes hath bene proved, that in these meetings many mischeifs have bene both practis and wrought; for to them doe commonly resort all the scumme of base people loose, where they may freely meete and conferr of whate they list, which els they could not doe without suspition or knowledge of others. Besides, at these parleys I have diverse times knowen, that many Englishmen, and good Irish subjectes, have bene villanously murdered by moving quarrell or another agaynst them. For the Irish never come to those rathes but armed, whether on horse or on foote, which the English nothing suspecting, are then commonly taken at advauntage like sheepe in a pin-folde.

Eudox. It may be, Irenæus, that this abuse may be in those meetings. But these rounde hills and square bawnes, which ye see strongly trenched and thrown up, were (they say) at first ordayned for the same purpose, that people might assemble there, and therefore aunciently they were called Folkemotes, that is, a place for people to meete or talke of any thing that concerneth any difference betwene partyes and townships, which seemes yet to me very reasonable.

Iren. Ye say very true, Eudoxus: the first making of these high hilles was first indeed to verry good purpose for people to meete; but though in the times when they were first made they might well serve to good occasions, as perhaps they did then in England, yet thinges being since altered, and now Ireland much differing from the state of England, the goode use that then of them is now turned to abuse; for these hilles wherof you speake were (as ye might gather by reading) appointed for two purposes, and built by two severall nations. The one is those which you call Folke-motes, the which were builde by the Saxons, as the wordes bewraie; for it signifyeth in Saxon a meeting of folke or people, and those for the most parte in forme fowre square well trenched for meeting: the others that are rounde were cast up by the Danes, as name of them doeth betoken, for they were called Dane-rathes, that is, hills of the Danes, the which were by them devised, not for parleys and treatyes, but appoynted as places for them to gather unto in troublesome times.

any trouble arose; for the Danes, being fewe in comparison of the Saxons in Ireland used this for theyr safetie: theye made these small rounde hilles, soe strongly fenced, in every quarter of the hundred, to the end that if in the night, or at any other time, any troublous crye or uprose should open, they might repayre with all speede to theyr owne forte, which was appoynted to be in every quarter; and there remayne safe, till they could assemble themselves in greates strength: for they were made soe stronge that one small entraunce, that whosoever came thither first, were he one or twoe, or three, he or they might there rest safe, till they could defend themselves agaynst many, till succoure came unto them: And when they were gathered to a sufficient number they marched to the next forte, and soe forded till they mett with the perrill, or some other occasions therof. But besides these two sortes of hilles, there were aunciently diverse others; for some were raysed, where they had bene a greate battayll fought, as to remoyre or trophee therof; others, as monuments of burials of the carcasses of all those that were slayne in any fight, upon which they did throwe up such rounde stones, as memorials for them, and sometimes did cast up greates heapes of stones, as to be reade in many places of the Scriptures, and other whiles they did throwe uppy round heapes of earth in a Circle, like a harland, or pitch manie longe stones on the ground in compasse, every of which (they say) shewed some worthy person of note that was slayne and buried; for this was their auncient custome, before Christianitie came amongst them that church-yardes were so used.

Eudox. Ye have very well declared the use of these mountes and greates stones compassed, which some vayne terme the Gyants Trivetts, and thinke that those stones could not els be brought into the country or reared up without the strength of Gyants or others. And some vayne thinke that they were never placed there by mans hand or arte, but onely remayned there since the beginning, and were afterwarde disturbed by the deluge, and layed open as they were by the washing of the waters, or other casualtye. But lett them with those tales and vayne imaginations please themselves; for you have satisfied me much more, both by that I see some confirmation of it in Holye Writt, and also remember that I have reade in many Historyes and Chroni-

cles the like mountes and stones oftentimes mentioned.

Iren. There be many greates authorities (I assure you) to proove the same; but as for these meetings on hilles, wherof we were speaking, it is very inconvenient that any such should be permitted, specially in a people soe evil mynded as they nowe be and diversly shewe themselves.

Eudox. But yet it is very needefull (me seemes) for many other purposes, as for the countrye to gather together when there is any impositiō to be layed upon them, to the which they than may all agree at such meetings to cutt and devide amongst themselves, according to their holdings and abilities. Soe as yf at those assemblies there be any officers, as Constables, or Bayliffs, or such like amongst them, there can be noe perrill nor doubt of such badd practises.

Iren. Nevertheless, daungerous are such assemblies, whether for Cesse or ought els, the Constables and Officers being also of the Irish; and yf any happen to be there of the English, even to them they may proove perrillous. Therefore for avoyding of all such evil occasions, they were best to be abolished.

Eudox. But what is that which ye call Cesse? It is a woerde sure not used amongst us heere, therefore (I pray you) expounde the same.

Iren. Cesse is none other but that which your selfe called imposition, but it is in a kind perhaps unacquayted unto you. For there are cesses of sundrye sortes; one is, the cessing of souldiours upon the country; for Ireland being a countrye of warre (as it is handled) and alwayes full of souldiours, they which have the government, whether they find it the most ease to the Queenes purse, or most readye meanes at hand for the victualling of the souldiours, or that necessitye enforceth them therunto, doe scatter the armye abroad the countrye, and place them in townes to take their victuals of them, at such vacant times as they lye not in campe, nor are otherwise employed in service. Another kinde of cessa, is the imposing of provision for the Governours house-keeping, which though it be most necessarye, and be also (for avoyding of all the evils formerly therein used) lately brought to a composition, yet it is not without greates inconveniences, noelesse then heere in England, or rather much more. The like cessa is also charged upon the countrye sometimes for victualling of the souldiours, when they lye in garrison, at such times as there is none remayning in the

Queenes store, or that the same cannot conveniently be conveyed to their place of garrison. But those two are not easy to be redressed when necessity thereunto compelleth; but as for the former, as it is not necessary, soe is it most hurtfull and offensive to the poore countrye, and nothing convenient for the souldiours themselves, whose, during their lying at cesse, use all kind of outrageous disorder and villanye both towards the poore men that vittell and lodge them, and also to all the rest of the country about them, whom they abuse, oppresse, spoyle, and afflict by all the meanes they can invent: for they will not onely not content themselves with such victuals as theyre hostes doe provide for them, nor yet as the place perhaps will affoorde, but they will have other meate provided, and *aqua vitæ* sent for; yea and monye besides layed at their trenchers, which if they wante, then aboute the house they walke with the wretched poore man and the silly poore wife, whose are gladd to purchase their peace with any thing. By which vile manner of abuse, the country people, yea and the very English which dwell abroad and see, and sometimes feelee these outrages, growe into greate detestation of the souldiours, and thereby into hatred of the very government, which draweth upon them such evils: And therefore this ye may also joyne unto the former evill customes which we have to reprove in Ireland.

Eudox. Trulye this is one not the leaste, and though the persons, by whom it is used be of better note then the former roghish sorte which ye reckned, yet the faulte (me seemes) is noe lesse woorthy of a Marshall.

Iren. That were a harde course, Eudoxus, to redresse every abuse by a Marshall: it would seeme to you very evill surgery to cutt of every unsounde or sicke parte of the bodye, which, being by other due meanes recovered, might afterwards doe very good service to the bodye agayne, and happely helpe to save the whole: Therefore I thinke better that some good salve for the redresse of this evill be sought forth, then the least parte suffred to perrishe; but herof we have to speake in another place. Nowe we will proceede to other like defectes, amongst which there is one generall inconvenience which raigneth almost throughout all Ireland: that is, of the Lordes of landes and Free-holders, whose doe not there use to sett out their landes to farme, or for terme of yeares, to their tenauntes, but only from yeare to yeare, and some during pleasure; neither indede will the Irish tenaunt or hus-

bandman otherwise take his land then longe as he list himselfe. The reason is in the tenaunte is, for that the land-lord there use most shamefully to racke the tenauntes, laying upon him Coyguyes Liverye at pleasure, and exacting of (besides his covenante) what he please that the poore husbandman either da binde himselfe to him for longer time that he thinketh by his continuall lib of chaunge to keepe his land-lord the in awe for wronging him. And the why the Land-lord will not longer coven with him is, for that he dayly looketh chaunges and alterations, and hover expectation of newe worldes.

Eudox. But what evill commeth heer the common-wealth; or what reason that any landlord should not set, nor tenaunt take his land as himself list?

Iren. Marvel the evils which thereby are greate, for by this meane the land-lord thinketh that he hath tenaunte more at comaunde, to followe into what action soever he shall enter, also the tenaunte, being left at his libe is fitt for everye occasion of chaunge shal be offred by time; and soe much the more readye and willing is he to into the same, for that he hath noe estate in any his holding, noe such buill upon any farme, noe such costes imploye fencing and husbanding the same, as m with-hold him from any such willfull co as his lordes cause, or his owne lewde position may carrye him unto. All whic hath forborne, and spared so much exp for that he had noe firme estate in his tment, but was onely a tenaunt at will or more, and soe at will may leave it. this inconvenience may be reason enough grounde any ordinance for the good common-wealth, against the private ben or will of any landlord that shall ref graunte any such terme or estate unto tenaunte as may tende to the good of whole realme.

Eudox. Indeede (me seemes) it is a gr willfullnes in any such land-lordes to refuse make any longer farmes unto their tenaun as may, besides the generall good of realme, be also greatly for their owne pro and avayle: For what reasonable man not thinke that the tenement shalbe n much better for the lordes behoefe, yf tenaunte may by such good meanes be dra to builde himself some handsome habita theron, to ditche and enclose his ground

ture and husband it as good farmers use? when his tenantes terme shalbe expired, will yeeld him, in the renewing of his lease, a good fine, and also a better rente. I also it will be for the goode of the tenante likewise, whoe by such buildinges inclosures shall receave many benefitts: by the handsomnes of his house, he shall have greate comforte of his life, more safe dwelling, and a delighte to keepe his sayde house neate and cleanlye, which nowe being, they commonly are, rather swynes-steades than howses, is the cheifest cause of his so filthy manner of life, and savadge condiclyng and living together with his beaste in one howse, in one roome, and in one bedd, is, the cleane strawe, or rather the fowle grehilla. And to all these other commodities shall in shorte time finde a greater added, is his owne wealth and riches encreased, wonderfully enlarged, by keeping his cattell in inclosures, where they shall allwayes have fresh pasture, that nowe is all matted and over-runne; warme coverte, that nowe lyeth open to all weather; safe, that nowe are continually filched and stolen.

Iren. Ye have well, Eudoxus, counted the comodities of this one good ordinance, the longest which this that ye named last is the least; for all together being most beneficiall both to the land-lord and tenante, chiefly redoundeth to the good of the common-wealth, to have the land thus inclosed, and well fenced. For it is both a principall barre and impeachment unto thieves from stealing of cattell in the night, also a gall agaynst all rebels, and outlaws, that shall rise up in any number against the government; for the thief by shall have much adoe, first to bring it thence, and afterwarde to drive away his stolen prey through the common high wayes, where he shall soone be discried and mett withall: And the rebell or open enemye, yf he shall happen, either at home, or abroad, shall easely be found when he cometh forth, and also be well encountered withall by a fewe in soe strait passages and narrow inclosures. This therefore, when we come to the reforming of all these evill customs before mentioned, is needefull to be remembered. But nowe by this time me seemes that I have well runne through the evill customs which I have observed in Ireland. And albeit there be many more abuses woorthye of reformation both in publicke and in private amongst them, yet these, for that they

are the more generall, and most tending to the hurte of the common-wealth, as they have come to my remembrance, I have, as breifly as I could, rehearsed them unto you. Wherefore nowe I thinke it best that we pass unto our thirde parte, in which we noted inconveniences that are in religion.

Eudox. Surely you have very well handled these two former, and yf you shall as well goe thorough the thirde likewise, ye shall merite a very good meede.

Iren. Little have I to say of religion, both because the partes therof be not many, (it self being but one) and my self have not bene much conversant in that calling, but as lightly passing by I have seene or heard: Therefore the faulte which I finde in Religion is but one, but the same is universall throught out all the country; that is, that they are all Papistes by theyre profession, but in the same soe blindly and brutishly enformed, (for the most parte) as that you would rather thinke them Atheistes or Infidells for not one amongst an hundred knoweth any grounde of religion, or any article of his faythe, but can perhaps say his Pater noster, or his Ave Maria, without any knowledge or understanding what one worde therof meaneth.

Eudox. This is truly a most pitifull hearing that soe many sowles should fall into the devills handes at once and lacke the blessed comforte of the sweete gospell and Christes deare passion. Aye me! how cometh it to pass that being a people, as they are, trading with soe many nations, and frequented of soe manye, yet they have not tasted any parte of these happye joyes nor once bene lightened with the morning starre of trueth but lye weltring in such spirituall darkeness harde by hell-mouth, even readye to fall in yf God happily help not?

Iren. The general faulte cometh not of any late abuse either in the people or theyr preistes, whoe can teache noe better then they knowe, nor shewe noe more light then they have seene, but in the first institution and planting of religion in all that realme, which was as I reade in the time of Pope Celestine, whoe, as it is written, did first send over thither Palladius, whoe there deceasinge, he afterwarde sent over St. Patrickke, being by nation a Britton, who converted the people (being then Infidells) from paganisme and christened them. In which Popes time and longe before it is certayne that religion was generally corrupted with theyr popish trumperie, therefore what other could they learne them, then such trashe as was taughte them,

and drinke of that cup of fornication with which the purple harlott had then made all nations drunken?

Eudox. What! doe you then blame and finde faulte with soe good an Acte in that good pope as the reducing of such a greate people to Christianitye, bringing soe manye sowles to Christ? Yf that was ill, what is good?

Iren. I doe not blame the christening of them, for to be sealed with the marke of the Lambe, by what hand soever it be done rightlye, I hold it a good and gracious worke, for the generall profession which they then take upon them of the Cross and saythe of Christ. I nothing doubt but that through the powerfull grace of that mighty Saviour it will worke salvation in many of them; but nevertheless since they drinke not from the pure spring of life but onely tasted of such troubled waters as were brought unto them, the dregges therof have bredd greate contagion in theyr sowles, the which dayly encreasing and being still more augmented with their owne lewde lives and faulty conversation hath nowe bredd in them this generall disease that can not, but onely with very stronge purgations, be clensed and carryed away.

Eudox. Then for this defecte ye finde noe faulte with the people themselves nor with the priestes which take the charge of sowles, but with the first ordinaunce and institution therof?

Iren. Not soe, Eudoxus, for the sinne or ignorance of the preistes shall not excuse the people, nor the authoritie of their greate pastour, Peters successor, shall not excuse the preist, but they all shall dye in theyr sinnes for they have all erred and gone out of the way together.

Eudox. But yf this ignorance of the people be such a burden to the pope, is it not a blott unto them that nowe hold the place of government, in that they which are in the lighte themselves suffer a people under theyr charge to wallowe in such deadly darkeness, for I doe not see that the faulte is chaunged but the faulte-master.

Iren. That which you blame, Eudox., is not (I suppose) any faulte of will in these godly fathers which have the charge therof, but the inconvenience of the time and troublesome occasions, wherewith that wretched realme hath continually bene turmoyled; for instruction in religion needeth quiett times, and ere we seeke to settle a sounde discipline in the clargye, we must purchase peace unto

the layetye; for it is an ill time to pray amongst swoordes, and most harde, or impossible, it is to settell a good opinion the myndes of men for matters of religion doubtfull, which have a doutless evill opinion of ourselves; for ere the newe be brought the old must be removed.

Eudox. Then belike it is meete that fitter time be attended, that God send and quietness there in civill matters before it be attempted in ecclesiasticall. I rather have thought that (as it is sayde) refection should begin at the howse of God, and that the care of the sowle should bene preferred before the care of the bodie.

Iren. Most true, Eudoxus, the care of the sowle and sowles matters are to be preferred before the care of the bodie in consideration of the woorthyness therof, but not till time of reformation; for yf you should kill a wicked person daungerously sicke, haue nowe both sowle and bodie greatly diseased yet both recoverable, would ye not thinke ill advisement to bring the preacher before his phisition? For yf his bodie were neglected it is like that his languishing sowle be disquieted by his diseasefull bodie, & utterly refuse and lothe all spirituall conforte; but yf his bodie were first recured brought to good frame, should there not be founde best time to recure his sowle? Soe it is in the state of the realme: before (as I sayde) it is expedient, first to settle such a course of government there, as shall both civill disorders and also ecclesiasticall abuses may be reformed and amended, we needeth not any such great distaunce of time as ye suppose I require, but one joynte reformation for both, that eche might seconde and firme the other.

Eudox. That we shall see when we therunto: in the meane time I consider much, as ye have delivered, touching generall faulte which ye suppose in religion to weete, that it is popish; but doe ye find particular abuses therin, nor in the ministers therof?

Iren. Yes verely; for what ever diseases you see in the Church of England ye finde there, and many more: Namely, avarice, Simonye, greedy covetousness, fleshly intinence, careless slouth, and generally disordered life in the common cleargye. And besides all these, they have theyr particular enormities; for all the priestes, which nowe enjoye the church livings there, are in a manner meere laymen, go lyke laymen, live like laymen

all kinde of husbandrye, and other
affayres, as thother Irish men doe.
neither reade scriptures, nor preach
the people, nor minister the sacrament of
union; but the baptisme they doe, for
christen yet after the popish fashion, and
popish ministratioun, onely they take the
sacrament and offringes, and gather what fruites
they may of theyr livinges, the which
they convert as badly, and some of them
say) paye as due tributes and shares of
theyr livinges to theyr Bishops (I speake of
the which are Irish) as they receive them
of the people.

Eudox. But is it suffered amongst them?
wonderfull but that the governours doe
suffer such shamefull abuses.

Irish. Howe can they, since they knowe
it not? For the Irish bishops have theyr
power in such awe and subjection under
the king, that they dare not complayne of them,
as they may doe unto them what they
please, for they, knowing theyr owne un-
thyness and incapacitye, and that they
therefore still removable at theyr bishops
pleasur, yeeld what pleaseth him, and he taketh
of the list: yea, and some of them whose
power is in remote partes, somewhat out
of the worldes eye, doe not not at all bestowe
benefices, which are in theyr owne dona-
tion, upon any, but keepe them in theyr owne
hands, and sett theyr owne servauntes and
boyes to take up the tithes and fruites
of the benefices, with the which some of them pur-
chase greate landes, and builde fayre castells
of the same. Of which abuse yf any ques-
tion be moved they have a very seemely
excuse, that they have noe woorthy
persons to bestowe them upon, but keepe
the benefices soe unbestowed for any such sufficient
person as any shall bring unto them.

Eudox. But is there noe lawe, or ordi-
nance to meete with this mischeif, nor hath
any lawe before bene looked into?

Irish. Yes, it seemes it hath; for there is
a statute there enacted in Ireland, which
is to have bene grounded upon a good
reasoning — That whatsoever Englishman,
or of good conversation and sufficiency,
shall be brought unto any of the bishoppes,
or nominated unto any living within theyr
diocesse that is presently voyde, that he shall
(without contradiction) be admitted therunto
as any Irish.

Eudox. This is surely a very good lawe,
well provided for this evill, we speake of;
why is not the same observed?

Irish. I thinke it is well observed, and

that none of the bishopps transgresse the
same, but yet it woorketh noe reformation
herof for many respectes. First there are noe
such sufficient English ministers sent over as
might be presented to any bishop for any
living, but the most parte of such English as
come over thither of themselves are either un-
learned, or men of some badd note, for which
they have forsaken England. Soe as the
bishop, to whom they shalbe presented, may
justly rejecte them as incapable and insuf-
ficient. Secondly, the bishop himself is per-
haps an Irish man, whose being made judge
by that lawe of the sufficiencye of the minis-
ters, may at his owne will, dislike of the
Englishman, as unworthy in his opinion,
and admitt of any Irish whom he shall thinke
more meete for his turne. And yf he shall
at the instaunce of any Englishman of coun-
tenaunce there, whom he will not displease,
accept of any such English minister as shall
be tendred unto him, yet he will underhand
carrye such a harde hande over him, or by
his officers wringe him soe sore, as he will
soone make him wearye of his poore living.
Lastly, the benefices themselves are soe
meane, and of soe small profit in these Irish
countreyes, through the ill husbandrye of
the Irish people which inhabite them, that
they will not yeelde any competent mayn-
tenaunce for any honest minister to live on,
scarcely to buye him a gowne. And were all
this redressed (as happily it might be) yet
what good shall any English minister doe
amongest them, by preaching or teaching,
which either cannot understand him, or will
not heare him? Or what comforte of life
shall he have, when all his parishioners are
soe unsociable, soe intractable, so ill-affected
unto him, as they usually be to all the Eng-
lish? Or finally, howe dare almost any hon-
est ministers, that are peacefull civill men,
committ theyr safetye into the handes of
such neighbours, as the boldest captaines
dare scarcely dwell by?

Eudox. Little good then (I see) is by
that statute wrought, howe ever well intend-
ed; but the reformation therof must growe
higher, and be brought from a stronger ordi-
nance then the comaundement or penaltye
of a lawe, which none dare enforce or com-
playn of when it is broken: but have you any
more of those abuses in the cleargye?

Irish. I could perhaps reckon more, but I
perceave my speach to growe to longe, and
these may suffice to judge of the generall
disorders which raigne amongst them; as
for the particulars, they are to many to be

reckned. For the cleargye there (except some fewe grave fathers which are in high place about the state, and some fewe others which are lately planted in theyr newe Colledge,) are generally badd, licentious, and most disordered.

Eudox. Ye have then (as I suppose) gone through these three first partes which ye purposed unto your self; to weete, the Inconvenience which ye observed in the lawes, in the customes, and in the religion of that land; the which (me seemes) ye have so thoroughly touched, as that nothing more remayneth to be spoken thereof.

Iren. Not soe thoroughly as ye suppose, that nothing more can remayne, but soe generally as I purposed; that is, to laye open the generall evils of that realme, which doe hinder the good reformation therof: for to counte the particular faultes of private men should be a woork to infinite; yet some there be of that nature, that though they be in private men, yet theyr evill reacheth to a generall hurte, as the extortions of sherriffs, subsherriffs, and theyr bayliffs; the corruption of vittaillors, cessors, and purveyors: the disorders of seneschalls, captaynes, and theyr souldiours, and many such like: All which I will onely name heere, that theyr reformation may be mynded in place where it most concerneth. But there is one very fowle abuse which, by the way, I may not omitt, and that is in captaynes, who, notwithstanding that they are specially employed to make peace through stronge execution of warre, yet they doe soe dandle theyr doinges, and dallie in the service to them committed, as yf they would not have the Enemy subdued, or utterly beaten downe, for feare least afterwards they should neede imployment, and soe be discharged of pay: for which cause some of them that are layed in garrison doe soe handle the matter, that they will doe noe greate hurte to the enemies, yet for colour sake some men they will kill, even halfe with the consent of the enemy, being persons either of base regard, or enemies to the enemy, whose heades eftsoones they send to the governour for a comendacion of theyr great endeavour, telling how weightye a service they have perfourmed by cutting of such and soe dangerous rebells.

Eudox. Trulye this is a prettye mockerye, and not to be permitted by the governours.

Iren. Yea! but how can the governours knowe readely what persons those were, and what the purpose of theyr killing was? Yea, and what will ye say, yf the captaynes doe

justifie this theyr course by ensample of some of theyr governours, which (under the dicite, I doe tell it you,) doe practise the slighthes in theyr governments?

Eudox. Is it possible? Take heede of you say, Irenæus.

Iren. To you onely, Eudoxus, I doe it, and that even with greate hartes and inwarde trouble of mynde to see Majestie soe much abused by some who she puttes in special trust of these affaires: of which some, being martiall, will not doe allwayes what they may quieting of thinges, but will rather winne some faultes, and will suffer them unpunished, least that they (having putt all things that assurance of peace that they may should seeme afterwarde not to be necessary nor continued in theyr government with great a charge to her Majestie. And fore they doe cunningly carrie theyr course of government, and from one hand to another doe bandie the service like a tennis-ball, which they will never quite strike away, for least afterwards they should wante sport.

Eudox. Doe you speake of underminers, or principall governours?

Iren. I doe speake of noe particulars the truth may be founde oute by tryall of reasonable insight into some of theyr doings. And yf I should say there is some blemish herof in some of the principall governours, I think I might also shewe some reason of proof of my speache. As for example, of them seing the end of theyr government drawe nigh, and some mischeif troublous practise growing up, which afterwards may woork trouble to the next succeeding governours, will not attempt to dress or cutting of therof, either for feare they should leave the realme unquiett at the end of theyr government, or that the next that cometh should receive the same to quiett soe happily winne more prayse therof they before. And therefore they will not (as I sayd) seeke at all to redresse that evil, will either by graunting protection for a time, or holding some imparlaunce with the rebels, or by treatye of commissioners, or by other like devises, onely smoothe and keepe downe the flame of the mischeif, soe as it may breake out in theyr time of government: comes afterwards they care not, or rather wish the worst. This course hath been noted in some governours.

Eudox. Surely (Irenæus) this, yf it be true, should be woorthy of a heavy judgement, but it is harde to be thought, that any

our would see much either envye the
of that realme which is putt into his
or defraude her Majestie, whose trusteth
soe much, or maligne his successours
shall possess his place, as to suffer an
to growe up, which he might timely
kept under, or perhaps to nourrish it
coloured countenances, or such sinister
nies.

Iren. I doe not certainly avouch soe
th, (Eudoxus) but the sequell of thinges
in a manner prove, and playnly speake
much, that the governours usually are
ious one of anothers greater glorye, which
they would seeke to excell by better
ernment, it should be a most laudable
elation. But they doe quite otherwise:
this (as ye may marke) is the common
er of them, that whose cometh next in the
will not followe that course of govern-
ment, how ever good, which his predecessor
either for disdayne of him, or doubt to
his doings drowned in another mans
yse, but will straight take a way quite
straye to the former: as yf the former
ought (by keeping under the Irish) to re-
me them, the next, by discountenancing
English will currie favour with the
th, and soe make his government seeme
ible in viewe, as having all the Irish at
omaunde: but he that comes next after
perhaps followe neither one nor the other,
will handle the one and the other in such
as he will sucke sweete out of them
th, and leave bitterness to the poore lande,
ch yf he that comes after shall seeke to
ress, he shall perhaps finde such crosses
he shall be hardly able to beare, or doe
good that might worke the disgrace of
predecessors. Examples herof ye may
in the governors of late times sufficiently,
in others of former times more mani-
ly, when the government of that realme
committed sometimes to the Geraldins, as
en the Howse of Yorke had the Crowne of
eland; sometimes to the Butlers, as when
Howse of Lancaster gott the same. And
er whiles, when an English governour was
oynted, he perhaps founde enemies of both.
d this is the wretchedness of that fatal
gdome which, I thinke, therefore, was in
times not called amisse Banna or sacra
ula, taking sacred (sacra) for accursed.

Eudox. I am sorye to heare soe much as
reporre; and nowe I beginne to conceive
ewhat more of the cause of her continuall
retchedness then heretofore I founde, and
h that this inconvenience were well looked

into: for sure (me seemes) it is more waightye
then all the former, and more hardly to be re-
dressed in the governour then in the governed;
as a maladye in a vitall parte is more incur-
able then in an externall.

Iren. You say very true; but nowe that
we have thus ended all the abuses and incon-
veniences of that government, which was our
first parte, it followes next to speake of the
seconde, which was of the meanes to cure and
redress the same, which we must labour to
reduce to the first beginning therof.

Eudox. Right soe, Irenæus: for by that
which I have noted in all this your discourse
ye suppose that the whole ordinance and
institution of that realmes government was,
both at first when it was placed, evill plotted,
and also since, through theyr other over-
sights, runne more out of square to that
disorder which is nowe come to; like as
two indirect lines, the further they are drawn
out, the further they goe asunder.

Iren. I doe soe, Eudoxus, and as you say,
soe thinke, that the longer that government
thus continueth, in the woorse course will
that realme be; for it is all in vayne that
they nowe strive and endeavour by fayre
meanes and peaceable plottes to redress the
same, without first removing all those incor-
veniences, and newe framing (as it were in the
forge) all that is worne out of fashion: For
all other meanes wilbe but as lost labour, by
patching up one hole to make manye; for
the Irish doe strongly hate and abhorre all
reformation and subjection to the English,
by reason that, having bene once subdued by
them, they were thrust out of all theyr pos-
sessions. Soe as nowe they feare, that yf
they were agayne brought under, they should
likewise be expelled out of all, which is the
cause that they hate the English government,
according to the saying, 'Quem metuunt oder-
unt:' Therefore the reformation must nowe
be the strength of a greater power.

Eudox. But, me thinkes, that might be
by making of good lawes, and establishing
of newe statutes, with sharpe penalties and
punnishments for amendment of all that is
presently amiss, and not (as ye suppose) to
beginne all as it were anewe, and to alter the
whole forme of the government; which howe
dangerous a thing it is to attempt you your
selfe must needs confess, and they which
have the managing of the realmes whole
pollicye cannot, without greate cause, feare
and refrayne: for all Innovation is perilous,
insoemuch as though it be mente for the
better, yet soe many accidents and fearfull

events may come betwene, as that it may hazarde the losse of the whole.

Iren. Very true, Eudoxus: all chaunge is to be shunned, where the affayres stand in such state as that they may continue in quietness, or be assured at all to abide as they are. But that in the realme of Ireland we see much otherwise, for everye day we perceave the troubles to growe more upon us, and one evil growing upon another, insoemuch as there is noe parte sounde nor ascertayned, but all have theyr eares upright, wayting when the watch-woord shall come that they should all rise generally into rebellion, and cast away the English subjection. To which there nowe litle wanteth; for I thinke the woorde be allreadye given, and there wanteth nothing but opportunitie, which trulye is the death of one noble parson, whoe, being himself most stedfast to his most noble Queene and his countrey, coasting upon the South-Sea, stoppeth the Ingate of all that evil which is looked for, and holdeth in all those which are at his becke, with the terrour of his greatness, and the assuraunce of his honourable loyaltye: And therefore where you thinke, that good and sounde lawes might amende, and reforme thinges amiss, there you thinke surely amisse. For it is wayne to prescribe lawes, where noe man careth for keeping them, nor feareth the daunger of breaking them. But all the realme is first to be reformed, and lawes are afterwards to be made for keeping and conteyning it in that reformed estate.

Eudox. Howe then doe you thinke is the reformation therof to be begunne, yf not by lawes and ordinaunces?

Iren. Even by the swoorde; for all those evils must first be cutt away with a strong hand, before any good can be planted; like as the corrupt braunches and unholosome boughes are first to be pruned, and the fowle mosse clensed and scraped away, before the tree can bring forth any good fruite.

Eudox. Did you blame me, even nowe, for wishing Kearne, Horse-boyes, and Kearroghs, to be cleane cutt of, as to violent a meanes, and doe you your self nowe prescribe the same medicine? Is not the swoord the most violent redress that may be used for any evil?

Iren. It is soe; but yet where noe other remedye may be founde, nor noe hope of recovery had, there must needes this violent meanes be used. As for the loose kind of people which ye would have cutt of I blamed it, for that they might otherwise be brought per-

haps to good, as namely by this way I sett before you.

Eudox. Is not your way all one in with the former, which you founde faulte save onely this oddes, that I sayd by halter, and you say by the swoorde? What difference is there?

Iren. There is surely greate difference when you shall understand it; for by swoorde which I named, I doe not mean cutting of of all that nation with the swo which farre be it from me that I should thinke soe desperatly, or wish soe unchaubly, but by the swoorde I meane the power of the Prince, which ought to stre it self forth in the cheifest strength to redressing and cutting of of those evils which I before blamed, and not of the people which are evill. For evill people by ordinaunces and government may be made goode; but the evill that is of it self evill never become good.

Eudox. I pray you then declare mynde at large, how you would wish sword, which you meane, to be used to reformation of all those evils.

Iren. The first thing must be to send into that realme such a stronge power of as that shall perforce bring in all the bellious route of loose people, which doe nowe stande out in open armes, and wandering companyes doe keepe the woospyling the good subject.

Eudox. You speake nowe, Irenæus, of infinite charge to her Majestie, to send such an armie as should treade downe that standeth before them on foote, and on the grounde all the stiff-necked people that lande; for there is nowe but one out of any greate reckning, to weete, the Ear Tyrone, abroad in armes, agaynst whom see what huge charges she hath bene at last yeare, in sending of men, providing victualls, and making head agaynst him: there is litle or nothing at all done, but Queenes treasure spent, her people was the poor countrey troubled, and the enemies nevertheless brought unto noe more subjection then he was, or list outwardly to show which in effect is none, but rather a scorn her power, and an emboldening of a private rebell, and an encouradgement unto all lawlewy disposed traytors that shall dare to up theyr heeles agaynst theyr Soveraig Ladye. Therefore it were harde counsel to drawe such an exceeding great charge upon her, whose event shal be so uncertayne.

Iren. True indeede. yf the event shal

uncertaine; but the certaintye of the
 act herof shal be soe infallible as that noe
 son can gainsaye it, neither shall the
 charge of all this armye (the which I de-
 munde) be much greater then soe much as
 these two last yeares warres hath vaynly
 expended. For I dare undertake, that
 hath cost the Queene above 200000
 poundes allreadye; and for the present charge,
 if she is nowe at there, amounteth to verye
 the 12000 poundes a monthe, wherof cast
 the accompte; yet nothing is done. The
 which somme, had it bene employed as it
 shuld be, might have effected all this that I
 have goe about.

Eudox. Howe meane you to have it im-
 ployed, but to be spent in the paye of soul-
 ders, and provision of victualls?

Iren. Right soe, but it is nowe not dis-
 missed at once, as it might be, but drawn
 into a long length, by sending over nowe
 1000 poundes, and the next halfe yeare
 1000 poundes; soe as the souldiour in the
 same time, for wante of due provision of
 victuall, and good payment of his due, is
 starved and consumed; that of a thousand,
 it goe over lustye able men, in half a yeare
 there are not left five hundred. And yet the
 penes charges are never a whit the lesse,
 what is not payed in present monye is
 compted in dett, which will not be long
 payed; for the Captayne, halfe whose
 souldiours are dead, and the other quarter
 not mustered, nor seene, comes shortly to
 claunde payment heere of his whole
 accompte, where, by good meanes of some
 private ones, and privye sharing with the
 officers and servauntes of othersome, he
 payeth his dett, much less perhaps then
 he is due, yet much more indeede then he
 deserves.

Eudox. I take this, sure, to be noe good
 bandrye; for what must needes be spent
 good spent at once, where is enough, as
 have it drawn out into longe delayes,
 soe that therby both the service is much
 retarded, and yet nothing saved: but it may
 be, *Irenæus*, that the Queenes treasure in soe
 many occasions of disbursements (as it is
 known she hath bene at latelye) is not
 payed soe readye nor soe plentifull, as it
 shuld be, spare soe greate a somme together, but
 it is payed as it is, nowe some and then
 some, it is noe greate burthen to her, nor any
 thing impoverishing to her coffers, seing
 the much delaye of time, that it daylye cometh
 so fast as she parteth it out.

Iren. It may be as you sayd, but for the

going through of so honorable a course I
 doubt not but yf the Queenes coffers be not
 soe well stored, (which we are not to looke
 into) but that the whole realme which nowe,
 as thinges be used, doe feele a continuall bur-
 den of that wretched realme hanging upon
 theyr backes, would, for a finall riddaunce
 of all that trouble, be once troubled for all;
 and putt to all theyr shoulders, and helping
 handes, and hartes also, to the defraying of
 that charge, most gladfullie and willinglie;
 and surely the charge, in effect, is nothing to
 the infynite great good which should come
 thereby, both to the Queene, and all this
 realme generally, as when time serveth shal
 be shewed.

Eudox. Howe many men then would you
 require to the finishing of this which ye take
 in hand? and howe long space would you
 have them entertayned?

Iren. Verely, not above 10000 footemen,
 and 1000 horse, and all those not above the
 space of one yeare and a halfe; for I would
 still, as the heate of the service abateth,
 abate the number in paye, and make other
 provision for them, as I will shewe.

Eudox. Surely, it seemeth not much
 which ye require, nor noe long time; but
 howe would you have them used? Would you
 leade forth your armye agaynst the Enemye,
 and seeke him where he is to fight?

Iren. Noe, *Eudoxus*; it would not be, for
 it is well known that he is a flying enemye,
 hiding himself in woodes and bogges, from
 whence he will not drawe forth, but into
 some straitte passage or perillous foord, where
 he knowes the armie must needes passe;
 there will he lye in wayte, and, yf he finde
 advantage fitt, will dangerously hazarde
 the troubled souldiour. Therefore to seeke him
 out that still flyeth, and followe him that can
 hardly be founde, were vayne and booteless;
 but I would devide my men in garrison upon
 his countrey, in such places as I should
 thinke might most annoye him.

Eudox. But howe can that be, *Irenæus*,
 with so fewe men? For the enemye, as you
 nowe see, is not all in one countrey, but some
 in Ulster, some in Connaughte, and others in
 Leynster. Soe as to plaunte stronge garri-
 sons in all these places should neede many
 more men then you speake of, or to plaunte
 all in one, and to leave the rest naked, should
 be but to leave them to the spoyle.

Iren. I would wish the cheif power of the
 armye to be garrioned in one countrey that
 is strongest, and thother upon the rest that
 are weakest: As for example, the Earle of

Tyrone is nowe accounted the strongest: upon him would I lay 8000 men in garrison, 1000 upon Feughe Mac-Hughe and the Kevanaghs, and 1000 upon some parte of Connaughte, to be at the direction of the Governour.

Eudox. I see nowe all your men bestowed, but in what places would you sett theyr garrison that they might rise out most convenientlye to service? And though perhaps I am ignoraunte of the places, yet I will take the mappe of Ireland, and lay it before me, and make myne eyes (in the meane while) my schoole-master, to guide my understanding to judge of your plott.

Iren. These 8000 in Ulster I would devide likewise into fowre partes, soe as there should be 2000 footemen in everye garrison; the which I would thus place. Upon the Blackwater, in some convenient place, as highe upon the River as might be, I would laye one garrison. Another would I putt at Castleliffar, or thereabouts, soe as they should have all the passages upon the river to Loughfoyle. The thirde I would place about Fearnemunnaghe or Bondraise, soe as they might lye betwene Connaughte and Ulster, to serve upon both sides, as occasion should be offered; and this therefore would I have stronger then any of the rest, because it should be most enforced, and most employed, and that they might put wardes at Ballashaine and Belike, and all those passages. The last would I sett about Moneham or Belterbert, soe as it should fronte both upon the enemye that waye, and also keepe the countreys of Cavan and Meath in awe from passing of stragglers and outgadders from those partes, whence they use to come forth, and oftentimes use to worke much mischeif. And to everye of these garrisons of 2000 footemen I would have 200 horsemen added, for the one without the other can doe but litle service. The fowre garrisons, thus being placed, I would have to be vittayled afore hand for halfe a year, which ye will say to be harde, considering the corruption and usuall wast of victualls. But why should not they be as well vittayled for soe long time, as the shippes are usuallie for a yeare, and sometimes two, seing it is easier to keepe them on lande then on water? Theyr bread would I have in flowre, soe as it might be baked still to serve theyr necessary wante. Theyr drinke also there brewed within them, from time to time, and theyr beef before hand barrelled, the which may be used as it is needefull; for I make noe doubt but fresh

victualls they will sometimes provide themselves amongst theyre enemyes. Hereunto would I likewise have them have a store of hose and shoes, with such other necessaryes as may be needefull for a diours, soe as they would have no occasion to look for relief from abroad, to cause such trouble, for theyr continuall supplye, as I see and have often proove Ireland to be combersome to the Deputy, and more dangerous to them that retaine them, then halfe the leading of an army for the enemye, knowing the ordinary way by which theyr releif must be brought thither, useth commonlye to drawe himself into straye passages thitherwardes, and oftentimes doth dangerouslye distress them. Besides, the paye of such forces as should be sent for theyr convoy shall be spared charge of the carriadges, and the exacting of the countrey likewise. But onely every halfe yeare the supplye to be brought by the Deputye himselfe, and his power, whose souldiers then visite and overlooke all those garrisons, to see what is needefull, to change what is expedient, and to direct what he shall advise. And these fowre garrisons issuing forth, at such convenient times as they shall have intelligence or espiall upon the enemye, will so drive him from one side to another, and tennis him amongst them, he shall finde no where safe to keepe his creete, or hide himselfe, but flying from fire shall fall into the water, and out of daunger into another, that in shorte space his creete, which is his moste sustenance, shall be wasted in praying, or killed in flying, or starved for wante of pasture in the woodes, and he himself brought so low, that he shall have noe harte nor ability to endure his wretchedness, the which surely come to pass in very shorte space, one winters well following: of him will I plucke him on his knees, that he will not be able to stand up agayne.

Eudox. Doe you then thinke the winter fittest for the service of Ireland? He answeres it then that our most employment is in sommer, and the armyes then ledd commonly forth?

Iren. It is surely misconceaved; for not with Ireland as it is with other countreys, where the warres flame most in sommer, and the helmetts glisten brightest in fayre sunneshine: But in Ireland the winter yeeldeth best service, for then the trees are bare and naked, which use both to cover and howse the kearne: the ground is

and wett, which useth to be his bedding; the
 yre is sharpe and bitter, which useth to blowe
 through his naked sides and legges; the
 vine are barren and without milke, which
 useth to be his onely foode, neither yf he
 kill them then, will they yeelde him any flesh,
 nor yf he keepe them will they give him any
 good; besides then being all in calfe (for
 the most parte) they will, through much
 chasing and driving, cast all theyr calves and
 lose theyr milke, which should retayne him
 the next sommer.

Eudox. I doe well understand your reason;
 but, by your leave, I have hearde it
 otherwise sayde, of some that were outlawes,
 that in sommer they kept themselves quiett,
 but in winter they would playe theyr partes,
 and when the nightes were longest, then
 burne and spoyle most, soe that they might
 safely returne before daye.

Iren. I have likewise hearde, and also
 seene proof therof trewe: But that was of
 such outlawes as were either abiding in well
 inhabited countreyes, as in Mounster, or border-
 ing to the English pale, as Feugh Mac
 lughe, the Kevanaghs, the Moores, the
 Dempsyes, the Ketins, the Kellyes or such
 like: For for them indeede the winter is the
 fittest time of spoyling and robbing, because
 the nightes are then (as ye say) longest and
 darkest, and also the countreyes rounde about
 are then fullest of corne, and good provision
 to be every where gotten by them; but it is
 rather otherwise with a stronge peopled enemye
 that possesseth a whole countrey, for the
 other being but a few, are indeede privilye
 lodged, and kept in out villages, and corners
 high the woodes and mountaynes, by some
 theyr privy frendes, to whom they bring
 theyr spoyles and stealthes, and of whom
 they continuallye receive secrett relief; but
 the open enemye having all his countrey
 wasted, what by himself, and what by the
 soldiours, findeth then succour in noe place.
 Townes there are none of which he may gett
 spoyle, they are all burnt; countrey hewses
 and farmours there are none, they be all
 add; bread he hath none, he ploughed not in
 sommer; flesh he hath, but yf he kill it in
 winter, he shall wante milke in sommer, and
 shortly want life. Therefore if they be well
 allowed but one winter, ye shall have little
 worke with them the next sommer.

Eudox. I doe nowe well perceave the difference,
 and doe verely thinke that the winter
 time is the fittest for service: withall I perceive
 the manner of your handlinge the service,
 by drawing suddayne draughtes upon

the enemye, when he looketh not for you,
 and to watche advauntages upon him as he
 doth upon you. By which straight keeping
 of them in, and not suffering them long at
 any time to rest, I must needs thinke that
 they will soone be brought lowe, and driven
 to great extremities. All which when you
 have performed, and brought them to the
 very last cast, suppose that they will offer,
 either to come in unto you and submitt themselves,
 or that some of them will seeke to
 withdrawe themselves, what is your advise to
 doe? will you have them received?

Iren. Noe; but at the beginning of those
 warres, and when the garrisons are well
 plaunted and fortified, I would wish a pro-
 clamation were made generallye and to come to
 theyr knowledge:—That what persons soever
 would within twenty dayes absolutly submitt
 themselves, (excepting onely the very prin-
 cipalls and ring-leaders) should finde grace:
 I doubt not, but upon the settling of those
 garrisons, such a terrour and neere consider-
 ation of theyr perillous estate wilbe stricken
 into most of them, that they will covett
 to drawe away from theyr leaders. And
 agayne I well knowe that the rebells them-
 selves (as I sawe by proof in the Desmonds
 warres) will turne away all theyr rascall
 people, whom they thinke unserviceable, as
 old men, women, children, and hindes, (which
 they call churles), which would onely wast
 theyr victuals, and yeeld them noe ayde; but
 theyr cattell they will surely keepe away:
 These therefore, though policie would turne
 them backe agayne that they might the
 rather consume and afflicte the other rebells,
 yet in a pityfull commiseration I could wish
 them to be received; the rather for that this
 base sorte people doth not for the most parte
 rebell of himself, having noe harte ther-
 unto, but is of force drawn by the graunde
 rebells into theyr actions, and carryed away
 with the vyolence of the streame, els he
 should be sure to loose all that he hath, and per-
 haps his life also; the which nowe he carryeth
 unto them, in hope to enjoy them there, but
 he is there by the strong rebells themselves
 soone turned out of all, soe that the constraynte
 herof may in him deserve pardon. Likewise
 yf any of theyr able men or gentellmen shall
 then offer to come awaye, and to bring theyr
 cattell with them, as some noe doubt may
 steale them privilye away, I wish them alsoe
 to be received, for the disabling of the enemye,
 but withall, that good assurance may be
 taken for theyr true behaviour and absolute
 submission, and that they then be not suf-

fred to remaine anie longer in those partes, noe nor about the garrisons, but sent awaie into the inner partes of the realme, and dispersed in such sort as they shall not come together, nor easelie returne if they would: For if they might be suffred to remayne about the garrison, and there inhabite, as they will offer to till the grounde and yeeld a greate parte of the profit thereof, and of their cattell, to the Coronell, wherwith they have heretofore tempted many, they would (as I have by experience knowen) be ever after such a gall and inconvenience unto them, as that theyr profit should not recompence theyr hurte; for they will privilye relieve theyr frendes that are forth; they will send the enemye secrett advertisement of all their purposes and journeyes which they meane to make upon them; they will also not sticke to drawe the enemye privilie upon them, yea and to betraye the forte it selfe, by discoverye of all her defectes and disadvauntages (yf any be) to the cutting of all theyr throates. For avoyding wherof and many other inconveniences, I wish that they should be carryed farre from thence into some other partes, soe that (as I sayd) they come in and submitt themselves, upon the first summons: but afterwarde I would have none received, but left to theyr fortune and miserable end. My reason is, for that those which will afterwarde remayne without are stoute and obstinat rebells, such as will never be made dutifull and obedient, nor brought to labour or civill conversation, having once tasted that licentious life, and being acquainted with spoyle and outrages, will ever after be readye for the like occasions, soe as there is noe hope of theyr amendment or recoverye, and therefore needefull to be cutt off.

Eudox. Surely of such desperat persons as will willfully followe the course of theyr owne follye, there is noe compassion to be had, and for others ye have proposed a mercifull meanes, much more then they have deserved: but what then shalbe the conclusion of this warre? for you have prefixed a shorte time of the continuance therof.

Iren. The end (I assure me) will be very shorte and much sooner then can be (in soe greate a trouble, as it seemeth) hoped for, although there should none of them fall by the sward, nor be slayne by the souldiour, yet thus being kept from manurance, and theyr cattell from running abroad, by this harde restraynte they would quickly consume themselves, and devoure one another. The proof wherof I sawe sufficiently ensampled in

those late warres in Mounster; for notwithstanding that the same was a most riche and plentifull cuntry, full of corne and catt, that you would have thought they would have bene able to stand long, yet ere a yere and a halfe they were brought to such wretchedness, as that any stonye hart would have rued the same. Out of every corner the woodes and glinnes they came creeping forth upon theyr handes, for theyr legges could not beare them; they looked like antomyes of death, they spake like ghosts crying out of theyr graves; they did eat the dead carrions, happy were they yf they could finde them, yea, and one another soe after, insoemuch as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of theyr graves; and yf they founde a plotte of water-cresses, sham-rokes, there they flocked as to a feast at the time, yet not able long to continue there withall; that in shorte space there were none almost left, and a most populous and plentifull cuntry suddaynly made voyde of man or beast: yet sure in all that warre, there perished not many by the sward, but all by the extremitye of famine which they themselves had wrought.

Eudox. It is a wonder that you tell, and more to be wondred howe it should soe shortly come to pass.

Iren. It is most true, and the reason is very readye; for ye must conceive that the strength of all that nation is the Kears, Galloglasse, Stokaghe, Horsemen, and Horseboyes, the which having bene never used to have any thing of their owne, and never living upon the spoyle of others, make no spare of any thing, but havocke and confusion of all they meete with, whether it be theyr owne frendes goodes, or theyr foes. And yf they happen to gett never soe greatespoyle at any time, the same they consume and wast in a trice, as naturally delight in spoyle, though it doe themselves noe good. On the other side, whatsoever they leave unspent, the souldiour, when he cometh there, he havocketh and spoyleth likewise, soe that betwene them both nothing is very short left. And yet this is very necessarye to be done for the soone finishing of the warre; and not onely this in this wise, but also all the subjectes which border upon those parts, as either to be removed and drawn away, or likewise to be spoyled, that the enemye may find noe succour thereby: for what the souldiour spares the rebell will surely spoyle.

Eudox. I doe nowe well understand you. But nowe when all thinges are brought

s pass, and all filled with this ruffall spectacle of soe many wretched carcasses starving, and the countreys wasted, soe huge a desolation and confusion, as even I that doe but see it from you, and doe picture it in my minde, doe greatlye pittye and commiserate, yf it shall happen, that the state of this countreye and lamentable image of thinges shall be told, and feelingly presented to her most Excellent Majestie, being by nature full of clemencie and mercye, whoe is most inclinable to such pityfull complaintes, and will not encrease to heare such tragedies made of her people and poore subjectes as some about her court insinuate; then she perhaps, for very compassion of such calamities, will not onestoppe the streame of such violence, and turne to her wonted mildenesse, but also remeane them little thanks which have bene given to the authors and counsellours of such bloodie reformes. Soe I remember in the late government of the good Lord Graye, when, after long travell and many perilous assayes, he had brought thinges almost to this pass that ye speake of, and that when it was even made readye for reformation, and might have bene brought to what her Majestie would, the complainte was made agaynst him, that he was a bloudye man, and regarded not the welfare of her subjectes noe more then dogges, that he had wasted and consumed all, soe as we she had nothing almost left, but to burne in their ashes; her Majesties eare was one lente thereunto, and all suddainly turned topsy turvy; the noble Lord left-sones was blamed; the wretched people pittied; and new counsells plotted, in which it was considered that a general pardon should be sent forth to all that would accept of it, upon which all former purposes were blaunked, the Governour at a baye, and not onely all that estate and long charge, which she had bene bene at, quite lost and cancelled, but soe that hope of good which was even at the doore putt backe, and cleane frustrated. In which, whether it be true, or noe, your grace can well tell.

Iren. To true, Eudoxus, the more the more, for I may not forgett soe memorable a thing: neither can I be ignoraunte of that villous devise, and of the whole meanes by which it was compassed, and very cunningly contrived by sowing first dissention betwene him and an other Noble Personage, wherein both founde at length howe notably they had bene abused, and howe therby, on the other hand, this universal alteration of things was brought aboute, but then to late

to staye the same; for in the meane time all that was formerly done with long labour and great toyle, was (as you say) in a moment undone, and that good Lord blotted with the name of a bloudy man, whom, who that well knewe, knewe him to be most gentell, affable, loving, and temperate; but that the necessity of that present state of thinges enforced him to that violence, and almost chaunged his very naturall disposition. But otherwise he was soe farr from delighting in blood, that oftentimes he suffered not just vengeance to fall where it was deserved: and even some of those which were afterwards his accusers had tasted to much of his mercye, and were from the gallowes brought to be his accusers. But his course indeede was this, that he spared not the heades and principalls of any mischeivous practize or rebellion, but shewed sharpe judgement on them, chiefly for examples sake, that all the meaner sorte, which also then were generallye infected with that evill, might by terrour therof be reclaymed, and saved, yf it might be possible. For in that last conspiracye of some of the English Pale, thinke you not that there were manye more guiltye then they that felt the punishment, or was there any almost clere from the same? yef he touched onely a fewe of speciall note; and in the tryall of them alsoe even to prevente the blame of crueltie and partial dealing, as seeking theyr blood, which he, in his great wisdom (as it seemeth) did fore-see would be objected agaynst him; he, for the avoyding therof, did use a singular discretion and regarde. For the Jurye that went upon theyr tryall, he made to be chosen out of theyr nearest kinsmen, and theyr Judges he made of some of theyr owne fathers, of others theyr uncles and dearest frendes, whoe, when they could not but justly condemne them, yet uttered theyr judgement in aboundaunce, of teares, and yet he even herin was counted bloudye and cruell.

Eudox. Indeepe soe have I hearde it often here spoken, and I perceave (as I allwayes verely thought) that it was most unjustlye; for he was allwayes knowne to be a most just, sincere, godly, and right noble man, farr from such sternesse, farr from such unrighteousnes. But in that sharpe execution of the Spanyardes at the Forte of Smerwicke, I heard it speciallye noted, and, yf it were true as some reported, surelye it was a great touche to him in honour, for some say that he promised them life; others that at least he did putt them in hope therof.

Iren. Both the one and the other is most untrue; for this I can assure you, my selfe being as neere them as any, that he was soe farr from either promising, or putting them in hope, that when first theyr Secretarye, called, as I remember, Jacques Geffray, an Italian, being sent to treat with the Lord Deputye for grace, was flatlye denied; and afterwarde theyr Coronell, named Don Sebastian, came forth to intreate that they might parte with theyr armes like souldiours, at least with theyr lives, according to the custome of warre and lawe of nations, it was strongly denied him, and tolde him by the Lord Deputye himselfe, that they could not justlye pleade either custome of warre, or lawe of nations, for that they were not any lawfull enemyes; and yf they were, he willed them to shewe by what commission they came thither into another Princes dominions to warre, whether from the Pope or the King of Spayne, or any other: the which when they sayd they had not, but were onely adventurers that came to seeke fortune abroad, and serve in warres amongst the Irish, who desired to entertayne them, it was then tolde them, that the Irish themselves, as the Earle and John of Desmonde with the rest, were noe lawfull enemyes, but rebells and traytours; and therefore they that came to succour them noe better then roges and runnagates, specially coming with noe lycence, nor commission from theyr owne King: Soe as it should be dishonorable for him in the name of his Queene to condicion or make any termes with such rascalls, but left them to theyr choise, to yeelde and submit themselves, or noe. Whereupon the sayd Coronell did absolutely yeeld himselfe and the forte, with all therin, and craved onely mercye, which it being not thought good to shewe them, both for daunger of themselves, yf being saved, they should afterwarde joyne with the Irish, and also for terrour to the Irish, who were much emboldened by those forrayne succours, and also putt in hope of more ere long; there was noe other way but to make that shorte end of them which was made. Therefore most untruelye and maliciously doe these evill tonges backbite and slaunders the sacred ashes of that most just and honorable personage, whose least vertue, of many most excellent which abounded in his heroycall spirit, they were never able to aspire unto.

Eudox. Trulye, Irenæus, I am right gladd to be thus satisfied by you in that I have often hearde questioned, and yet was never

able, till nowe, to choke the mouth of a detractours with the certayne knowledge theyr slaunders untruthes: neither is knowledge herof impertinent to that which we formerly had in hand, I meane to thorough prosecuting of that sharpe course which ye have sett downe for the bringing under of those rebells of Ulster and Connaught, and preparing a way for theyr petuall reformation, least happily, by such sinister suggestions of crueltye and much bloodshedd, all the plott might overthrowen, and all the cost and labour therin employed be utterly lost and awaye.

Iren. Ye say most true; for, after the Lordes calling away from thence, the Lordes Justices continued but a while which the one was of mynde, (as it seemed to have continued in the footing of his predecessour, but that he was courbed and trayned. But the other was more mildly disposed, as was meete for his profession, willing to have all the pityfull woundes that commonwealth healed and recured, not with that heede as they should be. And whom Sir John Perrot, succeeding (as it were) into another mans harvest, founde another way to what course he list, the which he did not to that poynte which the former governments intended, but rather quite contrary as it were in scorne of the former, and in vainne vaunte of his owne counsells, with which he was to willfullye carryed; for he did treade downe and disgrace all the English, and sett up and countenance the Irish all that he could, whether thinking thereby to make them more tractable and buxome to his government, (wherin he thought himselfe amiss) or privily plotting some other purpose of his owne, as it partly afterwarde appeared, but surely his manner of government could not be sounde nor holson for that reason being soe contrarye to the former. For as was even as two physitions should take the sicke bodye in hand at two sundrye times, of which the former would minister all things to purge and keepe under the bodye, the other to pamper and strengthen it continuallye agayne, wherof what is to be looked for but a most daungerous relapse? To which we see nowe through his rule, and next after him, happened thereunto, being nowe more daungerously sicke then ever before. Therefore by all meanes it must be fore-seene and assured, that after once entered into this course of reformation, there be afterwards noe remorse or drawing backe for

of any such ruffall objectes as must
arupon followe, nor for compassion of theyr
famities, seeing that by noe other meanes
is possible to recure them, and that these
are not of will, but of very urgent necessitie.

Eudox. Thus farre then ye have nowe
proceeded to plaunte your garrisons, and to
recte theyr services; of the which never-
theless I must needes conceive that there
cannot be any certayne direction sett downe,
so that they must followe the occasions that
shall be dayly offred, and diligently awayted.
But, by your leave (*Irenæus*), notwithstanding
all this your carefull fore-sight and pro-
vision, (me thinkes) I see an evill lurke unes-
sed, that may chaunce to hazarde all the
repute of this great service, yf it be not very
well looked into; and that is, the corruptions
of theyr captaines: for though they be placed
under soe carefully, and theyr companyes
checked never soe sufficiently, yet may they, yf
they list, discarde whom they please, and
send away such as will perhaps willingly be-
lieve of that dangerous and harde service;
which (I wote well) is theyr common
excuse to doe, when they are layd in garri-
son, for then they may better hide their
faults, then when they are in campe, where
they are continually eyed and noted of all
eyes. Besides, when theyr pay cometh, they
will (as they say) detain the greatest portions
of it at theyr pleasure, by an hundreth
fiftes that neede not heere to be named,
through which they oftentimes deceave the
souldiours, abuse the Queene, and greatly
under the service. See that lett the Queene
pay never soe fullye, lett the muster-master
paye them never soe diligently, lett the
captaine or generall looke to them never soe ex-
actly, yet they can cossen them all. Therefore
(me seemes) it were good, yf it be possible, to
make some provision for this inconvenience.

Iren. It will surely be very harde; but
the cheifest helpe for prevention herof must
be the care of the coronel that hath the go-
vernment of all his garrison, to have an eye
to theyr alteration, to knowe the number
and the names of the sicke souldiours, and the
payne, to marke and observe theyr rankes
and theyr daylye rising forth to the service,
through which he cannot easelye be abused, soe
that he himself be a man of speciall assur-
ance and integritye. And therefore greate
garde is to be had in the choosing and
payoynting of them. Besides, I would not by
any meanes that the captaynes should have
the paying of theyr souldiours, but that there
should be a pay-master appoynted, of speciall

trust, which should paye everye man accord-
ing to his captaynes tickett, and the ac-
count of the clarke of his bande, for by
this meanes the captayne will never seeke to
falsifye his alterations, nor to diminish his
companye, nor to deceave his souldiours,
when nothing therof shal be for his gayne.
This is the manner of the Spanyardes cap-
taynes, whoe never hath to meddle with his
souldiours paye, and indeede scorneth the name
as base to be counted his souldiours pagador;
whereas the contrary amongst us hath
brought thinges to soe badd a pass, that there
is noe captayne, but thinkes his band very
sufficient, yf he muster threscore, and stickes
not to say openly, that he is unworthy of
a captainship, that cannot make it woorth
500*l.* by the yeare, the which they right well
verefye by the prooffe.

Eudox. Truly I thinke this a verye good
meane to avoide that inconvenience of cap-
taynes abuses. But what say you of the co-
ronel? what authoritye thinke you meete to
be given him? whether will ye allowe him to
protecte, to safe conducte, and to have marshall
lawe as they are accustomed;

Iren. Yea verely, but all these to be limited
with verye straight instructions. As thus for
protections, that they shall have authoritye
after the first proclamation, for the space of
twentye dayes, to protect all that shall come
in unto them, and them to sende unto the
Lord Deputye with theyr safe conducte or
pass, to be at his disposition; but soe as none
of them returne backe agayne, being once
come in, but be presently sent away out of
the countrey, unto the next sherriff, and so
convayed in safetye. And likewise for mar-
shall lawe, that to the souldiour it be not ex-
tended, but by tryall formerlye made of his
cryme, by a jurye of his fellowe souldiours as
it ought to be, and not rashlye at the will or
displeasure of the coronel, as I have sometimes
seene to lightlye. And as for others of the
rebells that shall light into theyr handes,
that they be well aware of what condition
they be, and what holding they have. For, in
the last generall warres there, I knewe many
good freeholders executed by marshall lawe,
whose landes were thereby saved to theyr
heyres, which should otherwise have escheated
to her Majestie. In all which, the greate
discretion and uprightness of the coronel
himself is to be the cheifest stay both for all
these doubts, and for many other difficultyes
that may in the service happen.

Eudox. Your caution is verye good; but
nowe touching the arche-rebell himselfe, I

meane the Earle of Tyrone, if he, in all the time of these warres, should offer to come in and submitt himselfe to her Majestie, would you not have him receaved, giving good hostages, and sufficient assurance of himselfe?

Iren. Noe, myrge; for there is noe doubt, but he will offer to come in, as he hath done diverse times allreadye, but it is without any intent of true submission, as the effect hath well shewed; neither indeede can he nowe, yf he would, come in at all, nor give that assurance of himselfe that should be meete, for being, as he is, very suttell-headed, seing himselfe nowe soe farre engaged in this badd action, can he thinke that by his submission he can purchase to himselfe any safetie, but that hereafter, when thinges shal be quieted, these his villanyes will ever be remembered? And whensoever he shall treade awrye (as needes the most righteous must sometimes) advantage will be taken therof, as a breache of his pardon, and he brought to a reckning for all former matters: besides, howe harde it is now for him to frame himselfe to subjection, that having once sett before his eyes the hope of a kingdome, hath thereunto founde not onely encouragement from the greatest King of Christendome, but also founde great fayntness in her Majesties withstanding him, whereby he is animated to thinke that his power is to defende him, and to offend further then he hath done, whensoe he please, lett everye reasonable man judge. But yf he himselfe should come in, and leave all other his accomplies without, as O-Donell, Mac-Mahon, Magueeirhe, and the rest, he must needes thinke that then, even they will ere long cutt his throate, which having drawn them all into this occasion, nowe in the midst of theyr trouble giveth them the slip; wherby he must needes perceave howe impossible a thing it is for him to submit himselfe. But yet yf he would doe soe, can he give any good assurance of his obedience? For howe weake hold is there by hostages hath to often bene proved, and that which is spoken of taking Shane O-Neale-is sonnes from him, and setting them up agaynst him is a verie perillous counsell, and not by any meanes to be putt in prooffe; for were they lett forth and could overthrowe him, whoe should afterwards overthrowe them, or what assurance can be had of them? It wil be like the tale in *Aesope* of the wild horse, whoe, having enmitie agaynst the stagge came to a man to desire his ayde agaynst his foe, whoe yeelding

thereunto mounted upon his backe, and following the stagge ere longe slewe him; but then when the horse would have light he refused, but kept him ever after his service and subjection. Such, I doe not, would be the proof of Shane O-Neale's sonnes. Therefore it is most dangerous to attempt any such plott; for even that manner of plott, was the meanes by which this trayterous Earle is nowe made soe great for whenas the last O-Neale, called Tyrrelagh O-Neale, beganne to stand upon some tick termes, this fellowe, then called Baron Dungannan, was sett up as it were to beate him, and countenaunced and strengthened the Queene soe farre, as that he is nowe able to keepe her selfe play: much like unto gamester that having lost all, borroweth his next fellow gamester that is the money winner, somewhat to mayntayne play, whereby he, setting unto him agayne, shortly thereby winneth all from the winner.

Eudox. Was this rebell first sett up by the Queene (as you saie), and now become unduetifull?

Iren. He was (I assure you) the most outcast of all the O-Neales then, and lifted up by her Majestie out of the dust, to that he hath nowe wrought himselfe unto; and now he playeth like the frozen snake, whoe before for compassion relieved by the husbandman, soone after he was warme beganne to hiss, and threaten daunger even to him and his.

Eudox. He surely then deserveth punishment of that snake, and should wholly be hewed in peeces. But yf ye like of the raising up of Shane O-Neale-is sonne agaynst him, what say you then of that advise which (I hearde) was given by some to drawe in the Scottes, to serve agaynst him how like you that advise?

Iren. Much woorse then the former; whoe is he that is experienced in those parts and knoweth not that the O-Neales neerelye allyed unto the Mac-Neales of Scotland, and to the Earle of Argile, from whom they use to have all theyr succours of the Scotts and Reddshankes? Besides, all the Scotts are, through long continuance, entymgled and allyed to all the inhabitants of the North; soe as there is noe hope that they will ever be wrought to serve faythfully agaynst theyr old frendes and kinsemen. And yf they would, howe when the warres are finished, and they have overthrowen him, shall they themselves be putt out? Doe you not all knowe, that the Scotts were the first inhabitants of all the North, and that the

which are nowe called North Irish were deede very Scotts, which challenge the auncient inheritaunce and dominion of all that countrey to be theyr owne aunciently. This then were but to leape out of the pann into the fire; for the cheifest caveat and proviso in the reformation of the Northe must be to keepe out the Scotts.

Eudox. Indee, I remember that in your discourse of the first peopling of Ireland, you shewed that the Scythians or Scottes were the first that sate downe in the Northe, whereby it seemeth they may challenge some right therin. Howe comes it then that O-Neale claymes the dominion therof, and his Earle of Tyrone sayeth the right is in him? I pray you resolve me therin; for it is very needefull to be known, and maketh most to the right of the warre agaynst him, whose success useth commonly to be according to the justness of the cause, for which it is made: For yf Tyrone have any right in that segniorye (me seemes) it should be wrong to thrust him out: or yf (as I remember ye sayd in the beginning) that O-Neale, when he acknowledged the King of England for his liege Lord and Sovereigne, did (as he leageth) reserve in the same submission all his segniories and rightes unto himselfe, it should be accompted unjust to thrust him out of the same.

Iren. For the right of O-Neale in the segniorye of the Northe, it is surely none at all: For beside that the Kinges of England conquered all the realme, and thereby assumed and invested all the right of that land to themselves and theyr heyres and successors for ever, soe as nothing was left in O-Neale but what he received backe from them, O-Neale himselfe never had any auncient segniorye in that countrey, but what by usurpation and encroachment, after the death of the Duke of Clarence, he gott upon the English, whose landes and possessions being formerly wasted by the Scotts, under the leading of Edward le Bruce, (as I formerly declared unto you) he eft-sones entred into, and sithence hath wrongfullye detayned, through the other occupations and great payres which the Kinges of England (soone after) fell into heere at home, soe as they could not intend to the recoverye of that countrey of the Northe, nor the restrayning of the insolencye of O-Neale; whoe, finding none nowe to withstand him, raigned in that desolation, and made himselfe Lorde of those fewe people that remayned there, upon whom ever since he hath continued his first

usurped power, and nowe exacteth and extorteth upon all men what he list: soe that nowe to subdue or expell an usurper, should be noe unjust enterprize nor wrongfull warre, but a restitution of auncient right unto the crowne of England, from whence they were most unjustlye expelled and longe kept out.

Eudox. I am very gladd herin to be thus satisfied by you, that I may the better satisfie them whom often I have hearde object these doubtles, and slaunderously to barke at the courses which are held agaynst that trayterous Earle and his adherentes. But nowe that you have thus settled your service for Ulster and Connaughte, I would be gladd to heare your opinion for the prosecuting of Feugh Mac Hughe, whoe being but a base villeyne, and of himselfe of noe power, yet soe continually troubleth that state, notwithstanding that he lyeth under their nose, that I disdayne his bold arrogauncye, and thinke it to be the greatest indignitye to the Queene that may be, to suffer such a caytiff to play such *Rex*, and by his example not only to give harte and encouragement to all such bold rebels, but also to yeld them succoure and refuge agaynst her Majestye, whensoever they flye into his Cummerreeighe: wherfore I would first wish, before you enter into your plott of service agaynst him, that you should laye open by what meanes he, being soe base, first lifted himselfe up to this dangerous greatnes, and how he mayntayneth his parte agaynst the Queene and her power, notwithstanding all that hath bene done and attempted agaynst him. And whether also he hath any pretence of right in the landes which he holdeth, or in the warres that he maketh for the same?

Iren. I will soe, at your pleasure, and since ye desire to know his first beginning, I will not only discover the first beginning of his privat howse, but also the originall of all his sept, of the Birnes and Tooless, so farre as I have learned the same from some of themselves, and gathered the rest by readinge: This people of the Birnes and Tooless (as before I shewed unto you my conjecture) descended from the auncient Brittons, which first inhabited all those Easterne partes of Ireland, as theyr names doe betoken; for Brin in the Brittons language signifyeth hillye, and Tol hole, valley or darke, which names, it seemeth, they tooke of the countrey which they inhabited, which is all very mountayne and woodye. In the which it seemeth that ever sithence the coming in of the English with Deurmuid-ne-Gall, they

have continued: Whether that theyr countrey being soe rude and mountaynous was of them dispised, and thought not woorthye the inhabiting, or that they were receaved to grace by them, and suffred to enjoye theyr lands as unfit for any other, yet it seemeth that in some places of the same they did putt foote, and fortified with sundrye castells, of which the ruynes onely doe there now remayne, since which time they are growen to that strength, that they are able to lift up hand agaynst all that state; and now late, through the boldness and late good success of this Feugh Mac Hugh, they are soe farr emboldened, that they threaten perill even to Dublin, over whose necke they continually hange. But touching your demaunde of this Feughe-is right unto that countrey or the signiorye which he claymes therin, it is most wayne and arrougaunte. For this ye cannot be ignoraunte of, that it was parte of that which was given in inheritance by Deurmuid Mac Murrogh, King of Leinster, to Strangbowe with his daughter, and which Strangbowe gave over to the King and to his heyres, soe as the right is absolutely nowe in her Majestie; and yf it were not, yet could it not be in this Feugh, but in O-Brin, which is the ancient lord of all that countrey; for he and his auncestours were but followers unto O-Brin, and his grandfather, Shane Mac Tirrelaghe, was a man of meanest regarde amongst them, neither having wealth nor power. But his sonne Hughe Mac Shane, the father of this Feughe, first beganne to lift up his head, and through the strength and greate fastness of Glan-Maleeirh, which adjoyneth unto his howse of Ballinecorrih, drewe unto him many theves and out-lawes, which fledd unto the succour of that glinne, as to a sauncuarye and brought unto him parte of the spoyle of all the countrey, through which he grewe stronge, and in shorte space got to himselfe a greate name thereby amongst the Irish, in whose footing this his sonne continuing hath, through many unhappy occasions, encreased his said name, and the opinion of his greatness, soe that nowe he is become a dangerous enemy to deale withall.

Eudox. Surely I can comend him that, being of himselfe of soe base condition, hath through his owne hardiness lifted himselfe up to that height, that he dare now to fronte princes, and make termes with greate potentes; the which as it is honorable to him, soe it is to them most disgracefull, to be bearded of such a base varlett, that being but of late growen out of the dounghill

beginneth nowe to overcrowe soe high mountaynes, and make himselfe greate protector of all outlawes and rebells that will repay unto him. But doe you thinke he is now soe dangerous an enemye as he is counted, or that it is soe harde to take him downe, some suppose?

Iren. Noe verely, there is noe gre reckning to be made of him; for had he ever bene taken in hand, when the rest of the realme (or at least the partes adjoyning) had bene quiett, as the honourable gentellman that nowe governeth there (I meane Sir William Russell) gave a notable attempt therunto, and had woorthely perfourmed it, his course had not bene crossed unhappely: he could not have stooode three monthes, nor ever have looked up agaynst a verye meane power: but nowe all the partes about him being up in a madding moode, as the Moore in Lease, the Kevengahs in the countye of Wexforde, and some of the Butlers in the countye of Kilkenny, they all flocke unto him, and drawe unto his countrey, as to a strong hold where they thinke to be safe from all that prosecute them: And from thence they doe at theyr pleasures breake out into all the borders adjoyning, which are wel peopled countreyes, as the countyes of Dublin, of Kildare, of Catarlaghe, of Kilkenny, of Wexforde, with the spoiles where they vittell and strengthen themselves, which otherwise should in shorte time be starved and soone pined away; soe that what hee doth of himselfe you may hereby soone perceave.

Eudox. Then, by soe much as I gather out of your speeches, the next way to end the warres with him, and to roote him quite out, should be to keepe him from invading those countreyes adjoyning, which (as I suppose) is to be done, either by drawing all the inhabitauntes of those next borders away, and leaving them utterly wast, or by planting garrisons upon all those frontiers about him, that, when he shall breake forth, he may sett upon him and shorten his returne.

Iren. Ye conceave rightlye, Eudoxus, but for the dispeopling and driving away of all the inhabitauntes from the countreyes about him, which ye speake of, should be a greate confusion and trouble, as well for the unwillingness of them to leave theyr possessions, as also for placing and providing for them in other countreyes, (me seemes) the better course should be by plaunting of garrison about him, the which, whensoever he shall looke forth, or be drawn out with desire of the spoyle of those borders, or for neede

ye of vittell, shal be allwayes readye to intercept his going or coming.

Eudox. Where then doe ye wish these garrisons to be plaunted that they may serve best agaynst him; and howe manye in everye garrison?

Iren. I my selfe, by reason that (as I told you) I am noe martiall man, will not kepe upon me to directe so daungerous wayes, but onely as I understood by the purposes and plotts, which the Lord Graye who was well experienced in that service, saynst him did laye downe: to the perfourmance whereof he onely required a 1000 men to be layed in fowre garrisons; that is, in Ballinecorrih 200 footemen and 50 horse, which should shutt him out of his great finne, whereto he soe much trusteth; at Knockelough 200 footemen and 50 horse, to besiege the countye of Catarlaghe; at Arkloe or Wickloe 200 footemen to defend all that side towarde the sea; in Shelelagh 100 footemen which should cutt him from the Kevanaghs, and the countye of Wexforde; and about the three castells 50 horsemen, which should defende all the countye of Dublin; and 100 footemen at Talbotts Downe, which should keepe him from breaking out into the countye of Kildare, and be allwayes on his necke on that side: The which garrisons, soe layed, will soe busye him, that he shall never rest at home, nor stirre forth the abrode but he shall be had; as for his creepte they cannot be above grounde, but they must needs fall into theyr handes or starve, for he hath noe fastness nor refuge for them. And as for his partakers of the Moores, Butlers, and Kevanaghes, they will none leave him, when they see his fastness and strong places thus taken from him.

Eudox. Surely this seemeth a plott of great reason, and small difficultye which promisethe hope of a shorte end. But what speciall directions will ye sett downe for the services and risings out of these garrisons?

Iren. None other then the present occasions shall minister unto them, and as by good spialls, wherof there they cannot wante more, they shall be drawn continually upon him, soe as one of them shal be still upon him, and sometimes all at one instant bayte him. And this (I assure my selfe) will remaunde no longe time, but wil be all finished in the space of one yeaere; which is a small a thing it is, unto the eternall quietnes which shall thereby be purchased in that realme; and the great good which shall growe to her Majestie, should (me

thinke) readely drawe on her Highnes to the undertaking of the enterprise.

Eudox. You have very well (me seemes), Irenæus, plotted a course for the atchieving of those warres now in Ireland, which seeme to aske noe long time, nor greate charge, soe as the effecting therof be committed to men of sure trust, and some experience, as well in the same countrey as in the manner of those services; for yf it be left in the handes of such rawe captaynes as are uuallye sent out of England, being therto preferred onely by frendship, and not chosen by sufficiencie, it will soone fall to ground.

Iren. Therefore it were meete (me thinkes) that such captaynes onely were thereunto employed, as have formerly served in that countrey, and bene at least liewtenautes unto other captaynes there. For otherwise, being brought and transferred from other services abroad, as in Fraunce, in Spayne, and in the Lowe-countreies, though they be of good experience in those, and have never soe well deserved, yet in these they wil be newe to seeke, and, before they have gathered experience, they shall buye it with great loss to her Majestie, either by hazarding of theyr companyes, through ignorance of the places, and manner of the Irish services, or by loosing a great parte of the time that is required hereunto, being but shorte, in which it might be finished, before they have almost taken out a newe lesson, or can tell what is to be done.

Eudox. You are noe good frend to newe captaynes it seemes, Iren., that you barre them from the credit of this service: but (to say trueth) me thinkes it were meete, that any one, before he come to be a captayne, should have bene a souldiour; for, 'Parere qui nescit, nescit imperare.' And besides, there is great wrong done to the old souldiour, from whom all meanes of advancement which is due unto him is cutt off by shuffling in these newe cutting captaynes into the places for which he hath long served, and perhaps better deserved. But nowe that you have thus (as I suppose) finished all the warre, and brought all thinges to that lowe ebbe which ye speake of, what course will ye take for the bringing in of that reformation which ye intend, and recovering all thinges from this desolate estate, in which (me thinkes) I behold them nowe left, unto that perfect establishment and newe commonwealth which ye have conceived, of which soe great good may redounde to her Majestie, and an assured peace be confirmed? For that

is it whereunto we are nowe to looke, and doe greatlye long for, being long sithence made wearye with the huge charge which ye have layed upon us, and with the strong endurance of soe many complayntes, soe manye delayes, soe many doubts and daungers, as will hereof (I know well) arise : unto the which before you come, it were meete (me thinkes) that you should take some order for the souldiour, which is nowe first to be discharged and disposed of, some way; the which yf you doe not well fore-see, may growe to be as great an inconvenience as all this that we suppose you have quitt us from, by the loose leaving of soe many thousand souldiours, which from hence forth will be unfitt for any labour or other trade, but must either seeke service and employment abroad, which may be daungerous, or els will perhaps employe themselves heere at home, as may be discomodious.

Iren. You say verye true; and it is a thing indeede much misliked in this our common-wealth that noe better course is taken for such as have bene employed once in service, but that returning, either maymed and soe unable to labour, or otherwise, though whole and sounde, yet afterwarde unwilling to woorke, or rather willing to sett the hangman a woorke. But that needeth another consideration; but to this that we have nowe in hande, it is farre from my meaning to leave the souldiour soe at random, or to leave that wast realme soe weake and destitute of strength, which may both defend it agaynst others that might seeke then to sett upon it, and also kepe it from that relapse which I before did fore-cast. For it is one speciall good of this plott which I would devise, that 6000 souldiours of these whom I have nowe employed in this service, and made thoroughly acquaynted both with the state of the countrey, and manners of the people, should henceforth be still continued, and for ever mayntayned of the countrey, without any charge to her Majestie; and the rest that either are old, and unable to serve any longer, or willing to fall to thrifte, as I have seene manye souldiours after the service to proove verye good husbandes, should be placed in parte of the landes by them wonne, at such rate, or rather better then others, to whom the same shal be sett out.

Eudox. Is it possible, Irenæus? Can there be any such meanes devised, that soe manye men should be kept still in her Majesties service without any charge to her at all? Surely this were an exceeding greate good,

both to her Highnes to have soe many old souldiours allway readye at call, what purpose soever she list employe them, and alsoe to have that land thereby strengthened, that it shall neither feare a forrein invasion, nor practize, which the shall ever attempte, but shall keepe them under in continuall awe and firme obedience.

Iren. It is soe indeede. And yet trulye I doe not take to be any matter of great difficultye, as I thinke it will alsoe appeare unto you. And first we will speake of the North parte, for that the same is most waight and importance. Soe soone it shall appeare that the enemye is brought downe, and the stout rebell either cutt off, driven to that wretchedness that he is no longer able to hold up his head, but will come to any conditions, which I assure my selfe will be before the end of the second Winter, I wish that there be a generall proclamation made, that whatsoever out-law will freelye come in, and submitt themselves to her Majesties mercye, shall have libertye soe to doe, where they shall either find the grace they desire, or have leave to returne agayne in safetie: upon which it is likely that soe manye as survive will come in to sue for grace, of which whoe-soe are thought meete for subjection, and fitt to be brought to good, may be received, or els all of them (for I thinke that all wilbe but a verye fewe) upon condicion and assurance that they will submitt themselves absolutelie to her Majesties ordinaunce for them, by which they shal be assured of life and libertye, and be onelye tyed to such condicions as shall be thought by her meete for containyng them ever after in due obedience. To the which condicions I nothing doubt but they will assent most readelye, and upon theyr knees submitt themselves, by the proof of that which I sawe in Mounster. For upon the like proclamation there, they all came in, both tattered and ragged; and when as afterwarde many of them were denyed to be received, they bayned them doe with them what they would, if they would not by any meanes returne agayne nor goe forth. For in this case who would not accept almost of any condicions, rather then dye of hunger and miserye?

Eudox. It is very likely soe. But what then is the ordinaunce, and what be the conditions which you will propose unto them, which shall reserve unto them an assurance of life and libertye?

Iren. Soe soone then as they have given the best assurance of themselves which

may be required, which must be (I suppose) some of theyr principall men to remayne in ostage one for another, and some other for the rest, for other suretye I reckon of none that may binde them, neither of wife, nor of children, since then perhaps they would gladly be ridd of both from the famine; I would have them first unarmed utterlye and stript quite of all theyr warrlick weapons, and then these condicions sett downe and made knowne unto them, where they shal be placed, and have land given unto them to occupye and to live upon, in such sorte as shall become good subjectes, to labour hencefoorth for theyr living, and to applye themselves to honest trades of civilitye as they shall everye one be founde meete and able for.

Eudox. Where then, a Gods name, will you place them? In Leynster? or will you send out any new lande there for them that is yet unknowne?

Iren. Noe, I will place them all in the countreye of the Brinnes and Tooles, which though Mac Hughe hath, and in all the landes of the Kevanaghs, which are nowe in rebellion, and all the landes which will all to her Majestie thereabouts, which I nowe to be verye spacious and large enough to contayne them, being verye neere twentye or thirtye miles wyde.

Eudox. But what then will ye doe with all the Brinnes there, the Tooles, and the Kevanaghs, and all those that nowe are oyned with them?

Iren. At the same very time, and in the same manner that I make that proclamation to them of Ulster, will I have it also made to these; and upon theyr submission thereunto, I will take like assuraunce of them as of others. After which I will translate all that remayne of them into the places of other in Ulster, with all theyr creete, and what else they have left them, the which I will cause to be devidid amongst them in some meete sorte, as eche may thereby have somewhat to sustayne himself a while withall, untill, by his further travell and labour of the earthe, he shalbe able to provide himselfe better.

Eudox. But will you then give the lande theye unto them, and make them heyres of the former rebells? soe may you perhaps make them heyres also of all theyr former villanyes and disorders; or howe els will you dispose of them?

Iren. Not soe; but all the landes I will give unto Englishmen, whom I will have

drawen thither, who shall have the same with such estates as shal be thought meete, and for such rentes as shall eft-sones be rated: under everye of these Englishmen will I place some of the Irish to be tenauntes for a certayne rente, according to the quantitye of such land, as everye man shall have allotted unto him, and shalbe founde able to weelde, wherin this speciall regarde shal be had, that in noe place under any land-lorde there shall remayne manye of them planted together, but dispersed wide from theyre acquaintance, and scatted farre abroad through all the countreye: For that is the evill which I nowe finde in all Ireland, that the Irish dwell together by theyr septs, and severall nations, soe as they may practize or conspire what they will; whereas yf there were English shedd amongst them and placed over them, they should not be able once to styrrer or murmure, but that it shoulde be knowne, and they shortened according to theyr demerites.

Eudox. Ye have good reason; but what rating of rents meane you? To what end doe you purpose the same?

Iren. My purpose is to rate the rents of all those landes of her Majestie in such sorte, unto those Englishmen which shall take them, as they may be well able to live thereupon, to yeeld her Majestie reasonable cheverye, and also give a competent mayntenance unto the garrisons, which shall be there left amongst them; for these souldiours (as I told you) remayning of the former garrisons I cast to be maintayned upon the rente of those landes which shal be escheated, and to have them divided through all Ireland in such places as shalbe thought most convenient, and occasion may require. And this was the course which the Romans used in the conquest of England, for they planted some of theyr legions in all places convenient, the which they caused the countrey to maintayne, cutting upon everye portion of lande a reasonable rent, which they called Romescott, the which might not surcharge the tenaunte or free-holder, and defrayed the pay of the garrison: and this hath bene allwayes observed of all princes in all countreyes to them newly subdued, to sett garrisons amongst them to contayne them in dutye, whose burthen they made them to beare; and the wante of this ordinaunce, in the first conquest of Ireland by Henry the Second, was the cause of the shorte decaye of that government, and the quicke recoverye agayne of the Irish. Ther-

fore by all meanes it is to be provided for. And this is it that I would blame, yf it should not misbecome me, in the late planting of Mounster, that noe care was had of this ordinaunce, nor any strength of a garrison provided for, by a certayne allowaunce out of all the sayd landes, but onely the present profit looked unto, and the safe continuance thereof for ever hereafter neglected.

Eudox. But there is a bande of souldiours layed in Mounster, to the maintenaunce of which, what oddes is there whether the Queene, receaving the rent of the countrey, doe give paye at her pleasure, or that there be a settled allowaunce appoynted unto them out of her landes there?

Iren. There is a great oddes, for nowe that sayd rente of the countrey is not usuallie applied to the paye of the souldiours, but it is (everye other occasion coming betweene) converted to other uses, and the souldiours in time of peace discharged and neglected as unnecessarye; whereas yf the sayde rente were appoynted and ordayned by an establishment to this ende onely, it should not be turned to any other; nor in troublesome times, upon everye occasion, her Majestie be soe troubled with sending over newe souldiours as she nowe is, nor the countrey ever should dare to mutinie, having still the souldiours on theyr necke, nor any forreyne enemye dare to invade, knowing there soe stronge and great a garrison allwayes readye to receive them.

Eudox. Sith then ye thinke that this Romescott of the paye of the souldiours upon the lande to be both the readiest way to the souldiours, and least troublesome to her Majestie, tell us (I pray you) how ye would have the sayd landes rated, that both a rente may rise thereout unto the Queene, and also the souldiours paye, which (me seemes) wilbe harde?

Iren. First we are to consider how much lande there is in all Ulster, that according to the quantitie therof we may cesse the sayd rente and allowaunce issuing therout. Ulster (as the auncient recordes of that realme doe testifye) doth contayne nine thousand plow-landes, everye of which plow-landes containeth six score acres, after the rate of 21 foote to every pearche of the sayd acre, which amounteth in the whole to 124000 acres, every of which plow-landes I will rate at 46s. 8d. by the yeare; which is not much more then 1¹/₂d. an acre, the which yearly rent amounteth in the whole to 18000^l, besides 6s. 8d. chiefrie out of every plow-land. But because

the countye of Louthe, being a parte of Ulster and contayning in it 712 plow-landes, is now wholly to escheate unto her Majestie as the rest, they having in all those warres continued for the most parte dutifull, though otherwise nowe a greate parte thereof under the rebels, there is an abatement to made thereout of 400 or 500 plow-landes, I estimate the same, the which are not to pay the whole yearly rent of 46s. 8d. out of every plow-land, like as the escheated landes doe, but yet shall paye for theyr composition of cesse towards the mayntenaunce of souldiours 20s. out of every plow-land soe as there is to be deducted out of the former summe 200 or 300^l. yearly, the which nevertheless may be supplied by the rent of the fishing, which is exceeding greate in Ulster, and also by an encrease of rente in the best landes, and those that lye in the best places neere the sea-coast. The which 18000^l. will defraye the intertaynement of 1500 souldiours, with some overplus toward the paye of the vittaylers which are to be employed in the vittayling of the garrisons?

Eudox. Soe then, belike you meane to leave 1500 souldiours in garrison for Ulster to be payed principallie out of the rent of those landes which shal be there escheated to her Majestie; the which, where (I pray you) will you have garrizoned?

Iren. I will have them devidid into three partes; that is, 500 in every garrison, the which I will have to remayne in three of the same places where they were before appoynted to weete, 500 at Strabane and about Loghe foyle, soe as they may holde all the passage of that parte of the countrey, and some of them be putt in wardes, upon all the straytes thereabouts, which I knowe to be such, as may stopp all passages into the countrey on that side; and some of them also upon the Ban, up towards Lough-Sidney, as I formerlye directed. Also other 500 at the fort upon Lough-Earne, and wardes taken out of them which shal be layed at Fermanagh, a Belicke, at Ballishannon, and on all the straites towards Conaughte, the which I knowe do so stronglie commaund all the passage that waie as that none can passe from Ulster into Connaught, without their leave. The last 500 shall also remayne in theyr forte at Monaghane, and some of them be drawn into wardes, to keepe the keies of all that countrey, both downewardes, and also towardes O-Relyes countrey, and the pale; and some at Eniskillin, some at Belturbet, some at the Blacke Forte, and soe alonge that river, as

formerly shewed in the first plaunting of them. And moreover at everye of those fortes, would have the state of a towne layed forth and encompassed, in the which I would wish that there should be placed inhabitants of all sortes, as marchauntes, artificers, and husbandmen, to whom there should be charters and fraunchises graunted to incorporate them. The which, as it will be no matter of difficultye to drawe out of England persons which should verye gladye be soe placed, soe would it in shorte space turne those partes to greate comoditie, and bring ere longe to her Majestie much profit; for those places are the fitt for trade and trafficke, having most convenient out-gates by diverse rivers to the sea, and in-gates to the richest partes of the lande, that they would soone be enriched, and mightely enlarged, for the verye seating of the garrisons by them: besides, the safetie and assuraunce that they shall worke unto them will alsoe drawe thither store of people and trade, as I have seene examples at Mariborough and Phillipstowne in Leynster, where by reason of these two fortes, though there were but small wardes left in them, there are two good townes nowe grown, which are the greatest staye of both those two countyes.

Eudox. Indeeде (me seemes) three such townes, as you say, would doe verye well in those places with the garrisons, and in shorte space would be soe augmented, as they would be able with litle helpe to wall themselves strongly: but, for the plaunting of all the rest of the countrey, what order would ye take?

Iren. What other then (as I sayd) to bring people out of England, which should inhabit the same; whereunto though, I doubt not, that greate troupes would be readye to runne, yet for that in such cases, the woorst and most decayed men are most readye to remove, I would wish them rather to be chosen out of all partes of the realme, either by discretion of wise men thereunto appoynted, or by sort, or by the drumme, as was the old use in sending forth of colonyes, or such other good meanes as shall in their wisdom be thought meetest. Amongst the chiefest of which I would have the lande sett into signiories, in such sorte as it is nowe in Conunster, and divided into hundreds and parishes, or wardes, as it is in England, and layed out into shires as it was aunciently; as, the countye of Downe, the countye of Antrim, the countye of Louthe, the countye of Armaghe, the countye of Cavan, the

countye of Colrane, the countye of Monahon, the countye of Tyrone, the countye of Fermanagh, the countye of Donnegall, being in all tenne. Over all which Irish I wish a Lord President and a Counsell to be placed, which may keepe them afterwarde in awe and obedience, and minister unto them justice and equitye.

Eudox. Thus I see the whole purpose of your plot for Ulster, and nowe I desire to heare your like opinion for Conaughte.

Iren. By that which I have alreadye sayd of Ulster you may gather my opinion for Conaughte, being verye answerable unto the former. But for that the landes, which therein shall escheate unto her Majesty, are not soe intierlye together as that they can be accompted in one somme, it needeth that they be considered severallye. The province of Conaughte containeth in the whole (as appeareth by the Recordes of Dublin) 7200 plow-landes of the former measure, and is of late divided into six shires or countyes: the countye of Clare, the countye of Lentrum, the countye of Roscomman, the countye of Gallowaye, the countye of Maiho, and the countye of Sleughe. Of the which, all the countye of Sleughe, all the countye of Maiho, the most parte of the countye of Roscomman, the most parte of the countye of Lentrum, a greate parte of the countye of Gallowaye, and some of the countye of Clare, is like to escheate unto her Majesty for the rebellion of theyr present possessours. The which two countyes of Sleughe and Maiho are supposed to containe almost 3000 plow-landes, the rente wherof, ratable to the former, I vallowe almost at 6000*l. per annum*. The countye of Roscomman, saving what pertayneth to the howse of Roscomman and some fewe other English there lately seated, is all one, and therefore it is wholye likewise to escheate to her Majesty, saving those portions of English inhabitants; and even those English doe (as I understand by them) paye as much rente to her Majesty as is sett upon those in Ulster, counting theyr composition monye therewithall, soe as it may runne all into one reckning with the former two countyes: Soe that this countye of Roscomman, containing 1200 plow-landes, as it is accompted, amounteth to 2400*l.* by the yeare, which with that former two countyes rente maketh about 8300*l.* for the former wanted somewhat. But what the escheated landes of the countyes of Gallowaye and Lentrum will arise unto is yet uncertayne to define, till survey therof be made, for that those landes are intermingled

with the Earle of Clanrickarde, and others; but it is thought they be the one halfe of both these countyes, soe as they may be counted to the valewe of one whole countye, which contayneth above one thousand plowlandes; for soe manye the least countye of them all comprehendeth, which maketh two thousand poundes more, that is, in all, 10 or 11000*l*. Thother two countyes must remayne till they escheates appeare, the which letting pass, yet as unknowne, yet thus much is knowne to be accounted for certayne, that the composition of these two countyes, being rated at 20*s*. every plow-land, will amounte to above 2000*l*. more: all which being layed together to the former, may be reasonably estimated to rise unto 13000*l*. the which somme, together with the rente of the escheated landes in the two last countyes, which cannot yet be valewed, being, (as I doubt not,) no less then a 1000*l*. more, will yeeld a pay largely unto a thousand men and theyr victuallers, and a thousand poundes over towards the Governour.

Eudox. Ye have (me thinkes) made but an estimate of these landes of Conaughte even at a veye venture, soe as it should be harde to builde any certayntye of charge to be raysed upon the same.

Iren. Not altogether upon uncertayntyes; for thus much may easely appeare unto you for certayne, as the composition mony of every plowland amounteth unto; for this I would have you principally to understand, that my purpose is to rate all the landes in Ireland at 20*s*. every plowland, for theyr composition toward the garrison. The which I knowe, in regarde of being freed from all other charges whatsoever, wil be readely and most gladly yeelded unto. So that there being in all Ireland (as appeareth by theyr old recordes) 43920 plowlandes, the same shall amounte to the sum likewise of 43920*l*., and the rest to be reared of the escheated landes which fall to her Majestie in the sayd provinces of Ulster, Conaughte, and that parte of Leinster under the rebells; for Mounster we deale not yet withall.

Eudox. But tell me this, by the way, doe you then lay composition upon the escheated landes as you doe upon the rest? for soe (me thinkes) you reckon altogether. And that sure were to much to pay seaven nobles out of every plow-land, and composition mony besides, that is 20*s*. out of every plow-land.

Iren. No, you mistake me; I doe put only seaven nobles rent and composition both upon every plow-land escheated, that is 40*s*. for

composition, and 6*s*. 8*d*. for cheiferie to her Majestie.

Eudox. I doe now conceave you; proceed then (I pray you) to the appoynting of your garrisons in Conaughte, and shewe us how many and where you would have them placed.

Iren. I would have one thousand layd Conaughte in two garrisons; namely, 500 the county of Maiho, about Clan Mac Coslors, which shall keepe the Moores and Burkes of Mac William Enter: thother 500 in the countye of Clanrickarde, about Garsdoughe, that they may contayne the Connaughts and the Burkes there, the Kellyes and Macnyrrs, with all them there-about; for the garrison which I formerly placed at Loughearne will serve for all occasions in the county of Sleghe, being neere adjoynnyng thereto, as in one nights marche they may be all in any place therof when neede shall require them. And like as in the former places of garrisons in Ulster, I wished thre corporations to be planted, which under the safeguard of that strengthe shall dwell and safely with all the countrey about them, so would I also wish to be in this of Connaught, and that besides, there were another established at Athlone, with a convenient way in the castell there for theyr defence.

Eudox. What should that neede, sith the Governour of Connaughte useth to lye the allwayes, whose presence wil be a defence to all that towneship?

Iren. I knowe he doth soe, but that much to be disliked that the Governour should lye soe farr off, in the remotest place of all the province, whereas it were meet that he should be continually abiding in the midst of his charge, that he might be looke out alike into all places of his government, and also be soone at hand in any place where occasion shall demaunde him; for the presence of the Governour is (as you say) great stay and bridle unto them that are disposed: like as I see it is well observed in Mounster, where the daylye good therof continually appaunt: and, for this cause also doe I greatly dislike the Lord Deputy seating at Dublin, being the outest corner of the realme, and least needing the awe of his presence; whereas (me seemes) it were fittest since his proper care is of Leinster, though he hath care of all besides generally, that he should seate himselfe about Athie, or thereabouts, upon the skirte of that unique countrey, so that he might sitt, as it were, in the very mayne mast of his shipp, whence he

ght easely over looke and sometimes over-
che the Moores, the Butlers, the DEMP-
s, the Keatins, the Connors, O-Carrell,
Molloy, and all that heape of Irish nations
ich there lye hudled together without any
ver-rule them, or contayne them in dutye.
r the Irishman (I assure you) feares the
vernment no longer then he is within
at or reache.

Eudox. Surely (me thinkes) herein you
erve a matter of much importaunce, more
n I have hearde ever noted; but sure
t seemes soe expedient, as that I wonder
ath bene heeretofore ever omitted; but
uppose the instance of the cittizens of
blin is the greatest lett therof.

Iren. Truly, then it ought not to be soe;
noe cause have they to feare that it will be
hindraunce for them; for Dublin will be
as it is, the key of all passages and
asportations out of England thither, to noe
profit of those cittizens then it nowe is,
beside other places will thereby receive
benefitt. But lett us nowe (I pray you)
ne to Leinster, in the which I would wish
same course to be observed as in Ulster.

Eudox. You meane for the leaving of the
risons in theyr fortes, and for planting of
lish in all those countreyes betwene the
tye of Dublin and the countye of Wex-
le; but those wast wilde places, I thinke,
en they are wonne unto her Majestie, that
is none that will be hasty to seeke to
abite them.

Iren. Yes enough, (I warraunte you;) for
ugh the whole tracke of the countrey be
contayne and woodye, yet there are many
dly valleyes amongst them, fitt for
e habitations, to which those moun-
s adjoyning will be a greate increase of
surage; for that countrey is a very greate
e of cattell, and verye fitt for breede: as
orne it is nothing naturall, save onely
barley and otes, and some places for rye,
therefore the larger penniwoorthes may be
wed unto them, though otherwise the
ness of the mountayne pasturage doe
mpence the badness of the soyle, so as I
ot not but it will fynde inhabitantes and
ertakers enough.

Eudox. Howe much then doe you thinke
all those landes which Feugh Mac Hughe
eth under him may amounte unto, and
rent may be reared therout to the
ntenance of the garrisons that shal be
d there?

Iren. Truly, it is impossible by ayme to
it, and as for experience and knowledge

thereof I doe not thinke that there was every
any of the particulars therof, but yet I will
(yf it please you) gesse therat, uppon
grounde onely of theyr judgement which
have formerly divided all that countrey into
two shires or countyes, namely the countye
of Wicklow, and the countye of Fearnese: the
which two I see noe cause but that they
should wholye escheate unto her Majestie, all
but the barronye of Arckloe which is the
Earle of Ormond's auncient inheritance,
and hath ever bene in his possession; for all the
whole lande is the Queenes, unless there be
some graunte of any parte therof to be shewed
from her Majestie: as I thinke there is onely
of New-castell to Sir Henry Harrington, and
of the castell of Fearnese to Sir Thomas Mas-
terson, the rest, being almost thirtye miles
over, I doe suppose can contayne noe less then
two thousand plowlandes, which I will estimate
at 4000*L*. by the yeare. The rest of Leinster,
being seven countyes, to witt, the countye of
Dublin, Kildare, Katarlaghe, Wexford, Kil-
kennye, the King and Queenes countyes, doe
contayne in them 7400 plowlandes, which
amounteth to soe many poundes for composi-
tion to the garrison, that makes in the whole
11,400 poundes, the which somme will yeelde
paye unto a thousand souldiours, litle want-
ing, which may be supplied out of other
landes of the Kavanaghes, which are to be
escheated unto her Majestie for the rebellion
of theyr possessours, though otherwise in-
deede they be of her Majesties owne auncient
demeane.

Eudox. It is greate reason. But tell us
nowe where would you wishe those garrisons
to be layed, whether altogether, or to be dis-
persed in sundrye places of the countrey?

Iren. Marye, in sundrye places, to witt,
in this sorte, or much like as may be better
devised, for 200 in a place I doe thinke to be
enough for the safegarde of the countrey, and
keeping under all suddayne upstartes, that
shall seeke to trouble the peace therof: ther-
fore I wish to be layed at Ballinacorrih, for
the keeping of all badd parsons from Glan-
malour, and all the fastness there-aboutes,
and also to contayne all that shal be planted
in those landes thencefoorth, 200. Another
200 at Knocklough in theyre former place of
garrison, to keepe the Briskelagh and all those
mountaynes of the Kavanagh's; 200 more to
lie at Fearnese, and upwardes, inward upon
the Slane; 200 to be placed at the forte of
Lease, to restrayne the Moores, Ossorye, and
O-Carrell; other 200 at the forte of Ofalye,
to courbe the O-Connors, O-Moloy's, Mac-

Coghlane, Maccagehan, and all those Irish nations bordering thereabouts.

Eudox. Thus I see all your thousand men bestowed in Leinster: what say you then of Meathe? Which is the first parte?

Iren. Meathe, which containeth both East Meath and West Meath, and of late the Analie nowe called the countye of Longforde, is accompted therunto: But Meath it selfe, according to the old recordes, containeth 4320 plowlandes, and the countye of Longforde 947, which in the whole make 5267 plowlandes, of which the composition monye will amounte likewise to five thousand, two hundred, threscore and seaven poundes to the mayntenaunce of the garrison. But because all Meathe, lying in the bosome of that kingdome, is allwayes quiett enough, it is needeless to put any garrison there, soe as all that charge may be spared. But in the countye of Longforde I wish 200 footemen and fiftye horsemen to be placed in some convenient seate betwene the Analie and the Brenie, as about Lough Sillon, or some like place of that river, soe as they mighte keepe both the O-Relyes, and also the O-Farrels, and all that out-skirte of Meathe in awe; the which use upon every light occasion to be stirring, and, having contynuall enmitie amongst themselves, doe thereby oftentimes trouble all those partes, the charge wherof being 3400 and odd poundes is to be cutt out of that composition monye for Meath and Longforde, the over-plus, being allmost 2000*l.* by the yeare, will come in clearlye to her Majestie.

Eudox. It is woorth the harkening unto. But nowe that you have done with Meath, proceede (I pray you) with Mounster, that we may see howe it will rise there for the mayntenaunce of the garrison.

Iren. Mounster containeth by recorde at Dublin 16000 plow-landes, the composition wherof, at the least, will make 16000*l.* by the yeare, out of the which I would have a thousand souldiours to be mayntayned for the defence of that province, the charge of which with the vittaylers wages, will amounte to 12000*l.* by the yeare; the other 4000*l.* will defraye the charges of the President and the Counsell of that province.

Eudox. The reckning is easie; but in this accompte, by your leave, (me thinkes) you are deceived, for in this somme of the composition monye ye counte the landes of the undertakers of that province, whose are, by theyr graunte from the Queene, to be free from all such impositions whatsoever, ex-

cepting theyr onelye rent, which is sure enough.

Iren. Ye say true, I did soe; but the 20*s.* for every plowland I ment to have deducted out of that rent due upon them her Majestie, which is noe hinderaunce, charge at all more to her Majestie then nowe is, for all that rent which she receaveth of them, she putteth forth the agayne to the mayntenaunce of the Presidencie there, the charge wherof it doth scarcely defraye; whereas in this accompte both that charge of the Presidencie, and also of 1000 souldiours more shal be mayntayned.

Eudox. It should be well, if it could be brought to that. But nowe where will you have your thousand men garrisoned?

Iren. I would have 100 of them placed the Baintree where is a most fitt place, onely to defend all that side of the west part from forrayne invasion, but also to answer all occasions of troubles, to which that countrey, being soe remote, is very subject. A surely heere also would be planted a good towne, having both a verve good haven for plentifull fishing, and the lande being readye escheated to her Majestie, but forced keppe from her by a ragtayle kerne proclaymeth himsef the bastarde sonne the Earle of Clancare, being called Don Mac Cartye, whom it is meete to forsee cutt off; for whensoever the Earle shall die all those landes after him are to come to her Majestie: he is like to make a foolish stirre there, though of himselfe of noe power yet through supportaunce of some other whoe lye in the winde, and looke after the fall of that inheritaunce. Another 100 would I have placed at Castell-Mayne, where should keepe all Desmonde and Kerye, to answereth them both most convenient. Also about Kilmore in the countye of Cork would I have placed 200, the which should breake that nest of theeves there, and as I swear equallie both to the countie of Limericke, and also the countie of Corke: Another hundred would I have lye at Corecke, as to comaunde the towne, as also to be ready for any forreyne occasion: Likewise at Waterford, would I place 200, for the same reasons, and also for other privye causes that are noe less important. Moreover this side of Arlo, neere to Moscrie Whirke, which is the countrey of the Bourkes, about Kill-Patricke, I would have 200 more to be garrisoned, which should scoure both the White Knights countrey and Arlo, and Moscrie Whirke, by which places all

messages of thieves doe lye, which conveaye theyre stealthes from all Mounster downe-wardes towardes Tippararye, and the English Pale, and from the English Pale also up unto Mounster, wherof they use to make a common trade. Besides that, ere long I doubt that the countye of Tippararye it selfe will neede such a strength in it, which were good to be ere readye before the evill fall, that is to lye of some expected: And thus you see your garrisons placed.

Eudox. I see it right well, but lett me pray you) by the way aske you the reason whye in those cittyes of Mounster, namely Waterford and Corcke, ye rather placed garisons then in all thothers in Ireland? For they may thinke themselves to have great wronge to be soe charged above all the rest.

Iren. I will tell you: those two cittyes, above all the rest, doe offer an in-gate to the panyards most fitlye, and also the inhabitants of them are most ill affected to the English government and most frendes to the payniardes; but yet, because they shall not take exceptions to this that they are charged above all the rest, I will also laye a charge upon the others likewise; for indeede is noe reason that the corporat townes, enjoying greate fraunchises and privileges from her Majestie, and living thereby not anye safe, but drawing to them the wealth of all the lande, should live soe free as not to be partakers of the burthen of this garrison for their owne safetye, specially at this time of trouble, and seing all the rest burthened; and therefore I will thus charge them all ratablye, according to their abilities, towardes their maintenaunce, the which her Majestie may (yf she please) pare out of the charge of the rest, and reserve towardes her other costes, or els adde to the charge of the Presidencie in the North.

Waterforde . . .	100	Wexford . . .	25
Corcke . . .	50	Drogheda . . .	25
Americke . . .	50	Rosse . . .	25
Callwaye . . .	50	Dundalke . . .	10
Ingellechooishe .	10	Mollinglare . .	10
Insale . . .	10	Newrye . . .	10
oughhill . . .	10	Trimme . . .	10
ilmallocke . . .	10	Ardye . . .	10
onnell . . .	10	Kells . . .	10
ashell . . .	10	Dublin . . .	100
etherte . . .	10		
ilkennye . . .	25	Somme . . .	580

Eudox. It is easye, Irenæus, to laye a charge upon any towne, but to fore-see howe

the same may be answered and defrayed is the cheifest parte of good advisement.

Iren. Surely this charge which I putt upon them I knowe to be soe reasonable as that it will not much be felte; for the porte townes that have benefitt of shipping may cutt it easelye of theyr trading, and all inland townes of theyr corne and cattell: nether doe I see, but since to them speciallye the benefitt of peace doth redounde, that they speciallye should beare the burthen of theyr safegarde and defence, as we see all the townes of the Lowe-Countreyes doe cutt upon themselves an excise of all things towardes the mayntenaunce of the warre that is made in theyr behalfe, to which though these are not to be compared in riches, yet are they to be charged according to theyr povertye.

Eudox. But nowe that you have thus sett up these forces of souldiours, and provided well (as ye suppose) for theyr paie, yet there remayneth to fore-cast how they may be vittayled, and where purveyaunce therof may be made; for in Ireland it selfe I cannot see almost howe any thing is to be had for them, being alreadye so pitifully wasted as it is with this shorte time of warre.

Iren. For the first two yeares indeede it is needefull that they be vittayled out of England throughlye, from halfe yeare to halfe yeare, aforehand, which time the English Pale shall not be burthened at all, but shall have time to recovere itselfe; and Mounster also, being nowe reasonably well stored, will by that time, (yf God send reasonable weather) be throughlye well furnished to supplye a greate parte of that charge, for I knowe there is greate plentye of corne sente over sea from thence, the which yf they might have sale for at home, they would be gladd to have monye soe neerehand, specially yf they were straightly restrayned from transporting of it. Thereunto also there wil be a greate helpe and furthraunce given in the putting forward of husbandrye in all meete places, as heereafter shall in due place appeare. But hereafter, when things shall growe unto a better strengthe, and the countrey be replenished with corne, as in shorte space it would, yf it be well followed, for the countrey people themselves are great plowers, and small spenders of corne, then would I wish that there should be good store of howses and magasins erected in all those greate places of garrison, and in all great townes, as well for the vittayling of souldiours and shippes,

as for all occasions of suddayne services, as also for preventing of all times of dearthe and scarcitye: and this wante is much to be complained of in England above all other countreyes, whoe, trusting to much to the usuall blessing of the earthe, doe never forecast any such harde seasons, nor any such suddayne occasions as these troublous times may everye day bring forth, when it will be to late to gather provision from abroad, and to bring it perhaps from farre for the furnishing of shippes or souldiours, which peradventure may neede to be presently employed, and whose wante may (which God forbid) happye hazzarde a kingdome.

Eudox. Indee the wante of these magazins of vittayls, I have hearde oftentimes complained of in England, and wondred at in other countreyes, but that is nothing nowe to our purpose; but as for these garrisons which ye have nowe soe strongly plaunted throughout all Ireland, and every place swarming with souldiours, shall there be noe end of them? For nowe thus being (me seemes) I doe see rather a countrey of warre then of peace and quiet, which ye earst pretended to worke in Ireland; for if you bringe all thinges to that quietness which you sayd, what neede then to mayntayne soe great forces as you have charged upon it?

Iren. I will unto you, Eudoxus, in privy discover the drifte of my purpose: I meane (as I tolde you) and doe well hope heereby both to settell an eternall peace in that countrey, and also to make it verie profitable to her Majestie, the which I see must be brought in by a stronge hand, and soe continued, till it runne in a stedfast course of government, the which in this sorte will neither be difficile nor daungerous; for the souldiour being once brought in for the service into Ulster, and having subdued it and Connaughte, I will not have him to laye downe his armes any more, till he have effected that which I purpose; that is, first to have this generall composition for the mayntenance of these throughout all the realme, in regarde of the troublous times, and daylye danger which is threatened to this realme by the King of Spayne: And therupon to bestowe all my souldiours in such sorte as I have done, that noe parte of all that realme shal be able or dare soe much as to quince. Then will I eftsones bring in my reformation, and therupon establish such an order of government as I may thinke meetest for the good of that realme, which

being once established, and all thinges put into a right way, I doubt not but they will runne on fayrely. And though they will never seeke to swarve aside, yet shall they not be able without forreyne violence or to remove, as you your selfe shall soone hope) in your own reason readily conceave which yf ever it shall appeare, then in her Majestie at pleasure with-drawe some of her garrisons, and turne theyr paye in her purse, or yf she will never please soe doe (which I would rather wish), then shall she have a number of brave old souldiours allwayes readye for any occasion that she will imploye them unto, supplying the garrisons with fresh ones in theyr stead: the mayntenance of whom shal be no more charge to her Majestie then nowe in this realme is; for all the revennue therof, and much more, she spendeth, even in the most peaceable times that are there, as things nowe stand. And in time of warre, which is nowe surelye every seaventh yeare, she spendeth infinite treasure besides to smother this purpose.

Eudox. I perceave your purpose; but nowe that you have thus strongly managed waye unto your reformation, as that I see the people soe humbled and prepared that they will and must yeelde to any ordenaunce that shal be given them, I doe much desire to understand the same; for in the beginning you promised to shewe a meanes howe to redresse all those inconveniences and abuses, which you shewed to be in the state of government, which nowe stand there, as in the lawes, customes, and religion: wherin I would gladly knowe first whether, insteade of those lawes, ye would have newe lawes made? for nowe, for ought that I see, you may doe what you please.

Iren. I see, Eudoxus, that you well remember our first purpose, and doe rightly continue the course therof. First therefore to speake of Lawes, since we first began with them, I doe not thinke it convenient though nowe it be in the power of the Prince to change all the lawes and make newe; for that should breede a great trouble and confusion, as well in the English now dwelling there and to be plaunted, as also in the Irish. For the English, having been trayned up allwayes in the English government, will hardly be enured unto any other, and the Irish will better be drawn to the English, then the English to the Irish government. Therefore since we cannot nowe applye lawes fitt for the people, as

the first institution of common-wealthes it ought to be, we will applye the people, and sett them to the lawes, as it most conveniently may be. The lawes therefore we resolve shall abide in the same sorte that they doe, both Common Lawe and Statutes, onelye such defectes in the Common Lawe, and inconveniences in the Statutes, as in the beginning we noted and as men of deepe insight shall advise, may be chaunged by some other newe Actes and ordinaunces to be by a Parliament there confirmed: As those of tryalls of Pleas of the Crowne, and private rightes betwene parties, colourable conveyances, accessaries, &c.

Eudox. But howe will those be redressed by Parliament, when as the Irish which way most in Parliament (as you sayd), shall oppose themselves agaynst them?

Iren. That may now be well avoyded: For nowe that soe many Free-holders of English shal be established, they together with Burgesses of townes, and such other yvall Irish-men as may be preferred to be Knights of the Shire, and such like, will be able to bearde and counter-poise the rest; whoe also, being nowe broughte more in awe, will the more easely submitt to any such ordinaunces as shal be for the good of themselves, and that realme generallye.

Eudox. You say well for the increase of Freeholders, for theyre numbers will hereby be greatlye augmented; but howe shall it passe through the higher howse, which will consist all of Irish?

Iren. Marye, that also may well be redressed by the example of that which I have hearde was done in the like case by King Edward the Thirde (as I remember), whoe, being greatlye bearded and crossed by the Lordes of the Cleargye, they being then by reason of the Lordes Abbots and others, to manye and to stronge for him, soe as he could not for theyr frowardness order and reforme thinges as he desired, was advised to directe out his writtes to certayne Gentlemen of the best abilitie and trust, entitling them therein Barrons, to serve and sitt as Barrons in the next Parliament. By which meanes he had soe many Barrons in his Parliament, as were able to waigh downe the cleargye and theyr frendes; the which Barrons they say, were not afterwarde Lordes, but only Barronetts, as sundrye of them doe still retayne the name. And by the like device her Majestie may now likewise courbe and cutt shorte these Irish and unrulye Lordes at hinder all good proceedings.

Eudox. It seemeth noe less then for reforming of all those inconvenient statutes that ye noted in the beginning, and redressing of all those evill customes, and lastly, for settling sound religion amongst them: me thinkes ye shall not neede any more to goe over those particulars agayne, which you mentioned, nor any other which might besides be remembred, but to leave all to the reformation of such Parliametes, in which, by the good care of the Lord Deputye and Counsell they may all be amended. Therefore nowe you may come to that generall reformation which you spake of, and bringing in of that establishment, by which you sayd all men should be containyd in dutye ever after, without the terrour of warlike forces, or violent wrestinge of thinges by sharpe punnishments.

Iren. I will see at your pleasure, the which (me seemes) can by noe meanes be better plotted then by example of such other realmes as have bene annoyed with like evils, that Ireland now is, and useth still to be. And first in this our realme of England, it is manifest, by reporte of the Chronicles and auncient writers, that it was greatlye infested with robbers and out-lawes, which lurked in woodes and fast places, whence they used oftentimes to breake forth into the highe wayes, and sometimes into the small villages to robbe and spoyle. For redress wherof it is written that King Allured, or Alfred, who then reigned, did devide the realme into shires, and the shires into hundrethes, and the hundrethes into rapes or wapentakes, and the wapentakes into tithinges: Soe that tenn tithinges made an hundrethe, and five made a lathe or wapentake, of which tenn, ech one was bounde for another, and the eldest or best of them, whom they called the Tithingman or Burseholder that is, the eldest pledge, became suretye for all the rest. Soe that yf any one of them did starte into any undutifull action, the Burseholder was bounde to bringe him forth, whoe joyning eft-sones with all his tithing, would followe that loose person through all places, till they broughte him in. And yf all that tithing fayled, then all that lath was charged for that tythinge, and if that lath failed, then all the hundred was demanded for them; and yf the hundred, then the shire, whoe, joyning eft-sones together, would not rest till they had founde out and delivered in that undutifull fellowe which was not amenable to lawe. And herin it seemeth, that that good Saxon King

followed the Counsell of Jethro to Moyes, whoe advised him to devide the people into hundredes, and to sett Captaynes and wise men of trust over them, which should take the charge of them, and ease him of that burthen. And soe did Romulus (as you may reade) devide the Romaynes into tribes, and the tribes into Centuries or hundreds. By this ordinance the King brought this realme of England, (which before was most troublesome) into that quiett state, that noe one badd person could starte but he was straight taken holde of by those of his owne tithing, and theyr Burseholder, whoe being his neighbour or next kinsman were privye to all his wayes, and looked narrowlye into his life. The which institution (yf it were observed in Ireland) would worke that effecte which it did then in England, and keepe all men within the compass of dutye and obedience.

Eudox. This is contrarye to that you sayde before; for, (as I remember,) you sayd there was a greate disproportion betwene England and Ireland, soe as the lawes which were fitting for one would not fitt the other. Howe comes it then, now, that you would transerre a principall institution from England to Ireland?

Iren. This lawe was made not by a Norman Conquerour, but by a Saxon King, at what time England was very like to Ireland, as nowe it standes: for it was (as I tolde you) greatlye annoyed with robbers and out-lawes, which troubled the whole state of the realme, everye corner having a Robin Hood in it, that kepte the woodes, and spoyled all passagers and inhabitauntes, as Ireland nowe hath; soe as, me seemes, this ordinance would fitt verye well, and bring them all into awe.

Eudox. Then, when you have thus tithed the comunaltie, as ye say, and set Burseholders over them all, what would ye doe when ye come to the gentellmen? would ye holde the same course?

Iren. Yea, marye, most speciallye; for this you must knowe, that all the Irish almost boast themselves to be gentellmen, noe less then the Welsh; for yf he can derive himselfe from the head of a septe, as most of them can, (and they are experte by theyr Bardes,) then he holdeth himselfe a gentellman, and therupon scorneth eftsones to worke, or use any handye labour, which he sayeth is the life of a peasaunte or churle; but thencefoorth becometh either an horse-boy, or a stokaghe to some kearne, enuring

himselfe to his weapon, and to his gentle trade of stealing, (as they counte it.) So that yf a gentellman, or any woorthy yeoman of them, have any children, the eldest perhaps shall be kept in some order, but all the rest shall shifte for themselves, and fall to their occupation. And moreover it is a common use amongst some of theyr best gentellmen, sonnes, that soe soone as they are able to use theyre weapons, they straight gather together themselves three or fowre stragglers, or kerne, with whom wandring a while idly up and downe the countrey, taking onely meate, he at last falleth into some bad occasion that shal be offred, which being once made knowne, he is thencefoorth counted a man of woorth, in whome there is courage; wherupon there drave unto him many other like loose yong men, which stirring him up with encouragment, provoke him shortly to flatt rebellion; and this happens not onely sometimes in the sonnes of theyr gentellmen, but oftentimes also of theyr nobellmen, speciallye of theyr baser sonnes, as there are fewe without some of them. For they are not ashamed onely to acknowledge them, but also boast of them, and use them in such secrett services as the themselves will not be seene in, as to plague their enemyes, to spoyle theyr neighbours to oppress and crush some of their owne stubborn free-holders, which are not tractable to theyr bad willes. Two such bastards of the Lord Roches there are nowe out in Mounster whom he doth not onely countenance but also privilye mayntayne and relieve mightly against his tenants; such other is there of the Earle of Clancartye in Desmond, and many others in many more places.

Eudox. Then it seemes that this ordinance of tithing them by the polle is not onelye fitt for the gentellmen, but also for the nobellmen, whom I would have thought to have bene of soe honorable myndes, that they should not neede such a base kinde of being bounde to theyr alleageaunce who should rather have helde in and stayed all others from undutifulness, then neede to be forced thereunto themselves.

Iren. Yet soe it is, Eudoxus; but yf because the nobellmen cannot be tithed, then being not many tithing in them, and also because a Burseholder over them should not onelye be a greate indignitye, but also a daunger to add more power to them then they have, or to make one the commander of tenn, I hold it meete that there were onely surety

ken of them, and one bounde for another, hereby, yf any shall swarve, his suretyes shall for safegarde of theyr bandes either ring him in, or seeke to serve upon him: and besides this, I would wish them all to be vorne to her Majestie, which they never were, but at theyr first creation; and that oath would sure contayne them greatlye, and the breache of it bring them to shorter pengeaunce, for God useth to punnish perjurye sharpelye. Soe I reade, that in the tyme of Edwarde the Second, and also of Henry the Seaventh, (when the times were verye broken) that there was a corporat oth taken of all the lordes and best gentell-men, of fealtye to the King, which now is noe lesse needfull, because many of them are suspected to have taken another othe privilye for some badd purposes, and therupon to have received the Sacrament, and bene sworne to a Priest, which they thinke bindeth them more than theyr allegiance to theyr Prince, or to the King of theyr countrye.

Eudox. This tithing of that common-people, and taking suretyes of lordes and gentellmen, I like verye well, but that it is verye troublesome: should it not be as well to have them all booked, and the lordes and gentell-men to take all the meaner sorte upon themselves? for they are best able to bring them in, whensoever any of them departeth out.

Iren. This indeede (Eudoxus) hath bene thought, and yet is a common order amongst them, to have all the people booked by the lordes and gentellmen, but yet it is the worst order that ever was devised; for by this booking of men all the inferiour sorte are brought under the comaunde of theyr lordes, and forced to followe them into any action whatsoever. Nowe this you are to understand, that all the rebellions that you see from time to time happen in Ireland are not brought on by the common people, but by the lordes and captaines of countreyes, upon pride or willfull obstinacye agaynst the government, which whensoever they will enter into, they drawe with them all theyr people and followers, which thinke themselves bounde to goe with them, because they have booked them and undertaken for them. And this is the reason that ye have fewe such suddaine occasions here in England, by reason that the noblemen, however they should happen to be ill disposed, should have noe commaunde at all over the comunaltye, though dwelling under them, because that everye man standeth uppon himselfe, and

buildeth his fortunes upon his owne fayth and firme assurance: the which this manner of tithing the polls will worke also in Ireland. For by this the people are broken into many small partes, like litle streames, that they cannot easely come together into one head, which is the principall regarde that is to be had in Ireland to keepe them from growing to such a head, and adhering unto great men.

Eudox. But yet I can not see howe this can be well brought, without doing great wrong to the noblemen there; for at the conquest of that realme, those great segniories and lordships were given them by the King, that they should be the stronger agaynst the Irish, by the multitude of followers and tenauntes under them: all which hold theyr tenementes of them by fealtye, and such services, whereby they are (by the first graunt of the King) made bounde unto them, and tyed to rise out with them into all occasions of service. And this I have often hearde, that when the Lord Deputye hath raysed any generall hostinges, the noblemen have claymed the leading of them, by graunte from the Kinges of England under the Greate Seale exhibited; soe as the Deputyes would not refuse them to have the leading of them, or, yf they did, they would see worke, as none of theyr followers should rise forth to the hosting.

Iren. You say verye true; but will you see the fruite of these grauntes? I have knowen when these lordes have had the leading of theyr owne followers under them to the generall hosting, that they have for the same cutt upon every plowland within theyr countrye 40s. or more, wherebye some of them have gathered above 7 or 800*l.*, and others much more, into theyr purse, in lieu wherof they have gathered unto themselves a number of loose kearme out of all partes, which they have carryed forth with them, to whom they never gave pennye of entertainment, allowed by the countrye or forced by them, but let them feede upon the countreyes, and extort upon all men where they come; for that people will never aske better entertainment then to have a colour of service or employment given them, by which they will pill and spoyle soe outrageously, as the verye Enemye can not doe much worse: and they also sometimes turne to the Enemyes.

Eudox. It seemes the first intent of these grauntes was agaynst the Irish, which nowe some of them use agaynst the Queene herselfe. But nowe what remedye is there for

this? Or howe can these grauntes of the Kinges be avoyded, without wronging of those lordes which had those landes and lordships given them?

Iren. Surely they may be well enough; for most of those lordes, since theyr first grauntes from the Kinges by which these landes were given them, have sithence bestowed the most parte of them amongst theyr kinsfolkes, as every lorde perhaps in his time hath given one or other of his principall castells to his yonger sonne, and other to others, as largely and as amplye as they were given to him; and others they have sold, and others they have bought, which were not in theyr first graunte, which nowe nevertheless they bring within the compass therof, and take and exacte upon them, as upon their first demeanes, all those kinde of services, yea and the verye wilde Irish exactions, as Coignye and Liverye, for him, and such like, by which they poll and utterly undoe the poore tenants and freeholders unto them, which either through ignorance knowe not theyr tenures, or through greatness of theyr newe lordes dare not challenge them; yea, and some lordes of countreyes also, as greate ones as themselves, are nowe by strong hand brought under them, and made theyr vassalls. As for example Arondell of Stronde in the Countye of Corcke, whose was aunciently a greate lorde, and was able to spend 3500*l.* by the yeare, as appeareth by good Recordes, is nowe become the Lord Barryes man, and doth to him all the services which are due unto her Majestie. For reformation of all which, it were good that a commission should be graunted forth under the Great Seale, as I have seene once recorded in the old counsell booke of Mounster; It was sent forth in the time of Sir William Drurye unto persons of speciall trust and judgement to enquire throughout all Ireland. beginning with one countye first, and soe resting a while till the same were settled, by the verdict of a sounde and substantiall jurye, how everye man holdeth his landes, of whom, and by what tenure, soe that everye one should be admitted to shewe and exhibite what right he hath, and by what services he holdeth his land, whether in cheif or in socadge, or in knightes service, or howe else soever. Therupon would appeare, first howe all those greate English lordes doe clayme those great services, what signiories they usurpe, what wardships they take from the Queene, what landes of hers they conceale: and then howe those Irish captaynes of countreyes have

encroched upon the Queenes free-holders and tenants, howe they have translated the tenures of them from English holding unto Irish Tanistrie, and defeated her Majestie all the rightes and duties which are accrewe to her therout, as wardships, liveryes, mariadges, fines of alienations, manye other comodities; which nowe are kepte and concealed from her Majestie to the value of 60,000*l.* yearlye, I dare undertake in all Ireland, by that which I knowe in our countye.

Eudox. This, Irenæus, would seeme a dangerous commission, and readye to stir up all the Irish into rebellion, whose knowinge that they have nothing to shewe for all the landes which they holde, but theyr swordes would rather drawe them then suffer the landes to be thus drawn away from them.

Iren. Nether should theyr landes be taken away from them, nor the uttermost advantages enforced agaynst them: But this is the discretion of the commissioners should be made knowne unto them, that it is not her Majesties meaning to use any such extremitye, but only to reduce things in order of English lawe, and make them to hold theyr landes of her Majestie, and restore her her due services, which they detainne of those landes which were aunciently her of her. And that they should not onelye not be thrust out, but also have estates and grauntes of theyr landes nowe made to them from her Majestie, soe as they should thereof forth holde them rightfullye, which they nowe usurpe most wrongfullye; and yet with all I would wish, that in all those Irish countreyes there were some land reserved to her Majesties free disposition for the better containyng of the rest, and entermittinge them with English inhabitauntes and customes, that knowledge might still be had of them, and of all theyr doinges, soe as in manner of practize or conspiracye should be had in hand amongst them, but notice should be given therof by one meanes or other, as theyr practises prevented.

Eudox. Trulye neither can the English nor yet the Irish lords, thinke themselves wronged, nor hardlye dealt withall hereto have that indeede which is none of their owne at all, but her Majesties absolute given to them with such equall condicions, that both they may be assured therof, better then they are, and also her Majestie not defrauded of her right utterlye; for it is a great grace in a prince, to take that with condicions which is absolutely her owne. Thus shall t

h be well satisfied, and as for the great n which had such grauntes made them at t by the Kinges of England, it was in re- de that they should keepe out the Irish, and end the Kinges right, and his subjectes : but y seeing that, insteede of defending them, y robbe and spoyle them, and, insteede of ping out the Irish, they doe not onelye tē the Irish theyr tenauntes in those les, and thrust out the English, but also r themselves become meere Irish, with ying with them, fostering with them, combining with them agaynst the Queene; t reason is there but that those grauntes ppriviledges should be either revoked, or at t reduced to the first intention for which t were graunted? For sure in myne ion they are more sharply to be chastised e reformed then the rude Irish, which, being e wilde at the first, are nowe become ewhat more civill, when as these from tyte are growen to be wilde and meere n.

Iren. Indeede as you say, Eudoxus, these eede a sharper reformation then the e Irish, for they are much more stubborne, disobedient to lawe and government, then Irish be, and more malicious to the Eng- that daylye are sent over.

Eudox. Is it possible I pray you? Howe it to pass, and what may be the reason of?

Iren. Marye! they say that the lande is rs onely by right, being first conquered by r auncestours, and that they are wronged e newe English mens intruding therunto, n they call Alloonagh with as greate re- e as they would rate a dogge. And for some of theyr auncestours were in times (when they were civill and incorrupted) ices and Deputyes of the lande, they thinke the like authoritye should be given to e, and the charge of the realme left in r handes; which, for that they see it nowe wise disposed, and that trust not given (which theyr auncestours had) they e themselves greatly indignified and dis- ed, and thereby growe both discontented undutifull.

Eudox. In truth, Irenæus, this is more then I hearde, that English-Irish there should e worse then the wilde Irish: Lord! howe ly doth that countrey alter mens natures! not for nothing (I perceave) that I have d, that the Counsell of England thinke it eod pollicie to have that realme reformed, lanted with English, least they should e as undutifull as the Irish, and become

much more daungerous: as appeareth by the example of the Lacies in the time of Edward the Second, which you spoke of, that shooke of theyr alleageaunce to theyr naturall Prince, and turned to the Scott (Edward le Bruce), devising to make him King of Ireland.

Iren. Noe times have bene without badd men: but as for that purpose of the Counsell of England, which ye spake of, that they should keepe that realme from reformation, I thinke they are most lewdly abused, for theyr great carefulness and earnest endeavours doe witness the contrarye. Neither is it the nature of the countrey to alter mens manners, but the badd myndes of them, whoe having bene brought up at home under a straight rule of dutye and obedience, being allwayes restrayned by sharpe penalties from lewde behaviour, soe soone as they come thither, where they see lawes more slacklye tended, and the harde restraynt which they were used unto nowe slackted, they growe more loose and careless of theyr dutye: and as it is the nature of all men to love libertye, soe they become flatt libertines, and fall to all licentiousness, more boldly daring to disobey the lawe, through the presumption of favour and friendship, then any Irish darc.

Eudox. Then yf that be soe, (me thinkes) your late advisement was every evill, wherby you wished the Irish to be sowed and sprinkled with the English, and in all the Irish countreyes to have English plaunted amongst them, for to bring them to English fashions, since the English be sooner drawn to the Irish then the Irish to the English: for as you sayd before, if they must runne with the streame, the greater number will carrye away the less: Therfore (me seemes) by this reason it should be better to parte the Irish and English, then to mingle them together.

Iren. Not soe, Eudoxus; for where there is noe good stay of government, and strong ordinaunces to holde them, there indeede the fewer will followe the more, but where there is due order of discipline and good rule, there the better shall goe formost, and the woorse shall followe. And therefore nowe, since Ireland is full of her owne nation, that may not be rooted out, and somewhat stored with English allreadye, and more to be, I thinke t best by an union of manners, and conformitye of myndes, to bring them to be one people, and to putt away the dislikefull conceit both of the one, and the other, which will be by noe meanes better then by this entermingling of them: That neither all the Irish may dwell together, nor all the English, but

by translating of them and scattringe of them by small numbers amongst the English, not onely to bring them by daileye conversation unto better liking of ech other, but also to make both of them less able to hurte. And therefore when I come to the tithing of them, I will tithe them one with another, and for the most parte will make an Irish man the tithing man, wherby he shall take the less exception to parcialitye, and yet be the more tyed thereby. But when I come to the Head-borough, which is the head of the Lathe, him will I make an English man, or an Irish man of noe small assuraunce: as also when I come to appoynte the Alderman, that is the head of that hundred, him will I surely choose to be an English man of speciall regarde, that may be a staye and pillar of all the bouroughes under him.

Eudox. What doe you meane by your hundred, and what by your bourough? By that, which I have reade in auncient recordes of England, an hundred did contayne an hundreth villages, or as some say an hundreth plowlandes, being the same which the Saxons called a Cantred; the which cantred, as I finde recorded in the blacke booke of Ireland, did contayne 30 Villatas terræ, which some call, quarters of land, and every Villata can maintayne 400 coves in pasture, and the 400 coves to be divided into fowre heardees, so as none of them shall come neere another: every Villata containeth 17 plowlands, as is there sett downe. And by that which I have reade of a bourough it signifieth a free towne, which had a principall officer, called a head-bourough, to become ruler, and undertaker for all the dwellers under him, having for the same fraunchises and priviledges graunted them by the King, wherof it was called a free bourough, and of the lawyers *Francplegium*.

Iren. Both that which you say, Eudoxus, is true, and yet that which I say not untrue; for that which ye spake of deviding the countrey into hundreds was a division of the landes of the realme, but this which I tell, was of the people, whoe were thus divided by the poll: soe that an hundreth in this sense signifieth an hundreth pledges, which were under the comaunde and assuraunce of theyr alderman, the which (as I suppose) was also called a wapentake, soe named of touching the wapen or sparke of theyr alderman, and swearing to followe him faythfullye and serve theyr Prince trulye. But others thinke that a wapentake was 10 hundreds or bouroughs: Likewise a bouroughe, as I here

use it, and as the old lawe still use it, is no bourough towne, as they nowe call it, that is a fraunchise towne, but a mayne pledge of hundreth free persons, therefore called a *bourough* or (as ye say) *francplegium*: Borh in old Saxon signifyeth a pledge suretye, and yet it is soe used with us in speaches, as Chaucer sayeth; St. John borrowe, that is for assuraunce and warrant.

Eudox. I conceive the difference. I nowe that ye have thus devided the people into those tithings and hundreds, howe will you have them soe preserved and continued? For people doe often change theyr dwellings, and some must dye, whilst others doe growe up unto strength of yeares, and become men.

Iren. These hundreds I would wish them to assemble themselves once every yeare with theyr pledges, and to present themselves before the justices of the peace, who shall be thereunto appoynted, to be surveyed and numbred, to see what chaunge hath happened since the yeare before; and to defectes to supplie of those yong plowmen late growen up, the which are diligently to be overlooked and viewed of what condition and demeanour they be, soe as pledges may be taken for them, and they putt into use of some tithing: of all which alterations may be taken, and bookes made thereof accordingly.

Eudox. Nowe (me thinkes) Irenæus, are to be warned to take heede, least you wares ye fall into that inconvenience which you formerly found faulte with in other, namely, that by this booking of them, they doe not gather them unto a newe head, having broken theyr former strengthe, they not agayne unite them more strongly: everye alderman, having all these free pledges of his hundred under his comaund, (me thinkes) yf he be ill disposed, may drawe his companie unto any evill action. Likewise, by this assembling of them once a yeare unto theyr alderman by theyr wapentakes, take heede lest ye also give them occasion and meanes to practise any harmful any conspiracye.

Iren. Neither of both is to be doubted for the aldermen and headbouroughes may not be such men of power and countenance of themselves, being to be chosen thereunto as neede to be feared: Neither, yf he were his hundred at his comaunde further than the Princes service; and also everye tithing-man may controll him in such a case. And as for the assembling of the hundred, much le

danger therof to be doubted, seing it is before a justice of peace, or some high instable to be thereunto appoynted: Soe as these tithinges there can noe perill ensue, at a certayne assurance of peace and great good; for they are thereby withdrawn from theyr lordes, and subjected to theyr Prince. Moreover for the better breaking of those trades and septs, which (I tolde you) was one of the greatest strengthes of the Irish, he thinks, it should doe very well to renewe that old statute in Ireland that was made in the realme of England (in the raigne of Edward the Fourth), by which it was commanded, that wheras all men then used to be called by the name of theyr septs, according to theyr severall nations, and had noe surnames at all, that from thencefoorth ech one should take unto himselfe a severall surname, either of his trade or facultye, or of some qualitie of his body or mynd, or of the place where he dwelt, soe as everye one should be distinguished from the other, or from the most parte, wherby they shall not onely not depend upon the head of theyr sept, as nowe they doe, but also shall in shorte time learne quite to forgett this Irish nation. And heerewithall could I also wish all the Oes and Macks, which the heads of the septs have taken to theyr names, to be utterlye forbidden and extinguished; for that the same being an old manner (as some say) first made by O-Brien for the strengthening of the Irish, the abroting therof will as much enfeeble them.

Eudox. I like this ordinaunce verve well; but nowe that ye have thus devided and distinguished them, what other order will ye take for theyr manner of life? For all this, though perhaps it may keepe them from disobedience and disloyaltie, yet will it not bring them from theyr barbarisme and savage life.

Iren. The next thing that I will doe shalbe to appointe to everye one, that is not able to live of his free-holde, a certayne trade of life, to which he shall finde himselfe fittest, and shalbe thought ablest, the which trade shalbe bounde to followe, and live onely upon. All trades therefore, it is to be understood, are to be of three Kindes, manuall, intellectuall, and mixt. The first containynge all such as needeth exercise of bodylye labour to the perfourmaunce of theyr profession; the other consisting onelye of the exercise of witt and reason; the third sort, partly of bodelye labour, and partly of witt, depending most of industrye and carefullnes. Of the first sorte be all handycraftes

and husbandrye labour. Of the second be all sciences, and those which are called the liberall artes. Of the thirde is marchandize and chafferie, that is, buying and selling; and without all these three there is noe commonwealth can almost consist, or at the least be perfect. But that wretched realme of Ireland wanteth the most principall of them, that is, the intellectuall; therefore in seeking to reforme her state it is specially to be looked unto. But because of husbandrye, which supplyeth unto us all necessarye thinges for foode, wherby we cheifly live, therefore it is first to be provided for. The first thing therefore that we are to drawe these newe tithed men unto, ought to be husbandrye. First, because it is the most easye to be learned, needing onely the labour of the bodye; next, because it is most generall and most needefull; then, because it is most naturall; and lastlye, because it is most enemy to warre, and most hateth unquiett-ness: As the Poet sayeth,

—'bella execrata colonis:'

for husbandrye being the nurse of thrift, and the daughter of industrye and labour, detesteth all that may worke her hinderance, and destroye the travell of her handes, whose hope is all her lives comforte unto the plowgh: therefore all those Kearne, Stokaghs, and Horse-boyes are to be driven and made to employe that ableness of bodye, which they were wonte to use to theft and villaine, hencefoorth to labour and industrye. In the which, by that time they have spent but a litle payne, they will finde such sweetness and happy contentment, that they will afterwards hardly be hayled away from it, or drawn to theyr wonted lewde life in thee-verye and rogerie. And being thus once entred thereunto, they are not onely to be countenaunced and encouraged by all good meanes, but also provided that theyr children after them may be brought up likewise in the same, and succede in the roomes of theyr fathers. To which end there is a Statute in Ireland alreadye well provided, which commandeth that all the sonnes of husbandmen shal be trayned up in theyr fathers trade, but it is (God wote) very slenderlye executed.

Eudox. But doe you not counte, in this trade of husbandrye, pasturing of cattell, and keeping of theyr coves, for that is reckned as a parte of husbandrye?

Iren. I knowe it is, and needfullye to be used, but I doe not meane to allowe anye of those able bodyes, which are able to use

bodely labour, to followe a fewewowes grasing, but such impotent persons, as being unable for strong travell, are yet able to drive cattell to and fro the pasture; for this keeping of cowes is of it selfe a verye idle life, and a fitt nurserye of a theefe. For which cause ye remember that I disliked the Irish manner of keeping Bolyes in Sommer upon the mountaynes, and living after that savadge sorte. But yf they will algates feede many cattell, or keepe them on the mountaynes, lett them make some townes neere the mountaynes side, where they may dwell together with neighbours, and be conversaunt in the viewe of the world. And, to say truth, though Ireland be by nature counted a great soyle of pasture, yet had I rather have fewer cowes kept, and men better mannered, then to have such huge encrease of cattell, and noe encrease of good conditions. I would therefore wish that there were made some ordinaunces amongst them, that whosoever keepeth twentye kine should keepe a plough going, for otherwise all men would fall to pasturing, and none to husbandrye, which is a great cause of this dearth nowe in England, and a cause of the usuall stealthes nowe in Ireland: For looke into all countreyes that live in such sorte by keeping of cattell, and you shall finde that they are both verye barbarous and uncivill, and also greatly given to warre. The Tartarians, the Muscovites, the Norways, the Gothes, the Armenians, and many others doe witness the same. And therefore since nowe we purpose to drawe the Irish from desire of warres and tumults, to the love of peace and civilitye, it is expedient to abridge theyr great custome of hearingd, and augment theyr more trade of tillage and husbandrye. As for other occupations and trades, they neede not to be enforced to, but every man bounde onely to followe one that he thinkes himselfe aptest for. For other trades of artificers will be occupied for verye necessitye, and constrained use of them; and soe likewise will marchandise for the gayne therof; but learning, and bringing up in liberall sciences, will not come of it selfe, but must be drawn on with straight lawes and ordinaunces: And therefore it were meete that such an acte were ordayned, that all the sonnes of lordes, gentellmen, and such others as are able to bring them up in learning, should be trayned up therin from theyr child-hood. And for that end everye parrish should be forced to keepe one pettye school-master, adjoyning to the parish church, to be the more in viewe, which

should bring up theyr children in the first rudementes of letters: and that, in everye county or barronye, they should keepe an other a school-master, which should instructe them in grammer, and in the principles of science to whom they should be compelled to sende theyr youth to be disciplined, wherby they will in shorte time growe up to that conversation, that both the children will leave theyr former rudeness in which they were bred, and also the parentes will, even as the example of theyr yong children, perceave the fowleness of theyr owne brutish behaviour compared to theyrs: for learning hath that wonderfull power in it selfe, that it doth soften and temper the most sterne and savage nature.

Eudox. Surelye I am of your mynd, that nothing will bring them from theyr uncivil life sooner then learning and discipline, men after the knowledge and feare of God. And therefore I doe still expect, that ye should come therunto, and sett some order for reformation of religion, which is first to be respected according to the saying of CHRIST, 'First seeke the kingdome of heaven, and the riches shall followe therof.'

Iren. I have in mynde soe to doe; but lett me (I pray you) first finish that which I had in hand, wherby all the ordinaunces which shall afterwarde be sett for religion may abide the more firmlye, and be observed more diligently. Nowe that this people thus tithed and ordered, and everye man bound unto some honest trade of life, which shall be particularly entred and sett downe in the tithing booke, yet perhaps there will be some stragglers and runnagates which will of themselves come in and yeeld themselves to this order, and yet after the well finishing of this present warre, and establishing of garrisons in all strong places of the countrey where theyre wonted refuge was most, I suppose there will fewe stand out, or yf they doe, they will shortly be brought in by the eares: But yet afterwarde, least any one of these should swarve, or any that is tyed to a trade should afterwarde not followe the same, according to this institution, but should straggle up and downe the countrey, or mixe in corners amongst theyr frendes idlye, Caroughs, Bardes, Jesters, and such like, I would wish that there were a Provost Marshall appointed in everye shire, which should continuallye walke through the countrey, within halfe a douzen, or half a score of horsemen take up such loose persons as they should finde thus wandring, whom he should pun-

his owne authoritye, with such paynes as persons should seeme to deserve: for yf he but once taken soe idlye roging, he may punish him more lightlye, as with stockes, such like; but yf he be founde agayne soe erring, he may scourge him with whippes, or les, after which yf he be agayne taken, lett him have the bitterness of the marshall lawe. likewise yf any reliques of the old rebellion founde by him, that have not either come and submitted themselves to the lawe, or not having once come in, doe breake foorth agayne, or walke disorderlye, lett them taste the same cupp in Gods name; for it was unto them for their first guilt, and nowe ag revivd by theyr later looseness, lett them have their first deserte, as nowe beinge unfit to live in a commonwealth.

Eudox. This were a good manner; but me makes it is an unnecessary charge, and is unfit to continue the name or forme of marshall lawe, when as there is a proper officer alreadye appoynted for these turnes, witt the sheriff of the shire, whose peculiar it is to walke continuallye up and downe his baly-wick, as ye would have a marshall, to snatche up all those runnagates and unprofitable members, and to bring them to his goale to be punished for the same. Therefore this may well be spared.

Irish. Not soe, me seemes; for though the sheriff have this authoritye of himselfe to take up all such stragglers, and imprison them, yet shall he not doe soe much good, as the marshall shall, whom they shall knowe have power of life and death in such cases, and speciallye to be appoynted for them: either doth it hinder but that, though certayne to the sheriff, the sheriff maye therein what he can, and yet the marshall may walke his course besides; for both of them may doe the more good, and more rectifye the idle rogues, knowing that though they have a watche upon the one, yet he may not upon the other. But this proviso is needfull to be had in this case, that the sheriff may not have the like power of life and death as the marshall hath, and as heertofore they have bene accustomed; for it is dangerous to give power of life into the haundes of him which may have benefitt by the parties death, as, yf the sayd loose liver have any goods of his owne, the Sherriff is to seaze upon, wherby it hath often come to pass, that some that have not deserved perhaps judgement of death, though otherwise perhaps deserving, have bene for theyr goodes sake

caught up, and carryed straight to the bounge; a thing indeede very pittiful and verie horrible. Therefore by noe meanes I would wish the Sherriff to have such authoritye, nor yet to emprison that loosell till the sessions, for soe all gayles might soone be filled, but to send him to the Marshall, whose, eftsones finding him faulty, shall give him meete correction, and ridd him away foorthwith.

Eudox. I doe nowe perceave your reason well. But come we nowe to that wherof we earst spake, I mean, to religion and religious men; What order will you sett amongst them?

Irish. For religion little have I to saye, my selfe being (as I sayd) not professed therein, and it selfe being but one, soe as there is but one waye therein; for that which is true onely is, and the rest are not at all, yet in planting of religion thus much is needfull to be observed, that it be not sought forcibly to be impressed into them with terrour and sharpe penalties, as nowe is the manner, but rather delivered and intimated with mildness and gentleness, soe as it may not be hated afore it be understood; and theyr Professors dispised and rejected. For this I knowe that the most of the Irish are soe farre from understanding of the popish religion as they are of the protestauntes profession; and yet doe they hate it though unknowen, even for the very hatred which they have of the English and theyr government. Therefore it is expedient that some discrete Ministers of theyr owne countrey-men be first sent amongst them, which by theyr milde persuasions and instructions, as also by theyr sober life and conversation, may drawe them first to understand, and afterwarde to embrace, the doctrine of theyr salvation; for yf that the auncient godly Fathers, which first converted them, beinge infidells, to the faith, were able to drawe them from Infidelitye and paganism to the true beleefe in CHRIST, as St. Patricke, and St. Columbi howe much more easelie shall the godlye teachers bring them to the true understanding of that which they already profess? wherin it is greates wonder to see the oddes which is betwene the zeale of Popish preistes, and the Ministers of the Gospell; for they spare not to come out of Spayne, from Rome, and from Rhemes, by long toyle and dangerous travell hither, where they knowe perrill of death awayteth them, and noe rewarde nor richness is to be founde, onely to drawe the people to the Church of Rome; wheras some of our idell Ministers, having a waye for credit and estimation thereby opened unto

them, and having the livinges of the countrey offered them, without paynes, and without perrill, will neither for the same, nor for any love of God, nor zeale of religion, nor for all the good they might doe by winning of soe many sowles to God, be drawn soorth from theyr warme nests and theyr sweete loves side to looke out into Godes harvest, which is even readye for the sickle, and all the fieldes yellowe long agoe: doubtless those good old godly Fathers will (I feare me) rise up in the Daye of Judgement to condemne them.

Eudox. Surelye, it is great pittye, Ireneus, that there are none chosen out of the Ministers of England, good, sober, and discreet men, which might be sent over thither to teache and instructe them, and that there is not as much care had of theyr sowles as of theyr bodies; for the care of both lyeth upon the Prince.

Iren. Were there never soe many sent over they should doe smal good till one enormitye be taken from them, that is, that both they be restrayned from sending theyr yonge men abrode to other Universities beyond the seas, as Rhemes, Doway, Lovayne, and the like, and that others from abrode be restrayned from coming to them; for they lurking secretly in theyr howses and in corners of the countrey doe more hurte and hinderaunce to religion with theyr private persuasions, then all the others can doe good with theyr publicke instructions; and though for these later there be a good statate there ordayned, yet the same is not executed, and as for the former there is noe lawe nor order for theyr restraunte at all.

Eudox. I marvayle it is noe better looked unto, and not only this, but that also which, I remember, you mencioned in your abuses concerning the profitts and revenues of the landes of fugitives in Ireland, which by pretence of certayne colourable conveyances are sent continuallye over unto them, to the comforting of them and others agaynst her Majestie, for which heere in England there is good order taken; and whye not then as well in Ireland? For though there be noe statute there enacted therefore, yet might her Majestie, by her onely prerogative, seaze all the fruits and profitts of those fugitives landes into her handes, till they come over to testifye theyr true alleageaunce.

Iren. Indeede she might soe doe; but the combrous times doe perhaps hinder the regarde therof, and of many other good intentions.

Eudox. But why then did they not move it in peaceable times?

Iren. Leave we that to theyr considerations, but proceede we forward. Next care in religion is to builde up and payre all the ruinous churches, wherof most parte lye even with the grounde, some that have bene lately repayred are unhandsomelye patched, and thatched, the men doe even shunne the places for the uncomeliness therof; therefore I would wot that there were order taken to have the builte in some better forme, according to the churches of England; for the outward shew (assure your selfe) doth greatlye drawe rude people to the reverencing and frequenting therof, what ever some of our late to nice fooles saye,—‘there is nothing in the seemelye forme and comely orders of the church.’ And, for soe keeping and continuing them, there should likewise Church wardens of the gravest men in the parrish appoynted, as there be heere in England, which should take the yearely charge be herof, and also of the schoole-howses, wherof I wished to be builded neere to the said churches; for mayntenaunce of both which it were meete that some severall portions of lande were allotted, sith no more maine mains are to be looked for.

Eudox. Indeede (me seemes) it would soe convenient; but when all is done, how will ye have your churches served, or your Ministers mayntained? since the livinges (as you sayd) are not sufficient scarce to make them a newe gowne, much less to yeelde meete maintenaunce according to the dignitie of theyr degree.

Iren. There is noe way to helpe this, but to laye two or thre of them togeth till such time as the countrey growe more riche and better inhabited, at which time the tithes and other oblations will also be more augmented and better valewed: But now that we have gone thus through all the theyr sortes of trades, and sett a course to theire good establishment, lett us (yf y please) goe next to some other needfull pointes of other publicke matters, noe less concerning the good of the commonweale though but accidentally depending upon the former. And first I wish that order were taken for the cutting downe and opening all paces through woodes, soe that a waye of the space of a hundreth yardes might be layed open in everye of them for the safe of travellers, which use often in such perillous places to be robbed, and sometimes murdered.

ed. Next, that bridges were builte in all rivers, and all the foordes marred spilte, soe as none might pass any other way but by those bridges, and everye waye to have a gate and a small gate-way sett thereon; wherof this good will be that noe night stealthes (which are commonly driven in by-wayses and by the foordes unused of anye but such like) may be conveyed out of one countrey into another, as they use, but they must pass by the bridges, where they may be either easily encountered, or easily tracked, or not easily to pass at all, by meanes of those castell-houses: Also that in all straytes and narrow passages, as betwene two bogges, through any deepe forde, or under any countayne side, there should be some little bulwark, or wooden castell sett, which should keepe and comaunde that straye, thereby any rebell that should come in the countrey might be stopped the waye, or pass with great perill. Moreover, that all high-ways should be fenced and shutt up on both sides, leaving onely fortye foote adde for the passage, soe as none should be able to passe but through the highe waye, thereby theeves and night robbers might be more easily pursued and encountered, and there shal be noe other waye to drive awayr stolen cattell but therin, as I formerly declared. Further, that there should be sundry convenient places, by the high-ways, townes appoynted to be builte, the which should be free Bouroughes, and incorporate under Bayliffes, to be by their inhabitants well and strongly intrenched, otherwise fenced with gates at each side thereof, to be shutt nightlye, like as there is in manye places of the English Pale, and all the wayes about it to be stronglye shutt up, so that none should passe but through those places: To some of which it were good that the priviledge of a markett were given, the rather to strengthen and enable them to their defence, for nothing dothe sooner encrease civilitye in anye countreye then the use of markett townes, by reason that people coming often thither for their needes, will thereby see and learne civill manners of the better sort. Besides, there is nothing dothe more staye and strengthen the countreye in such corporate townes, as by proove in many rebellions hath bene seene; in all which when the countreyes have swarved, the townes have stood stiffe and fast, and added good relief to the souldiours in all seasons of service. And lastly there doth

nothing more enriche any countreye or realme then manye townes; for to them will all the people drawe and bring the fruites of their trades, as well to make money of them, as to supplye their needefull uses; and the countreyemen will also be more industrious in tillage, and rearing all husbandrye comodities, knowing that they shall have readye sale for them at those townes: and in all those townes should there be convenient Innes erected for the lodging and harbouring of all travellers, which are now oftentimes spoyled by lodging abroad in weake thatched howses, for wante of such safe places to shrowde themselves in.

Eudox. But what profit shall your market townes reape of their markett, whereas each one may sell their corne and cattell abroad in the countrey, and make their secrett bargaynes amongst themselves, as nowe I understand they use?

Iren. Indeede, Eudoxus, they doe soe, and thereby noe small inconvenience doth arise to the commonwealth; for nowe, when any one hath stolen a cowe or a garron, he may secretlye sell it in the countrey without privytye of anye, whereas yf he brought it in the markett towne it would perhaps be knowne, and the theif discovered. Therefore it were good that a straigthe ordinance were made, that none should buye or sell any cattell but in some open markett (there being nowe markett townes everye where at hand) upon a great penaltie; neither should they likewise buye any corne to sell the same agayne, unless it were to make malte therof; for by such engrossing and regrating we see the dearthe that nowe comonly reigneth here in England to have bene caused. Heereunto also is to be added that good ordinance, which I remember was once proclaimed throughout all Ireland. That all men should marke their cattell with an open severall marke upon their flankes or buttocks, soe as yf they happened to be stolen, they might appeare whose they were, and they which should buye them might thereby suspecte the owner, and be warned to abstayne from buying of them of a suspected person with such an unknowne marke.

Eudox. Surely these ordinances seeme verye expedient, but speciallye that of free townes, of which I wonder there is such small store in Ireland and that in the first peopling and planting therof they were neglected and omitted.

Iren. They were not omitted; for there were, through all places of the countreye

convenient, manye good townes seated, which through that inundation of the Irish, which I first told you of, were utterlye wāsted and defaced, of which the ruines are yet in manye places to be seene, and of some noe signe at all remayning, save onelye theyr bare names, but theyr seates are not to be founde.

Eudox. But howe then cometh it to pass, that they have never since recovered, nor their habitations reedified, as of the rest which have bene noe less spoyled and wasted?

Iren. The cause therof was for that, after theyr desolation, they were begged by gentell-men of the Kinges, under colour to repayre them and gather the poore reliques of the people agayne together, of whom having obtayned them, they were soe farre from reedifying of them, as that by all meanes they have endeavoured to keepe them wast, least that, being repayed, theyre charters might be renewed, and their Burgesses restored to theyr landes, which they had nowe in their possession; much like as in these old monumentes of abbeyes, and religious howses, we see them likewise use to doe: For which cause it is judged that King Henry the Eight bestowed them upon them, knowing that therby they should never be able to rise agayne. And even soe doe these Lordes, in those poore old corporate townes, of which I could name you diverse but for kindling of displeasure. Therefore as I wished manye corporate townes to be erected, soe would I agayne wish them to be free, not depending upon the service, nor under the commaundement of anye but the Governour. And being soe, they will both strengthen all the countrey rounde about them, which by theyr meanes wil be the better replenished and enriched, and also be as continuall holdes for her Majestie, yf the people should revolte and breake out agayne; for without such it is easye to forraie and over-runne the whole lande. Lett be for example, all those free-bouroughes in the Lowe-countrie, which are nowe all the strength therof. These and other like ordinances might be delivered for the good establishment of that realme, after it is once subdued and reformed, in which it might be afterwarde verve easelye kept and mayntayned, with small care of the Governours and Counsell there appoynted, soe as that it should in shorte space yeeld a plentifull revenue to the crowne of England; which nowe doth but sucke and consume the treasure therof, through those unsounde plottes

and changefull orders which are devised for her good, yet never effectually prosecuted or perfourmed.

Eudox. But in all this your discourse have not marked any thing by you touching the appoyntment of the principall Officer, to whom you wish the charge of the perfourmance of all this to be committed. Onelye I observed some fowle abuses by noted in some of the late Governours, reformation wherof you left for this present time.

Iren. I delighte not to laye open blames of soe great Magistrats to the relief of the woorld, and therefore theyr reformation I will not meddle with, but leave unto the wisdome of greater heades to be considered. Onelye this much I will speake generally therof, to satisfye your desire, that the Government and cheif Magistracye I wish to continue as it doth; to wete, that it be ruled by a Lorde Deputye or Justice, that it is a very safe kinde of rule: there-withall I wish that over him there were placed also a Lord Lieutenaut, of some of the greatest personages in England (such an one I could name, upon whom the eye of all England is fixed, and our last hopes rest); whose being entitled with that dignity and being allwayes heere resident, may be able to defende the good cause of the government agaynst all malignours, which else through theyr cunning woorking under hande deprave and pull backe what ever thing shal be well begunne or intended there, as commonlye see by experience at this daye the utter ruine and desolation of that realme: and this Lieutenancye should be noe discountenauncing of the Lord Deputy, but rather a strengthening and maintayning of all his doinges; for nowe the cheif evil of that government is, that noe Governour suffred to goe on with any one course, upon the least information heere, of this or that, he is either stopped or crossed, by other courses appoynted him from hence, which he shall runne, which howe inconvenient it is, is at this howre to well felt. And therefore this should be one principle of the appoyntment of the Lord Deputyes, that it shoulde be more ample and absolute then it is, and that he should have uncontrolled power to doe any thing that he, with the advisement of the Counsell, should thinke meete to be done: for it is not possible for the Counsell heere, to direct a Governour there, whose shal be forced oftentimes to followe the necessitye of

at occasions, and to take the suddayne advantage of time, which being once loste shall not be recovered; whilest, through extending directions from hence, the delays therof are oftentimes through other greater payres most irkesome, the opportunitie there the meane time passes away, and greater danger often groweth, which by such timely invention might easely be stopped. And as (I remember) is woorthely observed by Machiavell in his discourses upon Livye, where he comendeth the manner of the Roman government, in giving absolute power to all theyr Counsuls and Governours, which they abused, they should afterwarde scarcely answere it: And the contrarye wherof he reprehendeth in the States of Venice, of Florence, and many other principalities of Italye, whose use to limitte theyr cheif officers soe straightly, as that thereby oftentimes they have lost such happy occasions as they could never come to agayne. The like wherof, whose soe hath bene conversant in that government in Ireland, hath to often seene to theyr great advantage and hurte. Therefore this I would wish to be redressed, and yet not soe that in particular thinges he should be strayned, though not in the generall government; as namelye in this, that noe offices should be solde by the Lord Deputy for monye, nor noe pardons, nor protections sought for rewardes, nor noe beeves taken for captaynries of countreys, nor noe shares of bishopricks for nominating theyr Bishops, nor noe forfeitures, nor dispensations with small Statutes given to theyr servauntes or bondes, nor noe selling of licences for transportation of prohibited wares, and speciallye of corne and flesh, with manye the like; which neede some manner of restraint, or a very great trust in the honourable disposition of the Lord Deputy.

Thus I have, Eudoxus, as breifly as I could, and as my remembrance would serve me, runne through the state of that whole countrey, both to lett you see what it now is, and also what it may be by good care and amendment: Not that I take upon me to chaunge the pollicie of soe greates a kingdom, or prescribe rules to such wise men as have the handling therof, but onely to shewe you the evils, which in my small experience I have observed to be the cheif hinderances of the reformation therof; and by way of conference to declare my simple opinion for the redresse therof, and establishing a good course for that government; which I doe not deliver for a perfect plott of myne owne invention, to be onely followed, but as I have learned and understood the same by the consultations and actions of very wise Governours and Counsellours whom I have sometimes hearde treat thereof. Soe have I thought good to sett downe a remembrance of them for myne owne good, and your satisfaction, that whose so list to overlooke them, although perhaps much wiser then they which have thus advised of that state, yet at least, by comparison herof, may perhaps better his owne judgement, and by the light of others fore-going him may followe after with more ease, and happely finde a fayer waye thereunto then they which have gone before.

Eudox. I thanke you, Irenæus, for this your gentell paynes; withall not forgetting, nowe in the shutting up, to putt you in mynde of that which you have formerlye halfe promised, that heereafter when we shall meete agayne upon the like good occasion, ye will declare unto us those your observations which ye have gathered of the Antiquities of Ireland.

APPENDIX I.

VARIATIONS FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS.

age 4 (LETTER OF THE AUTHORS), col. 2, l. 9,
All the early editions read *v*.

. 5 (VERSES TO THE AUTHOR), col. 2, l. 13, *faure*
(1590), *fare* (1590)

. 5 (VERSES TO THE AUTHOR), col. 2, l. 17,
es (1609). The 4to. 1590 has *reede*.

. 9 (VERSES BY THE AUTHOR), col. 1, l. 30,
rains. The 4to. 1590 reads *soverain*, but fol.
has *soveraignes*.

age 11, book I. canto i. stanza 4, line 5, *my*
le (1596), *mine feeble* (1590).

. 13, bk. I. c. i. st. 12, l. 5, *your stroke*. The
1590 reads *your hardy stroke*; but it is cor-
rected in 'Faults escaped in the Print,' though the
correct reading is retained in the 4to. 1596, and
the fol. 1611.

. 13, bk. I. c. i. st. 15, l. 7, *shapes* (1590),
(1596).

. 14, bk. I. c. i. st. 21, l. 5, *later spring*. The
editions of 1590, 1596, and 1611 read *later ebbe gins*
ale (to *avale*), but this lection is corrected in
editions escaped in the Print.

. 14, bk. I. c. i. st. 23, l. 9, *oft* (1590), ? *off* (Col-
1590).

. 14, bk. I. c. i. st. 24, l. 8, *raft* (1590), *rest*
(1590).

. 14, bk. I. c. i. st. 30, l. 9, *sits* (1590), *fits* (1609).

. 16, bk. I. c. i. st. 42, l. 8, *sights*. The 4to.
reads *sighes*. In the 'Faults escaped in the
Print' we are told to read *sights*.

. 17, bk. I. c. i. st. 50, l. 3, *He thought have*
(1590), *He thought t' have* (1611).

. 17, bk. I. c. i. st. 50, l. 8, *can* (1590), *gan* (1679).

. 17, bk. I. c. ii. Arg. l. 3, *stead* (1596). The

1590 has *steps*.

. 19, bk. I. c. ii. st. 14, l. 4, *et passim* (Books I.
II.) *off* (1596), *of* (1596).

. 19, bk. I. c. ii. st. 17, l. 5, *cruell spies*. The
editions of 1590, 1596, and fol. 1609 read *cruelties*, which
is corrected in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

. 19, bk. I. c. ii. st. 17, l. 9, *die* (1609), *dies*
(1590).

. 19, bk. I. c. ii. st. 18, l. 1, *quoth* (1596) *qd*.
(1590).

. 19, bk. I. c. ii. st. 19, l. 9, *et passim* (Books I.
II.) *whither* (1596), *whether* (1590).

. 20, bk. I. c. ii. st. 22, l. 5, *thy* (1590), *your*
(1596).

. 20, bk. I. c. ii. st. 29, l. 2, *shade him thither*
(1590), *shade thither* (1596), *shadow thither* (1609).

P. 20, bk. I. c. ii. st. 29, l. 3, *now ymounted*. *now*
that mounted (1590, 1596). The reading in the
text is found in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 21, bk. I. c. ii. st. 32, l. 9, *plaints* (1596),
plants (1590).

P. 26, bk. I. c. iii. st. 38, l. 7, *the* (1590), *that*
in errata.

P. 29, bk. I. c. iv. st. 16, l. 3, *hurtilen* (1590),
hurlen (1609).

P. 29, bk. I. c. iv. st. 23, l. 7, *dry dropsic* (1590),
? *dire dropsic* (Upton), *hydropsy* (Collier).

P. 29, bk. I. c. iv. st. 24, l. 3, *whally* (1590),
walled (?).

P. 30, bk. I. c. iv. st. 27, l. 6, *pelfe* (1596), *pelpe*
(1590).

P. 30, bk. I. c. iv. st. 29, l. 9, *fourth* (1596), *forth*
(1590).

P. 30, bk. I. c. iv. st. 30, l. 4, *chaw* (1590), *jaw*
(1609).

P. 30, bk. I. c. iv. st. 30, l. 6, *neighbours* (1596),
neibors (1590).

P. 30, bk. I. c. iv. st. 32, l. 9, *fifle*. *first* (1590),
but *fifle* is among the errata in 'Faults escaped in
the Print.'

P. 31, bk. I. c. iv. st. 39, l. 2, *faery* (1596), *fary*
(1590).

P. 31, bk. I. c. iv. st. 41, l. 9, *renverst* (1590),
re'nverst (1609).

P. 31, bk. I. c. iv. st. 43, ll. 1, 3, *pledge*, *edge* (1596),
pledg, *edg* (1590).

P. 33, bk. I. c. v. st. 2, l. 5, *hurld*. The 4to.
1590 has *huris*, but *hurld* is in 'Faults escaped in
the Print.' The editions 1596, 1609 retain the in-
correct reading.

P. 33, bk. I. c. v. st. 7, l. 9, *And hewen helmets*
deepe (1590), *And helmets hewen deepe* (1596).

P. 34, bk. I. c. v. st. 15, l. 2, *thirsty* (1590),
thirstie (1596).

P. 36, bk. I. c. v. st. 35, l. 9, *leke* (1590), *leake* (1596).

P. 36, bk. I. c. v. st. 38, l. 6, *cliffs*. The editions
1590, 1596, and 1609 read *clifts*. The correction is
supplied in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 37, bk. I. c. v. st. 41, l. 2, *nigh* (1590), *high*
(1596).

P. 38, bk. I. c. v. st. 52, l. 9, *ensewd* (1596), *en-
sewed* (1590).

P. 38, bk. I. c. vi. st. 1, l. 5, *in*. The 4tos. and
folio 1609 read *it*, though *in* is among the errata.

P. 40, bk. I. c. vi. st. 15, l. 2, *Or Bacchus* (1590),
Of Bacchus (1596); Hughes, *If Bacchus*.

- P. 41, bk. i. c. vi. st. 23, l. 8, *noused* (1590), *noursled* (1596).
- P. 41, bk. i. c. vi. st. 26, l. 5, *fiers and fell* (1596), *swift and cruell* (1590).
- P. 42, bk. i. c. vi. st. 33, l. 9, *woods* (1596), *wods* (1590).
- P. 42, bk. i. c. vi. st. 39, l. 7, *he* (1596), *she* (1590).
- P. 43, bk. i. c. vi. st. 47, l. 8, *to fight* (1590), *two fight* (1611).
- P. 45, bk. i. c. vii. st. 12, l. 9, *stound* (1596), *stoond* (1590).
- P. 45, bk. i. c. vii. st. 13, l. 8, *smoke* (1596), *smok* (1590).
- P. 45, bk. i. c. vii. st. 18, ll. 4, 5, *braught, naught* (1590), *brought, nought* (1596).
- P. 45, bk. i. c. vii. st. 20, l. 3, *that* (1590), *the* (1596).
- P. 46, bk. i. c. vii. st. 22, l. 9, *sight* is omitted in 4to. 1590, but is found in the 4to. 1596.
- P. 46, bk. i. c. vii. st. 29, l. 4, *glitterand* (1590), *glitter and* (1679).
- P. 47, bk. i. c. vii. st. 32, l. 18, *whose* (1609), *her* (1590).
- P. 47, bk. i. c. vii. st. 37, l. 7, *trample* (1596), *amble* (1590).
- P. 47, bk. i. c. vii. st. 37, l. 8, *chaust* (1596), *chaust* (1590).
- P. 48, bk. i. c. vii. st. 43, l. 5, *ronne*. The 4to. 1590 has *come*, which is amended in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'
- P. 48, bk. i. c. vii. st. 47, l. 3, *hands* (1596). The 4to. 1590 reads *hand*.
- P. 49, bk. i. c. vii. st. 52, l. 4, *That*. All the early editions read *that*, but? *the*.
- P. 49, bk. i. c. viii. Arg. l. 3, *that gyaunt* (1590, 1596), but *the gyaunt* is among the errata.
- P. 49, bk. i. c. viii. st. 1, l. 6, *through* (1596), *thorough* (1590).
- P. 50, bk. i. c. viii. st. 7, l. 6, *wise*. The 4to. 1590 reads *wist*, which is corrected in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'
- P. 51, bk. i. c. viii. st. 21, l. 5, *their ? his*, i. e. Argoglio's (Church).
- P. 51, bk. i. c. viii. st. 21, l. 7, *powre* (1596), *pourre* (1590).
- P. 51, bk. i. c. viii. st. 22, l. 4, *right* (so in all old editions). Most modern editions read *left*.
- P. 51, bk. i. c. viii. st. 24, l. 6, *his* (1596), *her* (1590).
- P. 53, bk. i. c. viii. st. 44, l. 4, *delight*, ? *dislike* (Upton).
- P. 54, bk. i. c. ix. Arg. l. 2, *bands* (1596). The text of the 4to. 1590 reads *hands*, but *bands* is in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'
- P. 55, bk. i. c. ix. st. 9, l. 3, *the* (among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'). Ed. 1590 reads *that*, a lection which Church defends.
- P. 56, bk. i. c. ix. st. 12, l. 9, *on* (from 'Faults escaped in the Press'). The text has *at*.
- P. 56, bk. i. c. ix. st. 17, l. 8, *proves* (1590), *prowesse* (1609).
- P. 58, bk. i. c. ix. st. 32, l. 7, *glee* (1590), ? *fee* (Church).
- P. 58, bk. i. c. ix. st. 33, l. 3, *cliff* in errata, *clift* (1590).
- P. 58, bk. i. c. ix. st. 33, l. 3, *ypight* (1596), *ypight* (1590).
- P. 58, bk. i. st. 35, l. 4, *griesie* (1590), *griesie* (1611).
- P. 59, bk. i. c. ix. st. 42, l. 7, *holds*. The 1590 reads *hold*.
- P. 59, bk. i. c. ix. st. 46, l. 7, *faised* (1590), *falsest* (1590).
- P. 60, bk. i. c. ix. st. 52, l. 1, *saw* (1596), *saw* (1590).
- P. 60, bk. i. c. ix. st. 52, l. 3, *reliv'd* (1590), *liev'd* (1611).
- P. 60, bk. i. c. ix. st. 53, l. 2, *feeble* (1590), (1596), *silly* (1609).
- P. 60, bk. i. c. ix. st. 53, l. 6, *greater* (1590), *greter* (1590).
- P. 62, bk. i. c. x. st. 20, l. 5, *Dry-shod*, &c. line is found in fol. 1609, but is omitted in the 4to.
- P. 63, bk. i. c. x. st. 27, l. 6, *His blamefull in salt water sore* (1590), *His body in salt water smarting sore* (1596).
- P. 64, bk. i. c. x. st. 36, l. 4, *their*. The 1590 reads *there*.
- P. 65, bk. i. c. x. st. 52, l. 6, *Brings*. The 1590 has *Bring*.
- P. 65, bk. i. c. x. st. 52, l. 6, *them* (1590) ? or for *traveller* (l. 4) read *travellers*.
- P. 66, bk. i. c. x. st. 57, l. 5, *pretious*, adopted from the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print.' The text of the 4to. 1590 has *pileous*, which is tained by the fol. 1611.
- P. 66, bk. i. c. x. st. 59, l. 2, *frame*. The editions of 1590, 1596, 1609, 1611, read *fame*, though *frame* is among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'
- P. 67, bk. i. c. x. st. 62, l. 4, *As wretched* (1590). The 4to. 1596 reads *Quoth he, as wretched and liv'd in like paine*.
- P. 67, bk. i. c. x. st. 62, l. 8, *And bitter battle &c.* (1590), *And batailles none are to be fought* (1596).
- P. 67, bk. i. c. x. st. 62, l. 9, *they* (1590) is omitted in 1596 and 1611.
- P. 67, bk. i. c. x. st. 65, l. 3, *face* (1590), *face* (1596).
- P. 68, bk. i. c. xi. st. 3, This stanza is not found in the first 4to., but is in second 4to. 1596.
- P. 70, bk. i. c. xi. st. 22, l. 1, *his* (1590), ? *his* (Church).
- P. 70, bk. i. c. xi. st. 26, l. 6, *swinged* (1590), *singed* (1609).
- P. 71, bk. i. c. xi. st. 30, l. 5, *one*. The text reads *its* though *one* is in 'Faults escaped in the Print.' Mr. Collier says there is no authority reading *one*.
- P. 71, bk. i. c. xi. st. 37, l. 2, *yelled* (1609), *yelded* (1590).
- P. 72, bk. i. c. xi. st. 41, l. 4, *Nor* (1609), *Nor* (4tos. 1590, 1596).
- P. 73, bk. i. c. xi. st. 54, l. 7, *poysse* (1590) ? *noysse* (1596).
- P. 75, bk. i. c. xii. st. 11, l. 2, *too* (1596), *to* (1590).
- P. 75, bk. i. c. xii. st. 11, l. 4, *gossibs* (1590), *gossips* (1596).
- P. 75, bk. i. c. xii. st. 17, l. 4, *note* (1590), *note* (1596).
- P. 77, bk. i. c. xii. st. 32, l. 6, *wylie* (1596), *wylie* (1590).
- P. 77, bk. i. c. xii. st. 34, l. 2, *vaine*, adopted from the errata. The text of the 4to. 1590 has *faine*, which Church thinks that *faine* = *fained* or *feigned* is a good reading.

P. 77, bk. I. c. xii. st. 34, l. 3, *improvided* (1590), *provided* is found in some modern editions.
P. 77, bk. I. c. xii. st. 36, l. 7, *bains* (1590), *banes* (1590).
P. 78, bk. I. c. xii. st. 39, l. 9, *sprite* (1590). Some modern editions, as 1611, read *spreete*.
P. 78, bk. I. c. xii. st. 40, l. 9, *His* (1590), *Her* (1590).
P. 79, bk. II. Prolog. st. 2. l. 8, *Amazon*. The fol. 1590, following the text of 4to. 1590, reads *Amazons*, *Amazon* is among the errata in 'Faults es- sed in the Print.'
P. 79, bk. II. st. 4, l. 6, *thou* (1596), *then* (1590).
P. 80, bk. II. c. i. st. 3, l. 2, *food* (1590), *feude* (1590).
P. 81, bk. II. c. i. st. 12, l. 9, *challenge* (1596), *tenge* (1590).
P. 81, bk. II. c. i. st. 16, l. 1, *liefe* (1596, 1609), *lieve* (1590).
P. 82, bk. II. c. i. st. 20, l. 2, *quit* (1590), *quite* (1596).
P. 82, bk. II. c. i. st. 20, l. 7, *blotted* (1596), *blotted* (1590).
P. 83, bk. II. c. i. st. 28, l. 3, *well becommeth* (1590), *ill becommeth* (1679).
P. 83, bk. II. c. i. st. 31, l. 4, *on* (1596), *one* (1590).
P. 83, bk. II. c. i. st. 32, l. 7, *must* (1596), *most* (1590).
P. 83, bk. II. c. i. st. 33, l. 8, *thrive* is adopted in the errata of 4to. 1590, but *these* occurs in all editions.
P. 83, bk. II. c. i. st. 34, l. 6, *steedy* (1590), *steele* (1609).
P. 84, bk. II. c. i. st. 39, l. 4, *dolour* (1590), *dolor* (1596).
P. 84, bk. II. c. i. st. 42, l. 9, *stout courage* (1590), *courage stout* (1609).
P. 85, bk. II. c. i. st. 47, l. 2, *sight* (1590), *sight*, *syght* (1590).
P. 86, bk. II. c. i. st. 58, l. 4, *frye* (1590) ? *fryze* (1590).
P. 86, bk. II. c. i. st. 59, l. 2, *common* (1596), *common* (1590).
P. 86, bk. II. c. i. st. 59, l. 8, *great* (1596), *greet* (1590).
P. 87, bk. II. c. ii. st. 4, l. 3, *lieu* (1590), ? *love* (1590).
P. 87, bk. II. c. ii. st. 5, l. 3, *hard* (1596), *hart* (1590).
P. 87, bk. II. c. ii. st. 7, l. 7, *pray* (Collier). It is in all the old editions.
P. 88, bk. II. c. ii. st. 12, l. 8, *fame* (1596), *frame* (1590).
P. 88, bk. II. c. ii. st. 21, l. 2, *hond* (1609), *hand* (1596).
P. 89, bk. II. c. ii. st. 28, l. 2, *their champions*. The 4to. 1590 reads *her champions*, but 4to. 1596 reads *their champion*.
P. 89, bk. II. c. ii. st. 30, l. 1, *there* (1609), *their* (1590, 1596).
P. 89, bk. II. c. ii. st. 30, l. 3, *bloodguiltinesse* (1590), *bloodguiltinesse* (1590, 1596).
P. 90, bk. II. c. ii. st. 34, l. 9, *her* (1590), *their* (1596).
P. 90, bk. II. c. ii. st. 38, l. 5, *forward* (1590), *forward* (cf. l. 7 of st. 38).
P. 91, bk. II. c. ii. st. 42, l. 6, *to hold*. All the old editions read *to make*.

P. 91, bk. II. c. ii. st. 44, l. 4, *enrold*. The 4to. 1590 reads *entroid*, the fol. 1609 *introid*.
P. 92, bk. II. c. iii. st. 3, l. 7, *heard* (1596), *hard* (1590).
P. 92, bk. II. c. iii. st. 4, l. 5, *A pleasing vaine of glory*, &c. (1590), *A pleasing vaine of glory, vaine did find* (1596).
P. 92, bk. II. c. iii. st. 6, l. 9, 'Mercy!' *loud* (so all old editions), ? 'Mercy, Lord!'
P. 92, bk. II. c. iii. st. 11, l. 4, *courser* (1596), *course* (1590).
P. 93, bk. II. c. iii. st. 20, l. 5, *does greatly them affaere* (1590), *their haire on end does reare* (1596). For greatly (in the errata) the text of the 4to. 1590 has *unto*.
P. 94, bk. II. c. iii. st. 26, l. 9, *fringe* (so all the 4tos.).
P. 95, bk. II. c. iii. st. 35, l. 4, *many bold em- prize* (1590), ? *many a bold emprise* (Jortin).
P. 96, bk. II. c. iii. st. 45, l. 4, *one foot* (1609), *on foot* (1590).
P. 96, bk. II. c. iii. st. 46, l. 9, *erne* (1590), *yerne* (1609).
P. 96, bk. II. c. iv. Arg. l. 3, *Phaon* (1590), *Phedon* (1596).
P. 97, bk. II. c. iv. st. 4, l. 6, *loosely* (1596), *loosly* (1590).
P. 98, bk. II. c. iv. st. 12, l. 3, *hong* (1590), *hung* (1609).
P. 98, bk. II. c. iv. st. 12, l. 8, *tonge*. The text has *tongue*, which is altered to *tonge* in the errata of the 4to. 1590.
P. 98, bk. II. c. iv. st. 13, l. 6, *note* (1590), *no'te* (1609).
P. 98, bk. II. c. iv. st. 17, l. 6, *one* (1596), *wretch* (1590).
P. 98, bk. II. c. iv. st. 17, l. 8, *occasion* (1596), *her guilful trech* (1590).
P. 98, bk. II. c. iv. st. 17, l. 9, *light upon* (1596), *wandering ketch* (1590).
P. 98, bk. II. c. iv. st. 18, l. 5, *chose* (1590), *chuse* (1609).
P. 98, bk. II. c. iv. st. 18, l. 8, *Or* (1590), *Our* (1609).
P. 100, bk. II. c. iv. st. 38, l. 4, *this word was* (so all the old editions), *these words were* (Hughes's second edition).
P. 101, bk. II. c. iv. st. 40, l. 3, *should* (1596), *shold* (1590).
P. 101, bk. II. c. iv. st. 45, l. 5, *that did fight* (1590), *thus to fight* (1596).
P. 102, bk. II. c. v. Arg. l. 1, *Pyrochles*, &c. (1590). The second 4to. 1596 reads :—
Pyrochles does with Guyon fight,
And Furors chayne unbinds;
Of whom sore hurt, for his revenge
Attin Cymochles finds.
P. 102, bk. II. c. v. st. 5, l. 9, *doe me not much fayl* (1590), *doe not much me faile* (1596).
P. 102, bk. II. c. v. st. 8, l. 7, *hurle* (1590), *hurle* (1596), *hurlen* (1611).
P. 103, bk. II. c. v. st. 10, l. 7, *enimyces* (1596), *enimye* (1590).
P. 103, bk. II. c. v. st. 15, l. 9, *who selfe* (1596), *whose selfe* (1609).
P. 104, bk. II. c. v. st. 19, l. 4, *shee* (1609), *hee* (1590, 1596).

- P. 104, bk. II. c. v. st. 19, l. 7, *garre* (1590), *do* (1596).
 P. 104, bk. II. c. v. st. 21, l. 7, *occasions* (1590), *occasion* (1609).
 P. 104, bk. II. c. v. st. 22, l. 5, *spight* (1590), *spright* (1609).
 P. 104, bk. II. c. v. st. 23, l. 1, *that* (1590), *the* (1609).
 P. 105, bk. II. c. v. st. 29, l. 5, *prickling* (1590), *pricking* (1596).
 P. 105, bk. II. c. v. st. 31, l. 5, *In Nemus gayned*, &c. (1590), *Gaynd in Nemea* (1596).
 P. 105, bk. II. c. v. st. 32, l. 6, *meriments*. All old copies read *meriment*.
 P. 105, bk. II. c. v. st. 34, l. 8, *So he them* (1590), *So them* (1596 and 1609).
 P. 106, bk. II. c. vi. st. 1, l. 7, *abstaine* (1590), *restraine* (1596).
 P. 106, bk. II. c. vi. st. 3, l. 4, *As merry as Pope Jone* (1590), *that nigh her breath was gone* (1596).
 P. 106, bk. II. c. vi. st. 3, l. 6, *That to her might move* (1590), *That might to her move* (1596).
 P. 107, bk. II. c. vi. st. 12, l. 9, and *throwe her sweete smelts*, &c. (1590), and *her sweet smells throw*, &c. (1596).
 P. 107, bk. II. c. vi. st. 14, l. 9, *whiles* (1596), *whils* (1590).
 P. 107, bk. II. c. vi. st. 14, l. 9, *love lay* (1590), *loud lay* (1596).
 P. 108, bk. II. c. vi. st. 18, l. 7, *wave . . . griesy* (1590), *waves . . . griesly* (1609).
 P. 108, bk. II. c. vi. st. 21, l. 8, *bonds* (1590), *bounds* (1609).
 P. 109, bk. II. c. vi. st. 27, l. 9, *there* (1596), *their* (1590).
 P. 109, bk. II. c. vi. st. 29, l. 2, *importune* (1590), *importance* (1596), *important* (1609).
 P. 110, bk. II. c. vi. st. 38, l. 5, *salied* (1590), *sailed* (1609).
 P. 110, bk. II. c. vi. st. 43, l. 7, *hath lent this cursed light* (1596), *hath lent but this his cursed light* (1590).
 P. 111, bk. II. c. vi. st. 48, l. 6, *wondred* (1596), *woundred* (1590).
 P. 111, bk. II. c. vi. st. 50, l. 3, *liver swell* (1596), *livers swell* (1590).
 P. 111, bk. II. c. vi. st. 51, l. 5, *fire too inly* (1596), *fier inly* (1590).
 P. 112, bk. II. c. vii. st. 1, l. 2, *to a stedfast starre*, ? *to the stedfast starre*, i. e. the pole-star (Church).
 P. 112, bk. II. c. vii. st. 3, l. 9, *fire-spitting* (1590), *fire-spelling* (1609).
 P. 112, bk. II. c. vii. st. 4, l. 4, *Well yet appeared* (1590), *Well it appeared* (1596).
 P. 112, bk. II. c. vii. st. 5, l. 6, *Ingowes* (1590), *Ingoes* (1596), *Ingots* (1679).
 P. 112, bk. II. c. vii. st. 5, l. 9, *straunge* (1596), *stravng* (1590).
 P. 112, bk. II. c. vii. st. 7, l. 3, *rich hills* (1590), *rich heapes* (1596).
 P. 113, bk. II. c. vii. st. 10, l. 1, *ill besits* (1590), *ill befits* (1609).
 P. 113, bk. II. c. vii. st. 12, l. 9, *as great* (1596), *in great* (1590).
 P. 114, bk. II. c. vii. st. 19, l. 5, *bloodguiltinesse* (1609), *bloodguiltinesse* (1590, 1596).
 P. 114, bk. II. c. vii. st. 21, l. 5, *internall Payne* (1590), *infernall Payne* (1596). Perhaps *infer Payne*=*infernal punishment* should stand in the text. Collier suggests *eternal* as an amended reading.
 P. 114, bk. II. c. vii. st. 24, l. 7, *ought* (1590), *nought* (1590).
 P. 115, bk. II. c. vii. st. 36, l. 4, *yron* (1590), *dying* (1590).
 P. 115, bk. II. c. vii. st. 37, l. 1, *when an* (1590), *when as* (1596).
 P. 116, bk. II. c. vii. st. 39, l. 8, *mesprise* (1590), *mespise* (1596).
 P. 116, bk. II. c. vii. st. 40, l. 7, *golden* (1590), *yon* (1590).
 P. 116, bk. II. c. vii. st. 40, l. 7, *But* (1596), *that* (1590).
 P. 116, bk. II. c. vii. st. 41, l. 3, *sterne was looke* (1590), *sterne was to looke* (1596).
 P. 117, bk. II. c. vii. st. 52, l. 6, *with which*. The old copies read *which with*.
 P. 118, bk. II. c. vii. st. 60, l. 4, *intemper* (1596), *more temperate* (1590).
 P. 118, bk. II. c. vii. st. 64, l. 9, *of his pray* (1590), *of the pray* (1596).
 P. 119, bk. II. c. viii. st. 3, l. 8, *Come hither* (1609), *Come hether*, *Come hether* (1590).
 P. 120, bk. II. c. viii. st. 16, l. 7, *tomb-blacke* (1596), *tombblacke* (1590).
 P. 121, bk. II. c. viii. st. 25, l. 1, *Which th his cruell foes* (from the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print'). The text of the 4tos. read:—
 Which those same foes that stand hereby,
 The folios (1609, 1611) have:—
 Which those same foes, that doen awaile hereby.
 P. 122, bk. II. c. viii. st. 29, l. 7, *upheave*. The old editions read *upreare*.
 P. 122, bk. II. c. viii. st. 32, l. 3, *lodg* (1590), *lodg* (1590).
 P. 122, bk. II. c. viii. st. 35, l. 5, *in his* (1590), *on his* (1609).
 P. 123, bk. II. c. viii. st. 37, l. 3, *rayle* (1590), *traile* (1609).
 P. 123, bk. II. c. viii. st. 40, l. 4, *so well as he ought* (1590), *so wisely as it ought* (1609).
 P. 123, bk. II. c. viii. st. 44, l. 8, *no more* (1590), *not thore*, i. e. *not there* (1590).
 P. 124, bk. II. c. viii. st. 47, l. 4, *sverd* (1590), *sword* (1596).
 P. 124, bk. II. c. viii. st. 47, l. 9, *this* (1590, 1609, 1611), *he* (1679).
 P. 124, bk. II. c. viii. st. 48, l. 8, *Prince Arth* (1609), *Sir Guyon* (1590).
 P. 124, bk. II. c. viii. st. 49, l. 7, *tred* (1590), *tread* (?).
 P. 125, bk. II. c. viii. st. 55, l. 3, *bowing with*. The old editions read *with bowing*; but WITH directed to be *deled* among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'
 P. 125, bk. II. c. ix. st. 4, l. 5, *hefe* (1590), *he* (1679).
 P. 126, bk. II. c. ix. st. 6, l. 9, *Arthegall* (1590), *Arthogall* (1590).
 P. 126, bk. II. c. ix. st. 7, l. 5, *Seven times Sunne* (1590), *Now hath the Sunne* (1596).
 P. 126, bk. II. c. ix. st. 7, l. 6, *Hath walk about* (1590), *Walkte round aboute* (1596).
 P. 126, bk. II. c. ix. st. 9, l. 1, *weete*. All old editions read *wote*.

P. 127, bk. II. c. ix. st. 15, l. 3, *Capitaine* (1609), *captaine*, (1590).
P. 127, bk. II. c. ix. st. 18, l. 3, *woo'd* (1596), *wood* (1590).
P. 127, bk. II. c. ix. st. 21, l. 1, *them* (1596), *me* (1590).
P. 127, bk. II. c. ix. st. 21, l. 3, *fensible* (1590), *nsible* (1596).
P. 128, bk. II. c. ix. st. 28, l. 4, *meate* (1590), *eat* (1679).
P. 129, bk. II. c. ix. st. 37, l. 8, *doen you love* (1609), *doen your love* (1590).
P. 129, bk. II. c. ix. st. 38, l. 2, *mood*. All old editions read *word*.
P. 129, bk. II. c. ix. st. 38, l. 9, *three years* (1590), *twelvemoneths* (1596).
P. 129, bk. II. c. ix. st. 41, l. 7, *Castory* (from errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print'). The texts 1590, 1596 read *lastery*.
P. 129, bk. II. c. ix. st. 42, l. 1, *cheare* (1596), *care* (1590). If the reader prefers *cleare* (the reading which Collier prints and defends), he must take it as a substantive in the sense of *clearness*, *reinity*.
P. 130, bk. II. c. ix. st. 48, l. 3, *these* (1596), *this* (1590).
P. 130, bk. II. c. ix. st. 49, l. 4, *reason*, (so all copies). Mr. Collier says that in Drayton's copy of the fol. 1611 *reason* is altered to *season*.
P. 130, bk. II. c. ix. st. 52, l. 9, *th' house* (1609), *he house* (1590).
P. 132, bk. II. c. x. st. 6, l. 6, *For safety that* (1590), *For safeties sake that* (1596).
P. 132, bk. II. c. x. st. 7, l. 7, *liveden* (1590), *lived* (1596).
P. 132, bk. II. c. x. st. 7, l. 9, *sternnesse* (1596), *ernesse* (1590).
P. 133, bk. II. c. x. st. 15, l. 9, *munificence* (1596), *unificence* (1590).
P. 133, bk. II. c. x. st. 19, l. 5, *upon the present* (1590), *in that impatient stoure* (1596).
P. 133, bk. II. c. x. st. 20, l. 2, *to sway* (1590), *sway* (1596).
P. 134, bk. II. c. x. st. 24, l. 8, *it mote* (1596), *he mote* (1590).
P. 134, bk. II. c. x. st. 30, l. 2, *weeke* (1590), *like* (1609).
P. 134, bk. II. c. x. st. 31, l. 1, *too* (1596), *to* (1590).
P. 135, bk. II. c. x. st. 34, l. 7, *then* (1590), *till* (1596), *when* (1609).
P. 135, bk. II. c. x. st. 41, l. 1, *Gurgiunt* (1590), *urgunt* (1596).
P. 136, bk. II. c. x. st. 43, l. 1, *Sisillus*. All copies read *Sifillus*.
P. 137, bk. II. c. x. st. 53, l. 2, *in great* (1590), *ith great* (1609).
P. 138, bk. II. c. x. st. 65, l. 9, *have forst* (1590), *forst* (1596).
P. 140, bk. II. c. xi. st. 9, l. 9, *they that Bulwarke* (1596), *they against that Bulwarke* (1590).
P. 140, bk. II. c. xi. st. 10, l. 2, *assignment* (1590), *assignment* (1596).
P. 141, bk. II. c. xi. st. 11, l. 4, *dismayd* (so all editions, ancient and modern) but ? *mis-mayd*, i. e. *mis-made, made amiss, mis-shaped, ill-shaped* (Child). This conjecture be right, and it is extremely

plausible, the *comma* after *ape* should be *deled*. Church thought that *dismayd*=*dismayed* (frightened), and that '*Some like to houndes, some like to apes,*' should be read as in a parenthesis, so that *dismayd* will refer to *feends of hell*, cf. '*ghastly spectacle aismayd*,' 'F. Q.' bk. III. c. iii. st. 50, l. 3.
P. 141, bk. II. c. xi. st. 13, l. 2, *is* (1590), *was* (1596).
P. 141, bk. II. c. xi. st. 13, l. 5, *assayed* (1590), *assayled* (1596).
P. 142, bk. II. c. xi. st. 21, l. 8, *there . . . there* (1609), *their . . . their* (1590).
P. 143, bk. II. c. xi. st. 30, l. 9, *survive* (among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print'). The texts of the 4to. 1590, and folios 1609, 1611 read *revive*.
P. 143, bk. II. c. xi. st. 32, l. 5, *unrest* (1596), *inrest* (1590).
P. 145, bk. II. c. xii. Arg. l. 1, *by* (1596), *through* (1590).
P. 145, bk. II. c. xii. Arg. l. 2, *passing through* (1596), *through passing* (1590).
P. 146, bk. II. c. xii. st. 8, l. 4, *hoars* (1590), *hoarse* (1596).
P. 146, bk. II. c. xii. st. 13, l. 9, *Apolloes temple* (1590), *Apolloes honor* (1596).
P. 147, bk. II. c. xii. st. 21, l. 1, *heedful* (1596), *earnest* (1590).
P. 147, bk. II. c. xii. st. 23, l. 9, *monoceroses* (Child), *monoceros* (1590).
P. 148, bk. II. c. xii. s. 27, l. 4, *sea resounding* (1609), *sed the resounding* (1590).
P. 149, bk. II. c. xii. st. 39, l. 8, *upstaring* (1590), *upstaring* (1596).
P. 149, bk. II. c. xii. st. 43, l. 7, *mightiest* (1596), *migest* (1590).
P. 150, bk. II. c. xii. st. 47, l. 6, *foresee* (1609), *forsee* (1590).
P. 150, bk. II. c. xii. st. 51, l. 1, *Therewith* (1590), *Therefo* (1596).
P. 150, bk. II. c. xii. st. 54, l. 7, *Hyacine* (1611), *Hyacint* (1590).
P. 151, bk. II. c. xii. st. 60, l. 5, *curious ymageree* (1590), *pure imagerie* (1609).
P. 151, bk. II. c. xii. st. 61, l. 8, *fearefully* (1590), *tenderly* (1596).
P. 153, bk. II. c. xii. st. 76, l. 8, *That* (1596), *Thot* (1590).
P. 153, bk. II. c. xii. st. 77, l. 5, *alablaster* (1590, 1596, 1609, 1611), *alabaster* (1679).
P. 153, bk. II. c. xii. st. 81, l. 4, *that same* (1596), *the same* (1590).
P. 154, bk. II. c. xii. st. 83, l. 7, *spoyle* (1590), *spoyld* (1596).
P. 155, bk. III. c. i. Prol. st. 1, l. 2, *The fayrest* (1590), *That fayrest* (1596).
P. 155, bk. III. c. i. Prol. st. 4, l. 2, *thy selfe thou* (1590), *your selfe you* (1596).
P. 155, bk. III. c. i. Arg. l. 3, *Malecastaes* (from errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print'). The texts of 4tos. 1590, 1596, and folios 1609, 1611, read *Materastaes*.
P. 160, bk. III. c. i. st. 41, l. 8, *lightly* (1609), *highly* (1590).
P. 160, bk. III. c. i. st. 47, l. 7, *which* (1596), *that* (1590).
P. 160, bk. III. c. i. st. 48, l. 2, *brust* (1590), *burst* (1609).

- P. 161, bk. III. c. i. st. 56, l. 8, *Bascimano* (1590), *Bascio mani* (1609).
- P. 162, bk. III. c. i. st. 60, l. 8, *wary* (1609), *weary* (1590).
- P. 162, bk. III. c. i. st. 60, l. 9, *fond* (1590), *fand* (1609).
- P. 163, bk. III. c. ii. st. 3, l. 6, *too* (1596), *to* (1590).
- P. 163, bk. III. c. ii. st. 4, l. 1, *She traveiling with Guyon by the way* (so all old editions). Upton proposed to read the *Redcrosse Knight* instead of *Guyon*. Todd suggested *Redcrosse*, and Drayton, according to Collier, proposed *S. George*.
- P. 163, bk. III. c. ii. st. 2, l. 5, *Which to prove* (1590), *Which I to prove* (1596).
- P. 164, bk. III. c. ii. st. 15, l. 4, *allegge* (1590), *alledge* (1679).
- P. 164, bk. III. c. ii. st. 16, l. 9, *part* (1590), *point* (1609). Mr. Collier says that Todd was a careless collator, yet Todd is right in saying that the folios read *point*, and Mr. Collier is wrong in asserting that they read *part*.
- P. 166, bk. III. c. ii. st. 30, l. 5, *her in her warme bed* (1590), *in her warme bed her dight* (1596).
- P. 167, bk. III. c. ii. st. 44, l. 1, *minde* (1590), *mine* (1609).
- P. 168, bk. III. c. ii. st. 50, l. 2, *breaded* (1590), *braided* (1609).
- P. 168, bk. III. c. iii. st. 1, l. 1, *Most* (1590), *Oh!* (1609).
- P. 169, bk. III. c. iii. st. 3, l. 1, *dredd* (1590), *drad* (1609).
- P. 169, bk. III. c. iii. st. 4, l. 8, *protense* (1590), *pretence* (1596).
- P. 171, bk. III. c. iii. st. 23, l. 5, *shall* (1590), *all* (1679).
- P. 171, bk. III. c. iii. st. 29, l. 1, *with* (1590), *where* (1596).
- P. 172, bk. III. c. iii. st. 35, l. 1, *thy* (1590), *the* (1596).
- P. 172, bk. III. c. iii. st. 37, l. 7, *their* (1590), *the* (1596).
- P. 173, bk. III. c. iii. st. 44, l. 5, *years* (in 1590) is omitted by the 4to. 1596 and fol. 1609, and *full* is inserted to render the line complete.
- P. 173, bk. III. c. iii. st. 44, l. 6, *Ere they to former rule, &c.* (1596), *Ere they unto their former rule* (1590).
- P. 173, bk. III. c. iii. st. 50, l. 9, *Hee* (from the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print'). The text of 4to. 1590 reads *she*, and omits *as earst*, which are supplied from the fol. 1609.
- P. 174, bk. III. c. iii. st. 53, l. 3, *(need makes good schollers) teach* (1590), *whom need new strength shall teach* (1596).
- P. 175, bk. III. c. iv. st. 5, l. 8, *she* (1596), *he* (1590).
- P. 176, bk. III. c. iv. st. 8, l. 9, *thy* (1590), *these* (1596).
- P. 176, bk. III. c. iv. st. 15, l. 6, *speare* (1609), *speares* (1590).
- P. 178, bk. III. c. iv. st. 27, l. 6, *fleshy* (1596), *fleshy* (1590).
- P. 178, bk. III. c. iv. st. 30, l. 6, *swornc* (1596), *swound* (1590).
- P. 178, bk. III. c. iv. st. 33, l. 4, *raynes* (1590), *traynes* (1596).
- P. 179, bk. III. c. iv. st. 39, l. 9, *sith we no more shall meet* (1596), *till we againe may meet* (1590).
- P. 179, bk. III. c. iv. st. 40, l. 6, *gelly-b* (1590), *Jelly'd blood* (1611).
- P. 179, bk. III. c. iv. st. 43, l. 4, *vaunted* (1590), *vaulted* (1609).
- P. 180, bk. III. c. iv. st. 46, l. 2, *great* (1590), *gret* (1590).
- P. 180, bk. III. c. iv. st. 48, l. 1, *off* (1590), *of* (1590).
- P. 180, bk. III. c. iv. st. 49, l. 8, *forhent* (1590), *forehent* (1609).
- P. 181, bk. III. c. iv. st. 59, l. 5, *Dayes dear children be* (1596), *The children of day be* (1590).
- P. 182, bk. III. c. v. st. 3, l. 2, *till that at* (1590), *till at the last* (1609).
- P. 184, bk. III. c. v. st. 19, l. 5, *no* (1596), *a* (1590).
- P. 184, bk. III. c. v. st. 21, l. 9, *blood*. The 4to. 1590 reads *flood*, (1596) *bloud*.
- P. 185, bk. III. c. v. st. 30, l. 7, *better* (1590), *bitter* (1590).
- P. 185, bk. III. c. v. st. 37, l. 3, *did* (1590)? *?* (Collier).
- P. 186, bk. III. c. v. st. 39, l. 9, *his* (1596), *the* (1590).
- P. 186, bk. III. c. v. st. 40, l. 4, *loves sweet tee* (1596), *sweet loves teene* (1590).
- P. 186, bk. III. c. v. st. 40, l. 9, *liking* (1590), *living* (1596).
- P. 186, bk. III. c. v. st. 44, l. 5, *bountie*? *beau* (Collier).
- P. 187, bk. III. c. iv. st. 50, l. 8, *to all th'* (1590), *to is omitted in fol. 1609*.
- P. 187, bk. III. c. v. st. 51, l. 9, *let to* (1590), *it* (1611). Collier is wrong in contradicting Todd's assertion that the fol. 1611 reads *let it*.
- P. 187, bk. III. c. v. st. 53, l. 9, *weare* (1609), *were* (1590).
- P. 188, bk. III. c. vi. st. 3, l. 9, *were* (1590), *w* (1596).
- P. 188, bk. III. c. vi. st. 5, l. 3, *bare* (1596), *bo* (1590).
- P. 188, bk. III. c. vi. st. 6, l. 5, *his beames*. The fol. of 1609 has *his hot beames*.
- P. 189, bk. III. c. vi. st. 12, l. 2, *aspect*. The 4to. 1590 reads *aspects*.
- P. 189, bk. III. c. vi. st. 12, l. 4, *beautie* (1590), *beauties* (1596).
- P. 190, bk. III. c. vi. st. 20, l. 5, *chaun* . . . *straunge*. The 4to. 1590 reads *chaung* . . . *straung*; the 4to. 1596 has *change, strange*.
- P. 190, bk. III. c. vi. st. 25, l. 5, *Which as* (1609) *From which* (4tos. 1590, 1596). Church proposed to read *Of which a fountaine, &c.*
- P. 190, bk. III. c. vi. st. 26, l. 4, *both farre a neare* (1596), omitted in the 4to. 1590.
- P. 191, bk. III. c. vi. st. 28, l. 6, *thence* (1590), *hence* (1596).
- P. 191, bk. III. c. vi. st. 29, l. 5, *Gnidus* (1590), *Gnidus* (1590).
- P. 192, bk. III. c. vi. st. 39, l. 1, *and to all* (1590), *to is omitted in fol. 1611*.
- P. 192, bk. III. c. vi. st. 40, l. 6, *saw*. All the old copies read *spyde*.
- P. 192, bk. III. c. vi. st. 42, l. 5, *heavy* (1590), *heavenly* (1590).
- P. 192, bk. III. c. vi. st. 45, l. 4, *And dearest lo* (in 1609), omitted in the 4tos.
- P. 192, bk. III. c. vi. st. 45, l. 5, *Narcisse* (1596), *Marcisse* (1590).

P. 193, bk. III. c. vi. st. 48, l. 9, *Iosen* (1590), *sen* (1609).

P. 193, bk. III. c. vi. st. 52, l. 9, *launched* (1596), *unch* (1590), *launched* (1609).

P. 193, bk. III. c. vii. Arg. l. 4, *Gyaunts*. It is *mant* in 1590, and *Gyaunts* in 1596.

P. 193, bk. III. c. vii. st. 1, l. 8, *she did* (1596), *did* (1590).

P. 194, bk. III. c. vii. st. 5, l. 1, *the tops* (1590), *tops* (1609).

P. 194, bk. III. c. vii. st. 9, l. 3, *to* (1596), *two* (1590).

P. 195, bk. III. c. vii. st. 13, l. 6, *hath* (1590), *h* (1609).

P. 195, bk. III. c. vii. st. 18, l. 5, *Might by the eh or by her sonne compast* (1590). The verb be *st* be understood before *compast*. *Might be the eh or that her sonne* (1596).

P. 195, bk. III. c. vii. st. 19, l. 6, *her* (1590), *it* (1609).

P. 196, bk. III. c. vii. st. 23, l. 4, *he* (1596), *she* (1590).

P. 197, bk. III. c. vii. st. 32, l. 7, *muchell* (1596), *ch ill* (1611). Collier is wrong in contradicting Todd's assertion respecting the lection of the fol. 11.

P. 198, bk. III. c. vii. st. 43, l. 8, *nere*. The 1590 has *were*; the 4to. 1596 reads *neare*.

P. 198, bk. III. c. vii. st. 45, l. 5, *from him* (1590), *him from* (1609).

P. 198, bk. III. c. vii. st. 45, l. 8, *the* (1590), *that* (1596).

P. 198, bk. III. c. vii. st. 48, l. 4, *And many th to &c.* (1596), *Till him Chylde Thopas to &c.* (1590).

P. 200, bk. III. c. viii. st. 2, l. 7, *golden* (1590), *oken* (1596).

P. 200, bk. III. c. viii. st. 5, l. 1, *advice:—device* (1590), *advise* (1596).

P. 201, bk. III. c. viii. st. 6, l. 7, *wex* (1590), *x* (1609).

P. 201, bk. III. c. viii. st. 7, l. 4, *to womens* (1590), *a womans* (1596).

P. 201, bk. III. c. viii. st. 9, l. 9, *whom* (1609), *o* (4to.).

P. 202, bk. III. c. viii. st. 17, l. 3, *brought*, *rough*. The 4to. 1590 has *brough*, *through*.

P. 203, bk. III. c. viii. st. 25, l. 6, *hond*. It is *nd* in all old editions.

P. 203, bk. III. c. viii. st. 30, l. 3, *frory* (1609), *owy* (1590), but see p. 204, st. 35, l. 2.

P. 203, bk. III. c. viii. st. 32, l. 7, *Had . . . oyld* (so all the old editions). Church proposed *read Did . . . assoyle*.

P. 203, bk. III. c. viii. st. 33, l. 9, *her by* (1590), *reby* (1596).

P. 204, bk. III. c. viii. st. 37, l. 9, *hight* (1596), *h* (1590).

P. 205, bk. III. c. viii. st. 47, l. 5, *surely*. Upton suggested *sorely*.

P. 205, bk. III. c. viii. st. 49, l. 2, *T^have* (1596), *have* (1590).

P. 206, bk. III. c. ix. st. 2, l. 4, *attone* (1596), *once* (1590).

P. 206, bk. III. c. ix. st. 7, l. 3, *misdonne* (1596), *donne* (1590).

P. 208, bk. III. c. ix. st. 20, l. 9, *persant* (1590), *sent* (1609), *present* (1611).

P. 208, bk. III. c. ix. st. 22, l. 1, *Bellona* (1590), *Minerva* (1596).

P. 208, bk. III. c. ix. st. 22, l. 5, *her speare* (1590), *the speare* (1596).

P. 208, bk. III. c. ix. st. 27, l. 5, *that glaunces* (1609), *with glaunces* (1590).

P. 208, bk. III. c. ix. st. 27, l. 7, *demeasur* (1590), *demeasure* (1609).

P. 209, bk. III. c. ix. st. 32, l. 8, *glad* (1596), *yglad* (1590).

P. 209, bk. III. c. ix. st. 37, l. 7, *glories* (1590, 1596, 1609), *glorious* (1611, 1679).

P. 210, bk. III. c. ix. st. 43, l. 9, *remoud* (1590), *remow'd* (1609), *remov'd* (1679).

P. 210, bk. III. c. ix. st. 45, l. 3, *neck* (1596), *necks* (1590).

P. 210, bk. III. c. ix. st. 47, l. 3, *heard* (1596), *hard* (1590).

P. 211, bk. III. c. ix. st. 49, l. 4, *Which, after rest* (1596), *And after rest* (1609).

P. 211, bk. III. c. x. st. 2, l. 2, *grievously* (1596), *griuously* (1590).

P. 212, bk. III. c. x. st. 8, l. 9, *to* (1596), *with* (1590).

P. 213, bk. III. c. x. st. 18, l. 4, *Then* (1596), *So* (1590).

P. 213, bk. III. c. x. st. 21, l. 9, *earned* (1590), *yearned* (1609).

P. 214, bk. III. c. x. st. 31, l. 3, *and with thy* (1596), *that with thy* (1590).

P. 214, bk. III. c. x. st. 31, l. 7, *vertues pay* (1609), *vertuous pray* (1590).

P. 215, bk. III. c. x. st. 33, l. 7, *over-ronne*. It is *overonne* in 1590.

P. 215, bk. III. c. x. st. 40, l. 1, *adresse*. All old copies have *adres*.

P. 215, bk. III. c. x. st. 40, l. 3, *wastefull* (1596), *faithfull* (1590).

P. 215, bk. III. c. x. st. 41, l. 7, *wide forest*, (1590), *wild forest* (1609).

P. 216, bk. III. c. x. st. 47, l. 1, *the* (1609), *his* (1590).

P. 218, bk. III. c. xi. st. 2, l. 3, *golden* (1609), *golding* (1590).

P. 218, bk. III. c. xi. st. 4, l. 4, *all that I ever, &c.* (1590), *that I did ever, &c.* (1596).

P. 218, bk. III. c. xi. st. 6, l. 6, *has* (1590), *was* (1611). Collier is wrong in contradicting Todd's assertion respecting the reading of the fol. 1611.

P. 218, bk. III. c. xi. st. 7, l. 6, *of* (1590), *off* (1596).

P. 219, bk. III. c. xi. st. 12, l. 1, *singults* (1609), *singulfs* (1590).

P. 220, bk. III. c. xi. st. 19, *death* (1590), *? life* (Jortin).

P. 220, bk. III. c. xi. st. 22, l. 8, *the which* (1596). In 4to. 1590 *the* is omitted.

P. 220, bk. III. c. xi. st. 23, l. 2, *Inglorious, beastlike*. The 4to. 1590 reads *Inglorious and beastlike*. In fol. 1611 *and* is omitted. Collier is wrong in saying that no old edition omits *and*.

P. 220, bk. III. c. xi. st. 27, l. 7, *entred* (1596), *decked* (1590).

P. 221, bk. III. c. xi. st. 28, l. 8, *Like a* (1596), *Like to a* (1590).

P. 221, bk. III. c. xi. st. 33, l. 9, *her* (1590), *his* (1609).

P. 221, bk. III. c. xi. st. 36, l. 7, *thee* (1596), *the* (1590).

P. 222, bk. III. c. xi. st. 38, l. 5, *fire* (1590), *fier* (1596).

P. 222, bk. III. c. xi. st. 39, l. 6, *each other* (1596), *his other* (1590).

P. 222, bk. III. c. xi. st. 39, l. 8, *stag* (suggested by Jortin). All old copies read *hag*.

P. 223, bk. III. c. xi. st. 47, l. 9, *hevens hight* (suggested by Church). All old editions read *heven bright*.

P. 224, bk. III. c. xii. st. 7, l. 8, *wood* (1596), *word* (1590).

P. 225, bk. III. c. xii. st. 9, l. 3, *other* (1609), *others* (1596).

P. 225, bk. III. c. xii. st. 12, l. 3, *too or froe* (1590), *to and fro* (1596).

P. 225, bk. III. c. xii. st. 12, l. 6, *winged* (1590), *wingy* (1596).

P. 225, bk. III. c. xii. st. 17, l. 6, *did tosse* (so all copies). Church would omit *did*, and for *tosse* read *lost*: *In her right hand a fierbrand she lost*.

P. 226, bk. III. c. xii. st. 18, l. 5, *drad* (1596), *dread* (1590).

P. 226, bk. III. c. xii. st. 18, l. 8, *hony-laden*. All old editions read *hony-lady*.

P. 226, bk. III. c. xii. st. 21, l. 7, *fading*. Church thinks that Spenser meant to write *failing*.

P. 226, bk. III. c. xii. st. 21, l. 8, *still* (1596), *skill* (1590).

P. 226, bk. III. c. xii. st. 23, l. 5, *hand* is omitted in 4tos, but is among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 226, bk. III. c. xii. st. 26, l. 7, *by the* (1590), *with that* (1596).

P. 226, bk. III. c. xii. st. 27, l. 3, *and bore all away* (1596), *nothing did remayne* (1590).

P. 226, bk. III. c. xii. st. 27, l. 8, *It* (1590), *In* (1611). Collier is wrong respecting the reading of the folios.

P. 227, bk. III. c. xii. st. 28, l. 1, *there* (1609). The 4tos. read *their*.

P. 227, bk. III. c. xii. st. 29, l. 1, *wandering* (1590), *wondering* (1611).

P. 227, bk. III. c. xii. st. 33, l. 3, *to herselfe* (1596), *to the next* (1590).

P. 227, bk. III. c. xii. st. 34, l. 4, *unto her* (1609), *unto him* (1590).

P. 228, bk. III. c. xii. st. 38, l. 5, *bor'd* (1596), *sor'd*, i. e. made sore, hurt (1590).

P. 228, bk. III. c. xii. st. 40, l. 6, *faire Lady* (1596), *faire Lad* (1590).

P. 228, bk. III. c. xii. st. 45, l. 9, *Whilst here I doe respire*.

When Spenser printed his first three books of the 'Fairie Queene' the two lovers, Sir Scudamore and Amoret, have a happy meeting: but afterwards, when he printed the fourth, fifth, and sixth books, he reprinted likewise the first three books; and, among other alterations, he left out the five last stanzas and made three new stanzas, viz. 43, 44, 45. *More easie issew now*, &c. By these alterations this third book not only connects better with the fourth, but the reader is kept in that suspense which is necessary in a well-told story. The stanzas which are mentioned above as omitted in the second edition, and printed in the first, are the following;—

23.

"At last she came unto the place, where late
"She left Sir Scudamour in great distresse,
"Twixt dolour and despite halfe desperate,
"Of his loues succour, of his owne redresse,
"And of the hardie Britomarts successe:
"There on the cold earth him now throw
"found,
"In wilfull anguish and dead heavinesse,
"And to him cold; whose voices knownen sou
"Soon as he heard, himself he reared light fr
"ground.

44.

"There did he see, that most on earth him joyd
"His dearest loue, the comfort of his dayes,
"Whose too long absence him had sore annoy
"And wearied his life with dull delays.
"Straight he upstart from the loathed laye
"And to her ran with hasty egerresse,
"Like as a Deare, that greedily embayes
"In the cool soile, after long thirstinesse,
"Which he in chace endured hath, now n
"breathlesse.

45.

"Lightly he clipt her twixt his armes twaine,
"And streightly did embrace her body bright,
"Her body, late the prison of sad paine,
"Now the sweet lodge of loue and deare delight
"But she, faire Lady, overcommen quight
"Of huge affection, did in pleasure melt,
"And in sweete ravishment pourd out
"spright.
"No word they spake, nor earthly thing t
"felt,
"But like two senceles stocks in long embraceme
"dwelt.

46.

"Had ye them scene, ye would have surely thoug
"That they had bene that faire Hermaphrodit
"Which that rich Romane of white marl
"wrought,
"And in his costly Bath causd to bee site.
"So seemd those two, as growne together quit
"That Britomart, halfe envying their blesse,
"Was much empassiond in her gentle sprite,
"And to her selfe oft wisht like happinesse:
"In vain she wisht, that fate n'ould let her y
"posseste.

47.

"Thus doe those louers, with sweet countervayle
"Each other of loues bitter fruit despoile.
"But now my tyme begins to faint and fayle,
"All woxen weary of their journall toyle:
"Therefore I will their sweatie yokes assoyle
"At this same furrowes end, till a new day;
"And ye, faire Swains, after your long turmo
"Now cease your worke, and at your pleasu
"play:
"Now cease your work; to morrow is an holy day

P. 229, bk. IV. c. i. l. 4, *Triamond*. All the ear
editions have *Telamond*.

P. 231, bk. IV. c. i. st. 16, l. 4, *griefull* (1590), *griefe-full* (1609).

P. 231, bk. IV. c. i. st. 16, l. 7, *none* (1596),
(1609).

P. 236, bk. IV. c. ii. st. 2, l. 5, *concented* (1596),
consented (1679).

P. 237, bk. iv. c. ii. st. 19, l. 1, *besitting* (1596), *besitting* (1679).

P. 238, bk. iv. c. ii. st. 22, l. 7, *avizing*. The *folios* have *advizing*, the *folios* *avizing*.

P. 241, bk. iv. c. ii. st. 52, l. 9, *so be* (1596), *be so* (?).

P. 242, bk. iv. c. iii. st. 7, l. 4, *skill* (1609), *sill*, (1596).

P. 242, bk. iv. c. iii. st. 8, l. 8, *avengement* (1609), *advengement* (1596).

P. 242, bk. iv. c. iii. st. 9, l. 6, *n'ote* (1609), *not* (1596).

P. 243, bk. iv. c. iii. st. 13, l. 8, *other brethren* (so all copies). It should be *second brother* (Church).

P. 243, bk. iv. c. iii. st. 20, l. 1, *adventure* (so all copies). It has been proposed to read *advantage*; but *adventure*=*opportunity*.

P. 245, bk. iv. c. iii. st. 36, l. 3, *wards* (so all copies). Church proposed to read *swords*.

P. 247, bk. iv. c. iii. st. 52, l. 9, *elsewhere* (1609), *elsewhere* (1596).

P. 247, bk. iv. c. iv. st. 1, l. 4, *minds* (1596), *lives* (1609).

P. 247, bk. iv. c. iv. st. 2, l. 3, *als* (1609), *els* (1596).

P. 247, bk. iv. c. iv. st. 2, l. 4, *Blandamour* (1679), *Scudamour* (1596).

P. 248, bk. iv. c. iv. st. 8, l. 2, *Ferrau* (1609), *Ferrat* (1596).

P. 248, bk. iv. c. iv. st. 10, l. 5, *worse* (1609), *woorst* (1596).

P. 249, bk. iv. c. iv. st. 17, l. 4, *maiden-headed* (1596), ? *satyr-headed* (Church).

P. 249, bk. iv. c. iv. st. 24, l. 9, *suound*. The *folios* has *sound*.

P. 249, bk. iv. c. iv. st. 24, l. 1, *beam-like* (1609), *bravelike* (1596).

P. 250, bk. iv. c. iv. st. 29, l. 6, *cuffing* (1611), *cuffing* (1596).

P. 252, bk. iv. c. v. st. 4, l. 4, *Lemno* (1596), *Lemnos* (1611).

P. 253, bk. iv. c. v. st. 5, l. 5, *Acidalian* (1596), *Aridalian* (1609).

P. 253, bk. iv. c. v. st. 6, l. 8, *Martian* (1596), ? *martial*.

P. 254, bk. iv. c. v. st. 16, l. 1, *that* (1596), *the* (1609).

P. 254, bk. iv. c. v. st. 21, l. 8, *one* (so all old copies). Hughes reads *own*.

P. 254, bk. iv. c. v. st. 23, l. 7, *sens* (1596), *since* (1609).

P. 255, bk. iv. c. v. st. 25, l. 5, *one* (1609), *once* (1596).

P. 255, bk. iv. c. v. st. 31, l. 3, *his* (1609), *her* (1596).

P. 256, bk. iv. c. v. st. 35, l. 4, *unpared* (1596), *prepared* (1611).

P. 256, bk. iv. c. v. st. 37, l. 2, *Pyracmon* (1609). Ed. 1596 reads *Pynacmon*.

P. 256, bk. iv. c. v. st. 40, l. 7, *wheresoever* (1596), *whesoere* (1611).

P. 260, bk. iv. c. vi. st. 24, l. 8, *feare* (1609), *his feare* (1596).

P. 260, bk. iv. c. vi. st. 28, l. 6, *Him* (proposed by Upton and Church). *Her* (1596). *He* (1609).

P. 261, bk. iv. c. vi. st. 33, l. 6, *ranging* (1596), *raging* (1611).

P. 262, bk. iv. c. vi. st. 44, l. 4, *in* (1596); Some modern editors, following fol. 1609, alter to *on*.

P. 262, bk. iv. c. vi. st. 46, l. 5, *whom* (1609), *who* (1596).

P. 262, bk. iv. c. vii. st. 1, l. 1, *darts* (1609), *dart* (1596).

P. 263, bk. iv. c. vii. st. 10, l. 9, *over-sight* (1596), *ore-sight* (1609).

P. 264, bk. iv. c. vii. st. 12, l. 1, *caytive* (1596). Some editors have proposed to read *captive*.

P. 265, bk. iv. c. vii. st. 22, l. 1, *Nor hedge* (1596). Mr. J. P. Collier proposes to read *For hedge*.

P. 265, bk. iv. c. vii. st. 23, l. 3, *to* (1596) is omitted in 1679.

P. 265, bk. iv. c. vii. st. 25, l. 1, *which* (1609), *with* (1596).

P. 266, bk. iv. c. vii. st. 34, l. 1, *sad* (1609), *said* (1596).

P. 267, bk. iv. c. viii. st. 1, l. 9, *infixed* (1596), *infected* (1611).

P. 268, bk. iv. c. viii. st. 9, l. 9, *pertake* (1596), *partake* (1609).

P. 268, bk. iv. c. viii. st. 12, l. 3, *her* (suggested by Church), *him* (1596).

P. 274, bk. iv. c. viii. st. 64, l. 1, *this* (1596), *his* (1609).

P. 274, bk. iv. c. ix. Arg. 1, 2, *Emylia* (suggested by Church), *Paeana* (1596).

P. 274, bk. iv. c. ix. st. 1, l. 8, *vertuous* (1609), *vertues* (1596).

P. 274, bk. iv. c. ix. st. 3, l. 3, *these* (1596), *this* (1609).

P. 275, bk. iv. c. ix. st. 11, l. 9, *them* (suggested by Church), *him* (1596).

P. 275, bk. iv. c. ix. st. 12, l. 2, *he* (1596), ? *they* or *was* (Church).

P. 276, bk. iv. c. ix. st. 14, l. 8, *dyde*=*dyled*, complexioned. Church suggested *eyde*.

P. 276, bk. iv. c. ix. st. 17, l. 5, *quest*. It is *quest* in 1596 and in all old copies.

P. 276, bk. iv. c. ix. st. 17, l. 7, *bequest* (1596), *request* (1611).

P. 277, bk. iv. c. ix. st. 23, l. 8, *wide*. Mr. J. P. Collier says that in Drayton's copy of the fol. of 1611 *wilde* is suggested as an emendation for *wide*.

P. 277, bk. iv. c. ix. st. 26, l. 1, *Then gan* (proposed by Church). In 1596 it is *their gan*, in 1611 *there gan*.

P. 277, bk. iv. c. ix. st. 30, l. 8, *repayed* (1609), *repayred* (1596).

P. 278, bk. iv. c. ix. st. 37, l. 2, *Knight* (1596), ? *Knights* (Upton).

P. 279, bk. iv. c. x. st. 7, l. 9, *ancient* (1609), *ancients* (1596).

P. 280, bk. iv. c. x. st. 9, l. 1, *earne* (1596), *yearne* (1611).

P. 280, bk. iv. c. x. st. 17, l. 5, *adward* (1596), *award* (1609).

P. 281, bk. iv. c. x. st. 19, l. 1, *meanest* (1609), *nearest* (1596).

P. 281, bk. iv. c. x. st. 23, l. 2, *ghessa* (1596), *bee* (1609).

P. 281, bk. iv. c. x. st. 23, l. 8, *to bee* (1596), *to ghesse* (1609), *I ghesse* (1611).

P. 281, bk. iv. c. x. st. 26, l. 9, *aspire* (1596), *inspire* (1611).

P. 281, bk. iv. c. x. st. 27, l. 1, *Hyllus* (1596), *Hylus* (1609).

P. 282, bk. iv. c. x. st. 35, l. 6, *hell* (so all copies). Some editors have suggested *mell*=confound; but *hell*=O.E. *hill* or *hele*=cover, which agrees with its nominative *waters*. And *fire devoure the ayre* is a parenthetical clause.

P. 284, bk. iv. c. x. st. 51, l. 9, *girlonds* (so all editions), ? *gardians* (Church), ? *guerdots* (J. P. Collier).

P. 284, bk. iv. c. x. st. 55, l. 8, *warie* (1596), ? *wearie* (Church and Upton).

P. 285, bk. iv. c. x. st. 56, l. 4, *at* (1596), *on* (1609).

P. 285, bk. iv. c. xi. st. 4, l. 2, *dredd* (1596), *drad* (1609).

P. 285, bk. iv. c. xi. st. 4, l. 6, *seven* (1596), *three* (1609).

P. 287, bk. iv. c. xi. st. 17, l. 6, *age*. All old copies read *times*.

P. 287, bk. iv. c. xi. st. 19, l. 4, *fortold* (1596), *foretold* (1611).

P. 289, bk. iv. c. xi. st. 34, l. 5, *Grant* (Child). The ed. of 1596 reads *Guant*.

P. 290, bk. iv. c. xi. st. 45, l. 1, *lovely* (1596), *loving* (1609).

P. 290, bk. iv. c. xi. st. 48, l. 8, *Endore* (1596), read *Eudore* (Child).

P. 290, bk. iv. c. xi. st. 52, l. 7, *but* (so all copies). Some editors have proposed to read *both*.

P. 292, bk. iv. c. xii. st. 13, ll. 1, 2, *Thus whilst*, &c. (1596),

Thus whilst his stony heart was toucht with, &c.

And mighty courage something mollifide (1609).

P. 293, bk. iv. c. xii. st. 23, l. 9, *That it was no old sore* (1596), *That no old sore it was* (1611).

P. 295, bk. v. Prol. st. 2, l. 2, *at* (1596), *as* (1611).

P. 295, bk. v. Prol. st. 2, l. 9, *degendered* (1596), *degenerated* (1611).

P. 296, bk. v. Prol. st. 7, l. 8, *thirtie* (1596), ? *thirteen*.

P. 296, bk. v. Prol. st. 9, l. 4, *ne* (1596), *no* (1611).

P. 296, bk. v. Prol. st. 11, l. 2, *stead* (1609), *place* (1596).

P. 297, bk. v. c. i. st. 4, l. 1, *Irena* (1609), *Eirena* (1596).

P. 300, bk. v. c. ii. Arg. l. 3, *Munera*, &c. The 4to. has *Momera*. The correct reading was adopted by Hughes.

P. 300, bk. v. c. ii. st. 2, l. 7, *As to his* (1609), *And to his* (1596).

P. 300, bk. v. c. ii. st. 4, l. 1, *he* (1609), *she* (1596).

P. 301, bk. v. c. ii. st. 11, l. 4, *When as*. All editions read *Who as*. Church proposed to read *Tho as=then as*.

P. 303, bk. v. c. ii. st. 32, l. 4, *earth* (1609), *eare* (1596).

P. 304, bk. v. c. ii. st. 38, l. 1, *these* (1596), *those* (1609).

P. 304, bk. v. c. ii. st. 44, l. 4, *way* (1596), *weigh* (1609).

P. 304, bk. v. c. ii. st. 45, l. 8, *weight* (so all editions), ? *scale* (Church).

P. 305, bk. v. c. ii. st. 46, l. 9, *way* (1596), *lay* (1609).

P. 308, bk. v. c. iii. st. 20, l. 2, *adviewed* (so all editions). Upton suggested *had viewed*.

P. 310, bk. v. c. iii. st. 40, l. 6, *we here* (1609) *were here* (1596).

P. 310, bk. v. c. iv. st. 1, l. 3, *Had neede have* (1596), *Had need of* (1611).

P. 311, bk. v. c. iv. st. 8, l. 8, *doure* (1596) *doure* (1609).

P. 313, bk. v. c. iv. st. 23, l. 2, *pinnoed* (1596) *pinnoed* (1611).

P. 314, bk. v. c. iv. st. 36, l. 1, *watchman* (1609) *watchmen* (1596).

P. 314, bk. v. c. iv. st. 36, l. 8, *halfe like a man* (1596), *arm'd like a man* (1609).

P. 314, bk. v. c. iv. st. 37, l. 3, *so few* (so all copies). Church proposed to alter *neare* in l. 1 to *new*, so as to rhyme with *few*. Mr. J. P. Collier proposes to read to *feare* instead of *so few*, thus making a suitable rhyme for *neare*.

P. 314, bk. v. c. iv. st. 37, l. 6, *there* (1596) *their* (1611).

P. 314, bk. v. c. iv. st. 39, l. 3, *doale* . . . *divide* (1609), *doile* . . . *davide* (1596).

P. 323, bk. v. c. vi. st. 5, ll. 6, 7, *For houres*, &c. (so all editions); but we ought to read, say Church,

For dayes, but houres; for moneths that passed were
She told but weekes, &c.

P. 323, bk. v. c. vi. st. 13, l. 9, *singults* (1609) *singults* (1596).

P. 324, bk. v. c. vi. st. 16, l. 7, *things compact*. Mr. J. P. Collier, following Church, reads *thin compacte*=a concerted thing. But the clause may stand if we look upon *things* as in the genitive case.

P. 324, bk. v. c. vi. st. 17, l. 5, *Heard* (1609) *Here* (1596).

P. 325, bk. v. c. vi. st. 24, l. 1, *their* (1596), *he* (1609).

P. 325, bk. v. c. vi. st. 25, l. 9, *nights*. Church suggested *Knight's*.

P. 325, bk. v. c. vi. st. 29, l. 5, *glims* (1596) *glimse* (1609), *glimpse* (1679).

P. 326, bk. v. c. vi. st. 32, l. 7, *did* (1596), ? *had*.

P. 326, bk. v. c. vi. st. 33, l. 7, *avenge* (1596) *revenge* (1609).

P. 326, bk. v. c. vi. st. 34, l. 7, *their* (1596) *that* (1611).

P. 326, bk. v. c. vi. st. 35, l. 5, *vilde* (1596), *vill* (1609).

P. 327, bk. v. c. vii. st. 6, l. 9, *her wreath* (1596), ? *his wreathed* (Church).

P. 328, bk. v. c. vii. st. 13, l. 5, *to robe* (1596) *to be* (1611).

P. 331, bk. v. c. vii. st. 38, l. 5, *bad* (1596), *sa* (1609).

P. 331, bk. v. c. vii. st. 42, l. 3, *Princess* (1609) *Princes* (1596).

P. 335, bk. v. c. viii. st. 34, l. 8, *curat* (1596) *curas* (1679).

P. 336, bk. v. c. viii. st. 40, l. 6, *knownen* (1609) *knowne* (1596).

P. 337, bk. v. c. viii. st. 48, l. 6, *whether* (1596) *whither* (1609).

P. 337, bk. v. c. viii. st. 50, l. 8, *coushear* (1596), *coward* (1609).

P. 339, bk. v. c. ix. st. 21, l. 1, *knight* (1596) *knight* (1611).

P. 340, bk. v. c. ix. st. 26, l. 4, *Font*. The 4to. of 1596 reads *Fons*.

P. 341, bk. v. c. ix. st. 33, 1. 8, *rebellious* (1609), *rebellions* (1596).
P. 342, bk. v. c. ix. st. 44, 1. 1, *appose* (1596), *appose* (1609).
P. 343, bk. v. c. x. st. 6, 1. 4, *and her* (1609), *and of her* (1596).
P. 344, bk. v. c. x. st. 8, 1. 4, *Idols* ? *Idol* (Church).
P. 345, bk. v. c. x. st. 18, 1. 8, *fastnesse* (1596), *fastnesse* (1611).
P. 345, bk. v. c. x. st. 23, 1. 1, *whether* (1596), *whether* (1611).
P. 345, bk. v. c. x. st. 23, 1. 4, *threatning* (1596), *threatning* (1611).
P. 346, bk. v. c. x. st. 26, 1. 3, *so now* ? *now so* (Church).
P. 347, bk. v. c. x. st. 37, 1. 6, *hard preased* (1596), *hard preased* (1609).
P. 348, bk. v. c. xi. st. 5, 1. 9, *have rive* (1596), *to rive* (1611).
P. 349, bk. v. c. xi. st. 12, 1. 4, *to them* (1596), *to them* (1611).
P. 349, bk. v. c. xi. st. 13, 1. 9, *through* (1609).
P. 352, bk. v. c. xi. st. 40, 1. 6, *shall sure* (1596). The 4to. 1596 omits the two words *shall sure*, which are supplied from the folio 511.
P. 352, bk. v. c. xi. st. 41, 1. 2, *too blame* (1596), *too blame* (1611).
P. 352, bk. v. c. xi. st. 41, 1. 6, *know* (suggested by Upton), *knew* (1596).
P. 353, bk. v. c. xi. st. 54, 1. 9, *corruptfull* (1596), *corrupted* (1609).
P. 354, bk. v. c. xi. st. 61, 1. 7, *meed* (so all editions). The rhyme requires *hyre* (Church).
P. 354, bk. v. c. xi. st. 61, 1. 8, *froward* (1609), *froward* (1596).
P. 354, bk. v. c. xii. st. 1, 1. 9, *enduren* (1609), *endure* (1596).
P. 355, bk. v. c. xii. st. 5, 1. 9, *the Eagle* (1596), *the Eagle* (1609).
P. 356, bk. v. c. xii. st. 17, 1. 5, *such* (1596), *such* (1609).
P. 356, bk. v. c. xii. st. 19, 1. 2, *shame* (1596), *shame* (1609).
P. 357, bk. v. c. xii. st. 30, 1. 6, *hungrily* (1596), *hungrily* (1609).
P. 360, bk. vi. c. i. st. 6, 1. 9, *fame* (adopted by Collier), *name* (1596).
P. 362, bk. vi. c. i. st. 8, 1. 7, *wretched* (1596), *wretched* (1611).
P. 364, bk. vi. c. i. st. 28, 1. 6, *ere he* (1609), *ere thou* (1596).
P. 364, bk. vi. c. i. st. 34, 1. 2, *swound* (adopted by Child), *sound* (1596).
P. 365, bk. vi. c. i. st. 37, 1. 5, *potshares* (1596), *potshares* (1611).
P. 365, bk. vi. c. i. st. 40, 1. 9, *yearne* (1596), *yearne* (1609).
P. 366, bk. vi. c. ii. st. 3, 1. 2, *deed and word* (1609), *act and deed* (1596).
P. 366, bk. vi. c. ii. st. 3, 1. 3, *eares*. All old editions read *eyes*.
P. 366, bk. vi. c. ii. st. 3, 1. 4, *eyes*. All old editions read *eares*.
P. 370, bk. vi. c. ii. st. 39, 1. 2, *implements* (1596), *ornaments* (1609).

P. 371, bk. vi. c. iii. st. 1, 1. 3, *a man* (1596). In 1679 *a* is omitted.
P. 372, bk. vi. c. iii. st. 12, 1. 7, *save hole* (1596), *save hole* (1611).
P. 373, bk. vi. c. iii. st. 21, 1. 8, *default* (1596), ? *assault* (Collier).
P. 374, bk. vi. c. iii. st. 24, 1. 5, *Crying aloud to shew* (1609). The 4to. 1596 has *Crying aloud in vaine to shew*, &c.
P. 374, bk. vi. c. iii. st. 28, 1. 6, *soft footing* (1679), *soft foot* (1596).
P. 374, bk. vi. c. iii. st. 30, 1. 9, *thorough* (1609). The 4to. 1596 has *through*.
P. 375, bk. vi. c. iii. st. 35, 1. 3, *which* (1609). The 4to. 1596 has *that*.
P. 376, bk. vi. c. iii. st. 42, 1. 4, *approve* (1609), *reprove* (1596).
P. 376, bk. vi. c. iii. st. 42, 1. 7, *reprove* (1609), *approve* (1596).
P. 376, bk. vi. c. iii. st. 48, 1. 2, *and all* (so all old editions), ? *with all*.
P. 378, bk. vi. c. iv. st. 13, 1. 8, *where* (1609), *there* (1596).
P. 378, bk. vi. c. iv. st. 16, 1. 8, *hurt* (1611), *hurts* (1596).
P. 380, bk. vi. c. iv. st. 31, 1. 5, *of our unhappie paine* (so all old copies). Church proposed *of this our happie paine*.
P. 380, bk. vi. c. iv. st. 35, 1. 3, *Lo !* (1609), *Low* (1596).
P. 381, bk. vi. c. v. Arg. 1. 1, *Serena* (Hughes), *Matilda* (1596).
P. 384, bk. vi. c. v. st. 28, 1. 2, *lives* (1596), ? *live*. Professor Child prints *lived*.
P. 385, bk. vi. c. v. st. 36, 1. 4, *off* (1609), *of* (1596).
P. 385, bk. vi. c. v. st. 39, 1. 3, *gree* (1609), *glee* (1596).
P. 385, bk. vi. c. v. st. 41, 1. 2, *there* (1609). The 4to. has *their*.
P. 386, bk. vi. c. vi. st. 4, 1. 4, *Of which* (1596), *In which* (1611).
P. 387, bk. vi. c. vi. st. 11, 1. 9, *Makes*. The 4to 1596 has *Make*.
P. 387, bk. vi. c. vi. st. 17, 1. 7, *Calepine* (Hughes), *Calidore* (1596).
P. 389, bk. vi. c. vi. st. 35, 1. 6, *fight* (1609), *right* (1596).
P. 391, bk. vi. c. vii. st. 3, 1. 7, *armed* (1609). The 4to. has *arm'd*.
P. 392, bk. vi. c. vii. st. 15, 1. 9, *yearned* (1596), *earned* (1609).
P. 395, bk. vi. c. vii. st. 38, 1. 7, *through* (1609). The 4to. 1596 has *through*.
P. 395, bk. vi. c. vii. st. 40, 1. 7, *tyreling* (1596), *tyring* (1679).
P. 396, bk. vi. c. viii. st. 3, 1. 9, *misust* (1596), *misus'd* (1609).
P. 397, bk. vi. c. viii. st. 11, 1. 9, *two* (1609), *two* (1596).
P. 398, bk. vi. c. viii. st. 15, 1. 3, *pounded* (1596), *pounded* (1609).
P. 398, bk. vi. c. viii. st. 17, 1. 6, *From* (1609), *For* (1596).
P. 400, bk. vi. c. viii. st. 39, 1. 4, *daintest* (1596), *daintiest* (1609).
P. 401, bk. vi. c. viii. st. 47, 1. 3, *toyle* (1609), *toyles* (1596).

P. 401, bk. vi. c. viii. st. 50, l. 4, *they* (1596), *shee* (1609).

P. 402, bk. vi. c. ix. st. iv. l. 9, *time* (1596), ? *time* (Church and Upton).

P. 405, bk. vi. c. ix. st. 28, l. 6, *th' heavens* (1596). Some modern editions read *the heaven*.

P. 405, bk. vi. c. ix. st. 36, l. 3, *adrest* (1596), ? *he drest* (Church).

P. 406, bk. vi. c. ix. st. 36, l. 8, *Oenone* (Hughes), *Benone* (4to. 1596 and all old editions).

P. 406, bk. vi. c. ix. st. 45, l. 9, *bought* (1596), ? *sought* (Church).

P. 407, bk. vi. c. ix. st. 46, l. 5, *did dwell* (1611), *did well* (1596).

P. 407, bk. vi. c. x. st. 2, l. 9, *in the port* (1609). The 4to. has *on the port*.

P. 409, bk. vi. c. x. st. 22, l. 5, *Æacidee*. The 4to. has *Æicidee*.

P. 409, bk. vi. c. x. st. 24, l. 7, *froward* (1611), *forward* (1596).

P. 410, bk. vi. c. x. st. 34, l. 9, *her*. Collier suggests *ere* = before.

P. 411, bk. vi. c. x. st. 36, l. 6, *he* (omitted in all our editions).

P. 411, bk. vi. c. x. st. 42, l. 5, *daily* (1596), ? *deadly* (Church).

P. 411, bk. vi. c. x. st. 44, l. 8, *And* (1609), *But* (1596).

P. 414, bk. vi. c. xi. st. 19, l. 4, *pretended* ? *protended* (Collier).

P. 414, bk. vi. c. xi. st. 24, l. 1, *reliv'd* (1596), *reviv'd* (1609).

P. 417, bk. vi. c. xi. st. 45, l. 4, *lyful* (1596), *lifeful* (1609).

P. 419, bk. vi. c. xii. st. 12, l. 8, *loos* (1596), *praise* (1609).

P. 422, bk. vi. c. xii. st. 40, l. 7, *learned* (1596), *gentle* (1609).

P. 422, bk. vi. c. xii. st. 41, l. 3, *cleanest* (1596), ? *clearest* (Child).

P. 429, bk. vii. c. vi. st. 53, l. 6, *unto* (1609). The folio 1611 has *unto unto*.

P. 429, bk. vii. c. vi. st. 54, l. 8, *champain* (1611), *champaign* (1609).

P. 429, bk. vii. c. vii. st. 2, l. 3, *feeble*. The folios have *sable*.

P. 430, bk. vii. c. vii. st. 8, l. 9, *showe* (1611), *shew* (1609).

P. 430, bk. vii. c. vii. st. 9, l. 1, *hard* (1611), *heard* (1609).

P. 430, bk. vii. c. vii. st. 9, l. 7, *kinde*. The folios have *kindes*.

P. 430, bk. vii. c. vii. st. 10, l. 7, *they* :— *which they* (1611).

P. 430, bk. vii. c. vii. st. 12, l. 5, *Peleus* (1611), *Pelee* (1609).

P. 431, bk. vii. c. vii. st. 16, l. 3, *thy* (1609), *my* (1611).

P. 432, bk. vii. c. vii. st. 28, l. 3, *bloosmes* *did* (1609). The ed. of 1611 omits *did*.

P. 433, bk. vii. c. vii. st. 41, l. 5, *rode* (so all copies); the rhyme requires *rade*.

P. 433, bk. vii. c. vii. st. 41, l. 7, *Idæan* (Upton). The folios read *Iæan*.

P. 435, bk. vii. c. vii. st. 55, l. 7, *saine* (1609), *faine* (1611).

P. 436, bk. vii. c. viii. st. 1, l. 7, *to cast* (1609), *and cast* (1611).

P. 436, bk. vii. c. viii. st. 2, l. 8, *Sabaoth* (1611), *Sabbaoth* (1609).

P. 436, bk. vii. c. viii. st. 2, l. 9, *For that* Collier suggests *thou*. But there should perhaps be no comma after *God*, and the sentence will be an optative one signifying 'O may that great God of hosts grant me the enjoyment of that rest eternal.' Perhaps *Sabaoths sight* is an allusion to the ancient interpretation of the word *Jerusalem*, *visio pacis*.

P. 436, bk. vii. c. viii. st. 2, l. 9, *Sabaoth* (1609 and 1611) ? *Sabbaths* (Church).

P. 436, bk. vii. c. viii. st. 2, l. 9, *Sabaoth* (1611), *Sabbaoth* (1609).

THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDAR.

P. 440, l. 4, *Noblesse* (1579), *noblesnesse* (1597). P. 440, l. 12, *my* (1579), *thy* (1611).

P. 441, col. 1, l. 16, *of few* (1579), *of a fewe* (1597).

P. 441, col. 2, l. 25, *coveting* (1579), *coveri* (1597).

P. 442, col. 1, l. 5, *common*. The 4to. (1579) has *commoner*.

P. 442, col. 1, l. 49, *seene* (1586), *seme* (1579 and 1611).

P. 442, col. 1, l. 57, *to be counted straunge* (1597), *straungers to be counted* (1579).

P. 442, col. 2, l. 27, *ungyrt* (1579). All other editions read *unright*.

P. 443, col. 1, l. 24, *as one that* (1597), *as the* (1579).

P. 443, col. 2, l. 21, *rare* (1579), *rath* (1597).

P. 443, col. 2, ll. 1, 2 from bottom, *thys* 10. (1579) *the tenth* (1597).

P. 444, col. 1, l. 13, *more . . . then* (1597), *more . . . and* (1579).

P. 444, col. 1, l. 17, *Invention*. The ed. 1579 has *Invericion*.

P. 444, col. 1, l. 18, *these* (1597), *his* (1579).

P. 444, col. 1, l. 24, *definition*. The ed. 1579 has *definition*.

P. 444, col. 1, l. 35, *Æglogues* (1597). The ed. 1579 reads *Æclogues*.

P. 444, col. 1, l. 40, *containe* (1597), *concei* (1579).

P. 445, col. 1, l. 4, *Abib*. All old editions read *Abil*.

P. 445, col. 2, l. 8, *entraunce*. The ed. 1579 has *enrraunce*.

P. 445, col. 2, l. 13, *itselfe* (1597), *self* (1579).

P. 445, col. 2, ll. 21, 22, *of thone part . . . thother* (1579), *of the one part . . . of the other* (1597).

P. 445, col. 2, l. 25, *Shepheards* (1597), *She* (1579).

P. 446 (Januarie), Arg. l. 1, *him* (1579), *himselfe* (1597).

P. 446, Arg. l. 5, *delights* (1579), *delight* (1597).

P. 446, l. 34, *bloosmes* (1579), *blossomes* (1581).

P. 447 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 1, *who that hath* (1597) *who hath* (1579).

P. 447 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 3 from bottom, *counte* (1579), *counterfating* (1597).

P. 448 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 1, *Poesye* (1579), *Po* (1597).

P. 448 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 3, *notwithstande* (1579). The ed. 1579 reads *notwithstande*.

- P. 448 (FEBRUARIE), l. 17, *threttie* (1579), *thirtie* (1597).
P. 448, l. 52, *youngth* (1579), *youth* (1597).
P. 448, l. 57, *hast* (1597), *hath* (1579).
P. 449, l. 86, *tadvaunce* (1579), *to advance* (1597).
P. 449, l. 142, *overcraued* (1597), *overawed* (1579).
P. 450, l. 181, *oft* (1579), *of* (1597).
P. 450, l. 189, *To this the* (1579), *To this this* (1597).
P. 450, l. 218, *to the earth* (1579), *to the ground* (1611).
P. 451 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 9 from the bottom, *meanes* (1611). All 4tos. read *meane*.
P. 451 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 11 from bottom, *giveth* (1597), *geveth* (1579).
P. 451 (Embleme), col. 1, l. 10, *wexe* (1579), *waxe* (1597).
P. 451 (Embleme), col. 1, l. 15, *rash-headed* (1579), *raw-headed* (1597).
P. 451 (Embleme), col. 2, l. 8, *God* (1597), *Gods* (1579).
P. 452 (Embleme), col. 1, l. 1, *with him* (1579), *at him* (1597).
P. 452 (MARCH), col. 1, l. 4, *nighes* (to be pronounced as a dissyllable). The 4tos. read *nighest*, and fol. 1611 *nigheth*.
P. 452, col. 1, l. 6, *winters* (1579), *winter* (1597).
P. 452, col. 1, l. 40, *als* (1579 and 1597), *alas* (1581 and 1586).
P. 453 (Wyllyes Embleme), l. 2, *Gods* (Child). All old editions read *God*.
P. 453 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 9 from bottom, *Goddesse* (1597). The 4to. 1579 has *Goddess*.
P. 454 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 5, *winged love* (1597), *andring love* (1579).
P. 454 (APRIL), (Arg.), l. 2, *herein* (1579), *here* (1597).
P. 454 (Arg.), l. 4, *alienate* (1579), *alienated* (1597).
P. 455, col. 1, l. 64, *angelick* (1579), *angel-like* (1597).
P. 456, col. 1, l. 135, *finenesse* (1597), *finesse* (1579).
P. 456 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 12 from bottom, *meanesse* (1579), *meannes* (1597).
P. 457 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 32, *deffly* (1597), *deaffly* (1579).
P. 457, col. 2, l. 18 from bottom, *behight* (1611). The 4tos. 1579, 1581, 1586, 1597, read *bedight*.
P. 458 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 7, *coronation* (1579), *caronation* (1597).
P. 458 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 6, *slea* (1579), *slay* (1597).
P. 458 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 9, *of* (1579), *by* (1597).
P. 458 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 19, *blinded* (1579, 1581, 1586, 1597). Collier, who reads *blended*, is wrong in stating that Todd has no authority for printing *inded*; fol. 1611 has *blended*.
P. 458 (MAYE), (Arg.), l. 1, *fifte* (1597), *firste* (1579).
P. 458, col. 2, l. 19, *no* (1579), *ne* (1581).
P. 459, col. 1, l. 54, *great* (1597), *greed* (1579).
P. 459, col. 1, l. 82, *forsay* (1597), *foresay* (1579).
P. 460, col. 1, l. 150, *say I* (1597, 1611), *sayd I* (1579).
P. 460, col. 1, l. 159, *witen* (1579), *twiten* (1611).
P. 460, col. 1, l. 164, *none* (1579), *no* (1597).
P. 460, col. 2, l. 211, *the* (1579, 1581, 1586, 1597), *or* (1611).
P. 461, col. 1, l. 273, *forestall* (1597), *forstall* (1579).
P. 462 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 4, *oracles* (1579), *miracles* (1597).
P. 462 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 8, *passengers* (1579), *persons* (1597).
P. 462 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 1 from bottom, *Algrind* (1597), *Algrim* (1579).
P. 462 (Glosse), col. 2, ll. 32, 34, *of whom* . . . *Prometheus*, in 1579 and 1581, but omitted in 1586.
P. 462, col. 2, l. 52, *hys* (1579), *her* (1581).
P. 463, col. 1, l. 2, and (1579), *or* (1586).
P. 463, col. 1, l. 29, *Tyranne* (1579), *Tyrant* (1597).
P. 463, col. 2, l. 15, *agreeing* (1597), *a greeting* (1597).
P. 463, col. 2, l. 22, *beware* (1579), *to beware* (1597).
P. 464 (JUNE), col. 1, l. 16, *shroude* (1611), *shouder* (1579).
P. 464, col. 1, l. 24, *ravenes* (1611), *ravene* (1579, 1581, 1586).
P. 464, col. 2, l. 98, *painfull* (1579), *plainefull* (1581, 1586).
P. 465 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 4 from bottom, *all* is omitted in 1597.
P. 465 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 15, *Lorde* (1579), *Lorde of* (1597).
P. 465 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 16, *noblesse* (1579), *noble-nesse* (1597).
P. 466 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 13, *of* (1597), *of the* (1581).
P. 466 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 12, *undermyne* (1597), *undermynde* (1579).
P. 466 (JULYE), col. 2, l. 35, *witlesse* (1597), *weel-lesse* (1579).
P. 466, col. 2, l. 58, *hyllye* (1579), *holy* (1597).
P. 467, col. 1, l. 69, *forsayd* (1597), *foresayd* (1579).
P. 467, col. 1, l. 77, *recourse* (1581), *resourse* (1579).
P. 467, col. 1, l. 99, *a starve* (1611). The 4tos. 1579, 1581, 1586, 1597 have *the starres*.
P. 467, col. 1, l. 129, *And* (1586), *As* (1579, 1581).
P. 468, col. 1, l. 191, *other* (1579), *others* (1597).
P. 468, col. 1, l. 197, *welter* (1579), *weltre* (1597).
P. 468 (Thomalins Embleme). The old editions have *Palinodes Embleme*.
P. 468 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 10, *lapsus* (1579), *lapsu* (1597).
P. 468 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 7, *then* (1597), *and* (1579).
P. 468 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 9 from bottom, *that* (1579), *the* (1586).
P. 469 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 17, *of the* (1597), *of* (1579).
P. 469 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 24, *of a* (1579), *of the* (1597).
P. 470 (AUGUST), (Arg.), l. 2, *choose* (1579), *chose* (1597).
P. 470, col. 1, l. 10, *did passe* (1597), *didst passe* (1579).
P. 470, col. 1, l. 13, *that mischaunce* (1597), *that neve mischaunce* (1579).
P. 470, col. 2, l. 46, *hethenward*, read *hetherward*.
P. 470, col. 2, l. 53, *holy* (1597), *holly* (1579).
P. 471, col. 1, l. 84, *thy hart* (1579), *my hart* (1597).
P. 471, col. 1, l. 104, *curelesse* (Collier). All editions read *carelesse*.
P. 471, col. 2, l. 162, *debarres* . . . *from* (1579), *debars* . . . *of* (1611).
P. 471, col. 2, l. 166, *woodes* (1597). The 4to. 1579 has *woodes*.
P. 471, col. 2, l. 167, *or* (1579), *nor* (1597).

- P. 471, col. 2, l. 172, *as* (1597), *a* (1579).
P. 472, col. 2, l. 198, *nigheth* (1579). The 4to. 1597 has *higheth* = *hieth*, hastens.
P. 472 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 4, *shee*, omitted in 4to. 1579, is supplied from the edition of 1597.
P. 472, col. 2, ll. 14, 15, *so . . . partes* (1579), omitted by 1597.
P. 473 (SEPTEMBER), col. 1, l. 6, *dirke* (1579), *darke* (1611).
P. 473, col. 1, l. 13, *ripeth* (1579), *rippeth* (1597).
P. 473, col. 1, l. 22, *I wene* (1579), *weele* (1597).
P. 473, col. 1, l. 24, *estate* (1579), *astate* (1579).
P. 474, col. 1, l. 99, *For-thy* (1579), *For they* (1611).
P. 474, col. 1, l. 112, *whote* (1579), *hote* (1597).
P. 474, col. 1, l. 123, *doen* (1579), *do* (1597).
P. 474, col. 2, l. 144, *stay* (1597), *stray* (1579).
P. 474, col. 2, l. 145, *yeed*. The 4tos. have *yeed*; e folio 1611 reads *yead*.
P. 474, col. 2, l. 158, *walke* (1579), *talke* (1611).
P. 474, col. 2, l. 160, *to* (1597), *two* (1579).
P. 474, col. 2, l. 162, *privé* (1579), *privie* (1597).
P. 475, col. 2, l. 257, *her* (1579), *his* (1597).
P. 475 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 1 from bottom, *Thrise*. The 4to. 1579 has *These*; fol. 1611 *Thrice*.
P. 477 (OCTOBER), col. 2, l. 75, *be forst to fayne* (1579), *to forst to faine* (1597), *to force to faine* (1611).
P. 477, col. 2, l. 79, *thy place* (1597), *the place* (1579).
P. 477, col. 2, l. 80, *doe* (1579), *doest* (1597).
P. 477, col. 2, l. 103, *weightye*. The 4to. 1579 has *weightye*, the folio 1611 *waightie*.
P. 478, col. 2, l. 12 from bottom, *Arcadian*. The 4to. 1579 has *Aradian*, 4to. 1597, fol. 1611 *Arabian*.
P. 479 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 11, *is*. So all old editions (?) in.
P. 479 (Glosse), col. 1, ll. 27, 28, *from stately discourse* (1579), *to stately course* (1597, 1611).
P. 479 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 32, *wel knownen to be Virgile* (1579), *wel knew noble Virgil* (1597, 1611).
P. 479 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 38, *flocks* (1579), *flocke* (1597).
P. 479 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 2, *by fire*; omitted in 4to. 1597.
P. 479 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 13, *layde* (1597), *lay* (1579).
P. 479 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 140, *Petrarch, saying* (1579), *Petrarchs saying* (1597).
P. 479 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 12 from bottom, *had* (1597), *hath* (1579).
P. 479 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 2 from bottom, *is* (1597), *it* (1579).
P. 480 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 8, *forth* (1579), *out* (1597).
P. 480 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 9, *whom seeing Vulcane so faire* (1579), *whom Vulcan seeing so faire* (1597, 1611).
P. 480 (NOVEMBER), (Arg.), l. 2, *albe* (1597), *albeit* (1597).
P. 481, col. 1, l. 78, *you* is not in 4tos., but occurs in fol. 1611.
P. 481, col. 1, l. 85, *hath displayde*. The 4to. 1579 reads *doth displaye*.
P. 481, col. 1, l. 98, *heame* (1597), *heme* (1579).
P. 481, col. 1, ll. 98, 99, *him* (1597), *hem* (1579).
P. 481, col. 2, l. 115, *coloured* (1597), *coloured* (1579).
P. 483 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 17, *enjoy* (1579), *recre* (1597).
P. 483 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 25, *dyled* (1597), *dye* (1579).
P. 483 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 5, *signe*. Not in 1579 but in 1597.
P. 483 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 7, *Atropos daughter*. The 4to. 1579 reads *Atropodas ughters*.
P. 483 (Embleme), col. 2, l. 5, *to* (1579), *of* (1597).
P. 484 (DECEMBER), col. 1, l. 29, *recked* (1611). The 4tos. read *wreaked*.
P. 484, col. 2, l. 43, *derring-doe*. The 4to. 1579 has *derring to*, but *derring doe* is in the Glosse, p. 483 col. 2, l. 1.
P. 484, col. 2, l. 70, *loathed* (1579), *loathing* (1611).
P. 484, col. 2, l. 76, *season* (1579), *reason* (1611).
P. 485, col. 1, l. 89, *t'enrage* (1597), *to tenrage* (1579).
P. 485, col. 2, l. 145, *gather together ye* (1597), *gather together* (1579).
P. 486 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 7, *or* (1579), *of* (1597).
P. 486 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 21, *nor* (1579), *or* (1597).
P. 486 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 27, *leapes* (1579), *heaps* (1597).
P. 486 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 41, *in* (1579), *in th* (1597).
P. 486 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 16, *knewest* (1579), *knowe* (1597).
P. 486 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 20, *our* (how our i 1579), *how* is omitted by 1597.
P. 486 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 23, *Thus*. The 4to. 1579 has *This*.
P. 486 (Embleme), col. 1, l. 3, *of Poetry* (in 1579) is omitted by 1597.
P. 486 (Embleme), col. 1, l. 8, *nec . . . nec*. 8 in all the 4tos. Some mod. editions read *non*.
P. 486 (Embleme), col. 2, l. 2, *hath* (in 1579) is omitted by 1597.
P. 486 (Embleme), col. 2, l. 5, *quod* (1597), *quod* (1579).
P. 486 (Epilogue), col. 2, l. 1 from bottom, *despise* (1579), *displease* (1597).

THE RUINES OF TIME.

- P. 493, l. 361, *to* (1591), *do* (1611).
P. 493, l. 363, *covetize*. The edition 1591 reads *covertize*.
P. 494, l. 414, *made* (1591), ? *had*. (Jortin).
P. 494, l. 447, *For he that now, &c.* (1591), *For such as now have most the world at will* (1611).
P. 494, l. 451, *him that* (1591), *such as* (1611).
P. 494, l. 454, *O let the man* (1591), *O let not thou* (1611).
P. 494, l. 455, *Nor alive, &c.* (1591) *Alive nor dead* (1611).
P. 494, l. 499, *brickle* (1591), *brittle* (1611).
P. 495, l. 541, *Ocean* (1611), *Occvan* (1591).
P. 495, l. 551, *which* (1611). The ed. 1591 reads *with*.
P. 495, l. 571, *Was but earth, &c.* (1591), *Was but of earth and with her weightiness* (1611).
P. 495, l. 574, *worlds* (1611), *words* (1591).
P. 496, l. 647, *bred was* (1611), *was bred* (1591).
P. 496, l. 664, *the earth* (1591) *th' earth* (1611).
P. 496, l. 675, *worldes*. All old editions read *worlds*.

TEARES OF THE MUSES.

- P. 498, l. 118, *anew*, (?) *in rev.*
P. 499, l. 126, *of sin*. Some mod. editions read *sin*.
P. 500, l. 232, *singults* (1611), *singulfs* (1591).
P. 501, l. 401, *that winged God* (1591), *the winged od*.
P. 503, l. 576, *Poetresse* (1591), *Poetesse* in some od. editions.
P. 503, l. 600, *living* (1611), *loving* (1591).

VIRGIL'S GNAT.

- P. 504, l. 23, *waves* (1591), ? *wave*.
P. 505, l. 122, *heart* (1611). The ed. 1591 has *var*.
P. 506, l. 149, *Ascrean*. The ed. 1591 reads *Ascrean*.
P. 508, l. 340, *not* (1611) is omitted by 4to. 1591.
P. 508, l. 343, *fire* (1591), *fier* (1611).
P. 508, l. 387, *throat*. The 4to. 1591. reads *threat*.
P. 508, l. 406, *fluttering* (1611), *flattering* (1591).
P. 509, l. 417, *waladay* (1591), *weladay* (1611).
P. 510, l. 536, *subtile* (1611), *syte* (1591).
P. 510, l. 575, *billowes*. The 4to. 1591 reads *bilwe*.
P. 510, l. 588, *Hercean* (1591) ? *Egean*.

MOTHER HUBBERD'S TALE.

- P. 513, l. 53, *Gossip* (1611), *Goship* (1591).
P. 513, l. 67, *lifted upon high* (1591), *lifted high* (1611).
P. 513, l. 87, *worldēs* (1611), *worlds* (1591).
P. 515, l. 264, *thetch* (1591), *thatch* (1611).
P. 516, l. 340, *carried* (1591), ? *cover'd* (Collier).
P. 517, l. 453, *diriges* (1611), *dirges* (1591).
P. 517, l. 501, *or* (1591), *ere* (1611).
P. 518, l. 629, *she* (1591), *hee* (1611).
P. 519, l. 648, *at* (in 1611), omitted by 1591.
P. 519, l. 734, *gentrie* (1591). This word must be pronounced as three syllables (Todd). Perhaps Spenser wrote *genterie*.
P. 519, l. 735, *lothefull* (1591), ? *slothefull* (Collier).
P. 519, l. 830, *kindle*. The 4to. 1591 and the fol. 11 read *kindly*.
P. 522, l. 997, *whether*. The 4to. 1591 has *whier*.
P. 522, l. 1012, *stopt*. The 4to 1591 and fol. 1611 *ave slept*.
P. 522, l. 1019, *whilher*. The 4to. 1591 reads *hether*.
P. 524, l. 1245, *stal'd* (1591), *stall'd* (1611).

THE RUINES OF ROME.

- P. 526, l. 21, *Mausolus*. The 4to 1591 has *Marilus*.
P. 526, l. 48, *The Giants old* (1611), *the old Giants* (1591).
P. 527, l. 119, *palaces*. The line is defective; *palaces failed*.
P. 528, l. 210, *now* (1611). Omitted by the 4to. 1591.
P. 529, l. 243, *ornaments*. The 4to. has *ornament*.

- P. 529, l. 270, *Tethis* (1591), *Thetys* (1611).
P. 529, l. 272, *dimmed*, read *dimmed*.
P. 531, l. 414, *stackes* (1611), *stalkes* (1591).

MUTOPOTMOS.

- P. 532, l. 34, *yongth* (1591), *youth* (1611).
P. 533, l. 149, *champain o're he*. The 4to. 1591 has *champion he*, but the fol. 1611 reads *champaine o're he*.
P. 534, l. 250, *dispacng*. The 4to. has *displacing*.
P. 535, l. 335, *hayrie* (1591), *ayrie* (1611).
P. 535, l. 354, *enfested* (1591), ? *enfesterd* (Collier).
P. 536, l. 370, *framde craftily* (1611), *did sllily frame* (1591).
P. 536, l. 392, *hateful* (1591), *fatall* (1611).
P. 536, l. 431, *yongthly*. The 4to. has *youghthly*, but see p. 532, l. 34.

VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE.

- P. 537, st. 3, l. 11, *did*. The 4to. 1591 has *doth*.
P. 538, st. 8, l. 12, *native* (1611), *nature* (1591).

VISIONS OF BELLAY.

- P. 538, st. 2, l. 9, *On*. The 4to. 1591 reads *one*.
P. 538, st. 2, l. 9, *Afrike golds*, ? *Afrikes gold*.
P. 539, st. 9, l. 1, *astonied*. The 4to. 1591 reads *astoined*.

The following is an earlier version of 'The Visions of Bellay,' which is found in the 'THEATRE FOR WORLDLINGS.' 'A Theatre wherein be represented as wel the miseries and calamities that follow the voluptuous Worldlings, As also the greate joyes and plesures which the faithfull do enjoy. An Argument both profitable and delectable, to all that sincerely love the word of God. Devised by S. Iohn vander Noodt. Scene and allowed according to the order appointed. Imprinted at London by Henry Bynnenman. Anno Domini 1569.' 8vo. Then follow two pages of Latin verses—'In commendationem operis ab Nobiliss. et virtutis Studiosissimo Domino, Ioanne vander Noodt Patricio Antuerpiensi aditi, Carmen.' and 'Doctor Gerardus Goossenius Medicus, Physicus, et Poeta Brabant. moder. in Zoilum Octastichon.' And a Dedication to Q. Elizabeth, dated 'At London your Majesties Citie and seate royal. The 25. of May. 1569.' and signed, 'Your Majesties most humble servant, Iean vander Noodt.' Next come Spenser's six 'Visions of Petrarch' (called Epigrams), with four additional lines at the end, and then follow the remaining poems, entitled 'Sonnets,' with descriptive woodcuts.

Then follow 107 leaves of Prose, entitled 'A briefe declaration of the Authour upon his visions, taken out of the holy scriptures, and dyvers Orators, Poetes, Philosophers, and true histories. Translated out of French into English by Theodore Roest.' The following is an extract. 'And to sette the vanitie and inconstancie of worldly and transitorie thyngs, the livelier before your eyes, I have broughte in here *twentie sightes or visions, and caused them to be grauen, to the ende al men may see that with their eyes, whiche I go aboute to expresse*

by writing, to the delight and plesure of the eye
and eares, according unto the saying of Horace.

Omne tult punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.

That is to say,

He that teacheth pleasantly and well,

Doth in eche poynt all others excell.

Of which oure visions the learned Poete M. Francisce Petrarche Gentleman of Florence, did invent and write in Tuscan the *six firste*, after suche tyme as hee had loved honestly the space of .xxi. yeares a faire, gracious, and a noble Damosell, named Laurette, or (as it plesed him best) Laura, borne of Avinon, who afterward hapned to die, he being in Italy, for whose death (to shewe his great grief) he mourned ten yeares together, and amongst many of his songs and sorowfull lamentations, devised and made a Ballade or song, containing the *sayd visions*, which because they serve wel to our purpose, *I have out of the Brabants speeche, turned them into the English tongue.* fol. 13.

'The other ten visions next ensuing, ar described of one Ioachim du Bellay, Gentleman of France, the *whiche* also, because they serve to our purpose, *I have translated them out of Dutch into English.*' fol. 14.

SONETS.*

IT was the time when rest the gift of Gods
Sweetely sliding into the eyes of men,
Doth drowne in the forgetfulnesse of slepe,
The carefull travailes of the painefull day :
Then did a ghost appeare before mine eyes
On that great rivers banke that runnes by Rome,
And calling me then by my propre name,
He bade me upwarde unto heaven looke.
He cride to me, and loe (quod he) beholde,
What under this great Temple is containde,
Loe all is nought but flying vanitie.
So I knowing the worldes unstedfastnesse,
Sith onely God surmountes the force of ty
In God alone do stay my confidence.

On hill, a frame an hundred cubites hie
I sawe, an hundred pillers eke about,
All of fine Diamant decking the front,
And fashon'd were they all in Dorike wise.
Of bricke, ne yet of marble was the wall,
But shining Christall, which from top to base
Out of deepe vante threw forth a thousand rayes
Upon an hundred steps of purest golde.
Golde was the parget : and the sielyng eke
Did shine all scaly with fine golden plates.
The floor was Jaspis, and of Emeraude.
O worldes vaineesse. A sodein earthquake loe,
Shaking the hill even from the bottoome deepe,
Threwe downe this building to the lowest stone.

Then did appeare to me a sharped spire
Of diamant, ten feete eche way in square,
Justly proportionde up unto his height,
So hie as mought an Archer reache with sight.
Upon the top therof was set a pot
Made of the mettall that we honour most.
And in this golden vessell couched were
The ashes of a mightie Emperour.

* Or 'The Visions of Bellay.'

Upon foure corners of the base there lay
To beare the frame, foure great Lions of golde.
A worthie tombe for such a worthie corps.
Alas, nought in this worlde but grieve endures.
A sodaine tempest from the heaven, I saw,
With flashe [? flashe] stroke downe this nob
monument.

I saw raise up on pillars of Ivorie,
Whereof the bases were of richest golde,
The chapters Alabaster, Christall frises,
The double front of a triumphall arke.
On eche side portraide was a victorie.
With golden wings in habite of a Nymph.
And set on hie upon triumphing chaire,
The auncient glorie of the Romane lordes.
The worke did shew it selfe not wrought by man.
But rather made by his owne skillfull hande
That forgeth thunder darts for Jove his sire.
Let me no more see faire thing under heauen,
Sith I have seene so faire a thing as this,
With sodaine falling broken all to dust.

Then I behelde the faire Dodonian tree,
Upon seven hilles throw forth his gladsome shade
And Conquerors bedecked with his leaves
Along the bankes of the Italian streame.
There many auncient Trophies were erect,
Many a spoile, and many goodly signes,
To shewe the greatnesse of the stately race,
That erst descended from the Trojan bloud.
Ravisht I was to see so rare a thing,
When barbarous villaines in disordred heape,
Outraged the honour of these noble bowes.
I hearde the tronke to grone under the wedge.
And since I saw the roote in hie disdaine
Sende forth againe a twinne of forked trees.

I saw the birde that dares beholde the Sunne,
With feeble flight venture to mount to heaven,
By more and more she gan to trust hir wings,
Still folowing th' example of hir damme :
I saw hir rise, and with a larger flight
Surmount the toppes even of the hiest hilles,
And pierce the cloudes, and with hir wings
reache
The place where is the temple of the Gods,
There was she lost, and sodenly I saw
Where tombing through the aire in lompe of fire
All flaming downe she fell upon the plaine.
I saw hir bodie turned all to dust,
And saw the foule that shunneth the cherefull light
Out of hir ashes as a worme arise.

Then all astonned with this nightly ghost,
I saw an hideous body big and strong,
Long was his beard, and side did hang his hair,
A grisly forehed and Saturnelike face.
Leaning against the belly of a pot
He shed a water, whose outgushing streame
Ran flowing all along the creekie shoare
Where once the Trojan Duke with Turnus fought
And at his feete a bitch Wolfe did give sucke
To two yong babes. In his right hand he bare
The tree of peace, in left the conquering Palme,
His head was garnisht with the Laurel bow.
Then sodenly the Palme and Olive fell,
And faire greene Laurel withered up and dide.

rd by a rivers side, a wailing Nimphe,
ding hir armes with thousand sighs to heaven,
tune hir plaint to falling rivers sound,
ating hir faire visage and golden haire,
ere is (quod she) this whilome honored face?
ere is thy glory and the auncient praise,
ere all worldes hap was reposed,
en erst of Gods and man I worshipt was?
suffisde it not that civile bate
de me the spoile and bootie of the world,
t this new Hydra mete to be assaillde
en by an hundred such as Hercules,
th seven springing heds of monstrous crimes,
many Neroes and Caligulaes
st still bring forth to rule this croked shore.

on a hill I saw a kindled flame,
unting like waves with triple point to heaven,
rich of incense of precious Cedar tree
th Balmelike odor did perfume the aire.
bird all white, well fetherd on hir winges
reout did flie up to the throne of Gods,
d singing with most pleasant melodie
climbed up to heaven in the smoke.
this faire fire the faire dispersed rayes
rew forth abroad a thousand shining leames,
en sodaine dropping of a golden shoure
a quench the glystering flame. O grevous
change!
at which erstwhile so pleasaunt scent did yelde,
Sulphure now did breathe corrupted smel.

aw a fresh spring rise out of a rocke,
re as Christall against the Sunny beames,
a bottome yellow like the shining land,
at golden Pactol drives upon the plaine.
seemed that arte and nature strived to joyne
ere in one place all pleasures of the eye.
ere was to heare a noise alluring slepe
many accordes more swete than Mermaids
song,
e seates and benches shone as Ivorie,
hundred Nymphes sate side by side about,
en from nie hilles a naked rout of Faunes
th hideous cry assembled on the place,
ch with their feete uncleane the water fouled,
w down the seats, and drone the Nymphs to
flight.

length, even at the time when Morpheus
st truly doth appeare unto our eyes,
arie to see th' inconstance of the heavens:
aw the great Typhæus sister come,
head full bravely with a morian armed,
majestie she seemde to matche the Gods.
d on the shore, harde by a violent streame,
raide a Trophee over all the worlde.
hundred vanquisht kings gronde at hir feete,
air armes in shamefull wise bounde at their
backes.
le I was with so dreadfull sight afrayde,
aw the heavens warre against hir tho,
d seing hir stricken fall with clap of thunder,
th so great noyse I start in sodaine wonder.

The sixth, eighth, thirteenth, and fourteenth
visions of Bellay,' which are in Spenser's transla-
a of 1591, are not in the 'Theatre for World-

lings;' but four others are substituted, of which the
writer thus speaks: 'And to the ende we myght
speake more at large of the thing, I have taken
four visions out of the revelations of S. John; where
as the Holy Ghost by S. John setteth him (Anti-
christ) out in his colours.' Fol. 20.

I saw an ugly beast come from the sea,
That seven heads, ten crounes, ten hornes did beare,
Having theron the vile blaspheming name.
The cruell Leopard she resembled much:
Feete of a beare, a Lions throte she had.
The mightie Dragon gave to hir his power.
One of hir heads yet there I did espie,
Still freshly bleeding of a grievous wounde.
One cride aloude. What one is like (quod he)
This honoured Dragon, or may him withstande?
And then came from the sea a savage beast,
With Dragons speche, and shewde his force by fire,
With wondrous signes to make all wights adore
The beast, in setting of hir image up.

I saw a Woman sitting on a beast
Before mine eyes, of Orenge colour hew:
Horroure and dreadfull name of blasphemie
Filde hir with pride. And seven heads I saw,
Ten hornes also the stately beast did beare.
She seemde with glorie of the scarlet faire,
And with fine perle and golde puft up in heart.
The wine of hooredome in a cup she bare.
The name of Mysterie writ in hir face;
The bloud of Martyrs dere were hir delite.
Most fierce and fell this woman seemde to me.
An Angell then descending downe from Heaven,
With thondring voice cride out aloude, and sayd,
Now for a truth great Babylon is fallen.

Then might I see upon a white horse set
The faithfull man with flaming countenance,
His head did shine with crounes set therupon.
The worde of God made him a noble name.
His precious robe I saw embrued with bloud.
Then saw I from the heaven on horses white,
A puissant armie come the selfe same way.
Then cried a shining Angell as me thought,
That birdes from aire descending downe on earth
Should warre upon the kings, and cate their flesh.
Then did I see the beast and Kings also
Joinyng their force to slea the faithfull man.
But this fierce hatefull beast and all hir traine
Is pitlesse throwne downe in pit of fire.

I saw new Earth, new Heaven, sayde Saint John.
And loe, the sea (quod he) is now no more.
The holy Citie of the Lorde, from hyc
Descendeth garnisht as a loved spouse.
A voice then sayde, beholde the bright abode
Of God and men. For he shall be their God,
And all their teares he shall wipe cleane away.
Hir brightnesse greater was than can be founde,
Square was this Citie, and twelve gates it had.
Eche gate was of an orient perfect pearle,
The houses golde, the pavement precious stone.
A lively streame, more cleere than Christall is,
Ranne through the mid, sprong from triumphant
seat.
There growes lifes fruite unto the Churches good.

THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH.

P. 541, st. 1, l. 5, *mote* (1591), *mought* (Theatre for Worldings).

P. 541, st. 1, l. 9, *that* (1591), *this* (T. for W.).

P. 541, st. 2, l. 19, *show* (1591), *shew* (T. for W.).

P. 541, st. 2, ll. 23—28. In the T. for W. these lines are as follows:—

Strike on a rock, that under water lay.

O great misfortune, O great griefe, I say,

Thus in one moment to see lost and drownde

So great riches, as lyke can not be founde.

P. 541, st. 3, l. 29, *The* (1591), *Then* (T. for W.).

P. 541, st. 3, l. 30, *the* (1591), *a* (T. for W.).

P. 541, st. 3, l. 31, *Amidst* (1591), *Amidde* (T. for W.).

P. 541, st. 3, l. 35, *That with, &c.* (1591), *My sprites were ravisht with these pleasures there* (T. for W.).

P. 541, st. 4, l. 43, *a* (1591), *the* (T. for W.).

P. 541, st. 4, l. 49, *To the soft* (1591), *Unto the gentle* (T. for W.).

P. 541, st. 4, l. 50, *That my glad heart, &c.* (1591), *The sight wherof dyd make my heart rejoyce* (T. for W.).

P. 541, st. 4, l. 51, *But, while herein, &c.* (1591), *But while I toke herein, &c.* (T. for W.).

P. 541, st. 4, ll. 55, 56, are omitted by T. for W.

P. 541, st. 5, l. 63, *at last* (1591), *at length* (T. for W.).

P. 541, st. 5, ll. 68—70. These three lines are not in T. for W. but instead we have the following concluding line:—*For pitie and love my heart yet burnes in paine.*

P. 541, st. 6, l. 72, *thinking yet* (1591), *in thinking* (T. for W.).

P. 541, st. 6, l. 81, *on* (1591), *in* (T. for W.).

P. 541, st. 6, l. 82, *and sorrowful annoy* (1591), *That dothe our hearts any* (T. for W.).

P. 541, st. 6, ll. 83, 84, are omitted by T. for W.

P. 542, st. 7. This stanza does not occur in T. for W., but the four following lines are added to the Epigrams:—

My Song thus now in thy Conclusions,

Say boldly that these same SIX VISIONS

Do yelde unto thy lorde a sweete request,

Ere it be long within the earth to rest.

P. 542, st. 7, l. 85, *behold*. The 4to. 1591 reads *beheld*.

DAPHNAIDA.

P. 543, l. 79, *unpitted, unplained* (1591). Some mod. editions read *unpitted and unplained*.

P. 544, ll. 159, 160, *fro* (1591), *from* (1611).

P. 547, l. 391, *till* (1596), *tell* (1591).

P. 547, l. 478, *starres* (1591), *starre* (1596).

P. 548, l. 487, *deepe* (1591), *deere* (1596).

COLIN CLOUTS COME HOME AGAINE.

P. 549, l. 1, *knowne*. The 4to. 1595 reads *knowne*.

P. 550, l. 46, *glorious bright*. i.e. *glorious bright one* (1595). Some mod. editions read *glory bright*.

P. 550, l. 88, *lasse* (1611), *losse* (1595).

P. 550, l. 91, *chose* (1595), *choose* (1611).

P. 551, l. 168, *singults* (1611), *singulfs* (1595.)

P. 552, l. 315, *bordrags*. The 4to. 1595 reads *bodrags*.

P. 553, l. 382, *there is Corydon*. The 4to. 1595 reads *there is a Corydon*.

P. 554, l. 487, *Urania*. The ed. 1595 reads *Uriana*.

P. 555, l. 600, *clusters*. The 4to. 1595 reads *glusts*.

P. 555, l. 601, *braunches* (suggested by Collier). The 4to. 1595 has *bunches*.

P. 556, l. 670, *durst*. The ed. 1595 has *darest*.

P. 556, l. 757, *fare* (1611), *far* (1595).

P. 566, l. 762, *drownded* (1595), *drowned* (1611).

P. 557, l. 860, *her* (referring to earth). Some editions read *their*.

P. 557, l. 861, *life-giving*. All old editions read *like giving*.

P. 558, l. 884, *the creatures* (1611). Ed. 1595 reads *their creatures*. Collier suggests *these*.

ASTROPHEL.

P. 559, l. 22, *and weetingly* (1595) ? *unweetingly*.

P. 560, l. 50, *often* (1611), *oft* (1595). Did Spenser intend to write *oft* had *sighed*?

P. 560, l. 53, *sight* i.e. *sighed* (1595), *sigh't* (1611).

P. 560, l. 89, *needeth* (1611), *need* (1595).

P. 561, l. 149, *beare* (1595), *biere* (1611).

THE DOLEFULL LAY OF OLORINDA.

P. 562, l. 35, *him did see* (1611), *him see* (1595).

P. 562, l. 50, *fro me* (1611), *me fro* (1595).

THE MOURNING MUSE OF THESTYLIS.

P. 563, l. 20, *thy ireful*. All old editions read *their ireful*.

P. 563, l. 34, *Seyne*. The old editions read *Rey*.

P. 566, l. 193, *to thee let fall*. Some editions read *to let thee fall*.

A PASTORALL AEGLOGUE.

P. 566, l. 29, *testified*. Ed. 1595 has *testified*.

P. 566, l. 41, *hard* (1595), *sad* (1611).

AN ELEGIE.

P. 568, l. 3, *glasse*. The ed. 1595 reads *grasse*.

P. 568, l. 72, *night* (1611), *nigh* (1595).

P. 569, l. 109, *never* (1611), *ever* (1595).

P. 569, l. 134, *Astrophill*. The original has *Asphorhill*.

P. 569, l. 150, *To short-livde* (1595). Some editions read *The short-livde*.

P. 569, l. 155, *nor* (1595), *or* (1611).

P. 569, l. 177, *do* (1595), *doth* (1611).

P. 570, l. 181, *This word* (1611), *His word* (1595).

P. 570, l. 206, *of each kinde* (1611), *of kinde* (1595).

P. 570, l. 234, *discollor* (1611), *discollors* (1595).

AN EPITAPH (II.).

P. 571, l. 25, *parallels* (1611), *parables* (1595).

P. 572, l. 39, *Go, seeke* (1611), *Go, seekes* (1595).

SONNETS.

P. 574, st. 10, l. 7, *captive*. Ed. 1595 reads *cattives*.

P. 574, st. 11, l. 8, *unpitted*. Ed. 1595 reads *unpitteid*.

P. 575, st. 15, l. 3, *treasure*. Ed. 1595 reads *treasures*.

P. 576, st. 21, l. 6, *love*. Ed. 1595 reads *loves*.

P. 576, st. 26, l. 4, *braunche is*. The ed. of 1595 reads *braunches*.

P. 576, st. 26, l. 5, *rough* read *tough* (1595).

P. 578, st. 33, l. 11, *Sins* (1595), *Sith* (1611).
 P. 578, st. 35. This stanza is repeated in ed. 1595, and comes between stanzas 82 and 83. There is a different reading in l. 6, it is *having it* in our ext, but *seeing it* in the omitted version.
 P. 580, st. 47, l. 11, *her* (1595), *their* (1611).
 P. 580, st. 50, l. 9, *first* (1595). Some copies read *or*.
 P. 580, st. 53, l. 6, *sembiant* (1597), *semblance* (1611).
 P. 581, st. 55, l. 12, *mind* (1595). Some editions read *love*.
 P. 581, st. 57, l. 10, *these* ? *those*.
 P. 581, st. 58, l. 1, *By her*. Some editors propose to read *To but By*=concerning.
 P. 581, st. 58, l. 8, *glories* (1595). Some editions as 1611 read *glorious*.
 P. 583, st. 71, l. 9, *above*. Ed. 1595 reads *about*.
 Spenser writes:—

But as your worke is all about ywove ?
 P. 583, st. 82, l. 2, *placed*. Ed. 1595 has *plac'd*.
 P. 586, st. 87, l. 9, *the idæa* (1611), *th' idæa*, (1595).
 P. 586, st. 88, l. 3, *vow*. The ed. 1595 reads *rw*.

EPITHALAMION.

P. 587, l. 2, *me* (1595). Some editions read *the*.
 P. 587, l. 13, *girlands*. The ed. 1595 reads *gir-mind*.
 P. 588, l. 67, *dore* (so ed. 1595), but read *deere* as suggested by Professor Child.
 P. 588, l. 92, *dreames*. All the old editions read *reame*.
 P. 589, l. 190, *mazefull*. The ed. 1595 has *maze-ill*, but *amazefull* is suggested by Professor Child.
 P. 589, l. 208, *receyve*. Ed. 1595 has *recyve*.
 P. 590, l. 290, *nights sad dread* (1611), *nights read* (1595).
 P. 590, l. 341, *Pouke*. The ed. 1595 reads *Ponke*.
 P. 591, l. 359, *your bed* (1595). Some modern copies read *the bed*.
 P. 591, l. 379, *wool*. The ed. 1595 has *woll*.
 P. 591, l. 385, *thy will* (1611), *they will* (1595).

HYMNES.

AN HYMNE OF LOVE.

P. 593, l. 69, *make* (1596), *made* (1611).
 P. 593, l. 83, *hated fyre*. Ed. 1596 has *hate fyre*.
 P. 594, l. 122, *with*. Warton proposed to read *om*.
 P. 594, l. 150, *Since* (1596). Some mod. copies read *Sith*.
 P. 594, l. 161, *doest* (1596). Some mod. copies read *doth*.
 P. 595, l. 227, *hath eyde* (1596). Some copies read *had eyde*.

AN HYMNE OF BEAUTIE.

P. 596, l. 6, *doest* (1596). Some mod. editions read *doth*.
 P. 596, l. 47, *clotheth it* (1596). Collier reads *oses it*.
 P. 596, l. 83, *oft-times*. Ed. 1596 has *oftimes*.
 P. 597, l. 147, *Perform'd*. The ed. 1596 reads *perform'd*.
 P. 597, l. 158, *will* ? *evill*.
 P. 597, l. 171, *affections* (1596), ? *affection*.

P. 598, l. 195, *no love* (1596), *not love* (Collier).
 P. 598, l. 222, *to his fancies* (1596), ? *of his fancies*.

AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLIE LOVE.

P. 599, l. 53, *in powre* (1596), *of powre* (Collier).
 P. 600, l. 72, *still to them* (1596). Collier reads *unto them*.
 P. 600, l. 158, *launching* (1596). Some modern editions read *launcing*.
 P. 601, l. 179, *of us* (1596), *for us* (Collier).
 P. 601, l. 188, *us so* (1596), *was so* (Collier).
 P. 601, 195, *Even he himselfe*. Ed. 1596 has *Even himselfe*. In 1611 it is *Even hee himselfe*.
 P. 601, l. 238, *of great* (1596), *by great* (Collier).
 P. 602, l. 266, *to thee* (1596), *for thee* (1611).

HYMNE OF HEAVENLIE BEAUTIE.

P. 603, l. 121, *Suns bright beames* (1596), *Sun-bright beames* (1611).
 P. 604, l. 165, *And dampish aire*. Ed. 1596 reads *The dark and dampish aire*.
 P. 604, l. 170, *more bright* (in 1611), is omitted by 1596.
 P. 605, l. 270, *to paine* (1596), *a paine* (1611).
 P. 605, l. 294, *on matter* (1611), *no matter* (1596).

PROTHALAMION.

P. 605, l. 5, *whom* (1596). Some copies read *whose*.
 P. 606, l. 117, *Yel* (1611), *Feat* (1596).

SONNETS WRITTEN BY SPENSER.

I. This is taken from 'Four Letters, and Certain Sonnets: Especially touching Robert Greene, and other parties, by him abused: &c. London. 4to.: Imprinted by John Wolfe, 1592.'

II. This is prefixed to 'Nennio, Or a Treatise of Nobility, &c. Written in Italian by that famous Doctor and worthy Knight, Sir John Baptista Nenna of Bari. Done into English by William Jones, Gent., 4to. 1595.'

III. Prefixed to the 'Historie of George Castriot, surnamed Scanderbeg, King of Albanie: Containing his famous actes, &c. Newly translated out of French into English by Z. I., Gentleman. Imprinted for W. Ponsonby, 1596,' fol. There is a copy of this work in the Bodleian Library. AA. 37. Art. Seld.

IV. Prefixed to 'The Commonwealth and Government of Venice. Written by the Cardinall Gaspar Contareno, and translated out of Italian into English by Lewis Leckenor, Esquire. London. Imprinted by John Windet for Edmund Mattes, &c., 1599,' 4to.

A VIEW OF THE PRESENT STATE OF IRELAND.*

P. 610, col. 2, l. 17, *entred* (22), *enured* (19).
 P. 610, col. 2, l. 3 from bottom, *Breaghe* (22), *Irach* (19).
 P. 611, col. 1, l. 39, *sure* (22), *faire* (19).
 P. 611, col. 2, l. 10, *forestald* (22), *forestaked* (19 and 73).
 P. 611, col. 2, ll. 32, 33, *Tanistih* (22), *Tanist* (19).
 P. 612, col. 1, l. 30, *innovation* (19), *invasion* (73).

* 22=Additional MS. 22022. 19=Harl. MS. 1932. 73=Harl. MS. 7388. W.=Ware's Text.

P. 612, col. 2, l. 19, *wayved* (73), *wayed*, *waied* (19 and 22).

P. 612, col. 2, l. 41, of a *King* (22), 'Of a Kinge, which tytle was gyven by the Yrish rather for a more greater honour of their cuntrye then for any gratification or addition of power to the kynge, who was before Lord of Yreland; which tytle did not import the absolute soveraigne command of a lord seignour over his subjects as over his vassalles; for all other absolute power of principalitie he had in himself before deryved from manie former kinges,' &c.

P. 613, col. 1, l. 15, *keepe* (22), *plucke* (19).

P. 613, col. 2, l. 9 from bottom, *warrelike* (19), *wicked* (22).

P. 614, col. 2, l. 15, *enured* (73), *entred* (22 and 19).

P. 616, col. 1, ll. 11, 12, *Culvers*, *Mointerolis*, *Oroirke*. MS. 22 omits *Culvers* and *Mointerolis*; 19 reads *Culvers*, *Moneroo* (73 *Moneroe*), and *Ourkes* (Orourcks 73).

P. 615, col. 1, ll. 14, 15, *Glaunmaleerih*, *Shillelah*, *Briskelagh*, *Polmonte*. MS. 19 has *Glaumator* (73 *Glamalour*), *Shillelagh* and *Brisklagh*. *Polmonte* is inserted from Ware's text.

P. 615, col. 1, l. 11 from bottom, the *Earle of Ulster*. Ware's text has the *Earle* of, which is omitted in the Brit. Mus. MSS. For *Ulster*, 19 reads *Lacie*.

P. 615, col. 2, l. 2, *builde* . . . *Tomond* (22), *repaired* . . . *Thomond* (19).

P. 615, col. 2, l. 17 from bottom, *Clarifort* (19), *Clareforte* (73), *Clariford* (Ware). Omitted by 22.

P. 615, col. 2, l. 15 from bottom, *Mourne* and *Buttevant* (19). Omitted by 22.

P. 615, col. 2, l. 3 from bottom, *remember* (22), *reade* (19).

P. 616, col. 1, l. 14 from bottom, *hurt* (22), *scathe* (19).

P. 616, col. 2, l. 1, *Donluce* (Ware), *Donlace* (19). Omitted by 22.

P. 616, col. 2, l. 3, *Belfast* (19). Omitted by 22.

P. 616, col. 2, l. 12, *en Ranagh*. Omitted by 22; inserted from 19.

P. 616, col. 2, l. 14, *Belfast* . . . *Newton*. Omitted by 22; inserted from 19.

P. 616, col. 2, l. 23, in the *Ardes*. Omitted by 22; inserted from Ware: 19 reads *at the Ardes*, 73 in *Ardes*.

P. 616, col. 2, l. 29, *Bremmegham* (22), *Bremingham* (19).

P. 616, col. 2, l. 35, *to breathe or* (22), *to stae nor* (19).

P. 616, col. 2, ll. 47-56, *and left* . . . *warres*, in 22, 19, and 73, but omitted by Ware.

P. 617, col. 1, l. 18 from bottom, *Gerald* (22), *Garret* (19 and 73).

P. 617, col. 2, l. 6, *bluster* (22), *blatter* (19, and Ware).

P. 617, col. 2, l. 20 from bottom, *Leis* (22), *Leiz* (19).

P. 617, col. 2, l. 16 from bottom, *Oreyleys* (73), *Ovelies* (19).

P. 617, col. 2, ll. 12-9 from bottom, *All this* . . . *kindle* (22), *All these which ye have named and manie moe besides often tymes have I right well known to kyndle* (19).

P. 618, col. 2, ll. 18-22, *to keepe* . . . *provision* (19). Omitted by 22, and Ware.

P. 619, col. 2, l. 17 from the bottom, *leave* (22), *dryve* (19).

P. 619, col. 2, l. 10 from bottom, *garrans* (19), *gerrans* (22), *garrandes* (73).

P. 620, col. 2, l. 3, *which purposely therefore appoynted* (22), *which is purposelie appointed ther unto* (19).

P. 620, col. 2, l. 18 from bottom, *attaynted* . . . *void* (22). Ware and MSS. 19 and 73 omit *had bene made voyd*; and for *attaynted*, Ware and 19 read *conleynd*.

P. 620, col. 2, l. 16 from bottom, *wronge* (19), *wrought* (22).

P. 621, col. 2, l. 15 from bottom, *Palentine* (22), *Palatyne* (19), *Pallantyne* (73).

P. 623, col. 2, ll. 4, 3 from bottom, *Cuddeehi*, *Cosshirh* (22), *Cuddie*, *Cossherie* (19), *Shragh an Sorehim* (73 *Shragh and Brehim*) are omitted in 22.

P. 624, col. 1, ll. 3, 4, *saying commonly* (22) *for their common sayinge is* (19).

P. 624, col. 1, l. 29, *Kin-cogish* (22), *Kincoglishe* (19), *Kingongish* (73).

P. 624, col. 1, ll. 4, 3 from bottom, *inclusive* . . . *him* (19). Omitted by 22.

P. 624, col. 2, l. 21 from bottom, *Cogish* (22), *Congish* (73).

P. 624, col. 2, l. 22 from bottom, *followers* (19), *fellowes* (22).

P. 625, col. 1, l. 26, *I suppose to be Scythian which at, &c.* In Ware's text we have the following passages (omitted in all the Brit. Mus. MSS.), which however, is directed to be crossed out as being the agreeable to the best MS. copy; which passage is also omitted in the MS. of this 'View' belonging to the Marquis of Stafford (Todd):—

Eudox. How commeth it then to passe, that the Irish doe derive themselves from *Gathelus* the Spaniard?

Iren. They doe, indeed, but (I conceive) without any good ground. For if there were any such notable transmission of a colony hether out of Spaine, or any such famous conquest of this kingdom by *Gathelus*, a Spaniard, as they would faine believe, it is not unlikely, but the very Chronicle of Spaine (had Spaine then bene in so high regard as they now have it) would not have omitted so memorable a thing as the subduing of so noble realme to the Spaniard, no more than they doe neglect to memorize their conquest of the India especially in those times, in which the same was supposed, being nearer unto the flourishing age of learning and writers under the Romans. But the Irish doe heerein no otherwise then our vainglorious Englishmen doe in the Tale of Brutus, whom the devise to have first conquered and inhabited this land, it being as impossible to prove, that there was ever any such Brutus of Albion or England as it is that there was any such *Gathelus* of Spaine. But surely the Scythians (of whom I earst spoke at, &c.)

P. 625, col. 1, l. 37, *Scuttenland* (19), *Scuttenland* (22).

P. 625, col. 1, ll. 39-45, *I wonder* . . . *and the same* (in 19 and 73). Omitted by 22.

P. 626, col. 1, ll. 21-22, *of all which* . . . *Buckhanan* (22). Omitted by W.

P. 626, col. 1, l. 43, *leave* (so all copies) ? *learn*

P. 626, col. 1, l. 54, *antiquitie* (22), *auncientie* (19 and 73).

P. 626, col. 2, l. 39, *Cales* (22), *Cadiz* (19); l. 43, *Idunum* (W.), *Gaidum* (22), *Galdumen* (19).

P. 626, col. 2, l. 49, *Celties* (22), *Celtæ* (19), *Celts* (19).

P. 627, col. 1, l. 38, *fiftye* (22), *fifteene* (19).

P. 627, col. 1, l. 44, *Slevius* (22), *Slanius* (W.), *lanius* (19).

P. 627, col. 1, ll. 51-52, *As the Latine proverbe is omitted by 22; in 19 and 73.* W. reads as the *er proverbe is*.

P. 627, col. 2, ll. 11-14, *for being . . . would* (22). Omitted by W.

P. 628, col. 1, l. 12, *Isabell* (22), *Elizabeth* (W., and 73).

P. 628, col. 1, l. 23, *auncientrye* (22, 73. and W.), *ancestrye* (19).

P. 628, col. 2, ll. 17-21, *of the which . . . of the rules* (19 and 73). Omitted by 22.

P. 628, col. 2, l. 37, *Gaul* (22), *Gaules* (19), *id* (73 and W.).

P. 629, col. 1, l. 16, *Cummurreeih* (12), *Cumner-* (19), *Camericke* (73).

P. 629, col. 2, l. 5, *winning* (22), *employing* (W. and 73), *empeopling* (19).

P. 630, col. 1, l. 30, *bolyes* (W. and 19), *bogges* (19 and 73).

P. 630, col. 1, l. 53, *bolyes* (22), *boolying* (W.), *Ulyng* (19 and 73).

P. 631, col. 1, l. 28, *Gaules* (22 and W.), *Africans* (19 and 73).

P. 631, col. 1, l. 56, *besemeth* (22), *deserve* (19).

P. 631, col. 2, l. 6, *encloseth* (22), *ensconseth* (19).

P. 631, col. 2, l. 44, *Beantoolhe* (22), *Monashutt* (19 and 73), *Monashul* (W.).

P. 632, col. 1, ll. 42, 43, *as have . . . that people.* reads as *have been devised for that people; 22, then for their reformation; 19, as have been devised for that people; 73, as have been devised for the reformation of the people.*

P. 632, col. 1, ll. 26-28, *I say . . . to be named* (19). Omitted by W.

P. 632, col. 2, ll. 13, 14, *Launlaider* (W.), *Lan-* *gababo* (19), *Layarrigabowe* (22).

P. 632, col. 2, l. 36, *blunt* (22), *blynde* (19 and 73).

P. 633, col. 1, l. 1, *approovaunce* (22), *apparance* (19).

P. 633, col. 1, ll. 2, 3, *Scota . . . judgement* (22), *ta be like an Egyptian word or carrie anie smacke anie learninge or judgement* (19).

P. 633, col. 1, l. 9, *owles or cats eyes* (19), *an* *or cat-is eyes* (22).

P. 633, col. 1, l. 15, *Irish* (W.), *English* (22).

P. 633, col. 1, l. 17, *Ferrehs*. W. has *Ferragh; Farreels; 19 Ferrah; 73 Ferraghe*.

P. 633, col. 2, l. 50, *clashing* (19), *lashing* (22).

P. 634, col. 1, l. 1, *joining* (19), *comming* (22).

P. 634, col. 1, l. 35, *oath* (19), *wealth* (22).

P. 634, col. 2, l. 31, *Lycanthropia* (W.), *Hican-* *ppia* (22).

P. 635, col. 1, l. 44, *shavinge* (19), *shewing* (22).

P. 636, col. 2, ll. 47, 48, *an other huge . . . upon* (22), *and through other huge calamities which* *upon them* (19).

P. 637, col. 2, ll. 25, 26, *Hernan, Shenan, Mau-* *(22), Heenan, Shenan, Mangan* (W.).

P. 637, col. 2, ll. 34-49, *of which sorte . . . quite*

Irish (22, 19 and 73). Omitted by Ware, who states that this passage is in the Lambeth MS., and in the MS. belonging to the Marquis of Stafford.

P. 639, col. 2, l. 24, *head* (W.), *hand* (22, 19 and 73).

P. 640, col. 2, ll. 4-12, *Me thinks . . . dislike of* (19 and W.). Omitted by 22.

P. 640, col. 2, l. 48, *Tivteus* (W. and 19), *Tyn-* *reus* (22).

P. 642, col. 1, l. 12, *Kearrooghs* (22), *Garrowes* (19).

P. 642, col. 2, ll. 45-50, *by reading . . . of folke* (19), *by reading those which you call Folkemotes the which builde by two severall nations, the one by the Saxons, as the worde signifeth in Saxone meeting of folke* (22).

P. 643, col. 1, ll. 30-34, *as ye . . . of stones* (19). Omitted by 22.

P. 645, col. 2, l. 29, to P. 646, col. 1, l. 41, *This is truly . . . way together* (22, 19 and 73). Omitted by W.

P. 646, col. 1, ll. 52, 53, *charge therof . . . but the inconvenience* (19), *charge therof, nor any defect of zeale for reformation herof, but the inconvenience* (22).

P. 649, col. 1, ll. 50-53, *And this is . . . for ac-* *cursed* (omitted by W.).

P. 649, col. 1, l. 52, *times not called awisse* (19), *times called banisse* (22).

P. 656, col. 1, l. 6, *Jacques Geffray* (22), *Sequer* *Jeffrey* (19), *Signior Jeffrey* (W.).

P. 658, col. 1, l. 37, *Magueeirhe* (22), *Macquire* *(73), Macknyre* (19).

P. 658, col. 2, l. 11, *Tyrrelaghe O-Neale* (22), *Turlagh Levagh* (19), *Turlough Oneale* (73).

P. 658, col. 2, l. 41, *advise* (22), *devyce* (19).

P. 659, col. 2, l. 28, *Cummerreeghe* (22), *Com-* *mericke* (19 and 73).

P. 659, col. 2, ll. 52, 53, *Brin in the Brittons* *. . . darke* (22), *Brin in the Britons language signi-* *feth woodie, and Toll hillie* (19 and 73).

P. 659, col. 2, l. 58, *Deurmuid-ne-Galh* (22), *Dcr-* *monigle* (19).

P. 660, col. 1, l. 36, *Glan-Maleeirh* (22), *Glan* *Malor* (19 and W.).

P. 660, col. 1, l. 37, *Ballinecorrih* (22), *Balline-* *carre* (19).

P. 660, col. 2, l. 53, *placing* (19 and 73), *plotting* *(22).*

P. 661, col. 1, l. 48, *good spialls* (22), *good es-* *pecialls* (19).

P. 661, col. 1, l. 51, *bayte* (22), *bayjoning* (19).

P. 663, col. 1, l. 11, *unto them . . . where they* *(22), unto them that they shal be brought and re-* *moved with such creele as they have into Leinster,* *where they, &c.* (19).

P. 664, col. 1, ll. 52, 53, *which amounteth . . .* *acres* (22). Omitted by W.

P. 672, col. 2, l. 47, *kinde of being bounde* (19), *kinde of living being bound* (22).

P. 675, col. 1, ll. 37, 38, *Alloonagh . . . dogge* (22), *Sascona, that is English* (19).

P. 676, col. 1, l. 54, *sparke*. All the MSS. agree in this reading. Ware has *speare*, but *sparke* may be a provincial form of the O. Eng. *sparthe*, a battle axe.

APPENDIX II.

LETTERS FROM SPENSER (IMMERITO) TO GABRIEL HARVEY.

TO THE WORSHIPFULL
HIS VERY SINGULAR GOOD FRIEND,
MAISTER G. H.

FELLOW OF TRINITIE HALL IN CAMBRIDGE.*

GOOD Master G. I perceive by your most curteous and frendly Letters your good will to be no lesse in deed than I alwayes esteemed. In recompence wherof, think I beseech you, that I wil spare neither speech nor wryting, nor aught else, whensoever, and wheresoever occasion shal be offred me: yea, I will not stay, till it be offred, but will seeke it in al that possibly I may. And that you may perceive how much your Counsel in al things prevaileth with me, and how altogether I am ruled and over-ruled thereby: I am now determined to alter mine owne former purpose, and to subscribe to your advisement: being notwithstanding resolved still, to abide your farther resolution. My principal doubts are these. First, I was minded for a while to have intermitted the uttering of my writtings: leaste by over-much cloying their noble eares, I should gather a contempt of myself, or else seeme rather for gaine and commoditie to doe it, for some sweetnesse that I have already tasted. Then also, meseemeth, the work too base for his excellent Lordship, being made in honour of a private Personage unknowne, which of some yl-willers might be upbraided not to be so worthie, as you knowe she is: or the matter not so weightie, that it should be offred to so weightie a Personage: or thelike. The selfe former Title still liketh me well ynough, and your fine Addition no lesse. If these, and the like doubtles, maye be of importaunce in your seeming, to frustrate any parte of your advice, I beseeche you without the least selfe love of your own purpose, counsell me for the beste: and the rather doe it faithfullye and carefully, for that, in all things I attribute so much to your judgement, that I am evermore content to annihilate mine owne determinations, in respecte thereof. And indeede for your selfe to, it sitteth with you now, to call your wits and senses together (which are alwaies at call) when occasion is so fairely offered of Estimation and Preferment. For whiles the iron is hote, it is good striking, and minds of Nobles varie as their Estates. *Verum ne quid durius.*

* Reprinted from 'Two other very commendable Letters, of the same mens wryting: both touching the foresaid Artificiall Versifying, and certain other Particulars.—More lately delivered unto the Printer.—Imprinted at London by H. Bynnemann, dwelling in Thames streete, neere unto Baynardes Castell. Anno Domini, 1580. Cum gratia et privilegio Regiæ Majestatis.'

I pray you bethinke you well hereof, good Master G. and forthwith write me those two or three special points and caveats for the nonce, *De quibus in superioribus illis mellitissimis longissimisque literis tuis.* Your desire to heare of my late becoming with hir Majestie muste dye in it selfe. As for those two worthy Gentlemen, Master *Sidney* and Master *Dyer*, they have me, I thanke them, in some use of familiarity: of whom and to whome, what speache passeth for youre credite and estimation, I leave your selfe to conceive, having alwayes so well conceived of my unfained affection and zeale toward you. And nowe they have proclaimed in the *ἀπειρώγῃ* a generall surceasing and silence balde Rymers, and also of the verie beste to: steade whereof they haue, by authoritie of the whole Senate, prescribed certaine Lawes and run of Quantities of Englishe sillables for English Versifying, having had thereof already great practise, and drawn mee to their faction. Newe Bookes I hear of none, but only of one, that wryting a certain Booke, called *The Schoole of Abuse*, and dedicating it to Maister *Sidney*, was for his labor scorned: for leaste it be in the goodnesse of that nature scorned. Suche follie is it, not to regarde after the hande the inclination and qualitie of him to whom wee dedicate oure Bookes. Suche mighte I happily incurre entituling *My Slomber* and the other Pamphlets unto his honor. I meant them rather to Maister *Dyer*. But I am of late more in love with my Englishe Versifying than with Ryming, whych I should haue done long since, if I would then haue followed your counsell. *Sed te solam tum suspicabar cum Aschamo sapere: nunc autem video egregios alere Poëtas Anglicos.*

Maister E. K. hartly desireth to be commended unto your Worshipp: of whome what accompaniment he maketh, your selfe shall hereafter perceive. I have hys paynfull and dutifull Verses of your selfe.

Thus much was written at Westminster yesternight: but comming this morning, beeing the thirteenth of October, to Mystresse *Kerkes*, to have delivered to the Carrier, I receyved your letter, sente me the laste weeke: whereby I perceive your otherwhiles continue your old exercise of Versifying in Englishe; whych glorie I had now thought shoulde have bene onely ours heere at London, as the Court.

Truste me, your Verses I like passingly well, and envy your hidden paines in this kinde, or rather maligne, and grudge at your selfe, that would not once imparte so much to me. But once or twice you make a breache in Maister *Drants* Rules: *quod tamen condonabimus tanto Poëte, tuæque ipsius mœne in his rebus auctoritati.* You shall see when we meete in London (whiche, when it shall be, certaynly) howe fast I have followed after you in the

se: beware leaste in time I overtake you.
*tantamen te solum sequar, (ut sæpenumero sum
 essus.) non quam sanè assequar dum vivam.*
 and nowe requite I you with the like, not with
 verye beste, but with the veryeshortest, namely,
 a few lambickes: I dare warrant they be pre-
 y perfect for the feete (as you can easily judge),
 varie not one inch from the Rule. I will im-
 e yours to Maister *Sidney* and Maister *Dyer* at
 nexte going to the Courte. I praye you, keepe
 e close to your selfe, or your verie entire friendes,
 ester *Preston*, Maister *Still*, and the reste.

Iambicum Trimetrum.

happie Verse, the witnessse of my unhappie state,
 take thy selfe fluttring wings of thy fast flying
 thought, and fly forth unto my Love wherso-
 ever she be:

ether lying reastlesse in heavy bedde, or else
 tting so cheerlesse at the cheerfull boorde, or
 else
 laying alone carelesse on hir heavenlie Virgi-
 nals.

Bed, tell hir, that my eyes can take no reste:
 at Boorde, tell hir, that my mouth can eate no
 meate:

at hir Virginals, tell hir, I can heare no mirth.

ed why? say: Waking Love suffereth no sleepe:
 y, that raging Love dothe appall the weake
 stomacke:

y, that lamenting Love marreth the Musicall.

hir, that hir pleasures were wonte to lull me
 asleepe:

ell hir, that hir beaulie was wonte to feede
 mine eyes:

ell hir, that hir sweete Tongue was wonte to
 make me mirth.

ve doe I nightly waste, wanting my kindly
 reste:

owe doe I dayly starve, wanting my lively
 foode:

owe doe I alwayes dye, wanting thy timely
 mirth.

if I waste, who will bewalle my heavy chaunce?
 nd if I starve, who will record my cursed end?
 nd if I dye, who will saye: *this was Immerito?*

thought once agayne here to haue made an
 e, with a heartie *Vale* of the best fashion: but
 an ylfavoured myschaunce! My last farewell,
 reof I made great accompt, and muche mar-
 reof you shoulde make no mention thereof, I am
 e tolde (in the Divels name) was thorough one
 s negligence quite forgotten, but shoulde nowe
 oubtedly haue beene sent, whether I hadde
 e, or no. Seeing it can now be no otherwise, I
 you take all together, wyth all their faultes:
 nowe I hope, you will vouchsafe mee an
 reare of the largest size, or else I tell you true,
 shall bee verye deepe in my debte: notwyth-
 dyng thys other sweete, but shorte letter, and
 but fewe Verses. But I woulde rather I
 nt see youre owne good selfe, and receive a
 orocall farewell from your owne sweete month.

*Ad ornatissimum virum, multis jam diu
 NOMINIBUS CLARISSIMUM G. H. IMMERITO
 sui, mox in Gallias navigaturi, εὐτυχῆιν.*

Sic malus egregium, sic non inimicus Amicum;
 Sicque novus veterem jubet ipse Poëta Poëtam,
 Salvare, ac cœlo, post secula multa secundo
 Jam reducem, cœlo mage, quam nunc ipse, se-
 cundo

Utter. Ecce Deus, (modò sit Deus ille, renixum
 Qui vocet in scelus, et juratos perdat amores)
 Ecce Deus mihi clara dedit modò signa Marinus,
 Et sua veligero lenis parat Æquora Ligno:
 Mox sulcanda, suas etiam pater Æolus Iras
 Ponit, et ingentes animos Aquilonis—
 Cuncta viis sic apta meis: ego solus ineptus.
 Nam mihi nescio quo mens saucia vulnere,
 dudum

Fluctuat ancipiti Pelago, dum Navita proram
 Invalidam validus rapit huc Amor, et rapit illic.
 Consiliis Ratio melioribus-usa, decusque
 Immortale levi diffessa Cupidinis Arcu.

Angimur hoc dubio, et portu vexamur in ipso.
 Magne pharetrati nunc tu contemptor Amoris,
 (Id tibi Dii nomen precor haud impune remit-
 tant)

Hos nodos exsolve, et eris mihi magnus Apollo.
 Spiritus ad summos, scio, te generosus Honores
 Estimulat, majusque docet spirare Poëtam.
 Quam levis est Amor, et tamen haud levis est
 Amor omnis.

Ergo nihil laudi reputas æquale perenni,
 Præque sacrosancta splendoris imagine tanti,
 Cætera, quæ vecors, uti Numina, vulgus adorat,
 Prædia, Amicitias, urbana peculia, Nummos,
 Quæque placent oculis, formas, spectacula,
 Amores,

Conculcare soles, ut humum, et ludibria sen-
 us. Digna meo certè Harveio sententia, digna
 Oratore amplo, et generoso pectore, quam non
 Stoica formidet veterum Sapientia vinculis
 Sancire æternis: sapor haud tamen omnibus
 idem.

Dicitur effreti proles facunda Laërtæ,
 Quamlibet ignoti jactata per æquora Cœli
 Inque procelloso longum exsul gurgite ponto,
 Præ tamen amplexu lachrymosæ Conjugis, Ortus
 Cœlestes Divûmque thoros sprevisse beatos.
 Tantum Amor, et Mulier, vel Amore potentior.
 Illum

Tu tamen illudis: tua Magnificèntia tanta est:
 Præque subumbrata Splendoris Imagine tanti
 Præque illo Meritis famosis nomine parto
 Cætera, quæ Vecors, uti Numina, vulgus adorat,
 Prædia, Amicitias, armenta, peculia, nummos,
 Quæque placent oculis, formas, spectacula, Amores,
 Quæque placent ori, quæque auribus, omnia
 temnis.

Næ tu grande sapis, Sapor at sapientia non est.
 Omnis et in parvis benè qui scit desipuisse,
 Sæpe superciliosis palman sapientibus aufert.
 Ludit Aristippum modò tetrica Turba Sophorum,
 Mitia purpureo moderantem verba Tyranno
 Ludit Aristippus dictamina vana Sophorum,
 Quod levis emensi male torquet Culicis umbra:
 Et quisquis placuisse Studet Heroibus altis,
 Desipuisse studet sic gratia crescit ineptia.
 Denique laurigeris quisquis sua tempora vittis,

Insignire volet, Populoque placere faventi,
 Desipere insanus discit, turpemente pudendæ
 Stultitiæ laudem querit. Pater Ennius unus
 Dictus in innumeris sapiens: laudatur at ipsa
 Carmina vesano fudisse liquentia vino:
 Nec tu pace tua, nostri Cato Maxime sæcli,
 Nomen honorati sacrum mereare Poëtæ,
 Quantumvis illustre canas, et nobile Carmen,
Ni stultire velis, sic S[t]ultorum omnia plena,
 Tuta sed in medio superest via gurgite, nam Qui
 Nec reliquis nimium vult desipuisse videri,
 Nec sapuisse nimis, Sapientem dixeris unum.
 Hinc te mererit unda, illinc combusserit Ignis;
 Nec tu delicias nimis aspernare fluentes,
 Nec serò Dominam, venientem in vota, nec Aurum,
 Si sapis, ablatum, (Curis ea, Fabriciisque
 Linque viris miseris miseranda Sophismata:
 quondam

Grande sui decus ii, nostri sed dedecus ævi:)
 Nec sectare nimis. Res utraque crimine plena.
 Hoc bene qui callet, (si quis tamen hoc bene callet)
 Scribe, vel invito sapientem hunc Socrate solum.
 Vis facit una pios: Justos facit altera: et altra
 Egrediè cordata, ac fortia pectora: verum
 Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.
 Dii mihi, dulce diu dederant: verum utile nun-
 quam:

Utile nunc etiam, ô utinam quoque dulce dedis-
 sent.

Dii mihi (quippe Diis æquivalia maxima parvis)
 Ni nimis invidente mortalibus esse beatas,
 Dulce simul tribuisse queant, simul utile: tanta
 Sed Fortuna tua est: pariter quæque utile, quæque
 Dulce dat ad placitum: sævo nos sydere nati
 Quæsitum imus eam per inhospita Caucasa longè,
 Perque Pyrenæos montes, Babilonaque turpem.
 Quòd si quæsitum nec ibi invenerimus, ingens
 Æquor inexhaustis permensi erroribus, ultrà
 Fluctibus in mediis socii quæremus Ulyssis.
 Passibus inde Deam fessis comitabimur ægram,
 Nobile qui furtum querenti defuit orbis.
 Namque sinu pudet in patrio, tenebrisque pu-
 dendis

Non nimis ingenio Juvenem infocile virentes
 Officiis frustra deperdere vilibus Anno,
 Frugibus et vacuas speratis cernere spicas.
 Ibibus ergo statim: (quis eunti fausta pre-
 cetur?)

Et pede Clibosas fesso calcavimus Alpes.
 Quis dabit interea conditas rore Britanno,
 Quis tibi Litterulas? quis carmen amore petul-
 cum!

Musa sub Oebalii desueta cacumine montis,
 Flebit inextausto tam longa silentia planctu,
 Lugebique sacrum lacrymis Heliconæ tacentem.
 Harveiusque bonus (charus licet omnibus idem,
 Idque suo merito, prope suavior omnibus unus,)
 Angelus et Gabriel, (quamvis comitatus amicis
 Innumeris, genitumque choro stipatus ameno)
 Immerito tamen unum absentem sepe requiet,
 Optabique Utinam meus hic Edmundus adesset,
 Qui nova scripsisset, nec Amores conticuisset
 Ipse suos, et sepe animo verbisque benignis
 Fausta precaretur, Deus illum aliquando reducat,
 &c.

Plura vellem per Charites, sed non licet per Musas.
 Vale, Vale plurimum, Mi amabilissime Harveie, meo
 cordi, meorum omnium longè charissime.

I was minded also to have sent you some En-
 verses: or Rymes, for a farewell: but by my t
 I have no spare time in the world, to think
 such Toyes, that you know will demand a
 head, than mine is presently. I beseeche yo
 all your Curtesies and Graces let me be answ
 ere I goe: which will be (I hope, I feare, I thi
 the next weeke, if I can be dispatched of my
 I goe thither, as sent by him, and maintaine
 what of him: and there am to employ my time
 body, my minde, to his Honours service.
 with many superhartie Commendations and
 commendations to your selfe, and all my frie
 with you, I ende my last Farewell, not thin
 any more to write unto you, before I goe:
 withall committing to your faithfull Credenc
 eternall Memorie of our everlasting friendship
 inviolable Memorie of our unspotted friendsh
 the sacred Memorie of our vowed friendship: w
 I beseech you Continue with usuall writings, a
 may, and of all things let me heare some N
 from you. As gentle M. Sidney, I thanke his
 Worship, hath required of me, and so promis
 doe againe. *Qui monet, ut facias, quod jam f*
 you knowe the rest. You may always send
 most safely to me by *Mistresse Kerke*, and by
 other. So once againe, and yet once more, I
 well most hartily, mine owne good *Master H*
 love me, as I love you, and thinke upon poore
 merito, as he thinketh upon you.

Leycester House, this 5 [?] 16] of October, 16

*Per mare, per terras,
 Virus, mortuusque
 Tuus Immerito.*

TO MY LONG APPROVED AND SINGU-
 GOOD FRENDE, MASTER G. H.*

Good Master H. I doubt not but you have s
 great important matter in hande, which al
 while restraineth your Penne, and wonted r
 nesse in provoking me unto that, wherein your
 nowe faulte. If there bee any such thing in ha
 ing, I pray you hartily, lette us knowe, before a
 worlde see it. But if happily you dwell altogi
 in Justinians Courte, and give your selfe to be
 voured of secrete Studies, as of all likelyhoo
 doe: yet at least impart some your olde, or
 Latine or English, Eloquent and Gallant Po
 to us, from whose eyes, you saye, you keepe
 manner nothing hidden. Little neues is
 stirred: but that olde greate matter still depend
 His Honour never better. I thinke the *Earthq*
 was also there with you (which I would gl
 learne) as it was here with us: overthrowing ol
 old buildings and peeces of Churches. Sure v

* Reprinted from 'Three proper and wittie fa-
 liar Letters: lately passed betwene two Universi-
 men: touching the Earthquake in Aprill last.
 our English reformed Versifying.—With the
 face of a wellwiller to them both.—Imprinted
 London by H. Bynneman, dwelling in Tha-
 streate, neere unto Baynardes Castell. Anno
 mini, 1580.—Cum gratia et privilegio Regiæ Ma-
 tatis.'

unge to be hearde of in these Countries, and
I heare some saye (I knowe not howe truly)
at they have knowne the like before in their
yes. *Sed quid vobis videtur magnis Philosophis?*
like your late Englishe Hexameters so exceedingly
II, that I also enure my Penne sometime in that
ide: whyche I fynd indeede, as I have heard you
en defende in worde, neither so harde, nor so
rshe, that it will easily and fairely yeelde it selfe
our Moother tongue. For the onely, or chiefest
dnesse, whych seemeth, is in the Accente:
yche sometime gapeth, and, as it were, yawne
vouredly, comming shorte of that it should, and
etime exceeding the measure of the Number,
in *Carpenter*, the middle sillable being used
orte in speache, when it shall be read long in
seemeth like a lame *Gosling* that draweth one
ye after hir: and *Heaven* being used shorte as one
able, when it is in verse stretched out with a
astole, is like a lame dogge that holdes up one
ye. But it is to be wonne with Custome, and
gh words must be subdued with Use. For, why
Gods name, may not we, as else the Greekes,
ve the kingdome of oure owne Language, and
asure our Accentes by the sounde, reserving the
antitie to the Verse? Loe, here I let you see
olde use of toying in Rymes turned into your
ificial straightnesse of Verse by this *Tetrasticon*,
eseech you tell me your fansie without parcialtie.

See yee the blindfoulded pretie God, that fea-
thered Archer,

Of Lovers Miseries which maketh his bloodie
game?

Note ye why, his Moother with a Veale hath
covered his Face?

Trust me, least he my Looove happely chaunce
to beholde.

seeme they comparable to those two, which I
nslated you *ex tempore* in bed, the last time we
together in Westminster?

That which I eate did I joy, and that which I
greedily gorged,

As for those many goodly matters leaft I for
others.

would hartly wish, you would either send me
Rules and Precepts of Arte, which you observe
Quantities, or else followe mine, that M. Philip
ney gave me, being the very same which M.
ant devised, but enlarged with M. Sidneys own
gement, and augmented with my Observations,
to we might both accorde and agree in one:
ste we overthrowe one an other, and be over-
own of the rest. Trust me, you will hardly be-
ve what greate good liking and estimation *Mais-
Dyer* had of your *Satyricall Verses*, and I, since
viewe thereof, having before of my selfe had
ciall liking of *Englishe Versifying*, am even
aboute to give you some token, what, and
ve well therein I am able to doe: for, to tell you
eth, I minde shortly at convenient leysure, to
e forth a Booke in this kinde, whiche I entitle
thalamion Thamesis; whyche Booke, I dare un-
take will be very profitable for the knowledge,
rare for the Invention and manner of handling.
in setting forth the marriage of the Thames:
ewe his first beginning, and offspring, and all

the Countrey, that he passeth thorough, and also
describ all the Rivers throughout Englande, whyche
came to this Wedding, and their righte names, and
right passage, &c. A worke, beleve me, of much
labour, wherein notwithstanding Master *Holinshed*
hath muche furthered and advantaged me, who
therein hath bestowed singular paines, in searching
oute their firste heades and sources: and also in
tracing and dogging oute all their Course, til they
fall into the Sea.

O Tite, siquid, ego,
Ecquid erit pretij?

But of that more hereafter. Nowe, my *Dreames*
and *Dying Pellicane*, being fully finished (as I
partely signified in my laste Letters) and present-
lye to bee imprinted, I wil in hande forthwith with
my *Faery Queene*, whyche I praye you hartly send
me with al expedition: and your frendly Letters,
and long expected Judgement wythall, whyche let
not be shorte, but in all pointes suche, as you ordi-
narilly use, and I extraordinarily desire. *Multum
vale. Westminster. Quarto Nonas Aprilis 1580.*
*Sed, amabo te, meum Corculum tibi se ex animo com-
mendat plurimum: jamdiu mirata, te nihil ad literas
suas responsi dedisse. Vide quæso, ne id tibi Capi-
tate sit: Mihi certè quidem erit, neque tibi hercle im-
punè, ut opinor, Iterum vale, & quam voles sapè.*

Yours alwayes to commaunde,

IMMERITO.

Postscripte.

I take best my *Dreames* shoulde come forth
alone, being growen by meanes of the Glosse
(running continually in maner of a Paraphrase)
full as great as my *Calendar*. Therin be some
things excellently, and many things wittily dis-
coursed of E. K. and the pictures so singularly set
forth and portrayed, as if Michael Angelo were
there, he could (I think) nor amende the beste, nor
reprehende the worst. I know you woulde lyke
them passing wel. Of my *Stemmata Dudleiana*, and
especially of the sundry Apostrophes therein, ad-
dressed you knowe to whome, must more advise-
ment be had, than so lightly to sende them abroad:
howbeit, trust me (though I doe never very well)
yet, in my owne fancie, I never dyd better. *Verun-
tamen te sequor solum: nunquam verò assequar.*

EXTRACT FROM HARVEY'S REPLY.*

But Master *Collin Cloute* is not every body, and
albeit his olde Companions, *Master Cuddy* and
Master Hobbinnoll be as little beholding to their
Mistresse Poetrie, as ever you wyl: yet he per-
adventure by the meanes of hir special favour,
and some personall priviledge, may happely live by
Dying Pellicanes, and purchase great landes, and
lordshippes, with the money, which his *Calendar*
and *Dreames* have, and will affourde him. *Extra
jocum*, I like your *Dreames* passingly well: and the
rather, bicause they savour of that singular extra-
ordinarie veine and invention, which I ever fancied
moste, and in a maner admired onelye in *Lucian*,
Petrarche, *Aretine*, *Pasquill*, and all the most deli-

* Reprinted from 'Three Proper and wittie fami-
liar Letters, &c.'

cate, and fine conceited Grecians and Italians : (for the Romanes to speake of, are but verye ciphars in this kinde :) whose chieffest endeavour, and drifte was, to have nothing vulgare, but in some respectes or other, and especially in *lively hyperbolicall amplifications*, rare, quaint, and odde in every pointe, and as a man would saye, a degree or two at the leaste, above the reache, and compasse of a common schollers capacitie. In whiche respectes notwithstanding, as well for the singularitie of the manner, as the Divinitie of the matter, I hearde once a Divine, preferre *Saint Johns Revelation* before al the veriest *Metaphysicall Visions*, and jollyest conceited *Dreames* or *Extasies*, that ever were devised by one or other, howe admirable, or super excellent soever they seemed otherwise to the worlde. And truely I am so confirmed in this opinion, that when I bethinke me of the verie notablest, and moste wonderful Propheticall, or Poeticall Vision, that ever I read, or hearde, me seemeth the proportion is so unequall, that there hardly appeareth anye semblance of Comparison: no more in a maner (especially for Poets) then doth betweene the incomprehensible Wisdome of God, and the sensible Wit of man.

But what needeth this digression between you and me? I dare saye you wyll holde yourselfe reasonably wel satisfied, if youre *Dreames* be but as well esteemed of in Englande, as *Petrarches Visions* be in Italy : which I assure you, is the very worst I wish you. But, see, how I have the *Arte Memorative* at commaundement. In good faith I had once againe nigh forgotten your *Faerie Queene* : howbeit by good chauce, I have nowe sent hir home at the laste,

neither in better nor worse case, then I founde her. And must you of necessitie have my judgement hir indeede? To be plaine, I am voyde of al judgement, if your *Nine Comedies*, whereunto in imitation of *Herodotus*, you give the names of the *Nine Muses* (and in one mans fansie not unworthie come not neerer *Ariostoes Comedies*, eyther for the finenesse of plausible Elocution, or the rarenesse of Poetical Invention, then that *Elvish Queene* doth to his *Orlando Furioso*, which notwithstanding, you will needes seeme to emulate, and hope to overtake, as you flatly professed yourself in one of your last Letters.

Besides that you know, it hath bene the usual practise of the most exquisite and odde wittes in all nations, and specially in *Italie*, rather to shewe, and advance themselves that way, then any other, as namely, those three notorious dyscoursing heads *Bibiena*, *Machiavel*, and *Arétine* did, (to let *Ben Jonson* and *Ariosto* passe) with the great admiration, and wonderment of the whole country : being in due reputed matchable in all points, both for conceyt Witte and eloquent decyphering of matters, eith with *Aristophanes* and *Menander* in Greek, or with *Plautus* and *Terence* in Latin, or with any other, in any other tong. But I wil not stand greatly with you in your owne matters. If so be the *Faerie Queene* be fairer in your eie than the *Nine Muses* and *Hobgoblin* runne away with the Garland from *Apollo* : Marke what I saye, and yet I will not say that I thought, but there an End for this once, ad fare you well, till God or some good Aungell put you in a better minde.

GLOSSARY.

The numbers refer to the pages.

- 'A Gods name,' 442, 474
abase, to lower, to hang down, 82, 257, 397
ad, to abandon, 188
adment, fear, 202, 203
ad, to behave, conduct, 356, 406
abett, to aid, support, maintain, 364, 383;
 erting falsely, 242
abode, remained, 178
aby, *abye*, to pay the penalty of, to atone for,
 for, 101, 122, 179, 212, 235, 258, 595; abide
 368
ad, to throw or cast down, 219, 338
ad, remained, 227; a delay, stay, 155, 202
ad, to wipe out, 101
ad, *abod*, from the bank, astray, at a loss,
Aborde, harbour, 418
ad, about, 58
ad, to rouse, wake up, 218
ad (pret. *abrayde*), to start up suddenly, to
ad, 162, 257, 261; to quake with sudden fear,
ad, abuse, deceit, fraud, 141, 230, 359
ad, *acloye*, to clog up, choke, encumber, hinder,
 449, 568
ad, skimming along near the ground, 369
ad, *accountpt*, account, 444, 515
ad, to encourage, 90, 203
ad, to grant, to agree, to reconcile, 255, 278,
 an agreement, 99, 125
ad, *ad*, agreeably to, according to, 65, 75, 99,
 accordingly, 139
ad, to go side by side, to adjoin, border, 352
ad, *ad*, entertaining (courteously), 88
ad, *ad*, garb, 519
ad, *ad*, to subdue, daunt, tame, 448
ad, to coy, carcass, 274
ad, to assemble, gather together, 128
ad, to increase, 259, 317
ad (*Acates*), purchased provisions, cates, 128
ad, *ad*, *ad*, to deliver, release, 49, 145;
 nitted, free, 314
ad, *ad*, chrystals, 288
ad, to adaunt, tame, moderate, 195, 260, 341,
ad, daily, 452
ad, to adjudge, 307
ad, to adjudge, 435
ad, to prepare, adjust, direct, clothe, arm, 176,
 215. *Addest*, ready, 243
ad, to approach, join, 198
ad, *ad*, admiration, 347
ad, to wonder at, 256, 266, 399
Adore, to adorn, 290
Adorne, ornament, 226
Adowne, down, 49
Adrad, *adred*, *adredde*, afraid, terrified, 162, 244,
 272, 507
Adrad, to be frightened, 299
Advance, to extol, 34; impel, 81
Adventure, chance, 237; opportunity, 243; to at-
 tempt, 314
Advieu, to view, 308
Advize, *advise*, to consider, perceive, take thought
 of, bethink, 79, 129, 294, 419
Advizement, consideration, 103, 126
Adward, an award, 280; to award, 294
Emuling, emulating, rivalling, 550 (*æmuled*, 550)
Afeard, afraid, 217, 235
Affear, to frighten, 93, 96
Affect, affection, 365; sorrow, 566; imitation, 594
Affection, passion, 100, 139, 168, 386
Affide, *affyde*, betrothed, 273, 306; intrusted, 322
Afflicted, low, humble, 11
Afford, to consent, 103
Affrap, to strike, to strike down, to encounter, to
 assault, 82, 163
Affray, to terrify, fray, 184; terror, 340, 345
Affrende, to make friends, 246
Affret, encounter, 207, 242
Affront, to confront, encounter, oppose, 50, 176,
 244
Affy, to betroth, espouse, 372, 376; entrust, 322
Affyaunce, betrothal, 99
Afore, in front, before, 97, 170
Aggrace, favour, kindness, goodwill, 125; to make
 gracious, 151
Aggrate, to please, delight, charm, treat politely,
 105, 128, 193, 204, 238, 349, 410
Aglet, point, tag, 94, 366
Agree, to settle, to cause to agree, 97
Agreeably, alike, in a manner to agree, 391
Agryse, *agryze*, *agryse*, *agryze*, to cause to shudder,
 to terrify, to make disgusted, 111, 165, 346, 430
Agryz'd, having a terrible look, disfigured, 269
Aguisse, *aguize*, to deck, adorn, fashion, accoutre,
 82, 83, 165, 306, 519; to disguise, 107
Alablaster, alabaster, 167
Albe, *albee*, although, 37, 455
Aleggeaunce, alleviation, 186
Alew, howling, 323
Algate, *algates*, altogether, wholly, by all means, in
 all ways, at all events, 161, 201, 259, nevertheless,
 480
All, although, 155; 'all as' = as if, 448

- Allegge*, to lessen, allay, 452
Almes, a free allowance, alms, 230
Alone (only), without compulsion, 255
Alow, downwards, 397
Alow, praise, 5
Als, also, 80, 84, 123, 232
Almaine, violently, by force, 235, 256, 364
Amate, to daunt, subdue, to stupefy, terrify, 16, 87, 178, 197, 220; to keep company with, 128
Amaze, amazement, 194, 237
Ambassage, embassy, 517
Amerced, amerced, punished, 583
Amenage, to manage, handle, 97
Amenance, carriage, behaviour, 160, 121, 242, 520
Amis, amice, a priestly vestment, 29
Amount, to mount up, ascend, 60
Amove, to move, remove, 31, 56, 219
Andvile, anvil, 72
Annoy, annoyance, grief, hurt, 40, 91, 129
Antiques, *antiques*, ancient, or fantastic figures, 94, 112, 223
Apace, fast, copiously, 286
Appall, to falter, 260; to weaken, 160
Appay, *apay* (pret. and p. p. *appay'd*, *appaid*), to please, satisfy, pay, 129, 148, 354, 470, 543
Appeach, to impeach, accuse, 123, 144, 320, 342
Appease, to cease from, 25
Appele, to accuse, 341; to offer, 168
Appellation, appeal, 427
Apply, to attend to, 65; to bend one's steps to, 106
Approven, to put to the proof, to prove, 432
Approvaunce, approval, 153
Arboret, little grove, 107
Aread, *areed* (p. p. *ared*), to tell, say, declare, describe, inform, teach, interpret, explain, 55, 57, 93, 164, 220, 238, 258, 309, 380; appoint, 355; detect, 254
Arear, *areare*, *arere*, *arreare*, to the rear, backward, aback, 143, 196, 214, 377, 509
Arret, *arret*, to allot, entrust, adjudge, 120, 140, 254
Arew, in a row, in order, 357.
Arguments, signs, indications, 391
Arighis, rightly, 343
Arke, box, chest, 248
Arras, tapestry of Arras, 28
Arraught (pret. of *arreach*), seized forcibly, 135
As, as if, 51, 70, 126, 197
Askauce, sideways, 112, 160
Aslake, to slake, abate, appease, 26
Astope, on the slope, aside, 180
Assay, to try, attempt, assail, attack, 20, 28, 97, 183, 277; an attempt, trial, 83, 92, 93; value, 19, 177
Assayde, affected, 470
Assiege, to besiege, 141
Assignment, design, 140
Assize, measure, 538
Assoil, *assoyl*, to absolve, determine, set free, let loose, renew, 65, 104, 160, 203, 243, 397, 533; to pay, 548; remove, 255, 260
Assolt, to befool, to beguile, bewilder, 132, 202, 452
Assure, to promise, assert confidently, 132
Asswage, to grow mild, 23
Assyn, to mark or point out, 46
Astart, to start up suddenly, 166
Astert, befall, come upon suddenly, 482
Astond, *astound*, *astoned*, astonished, stunned, 269, 468
Astonish, to stun, 272
Astonying, confounding, 305
Attach, to seize, take prisoner (*attack*, 203), 275, 318
Attaine, *attayne*, to find, reach, fall in with, 20
Attaint, to stain, obscure, 47
Atttempt, to tempt, 354
Attendement, intent, 388
Attent, attention, 211, 406
Attone (*alone*), at one, together, reconciled, 8
264, 277. Allone, *allons*, at once, together, 8, 206
Attrapt, dressed, 251
Atween, *atweens*, between, 185, 351, 390
Atwixt, between, at intervals, 224
Aumayl, to enamel, 94
Availle, *avale*, to fall, sink, lower, descend, down, 126, 399, 447, 448
Avault, depart, 388
Avantage, advantage, 103
Avaulting, advancing (boastfully), 92
Avenge, revenge, 258
Avengement, revenge, 30, 184
Aventre, thrust forward (at a venture), 158
Aventring, pushing forward, 258
Avize, *avyze*, to perceive, consider, regard, take note of, reflect, bethink, 37, 109, 187, 169, 174, 238, 275, 419; advise, 273
Avizefull, observant, 260
Avoid, to depart, go out, 161
Avoure, 'to make avoure' = to justify, maintain
Awarned, made, was made aware, 216
Awayle, to wait for, 157; watch, 280
Awshape, to terrify, frighten, 263, 351, 513
Augulets (*aglets*), tags, points of gold, 94
Aym, direction, 107
Babe, doll, 460
Bace, low, 36, 168
Bace, the game of prisoner's base, 476; 'bad' = challenged, 218
Baffild, disgraced (as a recreant knight), 391
Baile, to deliver, 275; custody, 428
Bains, banns (of marriage), 77
Bale, grief, sorrow, affliction, trouble, 13, 114; *bales*, ruins, 407; *baleful*, full of bal-
structive, deadly, 163, 241; *balefulness*, 154
Balke, to disappoint, to deal at cross purposes, 281; a ridge between two furrows, 418
Balliards, billiards, 520
Ban, *banne*, to curse (*band*, cursed), 197, 27, 349, 368, 601
Band, forbid, banish, 167; assemble, 31
Bandog, mastiff, 474
Bane, death, destruction, 142
Banket, banquet, 190, 264
Bannerall, a standard (shaped like a swan-
tail), 392
Barbe, equipments of a horse, horse-armour,
Barbican, a watch-tower, 128
Bard, ornamented with *bars* (ornaments
girdle), 94
Base, low, 18; the lower part, 339
Basenesse, a low humble condition, 371
Basen-wide, widely extended, 519
Bases, armour for the legs, 318
Bash, to be abashed, 100

- rd, base, lowborn, 41, 96
 z, sewed slightly, 316
 did bite, 102; fed, 473
 to bait, attack, 422
 stick, 506, 514
 ilous, ready for battle, in order for battle, 33,
 ilant, embattled, fortified, 537
 (properly to *fatten*), to be of good flavour,
 n, stick, club, 395
 tricke, belt, 94, 297, 607
 e, a hill, 642
 a standstill, a position in which one is kept at
 r, 362
 to bathe, 44
 (baies), laurels, 234, 386
 bait, artifice, 103, 404; to bait (a bull), 123;
 cause to abate, to let rest, 148
 s, prayers, 14
 roll, a list, 239
 , burden, 561; bier, 371
 lyhead, 'your beastlyhead,' 'a greeting to the
 son of a beast,' 461
 d, plunged, 263
 veres, fair companions, 159
 e, beaks, 140
 ae, to come to, go to, to suit, to happen, 62,
 88, 121, 209
 ad, 59
 ht, dressed, equipped, decked, adorned, 81, 111,
 251, 382; 'ill-bedight,' disfigured, 112
 k, to dive, dip, 110
 , was fitting, proper, 127
 e, beginning, 171
 e, stained with gore, 285
 e, to employ, use, 95
 st, *behest*, command, 90, 178
 ht, call, name, address, pronounce, promise,
 amand, 67, 91, 198, 238, 244, 286, 313, 455; or-
 ned, 534; adjudged, entrusted, 65, 120, 258, 383
 fe, profit, 266
 e, to promise, 251; call, 484; *behott*, promised,
 oyle, kind salutation or greeting, 260
 oure, *belamy*, a lover, 108, 117
 to beset, encompass, 575; adorn, 366
 ne, fair lady, 167
 d, fair (or kind) looks, 94, 211, 598
 ne, a beautiful and good woman, 455
 e, counterfeited, 212
 ene, *been*), are, 232
 band, 94, 114, 316
 ciall, a benefice, 517
 long stalks of (*bent*) grass, 377
 , bereft, 236
 to bear, 292; bier, 148
 e, beseech, 246
 e, 'well-beseen,' of good appearance, comely,
 e, *beseeme*, to be seemly, to seem fit, to suit,
 become, appear, 128, 129, 159, 161, 276, 320,
 ng, befitting, 237
 ke, to address, 316
 dd, adorned, 216
 nt, besprint, besprinkled, 481, 485
 (bested, bestedded), situated, placed, placed in
 peril, 14, 85, 217, 267; treated, 388; attended,
 230; beset, 184, 244; 'ill bested' = in a bad
 plight, 83
 Bestaine, to stain, 265
 Bestow, to place, 128
 Bestrad, bestrided, 301
 Bet, did beat, 89
 Betake (pret. *betooke*), to take (into), to deliver, be-
 stow, betake one's self, 34, 59, 191, 417
 Beeteeme, to deliver, give, 121
 Bethinke, to make up one's mind, 40
 Bethrall, to take captive, 52
 Betide, betyde, to befall, to happen to, 83, 110, 183;
 betid, betyded, belight, befall, befallen, 307, 482, 552
 Bett, better, 477
 Bever, the front part of a helmet (covering the
 mouth), 102
 Bery, company (of ladies), 128
 Bewaile, to choose, select, 38
 Bewray, to reveal, betray, accuse, 31, 36, 168, 244;
 signify, 642
 Bickermert, bickering, strife, 311
 Bid, to pray, 14
 Bide, to bid, offer, 202
 Biggen, cup, 460
 Bilive, *bylive*, *blive*, forthwith, quickly, 36, 475
 Bils, battle-axes, 353
 Blame, to blemish, 120; injury, hurt, 156
 Blanckt, confounded, put out of countenance, 170
 Blast, to wither, 187
 Blatter, to bluster (in note), 704
 Blaze, to blazon forth, proclaim, 68
 Blemishment, a blemish, 239
 Blend (pret. and p. part. *blent*), to mix, confuse,
 confound, defile, blemish, stain, obscure, 42, 99,
 113, 206, 359, 525. *Blent*, blinded, obscured,
 blotted, 97, 227, 310
 Blere, to blear (one's eyes), deceive, 466
 Bless, to preserve, deliver, 19, 44, 87, 259; to bran-
 dish, 33, 61
 Blesse, bliss, 281
 Blin, to cease, 184
 Blinked, dimmed, 206
 Blind, dark, 285
 Blist, wounded, struck, 397
 Blist, blessed, 267
 Blonckel, liveries, grey coats, 458
 Blont, blunt, unpolished, 474
 Bloosme, blossom, bloom, 268, 446
 Blot, blotten, to defame, blemish, 230, 235
 Blubbred, wet or stained with tears, 39, 298
 Boad, 'bootles boad' = lived uselessly, profitlessly,
 516
 Boads, bodes, portends, 425
 Bode, abode, 354, 416
 Boley (or *buata*), 630; 'place (situated in a grassy
 hollow) enclosed by man in which to put cattle
 in the spring and summer months, while on the
 mountain pastures—a place that ensures safety.'
 (HENRY KINAHAN in *The Athenæum*, No. 2167,
 May 8, 1869)
 Bollet, bullet, 45
 Bolt, arrow, 452
 Bond, bound, 108, 269
 Boone, prayer, petition, 241, 341
 Boord, bord, to accost, to address, talk with, 87,
 99, 125, 170; conversation, 212; go side by side,
 289

- Boot*, to avail, profit, 81, 102; booty, gain, 338, 443
Booting, availing, 293
Bore, borne, 247
Borde, coast, 418
Bordraging (pl. *bordrags*), border ravaging, border raid, 138, 552
Borowe, *borrowe*, pledge, surety, 459, 460, 520
Borrell, rustic, 467
Bosse, middle of shield, 353
Bouget, budget, 21
Bought, fold, 13, 69, 507
Boult, to sift, bolt, 99
Bounse, to beat, 220
Bountie, *bounty*, goodness, 92, 206. *Bounteous*, generous, good, 160, 164, 219. *Bountyhed*, generosity, 145, 160, 173
Bourdon, burden (of a song), 567
Bourne, boundary, 107
Boul, about, 170
Bouzing-can, a drinking-can, 29
Bownd, to lead (by a direct course), 67
Bowre, chamber, inner room, 161; to lodge, shelter, 360, 407
Boiers, muscles (of the shoulder), 53
Boy, a term of reproach, 105
Boystrous, rough, rude (as applied to a club), 50
Brace, to embrace, encompass, 474
Brag, proudly, 449. *Bragly*, proudly, 452. *Bragging*, proud, 449
Brame, sharp passion (cf. O.E. *breme*, severe, sharp), 168
Bransles, dances, brawls, 212
Brast, burst, 36, 49, 198, 242
Brave, fair, beautiful, 94, 153
Braverie, finery, 521
Bravely, gallantly, splendidly, 107
Brawned, muscular, brawny, 53
Bray (*braie*), to cry out suddenly, cry aloud, utter aloud, 350; gaspout, 84
Braynepen, skull, 389
Breaded, braided, embroidered, 88, 168
Breare, *brere*, briar, 64, 160, 213
Breech, breeches, 338
Breede, work, produce, 159
Breem, *breme*, boisterous, rough, sharp, 433, 448, 485
Brenne, to burn, 246
Brent, burnt, 55, 71, 160
Brickle, brittle, 283, 494
Brigandine, a kind of light vessel, 533
Brim, margin of the horizon, 341
Brize, *bryze*, gadfly, 363, 537
Brocage, pimping, 441, 520
Broch, to commence, broach, 162
Brode, abroad, 247
Brond, sword, 121, 226
Brondiron, sword, 250
Bronds, embers, *brands*, 115
Brood, a brooding-place (? an error for *bood* = O.E. *bood* or *abood*, an abode, resting place; cf. *bode*, p. 354), 112
Brooke, to endure, bear *brook*, 179, 240
Brouzes, twigs, 216
Brunt, assault, 123
Brust, burst, 160, 202, 251
Bruted, renowned, *bruted*, 514
Brutenesse, *brutishnesse*, brutality, brute-like state, 120, 267
Buckle to, make ready, 348
Buff (pl. *buffes*), a blow, 89
Bug, apparition, bugbear, goblin, 93, 147
Buegle, wild ox, 49
Bugle, bead, 448
Bullion, pure gold, 159
Burdenous, heavy, 356
Burganel, headpiece, helmet, 124, 532
Burgein, *burgeon*, bud, 434
Baskets, bushes, 458
Busse, kiss, 216
But-if, unless, 271
Buxom, obedient, yielding, tractable, 71, 164
By-and-by, one by one, singly, 432, 523
Byde, abide, 87. *Byding*, abiding, remaining, 232
Bylive, quickly, also active, 55, 183, 212. See *belive*
Bynempt, named, appointed, 86, 468; beque, 481
Cabinet, cottage, little cabin, 154, 547
Cerule, azure, 506
Caitive, *captive*, subject, captive, 45, 55; vile, menial, rascal, 80, 95, 123, 195
Call, caul, cowl, cap, 54
Camis, *camus*, a light loose robe of some light material (as silk, &c.), chemise, 94, 316
Can or *Gan* (an auxiliary of the past tense), 32, 348
Can, knows, 452, 453
Cancred, *cankerd*, corrupt, 80, 206
Canon bit, a smooth round bit (for horses), 4
Capitayn, captain, 141
Caprifole, woodbine, 192
Captivaunce, captivity, 198
Captived, taken captive, enslaved, 98, 160
Capuccio, hood (of a cloak), capuchin, 225
Card, chart, 112
Care, sorrow, grief, injury, 268, 349. *Careful*, rowful, 39, 111, 544. *Careless*, free from, 22, 544; uncared for, 251
Carke, care, sorrow, grief, 16, 481
Carl, *carle*, an old man, 206; churl, 60, 257
Carriage, burden, 375
Cast, to consider, plot, resolve, purpose, 197; time, period, opportunity, 402, 'nearest utmost cast' = almost dead, 378; a couple, 3
Castory, colour (red or pink), 128
Caudron, caldron, 169
Causen, to assign a cause or reason, explain, 619
Cautelous, wary, 619
Caved, made hollow, 256
Centonel, a sentinel, 59, 239
Certes, certainly, 164
Cesse, to cease, 274
Cesure, a breaking off, stop, 138
Chaffar, to chaffer, exchange, 102, 473
Challenge, to claim, 122, 233, 238, 254; to follow, 81; accusation, 278
Chamelot water, camlet watered, 290
Chamfred, wrinkled, furrowed, 448
Champaign, *champion*, *champion*, open country, 301, 379, 429
Championnesse, a female warrior, 228
Character, image, 322
Charge, assault, attack, 277

- Target*, chariot, 198
Tharm, to tune, 549 ; a tune, song, 478, 500
Thauff, *chaufe*, to become warm, to be irritated, to chafe, 26, 27, 47, 96, 432 ; rage, 301, 368, 383
Thaunceful, hazardous, 513
Thaunticleer, the cock, 17
Jaw, jaw, 30 ; to chew, 30, 99, 505
Thayre, chary, 187
Thayre, chariot, 503
Thaere, *chere*, countenance, favour, cheer, 12, 247.
Thauren, to cheer up, 60
Thacked, chequered, 147
Thacklaton (O. E. *ciclaton*), a rich kind of cloth, 395
Cherelie, cheerfully, 501
Therishment, a cherishing, 503
Therry, to cherish, 409
Therveye, chief rent, 663
Chevisaunce, enterprise, undertaking, performance, bargain, 126, 198, 220, 456, 459
Chickens (*faithlesse*), heathen brood, 173
Chiefe, 'wrought with a chiefe,' worked with a head (like a nosegay), 481
Childed, gave birth to a child, 419
Chimney, fireplace, 128
Chine, back, 371
Chorie, churl, 201
Chynd, cut, divided, 259
Clark, clerk, scholar, 343, 501
Clave, *clove*, cleft, did cleave, 109, 510
Cleane, *cleene*, *clene*, pure, clean, 66 ; entirely, 264, 346, 434. *Cleanly*, skilfully, 521
Cleep, to call, 92, 159, 282
Clemence, clemency, 329
Clew, plot, purpose (properly a hank of thread), 80
Clift, cliff, 176
Clinck, clicket, latch, 461
Clombe, climbed, mounted, 175, 257
Close, secret, 161, 187. *Closely*, secretly, 41, 166, 189
Clouches, clutches, 339
Clouted, bandaged with a *clout* or rag, 452
Cloyd, wounded, 193
Coast, to approach, 303
Coch, coach, 246
Cocked, in cocks (in heaps), 480
Cognizaunce, knowledge, recollection, 83
Colled, embraced, fondled, 166
Collusion, deceit, cunning, 460
Colour, pretence, 444 ; to hide, 411
Coloured, deceitful, crafty, 449
Colwort, cabbage-plant, 534
Comber, to encumber, 449. *Combrous*, laborious, troublesome, 127
Commen, *common*, to commune, discourse, 129, 338
Comment, to relate (falsely), 435
Commodity, advantage, 413
Commonly, in common, equally, 66
Compacte (?), compacted, concerted, 324
Compacted, close, 158. *Compacture*, a close knitting together, 127
Companie, companion, 233
Compare, to collect, procure, 30
Compass, circuit, 210
Compast, contrived, 195. *Compast creast*, the round part of the helmet, 250
Compel, to cite, call to aid, 12
Complement, perfection (of character), 187 ; union, 247
Complish, to accomplish, 352
Complyne, evensong, 517
Comportance, behaviour, 83
Compound, to agree, 355
Comprize, to comprehend, understand, 130
Comprovinciall, to be contained in the same province with, 172
Compyle, to heap up, 164, 169 ; frame, 268 ; settle, reconcile, 276
Conceitful, thoughtful, 419
Concent, to harmonize, 236
Concert, harmony, 224, 598
Concrew, to grow together, 267
Cond, learnt, 449, 475
Condign, worthy, 424
Conditions, qualities, 206, 270, 597
Conduct, conductor, guide, 415 ; management, 89
Confusion, destruction, 460
Congé, leave, 155, 523
Conjure, to conspire, 346
Conne, to know, 464
Consort, company, companion, 428 ; concert, 160, 566 ; to combine, unite (in harmony), 152
Constraint, distress, uneasiness, 87
Containe, to restrain, control, 206, 354, 386
Conteck, dispute, 460
Contempt, contemned, 480
Contrive, to wear out, spend, 130
Controverse, debate, controversy, 252
Convenable, conformable, 474
Convent, to convene, summon, 431
Convert, to turn, 341
Convince, to conquer, overthrow, 165
Coosen, kindred, 170
Coosinage, fraud, 521
Cope, to chop, bargain with, 517
Copesmate, a companion, 521
Coportion, an equal portion, 371
Corage, heart, mind, 164 ; wrath, 214
Corbe, crooked, 448
Corbe, *corbel*, a projecting piece of wood, stone, or iron, placed so as to support a weight of material, 279
Cordewayne, *cordwayne*, cordovan leather, 94, 639
Coronall, a wreath, garland, 187
Coronation, carnation, 456
Corpe, a (living) body, 597. *Corse*, a body, 14, 20
bulk, frame, 27
Corsive, corrosive, 276
Cosset, a hand-reared lamb, 480
Cost, to approach, come to one's side, 543
Cote, sheep-fold, 467
Cott, a little boat, 107
Couched, bent, 156 ; laid (in order), 69
Could, knew, 385
Count, an object of interest or account, 345
Countenance, to make a show of, 88
Counter, encounter, 499
Countercaſt, counterplot, 373
Counterchaunge, return of a blow, 207
Counterfeſaunce, a counterfeiting, 64, 201
Counterpoys, to counterbalance, 303
Counterwayle, to oppose, resist, 109
Coupe, a cage, coop, 477
Couplement, couple, 247
Coure, to cover, protect, 120
Courst, chaced, 315
Courting, attendance at court, 520
Couth, could, 118 ; knew, knew how, 450, 464

- Covert*, concealed, 79
Coverture, covering, shelter, 466
Covetise, *covelize*, covetousness, 30, 176
Cowardree, cowardice, 822
Cracknell, a thin hard-baked biscuit, 447
Cræsie, cracked, 553
Crag, *cragge*, neck, 449, 473
Craggy, knotty, 265
Crake, to boast, 307; boast, boasting, 140, 434
Crant, a winding, 435
Crank, vigorously, 473
Crapples, grapples, claws, 336
Crased helth, impaired health, 208
Cratch, rack, crib, 601
Creakie, indented with creaks, 539
Creastea, crested, tufted, 231
Create, cattle, live stock, 652
Creminosin, *cremsin*, crimson, 140, 449, 456
Creve (priestes *crewe*) = *crewet*, *cruiſe*, vessel, 450
Crime, accusation, reproach, fault, 153, 449
Crisped, curly (hair), 94
Crooke (cross), gibbet, 318
Croslet, a little cross, 42
Cros-cut, to pierce or cut across, 217
Croud, a fiddle, 588
Cruddle, to curdle, 448. *Cruddy*, curdled, 44, 178
Crumenall, purse, 474
Cud, not the thing chewed, but the *stomach* where the food is received before rumination, 505
Cuffing (or *cuffling*), striking, 250
Culter, a ploughshare, 564
Culver, dove, 115, 500
Culvering, *culverin*, a sort of cannon, 347
Cumbrous, troublesome, 14
Curals, *curiels*, cuirasses, 318, 383
Curelesse, hard to be cured, incurable, 217, 386, 471
Curtaze, cutlass, 240
Cut, fashion, 514
Dædate, skilful, 155; fertile, 238
Daint, *daynt*, dainty, 60, 155, 234 (superl. *dayntest*, 149). *Dainty*, rare, valuable, 20
Dallie, to trifle, 233. *Dalliaunce*, idle talk, trifling, 90
Dame, lady, 108
Damnify, to injure, damage, 73, 110
Damozel, damsel, 82
Danisk, Danish, 282
Dapper, neat, pretty, 477
Darrayne, to prepare, get ready, for battle, 31, 44, 157
Darred, dazzled, frightened ('a *darred* lark' is generally explained as a lark caught (¶ frightened) by means of a looking-glass), 428
Dayesman, a judge, arbitrator, 122
Daze, to dazzle, dim, 13, 51, 573; to confound, 194
Dead-doing, death-dealing, 92
Deaded, deadened, 293
Dealth, bestows, 230
Deare, valuable, precious, 177
Deare, hurt, injury, 48; sore, sad, 148; sorely, 106
Deardling, darling, 273
Dearnelie, sorrowfully, mournfully (literally *secretly*, hence *lonely*, *sadly*, &c.), 544
Deaw, to bedew, 87, 356
Debate, to contend, strive, 207, 380; battle, strife, 125; 397. *Debatement*, debate, 110
Debonaire, gracious, courteous, 20, 138, 182
Decay, to destroy, perish, relax, 124, 144, 363; destruction, ruin, death, 22, 43, 198, 223, 400
Deceaved, taken by deceit, 309
Deceitl, deceit, 444
Decesse, decease, 344
Decreed, determined on, 258
Decreved, decreased, 259
Deeme (pret. *dempst*), to judge, deem, 121, 200, 253, 471, 'deeme his payne' = adjudge his punishment, 292
Deering-doers, doers of daring deeds, 239
Deface, to defeat, 121
Defame, disgrace, dishonour, 310, 158, 299, 383
Defaste, defaced, destroyed, 98, 122, 165
Defesaunce, defeat, 75
Defeature, defeat, 259
Defend, to keep or ward off, 151, 245
Defly, deftly, gracefully, 455
Define, to settle, decide, 242
Deforme, shapeless, deformed, 147
Defray, to avert (by a proper settlement), appease, 255
Degendered, degenerated, 295
Delay, to temper, stop, remove, 100, 128, 228
Delice (*Deluce*), flower de-lice (= *flos deliciarum*) the iris, 456
Delices, delights, 105, 279, 310. *Delightsome*, delightful
Dell, hole, 452
Delve, dell, hole, cave, 112, 119, 169, 232
Demayne, *demeane*, *demeasnure*, *demeanour*, bearing, treatment, 121, 129, 208, 388. *Demean*, treated, 556
Demisse, submissive, 600
Dempt. See *Deeme*
Denay, to deny, 199, 219, 294, 413
Dent, dint, blow, 259
Deorc, dew, 561
Depainted, depicted, 103
Depart, to divide, separate, remove, 133, 176; departure, 195
Depeinct, *depeincten*, to paint, 455
Depend, to hang down, 145, 446
Deprave, to defame, 330
Dernful, mournful, 564. See *Dearnelie*
Dernly, secretly, 227; grievously, severely, 157
Der-doing = performance of daring deeds, 113
Derring-doe, daring deeds, warlike deeds, 101, 381, 477
Derth, scarcity, 20
Deryve, to draw away, transfer, 22
Descrie, *descry*, to perceive, discover, 94, 100, 233
Describe, to describe, 94, 420
Desine, to denote, 245
Despairefull drift, hopeless cause, 146
Desperate, despairing, 244
Despight, anger, malice, 17, 81, 162; a scornful defiance, 309
Despightful, *despiteous*, malicious, 81, 118
Despoyl, to unrobe, undress, 145
Desse, dais, 284
Desynde, directed, 265
Detayne, detention, 324
Devicfull, full of devices (as *masques*, triumphs &c.), 306
Devise, *devize*, to guess at, 129; purpose, 405;

- describe, talk, 160, 268, 405, 447. *Devized*, painted, 83. *Devized of*, reflected on, 380
Devoyr, duty, 475
Deu, due, 125, 318. *Deufull*, due, 427
Jewelap, palear, 449
Diapase, diapason, 127
Diapred, variegated, 588
Difference, choice, 154
Diffused, scattered, 352
Dight, to order, to arrange, prepare, dress, deck, 28, 82, 159, 273; mark, 150
Dilate, to spread abroad, enlarge upon, 150, 175
Dinting, striking, 410
Dint, scar, dent, 11; 'dolers dint' = pang of grief, 481
Diriges, dirges, 517
Dirk, to darken, 449; darkly, 474
Disaray, disorder, 97
Disaccord, to withhold consent, 372
Disadvauce, to lower, to draw back, 242, 248
Disaventrous, unfortunate, unsuccessful, unhappy, 48, 273, 291, 353. *Disaventure*, mishap, misfortune, 59, 373
Disburden, to unburden, 107
Discharge, to acquit oneself of, account for, 425
Discide, to cut in two, 232
Disciple, to discipline, 229
Disclaim, to expel, 213
Disclose (pret. *discloste*), to unfold, transform, 76, 176; set free, disengage, 254
Discolourd, many-coloured, 30, 213, 223
Discomfited, disconcerted, 160
Discommend, to speak disparagingly of, 322
Discounsell, to dissuade, 148
Discourse, *discure*, to discover, 129, 165
Discourse, shifting, 398
Discourteise, discourteous, 161
Discreet, differing, 152
Disrust, thrown or shook of, 160
Disease, to distress, 87, 89; uneasiness, 184, 385, 404. *Diseased*, ill at ease, afflicted, 375
Disentrayle, to draw forth, to cause to flow, 244, 259, 339
Disgrace, deformity, 357
Disguizement, disguise, 255
Dishable, to disparage, 104
Disteall (*distoyal*), perfidious, 102, 235
Dislikeful, disagreeable, 278
Disloignd, separated, 281
Dismall, fatal, 114
Dismay, to subdue, defeat, grieve, disquiet, 158, 177, 233, 234; defeat, ruin, 305, 408. *Dismayfull*, terrifying, 350
Dismayd = *mismade*, deformed, 141
Dismayl, to take off a coat of mail, 109
Dispacing, pacing, roaming, 534
Dispairful, despairing. See *Despairefull*
Disparage, disparagement, 273
Dispart, to divide, 274
Dispence, to pay for, 25; expense, 128; abundance, 352
Dispiteous, cruel, 19
Display, to spread out, 168; discover, 153
Disple, to discipline, 65
Displeasance, *displeasance*, displeasure, 134, 258
Disport, play, sport, 160
Disprad, *dispred*, spread abroad, 91, 266, 358
Dispraize, to disparage, 309
Dispredden (pl.), spread out, 29
Disprofesse, to abandon, 220
Dispurveyaunce, want of provisions, 212
Disseise, *disseize*, to dispossess, 70, 434
Dissilvered, shivered to pieces, 232
Dissolute, weak, 201
Distayne, to defile, 205
Distent, beaten out, 112
Disthronize, to dethrone, 136
Distinct, marked, 374
Distraigne, to rend, 153
Distraught, distracted, 246, 495; drawn apart, separated, 266
Distroubled, greatly troubled, 176
Dite, *dighte*, to make ready, 51
Ditt, ditty, song, 107
Diverse, distracting, diverting, 16, 87
Diverst, diverged, turned off, 175
Divide, to play a florid passage in music (Kitchin), 34
Divinde, deified, 545
Divorced, separated by force, 22
Doale = *dole*, destruction, 314
Documents, instructions, 62
Doe, to cause, 45
Doffe, to put off, 175, 208, 405
Dole, *doole*, sorrow, grief, 147, 213, 262, 268, 471, 549. *Doolefull*, sorrowful, 109
Dolor (*dolour*), grief, 164, 268
Dome, *doome*, doom, judgment, censure, 59, 251, 281, 289
Don, to put on, 192, 399
Done, *donne*, to do, 158, 195, 410, 'of well to *donne*' = of well-doing, 63; *DOEN*, to cause, 93; *DOEN* (pl.), they do, 448
Donne, dun, 461
Doomfull, threatening doom, 425
Dortours, sleeping apartments, 420
Doted, foolish, 52
Doubt, fear (also to fear), 183, 348, 349, 369, 379; a matter of doubt, 352. *Doubtful*, fearful, 39, 112, 158
Douted, redoubted, 477
Drad, *dred*, *dread*, dreaded, feared, 84, 101, 226, 227, 240, 345, 423; an object of reverence, 11, 269. *DREDDDEST*, most dread, 239
Draft, *drift*, aim, purpose, 152, 236
Drapet, cloth, 128
Draught (= *draft*), stratagem, aim, 136, 265
Drave, drove, 506
Dread, fury, 103. *Dreadful*, fearful, 159
Dreare, *Drere* (*Dreriment*), grief, sorrow, dreadful force, 22, 50, 53, 149, 178, 347, 256, 272. *Drerihed*, *drearyhood*, *dryrihed*, dreariness, affliction, 157, 162, 166, 225, 535
Drent, drowned, 118, 145
Dresse, to dispose, adorn, 220, 284, 480
Drevill, a slave, 236
Droome, a drum, 59
Droupe, to droop, 134
Drousy-hed, drowsiness, 18
Drouth, drought, 118
Drover, a boat, 282
Droyle, to work sluggishly, 514
Drugs, dregs, 85
Bumpish, heavy, 236
Duraunce, bondage, 186
Durefull, enduring, 283
Duresse, confinement, 269, 292
Dye, lot, destiny, 211

- Earne*, to yearn, 12, 41, 293, 452; to be grieved, 213
Earst, erst, first, soonest, previously, 51, 70, 83, 165, 477; at *earst*, at length, 295; at present, 485
Easterlings, men of the East (Norwegians, Danes, &c.), 138
Eath, ethe, easy, 95, 290, 535
Edge, to sharpen, 237
Edifye, to build, inhabit, 15, 157, 495
Eeke, eke, to increase, 37, 166, 199, 241; also, 459
Effierced, made fierce. inflamed, 220
Efforce, to oppose, 164
Efforced, efforst, forced, constrained, compelled (to yield), 119, 228
Effraid, scared, 13
Eft, afterwards, again, forthwith, moreover, 82, 98, 123, 243, 402
Eftsoones, soon after, forthwith, 13, 159
Eide, seen, 248
Eine, eyes, 568
Eld, age, old age, 61, 93, 239, 288
Elfe, fairy, 112
Els (elles), else, elsewhere, otherwise, 37, 122, 189
Embrace, embase, to bring or cast down, humiliate, 195, 361, 388, 574. *Embaste*, debased, dishonoured, 157, 209
Embar, to guard, confine, 21, 48, 219
Embassade, ambassador, 598
Embassage, embassy, message, 208
Embatteil, to arm for battle, 102
Embaulm, to anoint, 266
Embay, to bathe, 56, 63, 84, 124, 151; bask, 534
Embayl, to bind up, 94
Embellisht, adorned (with flowers), 449
Embosome, to foster, 99
Emboss, to overwhelm, press hard, 57, 158, 225; to surround, enclose, 25, 70, 381
Embosse, to adorn, ornament, array, 158, 162, 248
Embow, to arch over, to curve, bend, 56, 537
Embowell, to take out the bowels, 196
Embower, to take shelter, 507
Emboyl, to boil (with anger), 97. *Emboyled*, heated, 71
Embrace, to brace, to fasten, or bind, 361; to protect, 203
Embracement, an embrace, 98, 201
Embrave, to decorate, 86, 481
Embreade, embroder, to embroider, 189, 225
Embrewe, to stain with blood, 189, 400
Embusied, occupied, 265
Eme, uncle, 136
Emeraud, emerald, 150
Emmove, to move, 85, 117
Emong, among, 146. *Emongest*, amongst, 159, 173
Empale, to enclose, fringe, 535
Empare, *empair*, to diminish, impair, hurt, 67, 134, 311, 352
Emparlaunce, treaty, 277, 316
Empart, assign, 261
Empassioned, empassionate, moved or touched with passion, feeling, 22, 210, 219, 342, 536
Empeach, to hinder, prevent, 53, 174, 219; hindrance, 113; disfigurement, 151
Empeopled, dwelt, 66
Emperce, empierce, to pierce through (pret. *emperst, empierst*), 86, 124, 184, 210
Emperill, to endanger, 248
Emperish, to perish. decay, 448
Empight, fixed, settled, 101, 184, 242, 420
Emplonged, plunged, 213
Empoysoned, poisoned, 187, 189
Emprise, emprize, enterprise, attempt, 98, 116, 2310
Empurpled, purple-dyed, 150, 195, 227
Enaunter, lest, 450, 459
Endosome, to fix firmly, 148
Enchace, enchase, to adorn, embellish, 76, 127, 2518; to honour with befitting terms, 253; grave, 380; dart, 347
Encheason, reason, cause, occasion, 83, 460
Encomberment, hindrance, 400
Encroche, to come on, 450
Endamage, to damage, do harm, 422
Endangerment, danger, 302
Endevourment, endeavour, labour, 515
Endew, to endow, 32
Endite, to censure, 422
Endlong, from end to end, continuously, 211, 218
Endosse, write on the back, endorse, 353, 555
Endure, to harden, 270
Ene, once, 485
Enfelon'd, made fell or fierce, 337
Enfested. See Infest
Enfierce, to make fierce, 97
Enforme, to fashion, 386
Enfoldred, hurled out like thunder and lightning, 72
Engin, wiles, deceit, contrivance, 99, 161, 212
Engirt, surrounded, 602
Englut, to glut, fill, 89
Engore, to gore, wound, 159, 185, 277, 392
Engorge, to devour, glut, 145
Engrafted, engraft, implanted, fixed, 164, 236
Engrained, dyed, 449
Engrasp, to grasp, 104
Engrave, to bury, 64, 86, 104; to cut, pierce, 197
Engreeve, engrieve, to grieve, to be vexed, 99, 161, 197
Engrosse, to buy up in large quantities, to regravate, 681; to write a large letter, 555
Engroste, made thick, 111, 176, 681
Enhaunse, to lift up, raise, 13, 109, 260
Enlargen, enlarge, to set at large, deliver, 53, 10274
Enlumine, to illumine, 296
Enmove, to move. See Emmove
Enrace, to implant, 187, 409
Enragement, rapture, 602
Enraunge, to range, 367
Enraunged, ranged in order, 191, 603
Enrold, encircled, 91, 147
Enseames, encloses, 289
Enser, ensue, to follow after, pursue, 151, 160, 218
Ensuing, following, 275
Ensnarle, to ensnare, entangle, 388
Entayle, to carve, inlay, 94, 109, 112; (sb.) carving, 112
Enterdeale, negotiation, 334, 520
Enterpris, to undertake, 82
Enterprize, to entertain, 88; take in hand, 294
Entertain, take, receive (pay), 126, 370. *Entertayne, entertainment, hospitality*, 90, 341, 523
Entertake, to entertain, 341
Entire, inward, internal, 160, 167, 195, 270. *Entirely, earnestly*, 71, 393; entirely, 120
Entraile, entrayl, to twist, entwine, interlace, 94, 192, 222, 246, 470
Entraile, twisting, entanglement, 13

- trall*, the lowest part, depth (bowels), 147
treat, to treat of, treat, 213, 280, 296, 365
ure, to use, practise, 238. *Enured*, accustomed, 397; committed habitually, 341
vy, to be angry, indignant, 251; to emulate, 157
wallowe, roll about, 178, 349
wombed, pregnant, 85
wrap, to wrap up, 70
uall, impartial, 427
uiPAGE, array, equipment, 68; to array, equip, 127
melin, an ermine, 165
mine, skin of the ermine, 161
ne, to yearn, 96
rant, wandering, 201
rour, wandering, 182, 210
st, 477. See *Earst*
cheu, escape, 401
loyne, to withdraw, 29
oyne, to excuse, 29
late, state, rank, 369
erne, eternal, 193. *Eternize*, to make eternal, 66, 503
ernize, to immortalize, 503
he, easy, 467
gh, yew, 12. *Eughen*, *ewghen*, of yew, 70, 519
angely, gospel, 137
ill, poor, unskilful, 416
caninate, lifeless, 146
cheat, gain, profit, escheat, 35, 202
xpert, to experience, 482
pire, breathe out, 72; to fulfil a term, put an end to, 44, 235
press, to press out, 144
asie, surprise, 425
stent, stretched out, 118
stirpe, to root out, 63
stort, extorted, 300
tract, descended, 210
treate, extraction, 343
culs, exiles, 558
fts, efts, 345
as, newly-fledged young, 71, 599
ne, eyes, 29, 194
ee, to carry a false appearance, 338
act, feat, deed, 210
il, *foyil*, to deceive, 222, 293; to cause to fail, 103
in, *gayne*, glad, eager, 12, 261, 378; *gaynd*, desired, 208; *gaynes*, delights, 358
in, *gayne*, to feign, dissemble, 34, 93; to mistake, 264; imagine, 420; '*fained* dreadful' = apparently dreadful, 228
itour, *gaytour*, cheat, deceiver, vagabond, villain, 32, 234, 363, 459
ilen, befall, 459
alsed, falsified, deceived, 20, 160; insecure, weak, 73. *Falses*, falsehoods, 305. *Falser*, a liar, 461
ltring, faltering, 219
antasy, *fantazy*, fancy, 149; apprehension, 403
re, to go, proceed, act, deal, 80, 87, 251, 277
ryforth, very far, 211
ate, having a face, 141
stnesse, stronghold, 345
te, destined term of life, 200. *Fatal*, ordained by fate, 168, 210
Fault, to offend, be in error, 140, 444
Favour, feature, 331
Favourlesse, not showing favour, 126
Fay, a fairy, 241; faith, 334, 474
Fear, *feare*, companion, 399; to *feare*, together, 138
Fear, *fearen*, to frighten, 147, 176; '*feared* —— of,' alarmed by, 401
Fearfull, timid, 421
Feastfull, festival, 409
Feateously, neatly, 606
Feature, fashion, form, character, 54, 240
Fee, tenure, 88; pay, service, 409, 553; property, 233, 276
Feeble, enfeebled, 51. *Feblesse*, feebleness, 271
Feeld (golden), an emblazoned field (of a knight's shield), 433
Feend, fiend, devil, 70
Feld, let fall, thrown down, 109, 233
Fell, befell, 249; gall, 218
Fell, fierce, cruel, 172, 220, 337. *Felly*, cruelly, 36, 142, 242, 417. *Fellonest*, most fell, 239. *Fellonous*, wicked, fell, 162. *Felnesse*, cruelty, fierceness, 123, 270, 276
Feminilee, womanhood, 193
Feood, feud, enmity, 232
Fensible, fit for defence, defensible, 127, 212
Fere, companion, husband, 60, 247, 308, 418
Ferne, lodging, 184
Ferry, a ferry boat, 108
Fett, to fetch, 131; fetched (rescued), 307
Fleur-de-luce, the iris. See *Delice*
Feutre, *feutre*, to place the spear in the rest, to prepare for battle, 252, 258
Fiaunt, commission, fiat, 523
File, to defile, 162, 266
File, to polish, smoothe, 15, 556
Fine, end, 151, 245
Firm, to fix firmly, 112
Fit, to be fitting, 87; 'Of loves were fitted' = were suited, furnished with lovers, 231
Fit, *flit*, emotion, passion, grief, 229, 260, 314, 350; a musical strain, 68
Flaggy, loose, 69, 178
Flatt, plain, 474
Flake, a flash, 163
Flamed, inflamed, 107
Flasket, a basket, 606
Flatling, *flatwise*, with the flat side (of the sword), 318
Flaw, a gust of wind,
Fleare, to mock, 519
Fleet, to sail, float, 146, 278, 552; to flit, 206
Fleez, *flax*, 160
Flit, fleet, swift, 100, 222; changing, 161; unsubstantial, light, 217
Flit, *flitte*, to move, change, flee, 19, 222. *Flitting*, fleeting, 70; yielding, 119, 161
Flong, flung, 503
Flore, ground, spot, 143, 370
Flout, to mock, deride, 397, 428
Flourrets, little flowers, 450
Flushing, rapidly flowing, 260
Fodder, grass, 222
Foen, foes, 93
Foile, a leaf (of metal), 27
Foison, abundance, plenty, 564
Folkmore, a meeting, assembly, 247
Fon, a fool, 449, 456, 552. *Fonly*, foolishly, 459
Fond, foolish, doting, 58, 167; *fondling* fool, 390.

- Fondly*, foolishly, 313, 628. *Fondness*, folly, 459, 578
Fond, found, 151; tried, 196
Fone, foes, 20, 172, 358
Food feud, 50, 80
Foolhappie, undesigned, 38
Foolhardise, foolhardiness, folly, 88, 528
For, notwithstanding, 177; for fear of; what for = what sort of? 454
Fordo, to destroy, 355. *Fordonne*, utterly undone, ruined, overcome, 37, 172, 250, 277
Foreby, *forby*, hard by, near, 42, 43, 183; with, 349; past, 157
Forecast, previously determined, 227
Foredamned, utterly damned, 217
Forelay, to lay before, or over, 94
Forelent, given up entirely, 242
Forelifting, lifting up in front, 69
Forepast, gone by, 232
Fore-red, foretold, 532
Foreshewed, previously instructed, 434
Fore-side, the side to the fore, external covering, 310
Forespent, *forspent*, utterly wasted, 256
Forestall, to take previous possession of, to hinder, obstruct, 126, 461, 611
Foretought, previously taught, 45
Forewent, gone before, 467
Forged, false, 21
Forgery, fiction, deceit, 161; a counterfeit or assumed character, 310
Forgive, to give up, 404
Forhaile, to overtake, 475
Forhent, overtaken, 180
Forlent, gave up, 180
Forlore, forlorn, utterly lost, abandoned, 45, 53, 94, 150, 173, 178, 187; *forlore* (pret.), deserted, 211; lost (to sense of propriety), 354
Formally, expressly, 153
Formerlie, beforehand, 365
Forpas, to pass over, 517
Forpassed, past by or through, 213, 310
Forpined, pined away, 217
Forray, to ravage, prey on, 416; a raid, 174
Forsake, to avoid, 70; renounce, 108
Forsay, forsake, 459
Forsayd, denied residence, banished, 467
Forslacke, *forsloe*, *forslow*, to delay, waste in sloth, 280, 355; neglect, omit, 425; impede, 465
Forstall, *forstallen*, to prevent, 475. See *Forestall*
Forswat, spent with heat, 455
Forswonck, tired with over work, 456
Forthink, to repent, be sorry for, 380; to give up, 292
Forthright, straightway, 115
Forthy, therefore, because, 130, 452
Fortilage, a little fortress, 149, 681
Fortune, to happen, 165, 183, 392
Fortunize, to make happy, 405
Fortuneless, unfortunate, 270
Forwandre, to stray away, 42, 220
Forwasted, utterly wasted, 68, 136
Forwearie (*forwearied*), utterly wearie, worn out, 15, 56, 72
Forwent, left, 183, 258; did forge, 561
Forworne, much worn, 42
Foster, forestar, 157
Fouldring, thundering, 88
Found, established, 136
Foundring, toppling, falling, 250
Foy, allegiance, faith, 135
Foyle, repulse, defeat, 93; to defeat, ruin, overthrow, 136, 351
Foyne, to thrust, push, 103, 124, 244, 317
Foyson, abundance, 564
Fraight, fraught, 473
Frame, to make, form, support, prepare, direct, 52, 56, 157, 158, 159; to put in shape for motion
Franchisement, deliverance, 351
Franck, free, forward, 90
Francklin, freeman, freeholder, 61
Franion, a loose woman, 90, 308
Fray, to frighten, terrify, alarm, 15, 17, 24, 75, 149, 170; affray, 234
Frenne, a stranger, 455
Fret, ornamental border, 288. *Fretted*, ornamented with fret-work, 129, 174
Frett, to consume, 90
Friend, to befriend, 236, 285
Frigot, a little boat, 107
Friskes, gambols, 283
Frize, to freeze, 410
Fro, from, 114, 405
Frolicke, 'fained her to frolicke' = desired her to cheerful, 372
Fronts, foreheads, 19
Frorne, frozen, 450
Frory, frosty, frozen, 203, 204
Frounce, to fold, plait, 28
Froward = forward, at a distance from, 409
Frowie, musty, 467
Fruic, fruit, 449
Fry, swarms (of young children), 74
Fry, to foam, 149
Fulmined, fulminated, 163
Fume, to pass away like smoke, 556
Funerall, death, 104
Furniment, furnishing, 245
Furniture, gear, equipment, 157
Fylde, felt, 420
Fyle, to polish, 164
Fyled, kept in files, registered, 394
Gage, pledge, 31, 72, 93
Gain, against (as in *gainstrive*, 264), 94
Gainsay, denial, 164
Galage (*galoche*), a wooden shoe, 450
Galingale, sweet cyperus, 534
Gail, bile, 13
Gallimaufrey, hotch-potch, 442
Gamesome, pleasant, 428
Gan (can) began, did, 18, 48, 110, 120
Gang, to go, 452, 474
Gard, safeguard, protection, 165
Garran, a kind of horse, 681
Garre, to cause, make, 104, 455
Gaspig, gaping, 454
Gastfull, fearful, dreary, 471
Gate, a goat, 460
Gate, way, procession, 147, 178
Gaudy green, a robe of a light green, 452
Gazement, gaze, 307
Gealosy, *gelosy*, jealousy, 78, 100
Geare, *gera*, *gear*, dress, equipment, 99, 395, 421; matter, affair, 372

Jeare, to jeer, scoff, 108
Jeason, rare, uncommon, 381, 512, 536
Jelly, clotted, 179
Jell, gold, 448; bribed with gold, 186
Jelt. This word has been variously explained—by some as a gelding, by others as a *guilty* person. Professor Child explains it as a wild Irishman, *Celt*, 264
Jell, castrated, 428
Jent, gentle, kind, accomplished, 55, 57, 58, 160
Jerre. See *Geare*
Jerman, brother, 33, 34, 124
Jerne, to grin, 356
Jesse, to deem, think, *guess*, 39, 230
Jest, deed of arms, 30, 124, 378; gesture, deportment, bearing, 128, 165, 201
Jhastly, terrible, 162, 166. *Ghastliness*, terrible-ness, 96
Jhess, to guess, deem, 39
Jhost, spirit, soul, 46
Jambeux, leggings, greaves, 109
Jin, engine (of torture), 36; plot, contrivance, snare, 93, 194
Jin, ginne, to begin, 13, 40, 70, 205
Jipsen, a gipsy, 513
Jiust, tournaments, tilts, 11, 477; to joust, tilt, 230
Glade, valley, dale, 159
Glade, to gladden, 411
Glaive, *glave*, *glayve*, a sword, 265, 281, 353
Glee, pleasure? fee property, 58
Glenne, country, hamlet, 455
Glib, a thick bush of hair overhanging the eyes, 269, 630
Glims, glimpse, indistinct light, 401, 604
Glinne, glen, 615
Glitterand, glittering, 141, 468
Glister, to glitter, shine, 13, 160, 223
Glide, glided, 249
Glory, vainglory, boasting, 92
Glozing, deceitful, 201
Glutted, filled, 474
Gnarre, growl, snarl, 36
Gobbeline, goblin, 139
Gobbet, morsel, piece, 13, 69
Godded, deified, 557
Goe, gone, 467
Gondelay, gondola, 106
Goodlihed, *goodthead*, goodness, 95, 369, 450; goodly appearance, 167
Gooldes, marigolds, 552
Gore, to pierce, wound, 162
Gore-blood, clotted blood, 84
Gorge, throat, 13, 69, 242
Gorget, armour for the throat, 242
Goshawke, a large kind of hawk, 315
Gossib, kinsman, 75
Gourmandize, greediness, 410
Governall, government, 150
Governance, government, 83,
Government, control, 254
Grace, favour, kindness, 118; to give favour to, 67
Grafted, grafted, 450
Graile, gravel, 44
Graine, dye (scarlet), 43
Grammercy, many thanks, 117
Grange, dwelling, place, 431
Graple, to tug, 250

Graplement, grasp, clutch, 142
Graste, graced, favoured, 419
Grate, to scorn, 86
Grayle, gravel, 339, 540
Grayle, the holy vessel said to have been used at Our Saviour's Last Supper, 137
Greave, grove, 216, 370
Gree, degree, rank, 468 (st. 15)
Gree, favour, goodwill, 34, 92
Greete, to congratulate, praise, 307, 349; mournful, 470; to assign with praise (st. 14), 307; to weep, 454
Gren, to grin, snarl, 265, 420
Grenning, grinning, 39
Gride, pierce, 507
Griefull, grievous, 231, 400
Griesie, thick, sluggish, 108; gray, 58
Grieslie, *grisely*, horrible, 36, 145, 157
Grieved, hurt, 49
Grimmes, severity, savageness (Embl.), 451
Grin, to gnash the teeth, 314
Gripe, to grasp, 70, 350
Griple, gripe, grasp; grasping, greedy, 30, 301, 377
Gronefull, full of groans, 144
Groome, man, a young man, a servant, 297, 376
Grosse, heavy, 70; the whole, 474
Groundhold, ground-tackle (as cables, anchors), 377
Groveling, with face flat to the ground, 84, 159, 184
Groynd, growled, 420
Grudge, *grutch*, to murmur, growl, 19, 84, 90, 167
Gryde, cut, pierce through, 123, 162, 209
Gryesy, *grysie*, squalid, 141, 226; foggy, moist, 162
Gryfon, *gryphon*, griffin (a fabulous animal), perhaps used for vulture, eagle, 33
Grypt, 'through *grypt*' = through-gyrd, pierced through, 374
Guarish, to heal, 186, 244
Guerdon, reward, 66, 243
Guilen, to beguile, 206
Guiler, *guylar*, deceiver, 215
Guilt, guilded, 432
Guize, manner, mode (of life), custom, 349, 366
Gulfe, throat, 474
Gulphing, flowing (like a gulf), 510
Gust, taste, 433
Gybe, gibe (Embl.), 452
Gyeld, guild, courthouse, 116
Gynst, beginner, 477
Gyre, circle, course, 102, 158
Gyrd, fettered, 314
Habergeon, *haberjeon*, a small coat of mail, armour for the neck and breast, 109, 174
Habiliment, clothing, 74, 82
Habitaunce, habitation, 111
Hable, able, fit, 56, 70
Hacqueton, a jacket worn under armour, 123
Hagard, wild, untamed, 70
Haile, *hayl*, to drag, haul, 97, 98, 203
Hale, health, welfare, 560
Halfendeale, half part, 211
Halfen-eye = half ordinary sight, i.e. one eye, 212
Hallidome, 'by my *halidom*' = by my faith as a Christian, 517
'Han (pl.), have, 452, 478
Hand, 'out of *hand*' = at once, 182, 314; 'nigh *hand*' = near, 401
Handsell, price, reward, 413

- Hansomly*, neatly, 513
Hap, to happen, fortune, lot, 101, 380
Happily, haply, by chance, 79
Happy, successful, 156
Harborough, *harbrough*, shelter, 464
Hard, heard, 165
Hardiment, hardihood, boldness, 56, 82, 156, 183, 211
Hardnesse, rudeness, 274
Hardyhed, hardihood, 31, 440
Harnesse, weapons, 314
Harrow, an exclamation of distress, a call for help, 124
Harten, to encourage, incite, 529; *hartned*, encouraged, 278
Hartlesse, timid, 87
Haske, a wicker basket for fish, 420
Haubergh, *hauberk*, *hauberge*, *hawberk*, a coat of mail, 177, 223, 277
Haught, high, august, 41
Hault, haughty, 368
Haulst, embraced, 246
Haunten, to frequent, 467
Haveour, *haviour*, deportment, behaviour, 193, 224, 455
Hayle, to drag, 302, 362
Hazardize, danger, 147
Hazardry, hazard, risk, 103; gaming, 161
Headlesse-hood, heedlessehood, heedlessness, 449
Heame, home, 481
Heard, herd, 448; a keeper of cattle, 403. *Heard-groomes*, herdsman, 448
Heare, hair, 21, 126. *Hearie*, hairy, 157
Heast, *hest*, command, behest, 45, 245, 318; name, 290; office (of one who had taken vows), 420
Heben, ebony, 117; of ebony wood, 11
Hedstall, that part of the bridle which is put on the horse's head, 309
Heedinesse, heedfulness, 326
Heedy, wary, 474
Heeling, heel, 514
Hefte, raised, 72; threw, 242
Helt, to cover, 282
Helme, helmet, 237
Hem, them, 459
Hend, to seize, grasp, 350
Henge, hinge, 70
Hent, took, seized, 111, 141
Her, their, 460
Herbars, herbs, 130
Herneshaie, heron, 392
Herry, *hery*, to praise, worship, honour, 146, 160, 448, 478
Hersall, rehearsall, 219
Herse, ceremonial, 168
Hether, hither, 401, 455
Hew, shape, form, 16
Hew, hacking, 401
Heydeguyes, dances, 464
Hide, hastened. See *Hye*
Hidder (if not an error for *hider*=hither)=he-deer; animals of the male kind, 474
Hie, to hasten, 286
Hight, called, named, 58, 158; entrusted, 28; directed, 348; pronounce worthy, hence determine, choose, 394; appointed, 264; purports, 474
Hight, 'on hight'—aloud, 388
Hild, held, 287
Hippodames, sea-horses, 130, 222
Hoary frost, hoarfrost, 446
Hole, whole, 186
Hoipen (pp.) helped, 399
Hond, hand, 225
Hong, hung, 189, 190
Honycrook, pot of honey, 303
Hood, state, manner, 329
Hooved, hovered, abode, 556
Hopelesse, unexpected, 185
Hore, hoary, 23
Horrid, rough, 47
Hospitage, hospitality, 212
Hospitale, a place of rest, 126
Hoste, to entertain, lodge, 270, 402, 506
Hostlesse, inhospitable, 218
Hostry, lodging, 345
Hot, *hote*, was called, 71, 251, 475; mentioned, 40
Housing, sacramental, 77
Hove, rise, float, 21, 196; hover, 213
Houre, time, 95; 'good houre'=good fortune, 406
Howres, devotional exercises, 385
Hoye, vessel, ship, 138
Hububs, shouts, din, 216
Hugger mugger, in secret, secretly, 514
Humblesse, humility, humbleness, 19, 25, 74
Hurlyburly, noise of battle, 309
Hurtle, to rush, dash, hurl, attack, 29, 31, 50
brandish, 116; crowd, 250
Hurtlesse, innocent, 41
Husband, farmer, 244
Hyacine, hyacinth, 150
Hye, to hasten, 91, 383; on hie, hastily, 606
Hyiding, base, vile, 384
Hynde, a servant, 397
Idle, causeless, 193
Idole, image, 91, 254
Ill-faste, having an ill-look, 149. *Ill-hedded*, disturbed in the head, 230
Imbrast, embraced, 274
Immeasured, unmeasured, 147
Imp, child, scion, shoot, 11, 187, 286, 349
Imp, to engraft, insert, 603
Impacable, unappeasable, 277, 493
Imperceable, not able to be pierced, 69
Implore, entreaty, 106
Imply, to entail, entangle, envelop, 30, 70, 191
Importable, intolerable, 122
Importune, violent, savage, 73, 123; full of trouble, 173; to threaten, 157; to solicit, 342
Importunely, with importunity, 119
Impresse, to make an impression, 140
Improvided, unprovided, unlooked for, 77
In, *inne*, dwelling, lodging, 15, 148, 171, 547
In, 'in . . . lyte'=fall upon, 163
Incontinent, forthwith, immediately, 39
Indew, to put on, 191, 212
Indifferent, impartial, 163, 341. *Indifferently*, in part, 431, 492
Indignance, indignation, 219
Indigne, unworthy, 233
Indignify, to treat with indignity, 364
Inferd, offered, 399
Infest, to make fierce or hostile, hostile, 377, 390
Influence, the power of the stars, 53
Informed, formed imperfectly, 188

- Infuse*, infusion, 599
Ingate, entrance, 280, 499
Ingowe, ingot, 112
Inholder, inhabitant, 431
Inly, inwardly, 161, 164, 220; entirely, 459
Inquest, quest, adventure, 163, 298
Inquire, to call, 133
Insolence, uncourteousness, 555
Insolent, rude, 180
Inspyre, to breathe, 94
Insu'th=ensu'th, follows, 91, 567
Intend, to stretch out, 72; to denote, name, 424; direct one's course, 101
Intendiment, intention, 77, 224; knowledge, 185, 499
Intent, purpose, 82
Interesse, interest, 426
Interlace, to intermingle, interweave, 308, 421
Intermedle, to intermix, 4
Intimate, to communicate, 372
Intreat, to prevail upon, 90
Intuse, contusion, 185
Inva'de, to come into, 191
Invent, to find out, 183, 302
Invest, to put on, 254
Irkes, wearies, 264
Irkesome, tired, weary, 17
Irrenowmed, inglorious, 82

Jacob's staffe, a pilgrim's staff, 42, 543
Jade, a horse, 157, 395; a scolding woman, 143
Jarre, quarrel, variance, 89
Jasp, jasper, 538
Javel, a worthless wretch, 515
Jeopardie, jeopardy, danger, 101
Jesses, strips of leather tied round the legs of hawks, with which they are held upon the fist, 379
Jollie, jolly, handsome, pretty, lively, 11, 160, 233
Jolliment, jollitee, jollity, joyfulness, prettiness, liveliness, 286, 367, 460
Jollyhead, jollity, 415
Joti, speck, small piece, 63
Journal, diurnal, 71
Jovial, bright, sunny, 150
Joy, to rejoice, be glad, enjoy, 159
Joyance, joyfulness, merriment, 226
Joyissance, jouissance, joyousness, 458, 480
Juncates, junkets, 316

Kaies, keys, 281
Kearn, kearne. See *Kern*
Keepe, heed, care, charge, 16, 467, 484; to take care, protect, 'heedie keepe'=watchful care, 339; keepinge, guard, 459, 481
Keight, caught, 166
Kemd, combed, 327
Ken, to know, try, 597. *Kend*, *kent*, knew, perceived, known, 74, 121, 195, 350, 552, 460. *Kenst*, didst know, 449, 452
Kern, an Irish foot-soldier, 640
Kerne, a farmer, 468
Kerve, to cut, 230
Kesar, emperor, 112
Kest, cast, 71
Kestrell-kynd, base nature, 92
Kind, nature, 167, 283; sex, 163; occupation, 96.
Kindly, natural, 50, 161, 209
Kinred, kindred, 461

Kirtle, a coat fastened at the waist, 30
Knee, projection of rocks, 58
Knife, a sword, dagger, 103
Kon, know, 552. *Kond*, knew, 326
Kydst, knewest, 485
Kynded, begotten, 320

Lackey, to follow as a servant, 367
Lad, led, 154, 225
Lade, to load, 322
Laesie, lazy, 448
Laid, attacked, 277
Laire, plain, 273
Lamping, shining, 168, 573
Lanck loynes, slender waist, 189
Langurous, languid, 81
Lap, *lappe*, to fold, entangle, 94, 187
Larded, fattened, 449
Lare, pasture, 270
Large, bountiful, 50
Latched, seized, caught, 453
Launce, balance, 194
Launch, to pierce, 84, 261, 366
Laver, a basin, 151
Lay, field, lea, plain, 201, 214
Lay, cry, 83
Lay, to throw up, 145
Lay, law, 136
Layd, faint, 477
Laye, laity, 459
Laystall, a dunghill, a place for the deposit of filth, 38
Lazar, leper, 27
Lea, field, 449
Leach, a physician, 170, 179
Leachcraft, medical skill, 170
Leake, leaky, 398
Leany, lean, 468
Leap, a basket, 486
Leare, lore, counsel, 219, 245. *Leares*, lessons, 196
Leasing, lying, falsehood, 43, 130, 140
Least, lest, 350
Leave, to raise, 134
Ledden, dialect, speech, 287, 556
Lee, river, 302, 496
Leese, to loose, 474
Lefte, lifted, 95
Legierdemain, sleight of hand, 339, 519
Leke, leaky, 36
Leman, a lover, 45, 105, 165
Lend, to give, provide, 181
Lengd, longed, 461
Lenger, longer, 14
Lepped, did leap, 453
Lere, to learn, 484; lore, 461, 557
Lesinges, lies, 461
Lessoned, instructed, 193
Lest, to listen, 862
Let, to hinder, 45, 85, 183; 'let be'=away with, 93; hindrance, 50, 143, 231
Level, to direct one's course, 148
Levin, lightning, 187, 467. *Levin brond*, thunder-bolt, 426
Lewd, ignorant, wicked, foolish, 450. *Lewdly*, foolishly, 270, 448
Lewdnesse, wickedness, 181, 310
Libbard, leopard, 41, 94, 158, 166
Lich, like, 196
Lief, *liefe*, dear, beloved, 25, 56; willing, 207; 'liefe

- or sorry' - willing or unwilling=*lief* or *loth*, 365,
 424; (comp.) *liefer*, 58, 99, 158; (superl.) *liefest*,
 213, '*liefest liefe*'=dearest loved one, 166
Liege, lord, master—one to whom faith has been
 pledged, 393. *Liegeman*, a vassal, one who owes
 homage to a liege lord, 92
Lifful, living, full of life, 417, 588
Lig, ligger, to lie, 381, 459, 460
Light, easy, ready, 161; to lighten, 185; befall, 353
Lightly, quickly, 761
Lignage, lynage, lineage, 40
Like, to please, 114
Like as, as if, 316
Likely, similar, 598
Likelynesse, likeness, 381
Lill, to put out the tongue, 36
Limbeck, retort, 432
Limehound, a bloodhound, limer, 302
Lin, to cease, 14, 36, 171, 202, 547
List, to desire, like, 125; (impers.) please, 164, 278.
Listful, attentive, 299
Lite, lyte, alight, befall, 387, 395
Livelod, livelood, livelihood, 311, 372
Lively, lifelike, living, 125, 159, 200
Livelyhed, livelyhead, livelihood, 86; living original,
 125; motion of a living being, 393
Liverey, delivery, 381
Loathly, loathsome, 232, 351
Loft, height, 16
Lome, clay, loam, 403
Lompish, dull, slow, 16, 181, 225
Long, to belong, 32, 174, 367
Loord, lout, 195, 446
Loos, fame, 419
Loose, to solve, 350
Lope, leapt, 453
Lopp, branch, 448
Lore, learning, teaching, fashion, 91, 246, 287;
 speech, 354
Lore, lorn, left, deserted, 27, 228; lost sight of, 347
Loring, learning, 331
Lorrel, losell, lozell, a loose idle fellow, 92, 378, 467
Lose, to loosen, 224
Lusen, to set loose, 193. *Los'te*=loosed, dissolved, 176
Lot, fate, 365; share, 250
Lothfull, unwilling, unpleasant, loathsome, 180
Loup, loop, 126
Lout, lout, to bow, to do obeisance, 65, 93, 214, 238
Lovely, loving, 25, 238, 246; lovingly, 246; lovely,
 of love, 261, 394
Lover, an opening in the roof to let out the smoke,
 411
Lug, a perch or rod of land, 132
Lumine, to illumine, 602
Luskishnesse, sluggishness, 364
Lust, pleasure, desire, 251, 290, 480; to desire,
 please, 113
Luster, a glittering, sheen, 353
Lustlesse, feeble, listless, 29, 181, 364
Lusty, pleasant, 449
Lustihede, lustyhed, lusty-head, pleasure, 216, 459,
 532; pleasure (of youth), 460
Lymiter, a friar licensed to beg within a certain
 district, 513
Lynage, lineage, 12
Lyne, linen, 535
Lyte, to alight, light, befall, 387
Lythe, pliant, 449, 507
Mace, sceptre, 132
Macerate, to tear, 505
Madding, foolish, 455
Mage, magician, 170
Magnes-stone, the magnet, 145
Mail, mayl, male, armour, 237
Maine, mayne, force, 44, 50, 141; ocean, 18
Mainely, maynty, strongly, violently, 40, 158
Mainsheal, mainsail, 356
Maintenaunce, condition, 199
Maisterdome, maistry, mastery, superiority, 10
 134, 234
Maistring, superior, controlling, 194, 274, 604
Make, to write poetry, 441
Make, companion, mate, 44, 218, 238
Malefice, evil deed, 523
Malengine, ill intent, deceit, guile, 161
Malice (pret. *malist*), regarded with malice, bo
 ill-will to, 406, 534, 601
Maligne, to grudge, 179
Mail, club, mallet, 49, 257; to manl, 348
Mallalent, ill-will, 181
Mand, blocked up with men, 417
Manie, many, company, multitude, 75, 292, 353
Manner, kind of, 279
Mantle, to rest with outspread wings, 369
Mard, spoilt, injured, dishonoured, 159, 214
Marge, margin, bank, 102, 274
Margent, margin, 178
Marie, ground, soil, 143
Marishes, marshes, 345
Martelled, hammered, 198
Martyr, to afflict, torment, 263
Martyrize, to devote as a martyr, 554
Maske, to conceal oneself by means of a mask (a
 at a masquerade), 43, 174
Masse, wealth, 206; material, 283
Massy, massive, 214
Mate, to stupefy, confound, *amate*, 55
Matchlesse, not to be matched, 232
Maugre, maulgre, in spite of, a curse on! 103, 179
 220, 234; unwillingly, 299
Mavis, thrush, 588
Mayntenaunce, behaviour, 474
Maysterdome, superiority, 301
Mazed, amazed, confounded, 234, 261
Mazeful=amazeful, wonderful, 589
Mazer, a kind of hard wood (probably the maple,
 150; a bowl made of maple, and richly orna-
 mented, 470
Me, 'he cast me down' (l. 244), 260
Mealth, meibeth, 57
Mean, middle, moderate, moderation, 113, 159, 410;
 means, 228; 'by meanes,' because, 399
Meanesse, humble birth, 372
Meantly, moderately, 513
Meare, pure, 143; boundary, 210
Mear'd, divided, shared, 529
Measure, moderation, 401
Medewart, meadow-wort, 121
Measured, sang, 148
Measurelesse, boundless, 503
Meddle, medle, to mix, 86, 445
Meed, reward, 515
Meere, absolute, entire, 608
Meint, mingled, 482
Melampode, black hellebore, 467
Mell, to intermeddle, 14, 430

Melling, meddling, 358, 468
Memories, services for the dead, 517
Memorize, to commemorate, 502
Menage, to manage, guide (a horse), 47; to wield (arms), 128; management, 226
Mendes, amends, 82
Mene, means, 342, 387
Ment, purpose, meant, 227
Ment, joined, united, 18, 317
Merciabile, merciful, 474
Mercie, merry, thanks, favour, 103; thank you, 82
Mercify, to pity, 394
Merinake, meryment, merry-making, sport, 108, 161, 409, 458
Mery, pleasant, cheerful, 105
Mesprise, misprize, contempt, insolence, 116, 207, 248; mistake, 147
Mew, to confine, secrete, 95, 206, 226; prison, 105, 114, 585; den, 339
Meynt, mingled, united, 467
Mickle, much, great, 97, 177, 211
Middest, midst, 251; midmost, 28
Miere, to move, 293
Mincing, affected, 90
Mind, to call to mind, 87
Mindlesse, unmindful, 269
Minime, a trifling song, but properly a musical note, 410
Miniments, trifles, toys, 268
Mineon, a favourite, 90
Minisht, diminished, 72
Mirke, dark, 'to mirke' = very obscure, 474
Mirkesome, dark, 35
Mis, to sin, err, 95, 206
Misavized, ill-advised, misinformed, 164
Misaymed, ill-aimed, 50
Miscall, to abuse, 155, 270
Mischaleuge, false challenge, 242
Misconceit, mistake, 257
Miscounsellid, ill-advised, 513
Miscreant, unbeliever, 34
Miscreated, ill-formed, 116
Miscreaunce, false faith, misbelief, 124, 459
Misdeem, to deem amiss, misjudge, 73, 360. *Misdeeming*, misleading, 18. *Misdempt*, misjudged, misweened, 214
Misdesert, crime, 362
Misdid, failed, 250
Misdiet, over-eating, 29
Misdight, ill-dressed, 331
Misdonne, to misdo, 206
Misdoubting, fearing sadly, 376
Miser, wretch, 80
Misfeign, to feign wrongfully, 26
Misfare, misfortune, 352
Misfaring, evil doing, 556; misfortune, 268, 270
Misgone, gone astray, 468
Misgovernaunce, misrule, 459
Misguyde, trespass, 376, 600
Mishappen, happen amiss, 24
Mishapt, misshaped, 196
Misleeke, mislike, to dislike, 305, 460
Misregard, misconstruction, 270
Misray, to say to no purpose, uselessly, 418; abuse, speak ill of, 260, 474
Misseem, to be unseemly, to misbecome, 203
Misseeming, unseemly, wrong, 57, 90; deceit, 49
Misshape, deformity, 357

Misshapen, deformed, 140
Mister, sort of, manner of, 57, 182, 468
Misthought, mistake, 273
Mistooke, suspected, 219
Mistrayne, to mislead, 353
Mistreth, signifies, matters, 199
Misusage, abuse, 468
Misweene, to think amiss, 79
Miswende, to go wrong, 513
Mizzle, to rain in little drops, 482
Mo, moe, more, 59, 222
Mochell, much, 449, 470
Mold, mole, spot, 418
Moldwarp, mole, 556
Molt, melted, 102
Mome, blockhead, 428
Moniment, mark, stamp, 112; record, 131
Monoceros, sea-unicorn (? sword-fish), 147
Moorish, morish, marshy, 238, 507
Moralize, to cause to be moral, 153
More, root, plant, 430
Morion, helmet, 432, 535
Morrow, morning, 306
Mortall, deadly, 89
Mortality, the estate of mortal man, 60
Most, greatest, 286
Mostwhat, generally, 556
Mot, mote (pl. *moten*), may, must, might, 191, 236, 267
Mott, measured, 553
Mought, might, 452
Mould, to moulder, 96; shape, form, 27
Mountenance, space, distance, 202, 220
Moves, insulting grimaces, mouths, 396
Moyity, half, 148
Moyle, to defile, 601
Muchell, much, great, 32, 40, 197, 214
Muck, wealth, 113, 214
Mucky, sordid, vile, 113, 206, 405
Mumming, masking, 520
Munificence (*munifice*), fortification, defence, 133
Mured, walled, enclosed, 421
Muse, to wonder, 82; wonderment, 77
Musical, music, 458
Must, new wine, 433
Myndes, resolves, 101
Mysterie, profession, trade, 514

Namely, especially, 434
Napron, apron, 318
Narre, nearer, 467
Nas, has not, 459
Native, natural, 325
Nathelesse; *nathless*, none the less, never the less, 161, 254
Nathemoe, *nathemone*, none the more, never the more, 57, 97, 102, 184, 421
Ne, nor, 14
Neat, cattle, 402
Needments, necessities, 551
Nempt, named, 214
Nephewes, descendants, grandchildren, 35, 122, 177
Net, *nett*, pure, clean, 226, 401
Nethellesse, nevertheless, 442, 444
Newell, a new thing, 461
Nigardise, niggardliness, miserliness, 269
Nigh, to approach, 452
Nightly, nearly, 467

- Nill*, will not, 183, 219; *will* or *nill*, willing or unwilling, 27; '*nilled*,' unwilling, 264
Nimblesse, nimbleness, 340
Nip, to slander, 519
Noblesse, noblesse, nobleness, nobility, 52, 441, 465
Nominate, to name, affirm, 67
Nones, nonce, occasion, 539
Noriture, *norture*, nurture, bringing up, 91
Norveyses, Norwegians, 172
Not, note, wot not, know not, knows not. (It sometimes seems to stand for *ne mote* = could not), 173, 192, 226, 293, 306
Nothing, not at all, 107
Notifye, to proclaim, 228
Nought, not, of no value, 128
Nould, would not, 40, 374, 394
Noule, the head, pate, 433
Nourice, nurse, 491
Noursle, *noustle*, to nurse, foster, rear, 41, 297, 380
Nousling, nestling, burrowing, 288, 556
Novell, news, 449
Noyance, *noyaunce*, annoyance, 224
Noyd, *noyed*, annoyed, 63, 72, 160
Noyes, noise, 245
Noyous, annoying, disagreeable, injurious, 37, 73
Noysome, hurtful, 407
Nycely, carefully, 225
Nye, to draw near, 461
Nys, is not, 460
- Oaker*, ochre, 491
Obliquid, oblique, 435
Obsequy, funeral rite, 86
Oddes, advantage, 368
Of, off, 460; upon, 247; by, 112, 118, 285; *of all*, above all, 407
Offal, that which falls off, 92
Offend, to harm, hurt, 151, 379
Ofnew, recently, 416
Ofspring, origin, 138
On, one, 489
Onely, chief, especial, 80
Ope, open, 246
Opprest, taken captive, 153
Or, ere, before, 517
Ordain, to set (the battle) in order, 133
Order, to arrange, 128; rank (of army), 127
Ordinaunce, arrangement, 128; ordinance, artillery, 141
Oricalche, a kind of brass, 532
Origane, bastard marjoram, 21
Other, left, 97, 358
Otherwhere, elsewhere, 150
Otherwhiles, sometimes, 212, 230
Ought, owned, 31, 123, 521; owed, 160
Outbarre, to arrest, 138
Outgo, to surpass, 253
Outhyred, let out for hire, 295
Outlaunced, outlaunched, 533
Out-learn, to learn from, 270
Outrage, violence, outburst, 90
Outstrained, outstretched, 507
Outweave, wear out, 239; pass, spend, 227
Outwell, to gush or well out, 13; (pret.) *outwelde*, 509
Outicent, surpassed, 454
Outwin, to get out, 232
Outwind (= outwin), to get out, 307
Outwrest, wrest out, discover, 99
- Outwrought*, completed, passed, 118
Overall, everywhere, 72; all over, 69
Overbore, overthrew, 251
Overcame, overspread, 194
Overcaught, overtook, 266
Overcraw, to crow over, insult, 59, 449
Overdight, decked over, covered over, overspread, 117, 271, 554
Overgo, to overpower, surpass, 300, 471
Overgive, to give over, 173, 515
Overgrast, grown over with grass, 474
Overhaile, to draw over, 447
Overhent, overtook, 133, 307; overtaken, 182, 195
Overkest, overcast, 189, 494
Overlade, to overwhelm, 356
Overplast, overhanging, 82
Over-raught, overtook, 376
Over-red, read over, 223
Overpasse, pass over, alleviate, 373
Overren, to over-run, oppress, 302
Oversee, to overlook, 129, 515
Oversight, escape (through having overlooked danger), 38
Oversim, to swim over, 172
Overbore, overthrow, 251
Overthwart, opposite, 284
Overture, an open place, 466
Overwent, overcome, 452
Owe, to own. See *Ought*
Ouch, a socket of gold to hold precious stones, jewel, 19, 63, 177
Oure, ore, 112, 177
Owzell, blackbird, 588
Oystrige, ostrich, 141
- Pace*, *pase*, step, pass, passage, 27, 157
Packe, to pack off, 424; a burden, 368
Paddock, toad, 484
Paine, *payne*, labour, pains, 141; punishment, 114
'did him paine' = took pains, exerted himself, 355
Paire, to impair, 48
Paled, '*pinckt* upon gold, and *paled part per part* 366 = adorned with golden points or eyelet and regularly intersected with stripes. In heraldry a shield is said to be *parted per pale* when it is longitudinally divided by a pale or broad bar'
Paled, fenced off, 33
Pall, to subdue, moderate, 311
Pall, a cloak of rich material, 318, 467
Panachæa, panacea, 85
Pannikell, skull, crown, 184
Paragon, *paragone*, companion, equal, 233, 253, 288
rivalry, 174
Paramour, a lover, 456
Paravaunt, first, beforehand, 164, 558; in front, 408
Parbreake, vomit, 13
Pardale, panther, 41
Parentage, parent, 134
Parget, plaster, 538
Part, party, 249; depart, 24
Partake, to share, 98
Parture, departure, 205
Pas, *passee* (*passing*, surpassing), to surpass, exceed, 28, 63, 108, 177, 235, 308
Passion, suffering, 20, 268. *Passioned*, affected

- with feeling, be grieved. *Passionate*, to express feelingly, 75
- Patchocke*, clown, 636
- Patronage*, defence, 122. *Patronesse*, a female defender, 65
- Paunce*, *pawnee*, pansy, 159, 221, 456
- Pavone*, peacock, 223
- Payne*, to take pains, exert, 28
- Payse*, to poise, balance, 132
- Pealing*, appealing, 429
- Peare*, *pere*, equal, 369
- Peasant knight*, base knight, 374
- Peaze*, blow, 165
- Pece*, fabric, fortified place, as a castle, ship, &c., 66, 141, 149, 212, 302
- Peeced*, imperfect, 477
- Peere-tree*, pear tree, 453
- Peinct*, to paint, 449
- Peise*, *peize*, to poise, weigh, 304, 557
- Pen*, to confine, restrain, 302
- Pendants*, ornaments (of wood or stone) hanging down from a Gothic roof, 279
- Penne*, feather, 69
- Penurie*, want of food, 318
- Percen*, to pierce, 47
- Perdu*, *perdy*, *pardieu*, truly, 42, 65, 93, 205
- Peregall*, equal, 470
- Perforce*, of necessity, 92
- Perke*, pert, brisk, 448
- Perilous*, perilous, 157, 196, 228, 282
- Persant*, *persaunt*, piercing, 65, 94, 208
- Perseline*, parsley, 534
- Persant*, piercing, 208
- Personage*, personal appearance, 165
- Persue*, a track, 185
- Pert*, open, plain, 474
- Perveyaunce*, provision. See *Purveyaunce*
- Petronell*, a kind of blunderbuss, 622
- Pesaunt*, a peasant, 96
- Peere*=*fere*, companion, 564
- Phynomy*, countenance, 430
- Pictural*, a picture, 130
- Pight*, fixed, placed, fastened, 22, 186, 449
- Pill*, to spoil, plunder, 300, 524, 531
- Pine*, *pyne*, sorrow, grief, 58; to waste away through torment, 65; '*pined ghost*,' a spirit wasted away (through torment), 168, 267; *done to pine*, caused to die, 384
- Pinnoed*, pinioned, 313
- Piteous*, compassionate, tender-hearted, 136
- Place*, '*of place*,' of rank, 269
- Plaine*, *playme*, to complain, 186, 219, 220
- Plaintiffe*, plaintive, 315
- Platane*, plane tree, 12
- Pleasaunce*, *pleasauns*, pleasure, delight, 20, 450; objects affording pleasure, 150
- Pled*, pleaded, 342
- Plesh*, a shallow pool, plash, 123
- Plight* (p. p. *plight*), weave, plait, fold, 107, 208, 395; a plait, fold, 94, 340; condition, 208, 233
- Ply*, to move, 233
- Poise*, *poysse*, weight, force, 73, 356
- Point*, *poynnt*, to appoint, 273, 292; a whit, '*to poynnt*' = exactly, 164
- Poke*, a pouch, 263
- Poll*, to plunder, 300
- Pollicie*, statecraft, 135
- Porcspices*, porpoises, 552
- Port*, *portance*, *portauunce*, demeanour, bearing, 92, 93, 116, 165, 204, 222
- Portesse*, breviary, 29
- Possesse*, to accomplish, 174
- Potshares*=*potshards*, fragments of broken vessels, 365
- Pouke*, a goblin called Puck or Robin Goodfellow, 590
- Pouldred*, powdered, spotted, 44, 165; reduced to powder, 530
- Pounce*, claws, talons, 70, 315
- Pound*, weight, balance, '*new in pound*' = anew in the balance, 303
- Pourtrahed*, drawn, 128
- Pourtrait*, *pourtraiture*, portrait, image, 40, 94, 155, 253 (vb.), 442
- Pousse*, *pease*, 470
- Poynant*, piercing, sharp, 45, 122, 156, 242
- Poyse*, weight, 303; force, 73
- Practic*, *practice*, treacherous, deceitful, 77; skilful, 242, 364
- Prancke*, to trim, deck, adorn, adjust, 28, 90, 92; a malicious trick, 298
- Prance*, to prance, 44
- Pray*, to be the prey of, 410; to make a prey of, 312
- Preace*, *prease*, to press, 76, 242, 424; a press, crowd, 22, 116, 250
- Preeve*, to prove, 525
- Prefard*, preferred, 238
- Prefixt*, fixed beforehand, 351
- Prejudize*, foresight, 130
- Prepense*, to consider, 219
- Presage*, to tell or point out, foresee, 66
- Presence*, reception-room, 28
- President*, precedent, 310
- Prest ready*, prepared, 122, 244
- Pretend*, to attempt, 141; to stretch out (or over), offer, 378, 414
- Prevent*, anticipate, 365, 398
- Price*, to pay the price of, atone for, 35, 58; value, 63
- Prick*, to ride hard, to spur on quickly, 298; point, centre of target, 145, 474
- Prickett*, a buck, 484
- Prief*, *priefe*, proof, trial, experiment, 53, 56, 63, 85, 99, 380
- Prieve*, to prove, 314
- Prime*, *pryme*, spring time, 21, 153, 192; morning, 128
- Primitias*, first fruits, 517
- Primrose*, chief rose, 449
- Principle*, beginning, 348
- Prise*, adventure, 399
- Prive*, *privy*, secret, 474. *Privilee*, *privitie*, private life, 98; intimate relation, 252
- Procure*, to arrange, entreat, 155
- Prodigious*, ominous, 231
- Professe*, to present the appearance of, 387
- Proine*, *proyne*, to prune or trim the feathers, 565
- Project*, to throw forward, 365
- Prolling*, prowling, 474
- Prolong*, to postpone, 248
- Prone*, subjected, 165
- Proper*, own, peculiar, 137; *proper good*, own property, 299
- Protense*, a stretching out, 169
- Prove*, to experience, try, feel, 261, 268, 305
- Provokement*, a provoking, 247

- Prow*, brave; (superl.) *Prowest*, 31, 84, 171. *Prowes*, prowess, 56
Prune, 95. See *Proine*
Pryse, to pay for, 285. See *Price*
Puddle, a small stream, 500
Puissant, powerful, 286
Pumie, *pumy stones*, pumice stones, 186, 453
Purchase, to obtain, to get, win (honestly or otherwise), 93, 456
Purchas, *purchase*, property, booty, robbery, 24, 93, 413
Purled, embroidered on the edge, 19, 94
Purport, disguise, 161
Purpos, *purpose*, conversation, discourse, 20, 75, 93, 163, 201, 230; 'to purpose,' to the purpose, 101; to speak as 'purpose diversly' = to speak of various things, 146
Pursuivant, a pursuer, 518
Purway, to provide, 93, 355
Purveyance, provision, management, 75, 156, function, 159, 223
Puttocke, a kite, 317
Pyne, pain (of hunger), 318; torment, 65
Pyoning, diggings, work of pioneers, 138
- Qualle*, to cast down, defeat, conquer, 98, 165, 203; perish, 481
Quaint, nice, fastidious, 194, 230
Qualify, to ease, soothe, 111
Quarle, *quarrel*, a square-headed arrow, 142, 143
Quarrie, *quarry*, prey, game, 144, 197, 315
Quart, quarter, 133
Quayd, *quailed*, quelled, subdued, 50
Queane, a worthless woman, 270
Quaint, quaint, 478; 'queint elect,' oddly chosen, 196
Quenit, quenched, 103
Quell, to kill, to subdue, 116, 411; to perish, 434; to abate, 452; to disconcert, frighten, 307, 356
Qneme, to please, 458
Quest, expedition, pursuit, 199, 262
Quich, *quinche*, to stir, move, 341, 670
Quick, alive, 84; 'some quicke' = something alive, 452
Quietage, quietness, 246
Quight, to set free, 50; to requite, 186
Quilted, padded, 102
Quip, a jeer, taunt, 519; to sneer at, taunt, 395
Quire, company, 401
Quirk, a quip, 618
Quit, *quite*, *quyte*, to set free, to requite, repay, 19, 556; to return (a salute), 14, 62; freed, removed, 33, 67, 231; 'quite clame,' to release, 367
Quooke, quaked, 214
- Rablement*, a rabble, troop, 36, 75, 141, 525
Race, to raze, 154, 172; to cut, 317; *raced*, erased, 340
Rad, rode, 301
Rad, perceived, 206, 361. See *Read*
Raft, bereft, 14, 470
Ragged, rugged, 36
Raile, *rayle*, to flow, pour down, 43, 123, 181, 222, 237
Rain, *rayne*, to reign, 37; kingdom, 114, 180, 244
Rakehell, loose, worthless, 352
Ramp, tear, attack, 26, 35; leap, 421
Ranck, fiercely, 92; vigorous growing, 466
Randon, random, 202, 458
Ranckorous, sharp, 450
Ranke, fiercely, 256
Rape, rapine, 263
Rascal, *raskall*, low, base, worthless, 141, 222, 363
Rase (pret. *rast*), to erase, 153, 232
Rash, to tear violently, hack, 237, 307. *Rashly*, hastily, suddenly, 162, 227, 237. *Rash*, quick, 141
Rate, to scold, 207
Rate, allowance, 269; order, state, 284
Rath, early, soon, 171, 467. *Rather*, early-born, 449
Rath, mound, 642
Raught, reached, extended, took, 41, 156, 249
Raunch, to wrench, 471
Ravin, *ravine*, plunder, prey, 32, 69, 263
Ravishment, ecstasy, 404
Ray, to defile, soil, 84, 203, 379, 540
Ray, array, 305, 351
Rayle, to flow, 237, 540. See *Raile*
Rayle, abuse, 234
Rayne, kingdom, 367
Rayons, rays, beams, 538
Read, *reede*, advice, 296, 369; motto, 280; proverb, 466; prophecy, 293
Read, *reed* (pret. *rad*, *red*), to know, declare, explain or advise, discover, perceive, suppose, 13, 14, 42, 52, 67, 107, 117, 164, 171; regard, 113, 374
Reedifye, to rebuild, 136
Reallie, to reform, 425
Reames, realms, 187
Reare, to raise, take up or away, steal, 108, 202, 212, 217; excite, 156; to rouse, 285
Reason, proportion, 88
Reave (pret. *refl*, *raft*), to bereave, take away (forcibly), 26, 120, 141, 201
Rebuke, conduct deserving of reproof, rudeness, 161
Rebutte, to cause to recoil, 19, 73
Recklesse, reckless, 521
Reclayme, to call back, 355 (sb.), 213
Recorde, to remember, to call to mind, 293, 455
Recoure, *recover*, *recure*, to recover, 243, 251
Recourse, to recur, return, 4; 'had recourse' = did recur, 300; return, 208, 260
Recoyle, to retire, retreat, 62
Recuile, *recule*, to recoil, 352, 363
Red, *redd*, declared, described, perceived, saw, 43, 67, 107, 117, 190, 216, 232, 429, 539. See *Read*
Redisbourse, to repay, 244
Redoubted, doughty, 206
Redound, to overflow, flow, be redundant, 23, 41, 279
Redress, to reunite, remake, 36; to rest, 256
Reed, to deem, 112. *Reede*, *read*, to advise, 13, 86
Reek, to smoke, 474
Reele, to roll, 198
Refection, refreshment, 294
Reft, bereft, taken violently away, 152, 179, 236. See *Reave*
Regalitie, rights of royalty, 86
Regarde, a subject demanding consideration or attention, 115; value, 413
Regiment, government, command, 131, 172, 551
Reke, to care, reck, 466
Relate, to bring back, 205
Release, to break loose from, 86; to give up, 237
Relent, to give way, to slacken, relax, soften, 190, 194, 237
Relide, to ally, join, 277

- Relive*, to recover, revive, live again, 60, 178, 200, 414, 481
Remeasure, to retrace, 195
Remediesse, without hope of rescue, 36
Remercy, to thank, 141
Remorse, pity, 198
Rencounter, to encounter, meet in battle, 31
Renferced (*renfirst*), made more fierce or=*renforst* =reinforced, 124
Renforst, reinforced, enforced, made fresh effort, 98, 136
Renne, to run, 455, 470
Reverse, to reverse, overturn, 31, 310
Repent, repentance, 226; to grieve, 205
Reprining, a failing (of courage), 19
Replevie, a law term signifying to take possession of goods claimed, giving security at the same time to submit the question of property to a legal tribunal within a given time, 294
Report, to carry off, 83, 132
Reprief, reproof, shame, 57, 169, 176
Reprive, to deprive of, take away, 85
Reprive, reprove, 294
Reprize, to retake, 144, 248
Requere, to require, demand, 41
Request, demand, 90
Requit, requited, returned, 246
Reseize, to reinstate, to be repossessed of, 136
Resemble, to compare, 213
Resemblance, look, regard, 195
Resiant, resident, 288
Respect, care, caution, 356
Respondence, correspondence, reply (in music), 152
Respyre, to breathe again, 98
Restlesse, resistless, 346
Restore, restitution, 184
Resty, restive, 336
Retourn, to turn (the eyes) back, 98
Retraite, picture, portrait, 94, 125
Retrate, a retreat, 94, 244, 284
Retyre, retirement, 405
Revel, a feast, 159
Revengement, revenge, 234
Reverse, to return, to cause to return, 168, 175
Revest, to reclothe, 82
Revilment, a reviling, abuse, 98
Revoke, to recall, withdraw, 220
Revolt, to roll back, 220
Rew, *rue*, to pity, to be sorry for, to lament over, repent, 37, 172, 185
Rew, row, 189; 'in *rew*,' in order, 499
Ribauld, *rybauld*, a loose impure person, ribald, 81
Richesse, riches, 115
Ridling, skill, skill in explaining riddles, 223
Rife, *ryfe*, abundant, abundantly, much, frequent, 166, 185, 242, 249. *Rifelye*, abundantly, 485
Rift, split, broken, 114; gap, fissure, fragment, 20, 145, 243
Rigor, force, 184. *Rigorous*, violent, 226
Rine, rind, 449
Ring, to encircle, 361
Riotise, riotize, riot, extravagance, 159, 226
Rivage, bank, 259
Rive, to split, tear, 156, 305
Rize, to come to, 131
Rocke, distaff, 240
Rode, raid, incursion, 490
Rode, roadstead, anchorage for ships, 78
Rong, rang, 162
Rontes, young bullocks, 448
Rood, a cross, crucifix, 385
Rosiere, a rose tree, 127
Rosmarine, a sea-monster that was supposed to feed on the dew on the tops of the sea rocks, 147; rosemary, 534
Rote, a lyre, harp, 132, 275
Roules, rolls, records, 394
Roundle, a roundelay, a kind of song, 471
Rout, crowd, troop, 127, 305
Rove, to shoot (with a sort of arrow called a rover), 11, 161, 320, 471
Rowel, the ring of a bit—any small moveable ring, 47
Rowme, place, space, 59, 183
Rounded, whispered, 214
Roundell, a round bubble (of foam), 178
Rowze, *rouze*, to shake up, 69, 95
Royn, to mutter, 341
Rubin, *Rubine*, the ruby, 94, 150
Ruddock, redbreast, 588
Rue, to grieve, 20, 343
Ruffed, ruffled, 165, 501. *Ruffin*, disordered, 30.
Ruffing, ruffling, 213
Ruin, to ruin, 146, 346; ruined, 522
Ruing, pitying, 343
Rulesse, lawless, 509
Ruth, pity, 17, 182. *Ruthfull*, piteous, 465
Rutty, rooty, 605
Ryfe, frequent, common, 466
Ryfe, to pierce, 185
Sacrament, oath of purgation taken by an accused party, 299
Sacred, accursed, 53, 149, 354
Sad, firm, heavy, grave, 23, 61, 84, 89, 122
Saine, *sayne*, to say (pl. say), 435, 460, 481
Sake, cause, 34
Sale, a wicker net (made of willows or willows), 484
Salen, to salute, 260
Saltaunce, onslaught, 83
Sallied, leapt, sallied, 392
Sallows, willows, 256
Salvage, savage, wild, 23, 133, 173, 215, 251, 341
Salve, to salute, 121
Salve, to heal, save, remedy, 133, 250, 320
Salving, salvation, restoration, 82
Sam, together, 66, 460
Samite, silk stuff, 225
Sample, example, 467
Sanguine, blood-colour, 201
Sardonian, sardonic, 339
Saufgard, guard, defence, 102. *Savegard*, to protect, 205
Saulge, sage, 534
Saw, word, saying, proverb, sentence, 558
Say, a thin stuff (for cloaks), 30, 224
Say, assay, proof, 417
Scald, scabby, 54
Scand, climbed, 424
Scarabee, a beetle, 537
Scarmoges, skirmishes, 109
Scath, hurt, harm, damage, ruin, 77, 159, 212, 485, 577
Scatter, to let drop, 86
Scatterling, a vagrant, 138, 624

- Scerne*, to discern, 885
Schuchin, *scutchin*, escutcheon, shield, device on a shield, 177, 233, 242, 353
Scolopendra, a fish resembling a centipede, 147
Scope, aim, 482; dimension, 210; 'aymed scope,' a mark aimed at, 372
Scorse, to exchange, 131, 207
Scorse, to chase, 402
Scould, scowled, 90
Scrine, *scrine*, *scryne*, *skreene*, a cabinet for papers, a writing desk, 11, 131; entrance of a hall, 340
Scrike, shriek, 379
Scruze, to squeeze, crush, 144, 151, 185
Scryde, descried, 358
Sdeigne, to disdain, 160, 161
Sea-shouldring, having shoulders that displace the sea, 147
Sear, to burn, 70; burning, 69
Sease, to fasten on, seize, 72
See, seat, 282
Seelde, seldom, rare, 69, 570
Seely, simple, innocent, 39, 92, 192, 466
Seem, 'nought seemeth' = it is not *seemly*, 460
Seeming, apparently, 226
Seemlesse, unseemly, 302
Seemly, in a seemly manner, 123; comely, 148; apparent, 226
Seemlyhed, a seemly appearance, 269
Seene, skilled, experienced, 239, 442
Seew, to pursue, 209
Seised, taken possession of, 76
Seisin, possession, 381
Selcouth, seldom known, rare, strange, 269
Sell, seat, saddle, 87, 92, 156, 175, 250
Semblance, *semblant*, *semblant*, likeness, appearance, phantom, 82, 150, 167, 168, 181, 195, 282; cheer, entertainment, 378
Sence, feeling, 259
Senes-hall, governor, steward, 231, 343
Sens, since, 254
Sensefull, sensible, 381
Sent, scent, perception, 16, 180, 196, 257
Sere, sear, 446
Serve, to bring to bear upon, 137
Set by, to esteem, 262
Severall, diverse, 24
Sew, to follow, 88, 113, 180, 186, 402; to solicit, 294
Seyne, to say. See *Sayne*
Shade, to shadow, represent, 327
Shallop, sloop, 197
Shame, to feel shame, to be ashamed, 147
Shamefas', modest, 318
Shamefastnesse, modesty, 308
Shard, division, boundary, 110; cut, 297
Share, portion, piece, 19; to cut, 287, 297, 317
Shayres, shires, 135
Sheave, to cut, divide, 109, 178, 256
Sheare, *shere*, bright, clear, 218
Sheaves, wings, 119
Shed, to spill life blood, to kill, 115
Sheene, *shene*, bright, shining, clear, 81, 90, 162, 180
Shend (pret. *shent*), to disgrace, defile, abuse, reproach, shame, 17, 81, 102, 120, 181, 206, 235, 467, 607
Shere, to cleave, divide, 106
Shere, bright, clear, 167, 259
Shew, mark, track, 23
Shidder (generally explained as *she*), but if not a corruption of *thider* (thither) must mean *she-deer*, she animals, 475
Shield, 'God shield,' God forbid, 466
Shine, *shyne*, a bright light, 67; bright, 242
Shiver, to quiver, 235, 237
Shole, shallow, 427
Shonne, to shun, 161
Shope, shaped, framed, 320
Shot, advanced (in years), 324
Shriche-owle, shriek owl, 491
Shrieck, shriek, 379
Shrieve, to question (shrive), 293
Shrifts, confessions, 517
Shright, a shriek, 118, 377; to shriek, 203
Shrike, shriek, 494
Shrill, to give out a ringing, shrill sound, 401, 481; a shrill sound, 495
Shrilling, shrill, 83, 203, 239
Shriving, confession, 517
Shrowde, to take shelter, 449
Sib, *sibbe*, akin, related, 395
Sich, such, 196, 171
Sicker, sure, 452
Sickernesse, security, safety, 223
Siege, seat, 90, 116
Sield, cieled, 318
Sient, scion, 296
Sight, sighed, 85
Sign, watchword; representation, picture, 232
Sike, such, 460
Silly, simple, innocent, 42, 194, 216
Simplesse, simplicity, 467
Sin, since, 417
Singults, sighs, 219, 500
Sinke, hoard, deposit, 14
Sited, placed, situated, 191
Sith, *sithe*, *sythe*, time, since, 37, 124, 215, 534, 549
Sithens, since, since that time, 32, 37, 55, 111, 573
Sithes, times, 447, 191
Sits, is becoming, 14, 459
Skean, a dagger, 631
Skill, to signify, to be a matter of importance, 312
Skippet, a little boat, 146
Slacke, slow, 190
Slake, to slack, 169, 332
Slaver, slobber, 357
Slight, sleight, device, trick, 46, 234, 339
Slipper, slippery, 482
Slombry, sleepy, 190
Slug, to live idle, 82
Sly, subtle, clever, 124
Smirke, neat, trim, 449
Smit, smote, 19, 348; smitten, 166, 231
Smot, smote, 158; smitten, 167
Smouldry, *smouldring*, suffocating, 102, 220
Snag, a knot, 142, 263
Snaggy, knotted, covered with knots, 44
Snags, knots, 263
Snaky-wreathed = (?) *snake-wreathed*, snake-entwined, 425
Snar, to snarl, 420
Snaried, twisted, 225
Snebbe, to reprove, snub, 449
Snib, to reprove, 516
Snub, knob (of a club), 50
Soare-falcon, a falcon of the first year, 602
Sold, pay, remuneration, 126
Solein, sad, 460

- Solemnize*, a solemn rite, 60
Somedele, somewhat, 484
Song, sang, 106
Sonned, sunned, exposed to the sun, 447
Sonnesshine, sunshiny, 446
Soote, sweetly, 456
Sooth, true, truth, 460; truly, 170, 174, 277
Soothie, augury, 485
Soothly, *soothlich*, truly, indeed, 164, 344, 367
Soothsay, prediction, omen, 205
Sops in wine, a kind of flower like a carnation, 458
Sort, company, 160, 561
Sort, 'in sort,' inasmuch as, 76
Souce, *souse*, *sowse*, to swoop on, as a bird does upon his prey, strike, attack, 33, 133, 177, 243, 244, 250, 256, 263; the swoop (of a hawk), 143; blow, 272, 313
Souse, to immerse, 25
Southsay, *soothsay*, 286. *Southsayer*, *soothsayer*, 33
Sovenance, remembrance, 107, 111, 124, 459
Sownd, to wield, 74. *Sownd*=*sound*, swoon, 112
Soune, a sound, 105, 111
Sowst, struck, 250
Soyle, prey, 243
Space, to walk, roam, 240, 273, 297
Spalles, the shoulders, 109
Spangs, spangles, 290
Sparckle forth, to cause to sparkle, 159
Spare, sparing, niggardliness, 161; to save, 263, 459
Sparke (? an error for *sparthe*), a battle-axe, 676
Sparra, bolt, bar, 348
Speculation, sight, 603
Speed, 'evil speed,' misfortune, 254
Spell, charm, 452
Sperre, to bolt, shut, 347, 460
Sperse, to disperse, scatter, 15, 310
Spies, *spyes*, keen glances, eyes, 19, 159, 398, 401
Spiight, displeasure, grudge, 161
Spilt, to ravage, destroy, 27, 199
Spill, pieced, inlaid, 279
Spired forth, produced, 489
Spoil, to ravage, carry off, 114
Sponned, flowed out quickly, 277
Spot, to blame, 189
Spoused, espoused, betrothed, 60
Sprad, spread, 340
Spray, branch, 434
Spred, *spredden*, to spread over, to cover, 157
Sprent, sprinkled, 150, 237, 534
Spright, spirit, 310
Spring, a springal, youth, 535
Springal, a youth, stripling, 343
Spring-headed, having heads that spring afresh, 147
Sprong, sprang, 162, 175
Spurne, to spur, 156
Spyall, spy, 80
Spyre, to shoot forth, 187
Squib, a paltry trifling fellow, 516
Squire, a square, a rule, a carpenter's measure, 86
Stadle, a staff, prop, 40
Staine, to disparage, 544
Stale, decoy, bait, 80, 407
Stalk, a stride, 114
Stal'd, stolen, taken, 524
Stanck, weary, 473
Stare, to shine, 197
Stared, 'up stared,' stood up stiffly, 227
Stark, strong, stiff, 16, 84
Star-read, knowledge of the stars, 296
Startuppe, a wooden shoe, 451 (*Glosse*)
State, stately, 473
Stay, to hold, hold up, support, 220
Stayd, caused to stay, 372
Stayed, constant, 148
Stayne, to dim, deface, 99
Stayre, a step, 187
Stead, *sted*, *stedd*, station, place, situation, 51, 58, 72, 164, 223, 249
Stead, to help, avail, bestead, 126
Steale, stale, handle, 356
Stearne, a stone (vessel), 434
Stear, a steer, 222, 261
Sted, place, condition, 357; *steed*, horse, 51. See *Stead*
Steady, steady, 83
Steely=*steel*, of steel, 297
Steemed, esteemed, 252, 410
Sleep, to bathe, stain, 162
Stelths, thefts, 24
Steme, to exhale, 109
Stemme, to rush against, 237
Stent, to cease, stop, 98
Sterve, to die, 230; to starve, 594
Steven, voice, cry, 475
Stew, a hot steaming place, 72
Stie, to ascend, 278
Still, to drop, flow, trickle, 166, 266
Stint, to stop, cease, 176, 243; a stop, limit, 564
Stir, *styre*, to stir, move, incite, provoke, 102, 198; to direct, steer, 80
Stole, a long robe, 76
Stomachous, angry, 121
Stomacke, temper, 116
Stond, attach, 141
Stonied, astonished, alarmed, 351
Stound, *stovnd*, *stond*, a moment of time, 52, 53; (a time of) trouble, peril, alarm, assault, 122, 158, 162, 255; effort, 485; a stunning influence, a blow, amazement, 258, 261, 308, 532; stunned, 350, 568
Stound, astonishment, amazement, 568
Stoup, to swoop, 144
Stout, stubborn, bold, 174, 226
Sioure, *stoure*, tumult, disturbance, battle, passion, fit, 18, 159, 163, 446, 447; paroxysm, 173; danger, peril, 25, 32
Straine, race, lineage, 271.
Straine, *strayne*, to stretch out, 114
Straint, grasp, strain, 301
Strake, strook, 95, 98, 507; a streak, 98
Strauge, foreign, borrowed, 225
Strayne, to wield, 114; to embody in strains, 480
Strayt, a street, 116
Streight, narrow, strait, strict, 355, 583; close, 274
Streightly, straitly, closely, 122, 166
Streightnesse, straitness, 322
Strene, strain, race, 341, 387
Stresse, distress, 135, 219
Strich, the screech-owl, 149
Strif-ful, *stryfull*, contentious, 88, 164, 243, 255
Stroken, struck, 367
Strond, strand, 196
Strong, strung, 504
Strow, to spread out, display, 467
Stub, stock of a tree, 58

- Stud, stude*, trunk, stock, 452; shrub bush, 505
Sty, to ascend, mount, 70, 117
Subject, lying beneath, 70, 194
Submis, submissive, 284
Subtle, fine-spun, 153
Subvert, subverted, 228
Succeed, to approach, 377
Success, succession, 136
Sue, solicit. See *Sew*
Sufferance, patience, endurance, 235
Suffisance, abundance, 534
Sufficed, satisfied, 22
Sugred, sweet, 105
Supple, to make supple, 185
Suppress, to overcome, keep down, 398
Surbate, to batter, 178
Surbet, bruised, wearied, 89
Surcease, to leave off, utterly to cease, 158, 178, 237, 304
Surcharge, to attack with renewed vigour, 277
Surcharged, heavily laden, 266
Surplusage, excess, 114
Surprise, to seize suddenly, 410
Surmount, to surpass, 131
Surquedry, pride, insolence, presumption, 148, 157, 211, 303
Survieu, *surveu*, to overlook, survey, 449
Suspect, suspicion, 39
Swain, *swayn*, a labourer, youth, person, 393, 453
Swart, black, 133
Swerve, to swerve, retreat, 62, 96, 156
Sweat, did sweat, 305
Sway, to swing, brandish, wield (arms), 136, 162; force, 317; a rapid motion, 147
Sweard, sword, 244, 552
Swearth-bands, swaddling-bands, 379
Swell, fainted, swooned, 263; burnt, 44; (? swelled, 220)
Swinck, labour, toil, 112, 474
Swinge, to singe, 70
Swote, sweetly. See *Soote*
Swound, swoon, 263
Sybbe, akin, related, 461
Syker, truly, 467
Synye, surly, 468

Table, a picture, 59
Tablere, one playing on a tabour, 458
Tackle (pl. *tackles*), rigging, 78
Tadvaunce, to advance, 449
Taking, sickness, 456
Talaunts, talons, 72
Tamburins, small drums, 464
Tane, taken, 546
Tapets, tapestry, figured work, 535
Tare, tore, 197
Targe, target, 102
Tarvas, terrace, 340
Tassal gent, the tiersel, or male gosshawk, 180
Taswage, to assuage, 448
Tavdrie lace, a lace (girdle) bought at the fair of St. Audrey or St. Ethelred, 456
Teade, a torch, 78, 535, 587
Teene (*lene*), grief, sorrow, pain, 58, 76, 86, 213, 543; affliction, 343. See *Tine*
Teene (? *lene*, lend, give), to bestow, 186
Tell, to count, 114. *Teld*, told, 365
Temed, yoked in a team, 178

Temerise, like a team, 222
Temper, to govern, control, 525
Tempring, controlling, governing, 109
Tend, to wait on, 310
Tender, to tend, attend to, 193, 372
Terebinth, the turpentine tree, 467
Termesse, unlimited, 600
Thee, to prosper, thrive, 83
Theeveyes, thefts, 222
Thelement, the elements, 449
Thelf, the elf, 452
Then, than, 43, 166
Thereto, besides, 158
Thetch, thatch, 515
Thether, thither, 307
Thewed, behaved, mannered, 109, 597
Thewes, qualities, manners, 55, 60, 83, 137
Thick, a thicket, 84, 453
Thilk, *thilke*, that same, this, 447, 450, 456
Tho, *thoe*, then, 13, 17, 158, 459. *Tho*, the, pl. *thoes*, 474
Thone, the one, the first, 445
Thorough, through, 246, 374
Thoroughly, thoroughly, 118, 307, 383
Thother, that other, the other, 145, 445
Thous=*thou es*, thou art, 466, 552
Thrall, to take captive, enslave, 85, 219; bring into subjection, constrain, 319; a slave, 38; enslaved, 417
Threat, to threaten, 179, 227. *Threatfull*, threatening, 227
Thresher, a flail, 325
Threttie, thirty, 448
Thrid, a thread, 240
Thrill, to pierce, 153, 166, 184, 213, 266. *Thrillan*, piercing, 70, 101
Thrist, to thirst, 42; thirst, 108
Thristy, thirsty, 64, 105
Throw, time, while, 180
Throw, throe, pang, 64; thrust, attack, 103, 128, 184, 244, 245
Thrust, to thirst, 89; thirst, 199
Thwart, athwart, 198
Tickle, uncertain, insecure, 178, 431, 542
Tide, *tyde*, time, season, opportunity, 20, 190, 209
Tight, tied, 421
Timbered, massive (like timbers), 305
Timelesse, untimely, 570
Timely, seasonable, beautiful, 446
Tinct, coloured, 481
Tine, affliction, 294
Tine, to light, kindle, inflame, 14, 120, 195, 213, 220
Tine or teen, sorrow, grief, pain, 218, 245, 294
Tire, rank, train, 30
Tire, *tyre*, attire, dress, 54, 63, 86, 430
Titmose, hedge-sparrow, 480
To=for (as in *to friend*), 14
Todde, a thick bush, 452
Tofore, before, 248, 387
Too, very, 449, 460
Toole, weapon, 95
Tooting, looking about, 452
Top, head, 46
Toren heare, torn hair, 563
To-rent, rent asunder, 263
Tort, wrong, injury, 74, 103, 164, 271
Tortious, injurious, wrongful, 88, 275, 337
Tossen, to brandish, toss, 163

- Tottie, totty, tottering, unsteady, 433, 449*
To-torne, torn to pieces, 338
Tourney, to tilt, joust, 80 (sb.), 164
Touze, to tease, worry, 143
Toward, favourable, 99; approaching, near at hand, 156
To-worne, worn out, 338
Toy, pastime, sport, 110, 151; to play, 629
Toyle, net, 560
Trace, to walk, track, tract, 196, 271, 374
Tract, trace, 420; to trace, 110
Trade, footstep, tread, 110; occupation, 148; conduct, 162
Traduction, transfer, 243
Traine, trayne, to drag along, trail, to allure, 390; wile, deceit, snare, trap, 38, 57, 169, 212, 271; track, 301; assembly, 303
Tramell, a net for the hair, tresses, 88, 208
Transformed, transformed, 221
Transmew, to transmute, transform, 47, 95, 159
Transmove, to transpose, 222
Trap, to adorn (with trappings), 120, 527
Traveled, toiled, 120, 527
Travell, toil, 393
Trayled, interwoven, adorned, 316
Trachour, trachelour, a traitor, 31, 81, 99, 136, 397, 524
Trague, truce, 90
Treat, to discourse, hold parley with, 202 (sb.), 231
Treen, of trees, 46
Trenchand, trenchant, cutting, 70, 317
Trentals, services of 30 masses, which were usually celebrated upon as many different days, for the dead, 517
Trie, to experience, 492; prove, a dau trie=prove a
trickdaw or fool, 521
Tild, flowed, 153
Trim, neat, well-formed, 159; pleasing, 160
Trinall, threefold, 78
Triplcity, quality of being threefold, 78
Troad, trode, path, footstep, 211, 466, 474
Roncheon, a headless spear, 123, 242
Troth, truth, 81
Troublous, restless, 92
Trow, to believe, 303
Trunked, truncated, having the head cut off, 102
Trusse, to pack up, 216; carry off, 70, 264; a bundle, 460
Tryde, proved, essayed, 87
Trye, tried, purified, 302
Turmoild, troubled, 278, 541
Turney, an encounter, 258, 278
Turribant, turban, 288
Tway, twain, two, 109
Twight, to twit, 323
Twyfold, twofold, 35
Tynde, kindled, 265, 508
Tyne, grief, pain, 56. See Tine, Teen
Tyme, to come to grief, to perish, 289
Tyranne, a tyrant, 478
Tyrannesse, a female tyrant, 37
Tyranning, acting like a tyrant, 262
Tyre, to dress, attire, 282
Tyreling? weary, 157, 395
Ugly, horrible, 59
Umbriere, the visor of a helmet, 160, 251
Unacquainted, unusual, strange, 63
Unbid, without a prayer, 60
Unblest, unwounded, 301
Unbrace, to unfasten, 87
Uncivile, wild, uncivilised, 112
Uncouth, unusual, strange, 13, 163, 215, 267
Uncruded, uncurded, 589
Undefide, unchallenged, 122
Underfong, to surprise, circumvent, 300, 465
Underhand, secretly, 289
Underlay, to diminish, 505
Undersay, to affirm in contradiction to anyone, 474
Undersong, burden (of a song), 471
Understand, to learn the cause of (or perhaps to take in hand for purpose of arbitration), 24
Undertake, to perceive, hear, 309
Undertime, time of the mid-day meal, 195
Undight, to undress, take off ornaments, unloose, 23, 146, 185, 190, 392
Uneasy, disturbed, 159
Uneath, unneath, unneathes, uneth, scarcely, with difficulty, uneasily, 58, 68, 106, 183, 211, 473
Unespyde, unseen, 159
Unfilde, unpolished, 196
Ungentle, uncourteous, 162
Ungentlenessse, base conduct, 182
Unguilt, not conscious of guilt, 165
Unhable, incapable, 29
Unhappy paine, unsuccessful labours (because there was no heir to reap the benefit of their pains), 380
Unhappy, unfortunate, 111
Unhastie, slow, 23
Unheale, unhele, to expose, uncover, 152, 253
Unheedy, unwary, 132. Unheedily, unheedingly, 280
Unherst, 'took from the herse or temporary monument where the knights' arms were hung,' 310
Unkempt, uncombed, rude, 214, 480
Unkend, unkent, unknown, 286, 440
Unkind, unnatural, 167
Unkindly, unnatural, 132, 446
Unlaced, unlaced, 365
Unlich, unlike, 35
Unlike, not likely, 320
Unmannurd, not cultivated, 132
Unmard, uninjured, 407
Unmeet, unfit, 193, 232
Unnethes, scarcely, 446
Unnoble, ignoble, 502
Unpurvaide of, unprovided with, 424
Unred, untold, 291
Unredrest, without redress, unrescued, 272
Unreproved, blameless, 113
Unrestfulnessse, uneasiness, 454
Unshed, unparted, 266
Unsoote, unsweet, 485
Unspide, unseen, 188
Unstayd, unsteady, 363
Unthrifty, wicked, 30
Unthriftyhead, unthrif, 147, 226
Untill, unto, 68, 482
Untimely, unfortunately, 319
Untrust, unbound, 566
Unvalued, invaluable, 584
Unwary, unwary, unexpected, 76
Unware, unware, unawares, unexpectedly, 34, 159; unknown, 250, 452, 461

Unweeting, not knowing, unconscious, 21, 22, 174
Unwieldy, unwieldy, 51
Unwist, unknown, 165, 250, 297
Unwont, unaccustomed, 448
Unworthy, undeserved, 380
Unwreaked, unrevenge, 219
Upbraiding, upbraiding, reproach, abuse, 277, 352, 512
Upbrast, burst open, 416
Upbray, to upbraid, 101, 239; an upbraiding, 163
Uphild, upheld, 414
Upheerded, upheerded, 503
Uppeare, to raise up, 83, 173, 235
Upryst, uprisen, 452
Upstare, to stand up erect, 149, 217
Up-start, start up, 97, 121
Upstay, to support, 226
Uptyde, tied up, 86
Upicound, knotted, 13
Urchin, hedgehog, 141
Usage, behaviour, 267
Usaunce, usage, 112
Use, to practise, 252; habits, 104, 218
Utmost, uttermost, outmost, last, 90, 147, 220, 379, 420, 603
Utter, to put out or forth, 452; outer, 90, 280
Vade, to go, 304; to vanish, 208, 529
Vaile, to lay down, 208
Vaine, frail, 240
Vaine, the poetic vein, 477
Vainesse, vanity, 538
Valew, *value*, valour, courage, 109
Valiaunce, valour, 93, 171
Variable, various, 182
Vauncing, advancing, 249
Vaunt, to display, 164
Vauntage, advantage, opportunity, 199
Vaut, a vault, 115, 128
Vaute, to leap, 519
Vauted, vaulted, 179, 555
Vault, a vault, 509, 524
Vele, a veil, 12, 161
Vellanlage, villinage, slavery, 139
Vellet, velvet, 460
Venery, hunting, 40
Vengeable, revengeful, deserving of revenge, 19, 99
Vengement, revenge, 265
Venger, avenger, 24
Ventayle, the place of the helmet, 165, 259
Vented, lifted up the visor, 160
Venteth, snuffeth, 449
Ventre, to venture, 265
Ventrous, venturous, bold, adventurous, 149, 239
Vere, to veer, 356
Vermell, *vermeill*, *vermell*, *vermily*, vermilion, 134, 160, 201, 277
Vertuous, possessing virtue or power, 154
Vestiment, vestment, 227
Vetchy, consisting of the straw of the *vetch* (tare), 475
Vild, vile, 38, 349
Vildly, vilely, 14, 27
Villein, base-born, low, 142
Virelayes, light songs, 480, 546
Virginal, pertaining to a virgin, 127
Visnomie, visage, 311, 535
Vital, life-giving, 81

Voide, to avoid, turn aside, to remove, 258, 395
Voided, cleared, 315, 395
Wade, to walk, go, 13
Wae, woe, 473
Wag, to move (the limbs), 299
Wage, a pledge, 81; to pledge, 114
Wagmoires, quagmires, 474
Waide, weighed, proved, 278
Waift, a waif, an article found and not claimed by an owner, 294
Waite, to watch, 220, (sb.) 460
Wakefull, watchful, 16, 206
Walke, to roll, wag, 97, 225
Wallowed, groveling, 218
Wan, gained, 88; took, 110
Wan, pale, faint, 110
Wand, branch of a tree, 339
Wanton, wild, 190
War, worse, 474
Ward, to guard, 340, 466
Ware, wary, cautious, 43, 208
Wareless, unaware, 236; unexpected, 299; heedless, 318
War-hable, fit for war, 138
Wariment, caution, 243
Warke, work, 83
War-monger, a mercenary warrior, 214
Warray, *warrey*, to make war on, to lay waste to, 133, 136
Warre, worse, 271
Wasserman, a sea monster in shape like a man, 174
Wast, to desolate, lay waste, 234; wasted, 446
Wastfull, barren, uninhabited, wild, 22, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000
Wax, *wex*, to grow, 207, 241
Way, to weigh, esteem, 429
Wayd, went on their way, 237; weighed, determined, 230
Waylfull, lamentable, 179, 449
Wayment, to lament, 81, 501; lamentation, 178
Wayne, chariot, 29
Weanell, a weanling, lamb or kid, 475
Weare, to pass, spend (the time), 15
Wearish, mischievous, evil-disposed, 256
Weasand-pipe, windpipe, 242
Weather, to expose to the weather, 315
Weaved, waved, floated, 311
Weed, clothes, dress, 11, 45, 94, 120
Weeke, wick, 134
Weeldelesse, unwieldy, 243
Ween (pret. *weend*), to suppose, expect, think, 17, 58, 99, 251
Weel, *weeten*, to know, learn, understand, perceive, 23, 92, 157, 163, 185. *To weet*=to wit, 193
Weeting, knowledge, 347
Weetingly, knowingly, 372
Weetlesse, unconscious, ignorant, 106, 165, 210
Weft, a waif, 309
Wefte, was wafted, 108; avoided, 179; a waft, 215
Wel-away the while, alas the while, 473
Weld, to wield, govern, 229, 338
Welke, to wane, 14, 207, 447
Welkin, sky, heavens, 28

- Well*, weal, 22; very (*well affectionate*), 175
Well, to pour, 134. *Well-head*, fountain head, 113
Well-away, an exclamation of great sorrow, alas! 124, 473
Well-seene, experienced, 306
Well-thewed, abounding in moral wisdom, 449
Welter, to roll, 468
Wend, to turn, go, 273
Went, journey, course, 257, 386
Weasand, weasand, windpipe, 301
Wex, to grow, increase, become, 120, 196, 207
Wex, wax, 201
Whally, marked with streaks, 29
What, a thing—homely, *what* homely fare, 402
What for a, what sort of a, 455
Wheare, where, place, 66, 177
Whelky, shelly, 505
Whelm, to overwhelm, 91, 98
Whether, which of two, 21, 301
While, time; 'Alas the *while*!' = woe worth the time! 446
Whileare, *whilere* = *erewhile*, formerly, lately, 57, 190, 253
Whiles, *whilost*, whilst, 292
Whimpled, covered with a wimple, 430
Whirlpool, a kind of whale, 147
Whist, silenced, 435
Whot, hot, 86, 128, 198
Whylome, formerly, 28
Wicked, vile (chains), 220
Wide, round-about, 414
Widder, wider, 475
Wight = *wite*, blame; 'worthy *wight*' = merited blame, 464
Wight, person, being, 129, 140
Wight, active, 453
Wightly, quickly, 473
Wilding, a wild apple, 195
Wimble, nimble, 453
Wimple, to gather, plait, fold, 12; a covering for the neck, veil, 76
Win (out), get (out), 232; come up to, 363
Wizard, wizard, wise man, 28, 296
Wise, *wize*, mode, manner, guise, 161, 165, 173
Wist, *wiste*, knew, 165
Witch, to bewitch,
Witche, a reed, 464
Wite, *witen*, *wyte*, to blame, twit, reprove, 147, 180, 229, 460
Witelesse, blameless, 471
With-hault, withheld, 140
Withouten, without, 359
Witlesse, senseless, foolish, 466
Witt, mind, intelligence, 149. *Wittily*, wisely, sensibly, 130
Wo, woe, sad, 124, 233
Womanhood, womanly feeling, 402
Won (*did won*), be wont, 208
Won, *wonne* (*wonning*), dwelling-place, abode, 114, 156, 270, 375, 878; to dwell, 42, 117, 184, 369
Wondred, marvellous, 149
Wonned, were wont, 449
Wont, to be accustomed, 226
Wood, mad, frantic, furious, 30, 35, 98, 277
Woodnes, madness, 220
Woon, to dwell, 504, 557
Word, motto, 251
Wore, passed or spent the time, 276
Worshippe, honour, reverence, 12, 163
Worth, to be, 109
Wot, *wote*, know, knows, 7, 59, 206, 449
Wotes, knows, 206. *Wolest*, knowest, 93
Woundlesse, unwounded, 477
Wowed, wooed, 412
Woxe, *woxen*, become, grown, 30, 180, 271
Wracke, wreck, destruction, violence, 38, 448; to take vengeance, 261. *Wrackfull*, avenging, 405
Wrast, to wrest, 357
Wrate, did write, 227
Wrawling, mewling like a cat, 420
Wreak, vengeance, 53, 75; ruin, 198; to avenge, take vengeance on, 93, 164
Wreakfull, avenging, 297
Wreath, to turn, 86
Wreck, destruction, 21
Wrest, to wrench, twist, 153; a wrenching, overturning, 144, 153
Wrest, the wrist, 33, 194
Wrethe, to twist, 13
Wrigle, wriggling, 448
Writ (pl. *writes*), writing, a written paper, 76, 163
Wroke, *wroken*, avenged, 104, 238, 265, 453
Wrye, awry, crooked, 448
Wull, will, 590
Wyde, turned away (cf. *wide* of the mark), 123
Wyte, *wyten*, to blame, 353, 516, 558

Y, as a prefix of the past participle, is frequently employed by Spenser, as *Y-clad*, clothed, 12, 14.
Y-fraught, filled, 20, &c.
Yate, gate, 460
Ybent, turned, gone, 180
Ybet, beaten, 248
Yblent, blinded, dazzled, 18, 456
Ybore, born, 177
Ycond, learnt, 461
Yclad, clad, 14
Ycleepe, to call, 550
Ycleped, called, named, 182
Ydle, empty, 33
Ydlesse, idleness, 369
Ydrad, *ydrad*, dreaded, feared, 11
Yead, *yede*, *yeed*, to go (properly a preterite tense), 68, 96
Yearne, to earn, 365, 392
Yeuen, give in, 455
Yfere, together, in company with, 54, 455
Yfretted, ad rned, 165
Ygo, *ygoe*, gone, ago, 19, 183
Yglaunst, glanced, glided, 198
Yilde, yield, 138
Yirks, jirks, lashes, 395
Ylike, alike, 30
Ylk, same, 471
Ymol, melted, 220
Ympe, youth, 224. See *Imp*
Ympt, joined, 275
Ynd, India, 38
Ynne, abode, inn, 480
Yod, *yode*, went, 60, 112, 202
Yodest, didst go, 567
Yold, yielded, 219
Yon1, yonder, 420
Yond, outrageous, terrible, 196
Yongthly, youthful, 536
Youngling, young of man or beast, 66

Youngh, yongth, youth, 480, 532

Younker, a youth, 231

Youthly, youthful, 95

Ypent, pent up, 446

Yplight, plighted, 91

Yrapt in spright, rapt in spirit, 555

Yrkes, wearies, 204

Yron-braced, sinewed like iron (of the arm), 102

Ysame, together, 433

Yshrilled, did sound shrill, 550

Ylost, harassed, 463

Ywis, certainly, truly, 82, 199

Ywist, 'had Ywist,' vaia after-regret; literally 'had

I known' (how it would have turned out), 521

Ywroke, ywroke, ywroken, avenged, revenged, 269,

285, 388

MACMILLAN'S GLOBE LIBRARY

LIST OF THE VOLUMES

In Cloth or Leather Bindings.

- ARNOLD'S (MATTHEW) POETICAL WORKS.
BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON. With an Introduction by MOWBRAY MORRIS.
BURNS'S COMPLETE WORKS. Edited by ALEXANDER SMITH.
CHAUCER'S WORKS Edited by ALFRED W. POLLARD, H. FRANK HEATH, MARK H. LIDDELL, and Sir W. S. MCCORMICK.
COLERIDGE'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. Edited by J. D. CAMPBELL.
COWPER'S POETICAL WORKS. Edited by W. BENHAM, B.D.
DRYDEN'S POETICAL WORKS. Edited by W. D. CHRISTIE, M.A.
EVELYN'S DIARY. Edited by AUSTIN DOBSON.
FROISSART'S CHRONICLES. Translated by LORD BERNERS. Edited by G. C. MACAULAY, M.A.
GOLDSMITH'S MISCELLANEOUS WORKS. With Biographical Introduction by PROFESSOR D. MASSON.
HOMER'S ILIAD. Done into English Prose by ANDREW LANG, M.A., WALTER LEAF, Litt.D., and ERNEST MYERS, M.A.
KEATS'S POETICAL WORKS. Edited by WILLIAM T. ARNOLD.
MALORY'S MORTE D'ARTHUR. Edited by Sir E. STRACHEY.
MILTON'S POETICAL WORKS. Edited by Prof. D. MASSON.
PEPYS'S DIARY. Edited by G. GREGORY SMITH.
POPE'S POETICAL WORKS. Edited by Sir A. W. WARD.
ROSSETTI'S (CHRISTINA) POETICAL WORKS. Edited by W. M. ROSSETTI.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS. Edited by F. T. PALGRAVE.
SHAKESPEARE'S COMPLETE WORKS. Edited by W. G. CLARK, M.A., and W. ALDIS WRIGHT, M.A.
SHELLEY'S POETICAL WORKS. Edited by EDWARD D. WDEN.
SPENSER'S COMPLETE WORKS. Edited by R. MORRIS and a Memoir by J. W. HALES, M.A.
TENNYSON'S POETICAL WORKS.
WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS. With an Introduction by Lord MORLEY.

In Cloth Binding only.

- HORACE'S WORKS. Rendered into English Prose, and Edited by J. LONSDALE, M.A., and S. LEE, M.A.
VIRGIL'S WORKS. Rendered into English Prose, and Edited by J. LONSDALE, M.A., and S. LEE, M.A.

MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD., LONDON

*Complete in Twenty-five Volumes. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net each.
In leather binding. 6s. 6d. net each.*

*Also an edition with all the 250 original etchings. In 24
volumes ('The Betrothed' and 'The Talisman' in one volume).
Crown 8vo, gilt tops. 9s. net each. The Set, £10 net.*

The Border Edition
OF THE
WAVERLEY NOVELS

EDITED WITH
INTRODUCTORY ESSAYS AND NOTES

BY
ANDREW LANG
SUPPLEMENTING THOSE OF THE AUTHOR.

*With Two Hundred and Fifty New and Original Illustrations
by Eminent Artists.*

BY the kind permission of the Hon. Mrs. MAXWELL-SCOTT, of Abbotsford, the great-granddaughter of Sir WALTER, the MSS. and other material at Abbotsford were examined by Mr. ANDREW LANG during the preparation of his Introductory Essays and Notes to the Series, so that the BORDER EDITION may be said to contain all the results of the latest researches as to the composition of the Waverley Novels.

London
MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, W.C. 2

THE BORDER EDITION
OF THE
WAVERLEY NOVELS

EDITED WITH
INTRODUCTORY ESSAYS AND NOTES

BY
ANDREW LANG

SUPPLEMENTING THOSE OF THE AUTHOR.

With 250 New and Original Illustrations by Eminent Artists.

LIST OF THE VOLUMES

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Waverley. | 14. The Fortunes of Nigel. |
| 2. Guy Mannering. | 15. Peveril of the Peak. |
| 3. The Antiquary. | 16. Quentin Durward. |
| 4. Rob Roy. | 17. St. Ronan's Well. |
| 5. Old Mortality. | 18. Redgauntlet. |
| 6. The Heart of Midlothian. | 19. The Betrothed. |
| 7. A Legend of Montrose, and
The Black Dwarf. | 20. Anne of Geierstein. |
| 8. The Bride of Lammermoor. | 21. Woodstock. |
| 9. Ivanhoe. | 22. The Fair Maid of Perth. |
| 10. The Monastery. | 23. Count Robert of Paris, and
The Surgeon's Daughter. |
| 11. The Abbot. | 24. Castle Dangerous, Chronicles
of the Canongate, etc. |
| 12. Kenilworth. | 25. The Talisman. |
| 13. The Pirate. | |

Some of the Artists contributing to the "Border Edition."

SIR J. E. MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.
LOCKHART BOGLE.
GORDON BROWNE.
D. Y. CAMERON.
FRANK DADD, R.I.
R. DE LOS RÍOS.
HERBERT DICKSEE.
M. L. GOW, R.I.
W. B. HOLE, R.S.A.
JOHN PETTIE, R.A.
SIR JAMES D. LINTON, P.R.I.
AD. LALAUZE.
J. E. LAUDER, R.S.A.
W. HATHERELL, R.I.
SAM BOUGH, R.S.A.

W. E. LOCKHART, R.S.A.
R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.
H. MACBETH RAEBURN.
J. MACWHIRTER, A.R.A., R.S.A.
W. O. ORCHARDSON, R.A.
JAMES ORROCK, R.I.
WALTER PAGET.
SIR GEORGE REID, P.R.S.A.
FRANK SHORT.
W. STRANG.
SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R.A., P.R.S.A.
ARTHUR HOPKINS, A.R.W.S.
R. HERDMAN, R.S.A.
D. HERDMAN.
HUGH CAMERON, R.S.A.

LONDON: MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS

With the Original Illustrations,
and Introductions, Biographical and Bibliographical,
by CHARLES DICKENS the Younger.

Cloth. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net each.

Blue Leather, Gilt Tops. Crown 8vo. 6s. 6d. net each.

“ AMERICAN NOTES AND PICTURES FROM ITALY.

With 4 Illustrations.

BARNABY RUDGE. With 76 Illustrations.

BLEAK HOUSE. With 43 Illustrations.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS. With 65 Illustrations.

CHRISTMAS STORIES. With 15 Illustrations.

DAVID COPPERFIELD. With 40 Illustrations.

DOMBEY AND SON. With 40 Illustrations.

EDWIN DROOD. With 12 Illustrations and Portrait.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS AND HARD TIMES.

LITTLE DORRIT. With 40 Illustrations.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. With 41 Illustrations.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. With 44 Illustrations.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. With 97 Illustrations.

OLIVER TWIST. With 27 Illustrations.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. With 40 Illustrations.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS. With 50 Illustrations.

REPRINTED PIECES AND THE LAZY TOUR OF TWO
IDLE APPRENTICES. With 3 Illustrations.

SKETCHES BY BOZ. With 44 Illustrations.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. With 15 Illustrations.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER AND A CHILD'S
HISTORY OF ENGLAND. With 16 Illustrations.

LONDON: MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.

University of St. Francis

GEN 821.31 S748

Spenser

The works of Edmund Spenser



3 0301 00030502 5